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# GODEY'S

# LADY'S BOOK,

# LADIES' AMERICAN MAGAZINE.

EDITED BY

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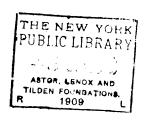
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**JANUARY**, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### NEW.YEAR HOME.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"A HAPPY New-Year! my dear young lady," said like Milton, you would be happy," interrupted the the schoolmaster, as he entered the parlour of Mrs. Marvin, early in the evening, and held out his hand to Ellen, with that benignant smile on his truthtelling face, which stamps good wishes with their only worth-sincerity.

Ellen warmly responded his sentiment, adding the hyperbole of orientalism, "May you enjoy a thousand such years!"

"No, no-do not wish any portionless number of days or years for me," said the good man. "I only desire to live while I can increase my own happiness by adding somewhat to the innocent enjoyments of Existence, without the power of doing a little good, must be a burden indeed."

"Yet a burden few are willing to lay down," observed Mrs. Marvin, who at that moment entered the room. "It often seems very strange to me that we can be so attached to life, when it is, at the best, only a scene of cares and toils. There never in this world, comes a year of rest."

" True," said the schoolmaster, " the German poet has given a quaint but strikingly true description of the universal human destiny, which every child should be taught:

"Thy lot is appointed, go follow its hest; Thy journey's begun, thou must move and not rest; For sorrow and woe cannot alter thy case, And running, not raging, will win thee the race."

A sad lesson for New-Year's day," said Ellen eighing.

"Why sad?" inquired the schoolmaster. "You, I am sure, do not reckon the privilege of idleness among your list of coveted blessings for the coming

" No, not that. But is it not sad to think that of all we perform, all our purposes and hopes, so little trace will remain at the close of the year?" said Ellen. "It seems mere folly, to be constantly busy and yet accomplish nothing lasting. If I could

"Build a pyramid, like Cheops, or write an epic Vol. XX.-1

schoolmaster. "Is that what you mean?"

" I am not quite so ambitious," replied Ellen smiling at the ridiculous aspect of her wishes when placed in such strong light, and yet she felt that the caricature wore a close resemblance to the reality. "Still I own that I do often wish we women could use the influence, which men so often flatter us with possessing, to promote achievements, lasting as the pyramids, and glorious as the epic."

"This you may do, if you choose," said the

schoolmaster, gravely.

"In what manner?" inquired Ellen. moment the door opened, and Charles Howard entered. His face was glowing with the excitement which a brisk walk from Boston to Roxbury, in the teeth of a sweeping wind, had called up. His dark hair clustered in matted curls around his broad, high forehead, and as his eye flashed with the animation which meeting with those he held dear, and finding himself welcomed with kind wishes and smiles called forth, the schoolmaster thought he never had looked on a finer specimen of the human form, made "divine" by the predominance of a cultivated intellect and ardent but pure and governed affections.

"Oh!" exclaimed Ellen, after the New-Year's greetings were over, "do you know, Cousin Charles, that I am going to become famous."

" Indeed!"

"Yes; our good friend here has promised to teach me the art of doing great things. So pray don't interrupt him by any of your trifling remarks on the weather, the ladies, or the times."

"Three of the most important topics of conversation which can be found," said the schoolmaster, "as I could show you, if I had time to go into the subject. Two of these I have thought sufficiently great to form the basis of my report for this evening."

"A story-have you written the story you promised?" inquired Ellen, eagerly.

"Excuse me, I think I did not promise you a story; but something that should entertain Mrs.

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Marvin. Now she shall be the judge," said the schoolmaster, unfolding a paper which he had taken some time before from his pocket, (he never would adopt the fashionable method of carrying his papers in his hat,) " of the merits of my essay; and you, Ellen, may learn from it my notion of the way in which woman may make her influence most greatly and beneficially felt."

They all drew around the centre-table, Mrs. Marvin and Ellen with their work, and Charles Howard, who was seated next the latter, busy in unwinding and winding again her spool of cotton, while the school-

master read as follows:

Many different causes are assigned by politicians and political economists, to account for the present distress of the commercial part of the community in particular, and which through them embarrasses all classes in our country, except, perhaps, the farmers. We hear it ascribed to the banks, the government, the failure of the crops in Europe, the stoppage of the trade with China, etc. etc., till the people, bewildered by so many causes, which they are told conspire to ruin them, scarcely think it worth inquiring whether, as individuals, they have had any share in their own undoing.

"The times—the hard times," effect all the mischief. Not a man is ruined by his own folly; nor does a woman dress herself, or arrange her establishment in a style beyond what she is absolutely obliged to do, to maintain her station in society. All have done the best they possibly could—but the times—the

hard times.

"What nonsense! The times in our own country were never better, if peace, health, and abundance of all things, (except money,) would satisfy us. The whole, or certainly the greater part of this money pressure, so loudly complained of, is the effect of the vanity and extravagance of our people. Almost every man knows he has, for the last few years, lived beyond his actual income, and women—they are too busy with the expenditures to trouble themselves about the receipts.

"Self-accusation is always an unpleasant task, yet there is a crisis when self-flattery proves fatal. Americans are not convinced that most of the embarrassments they now suffer are the effect of their own foolish and wicked haste to be rich, or of their pride and extravagance, they will never apply the only remedy which can effectually remove the evils now pressing on the community. It is not that talismanic word 'Economy,' that will do it. wildest extravagances, as well as the most paltry meannesses are practised under the name of economy. As it is commonly understood, it only means the art of saving appearances, substituting one extravagance for another less obnoxious to public censure; or at best it is only thought a necessary virtue for the poor to practise, or those who wish to amass a fortune.

"Economy is not a pleasant word to any one, excepting a politician or philosopher; and as ladies are not permitted to become politicians, and rarely encouraged in the study of philosophy, how can they be admirers of economy?

"They have not, or but few among them have, enjoyed the advantages of a rational education, and a romantic economist is usually the most extravagant woman in society.

"It would, therefore, be useless to urge on the attention of the ladies any rigid system of economy

as necessary, even under the embarrassments so loudly complained of. Few would attempt to practise it, and fewer still would be benefitted by it. But yet it is, in my opinion, within the power of our in telligent and accomplished women to check, in a very great degree, the present ruinous extravagance which pervades all classes. They may do more; they may gain to themselves a permanent influence and a respect, which the distinction of leading in the present frippery fashions can never confer. Let them unite to give a new diversion to fashionable taste.

"There is no ambition in our republic so mischievous as that personal display—the display of dress; because it cannot, for the present, be expensively indulged, without fostering the industry and prosperity of foreign countries to the detriment of our own.

" It is often urged that the rich, by expending their income in the luxuries which taste and fashions prescribe, encourage ingenuity and the arts, and thus render a greater benefit to society than they could do

by any other method of disbursement.

"This may be true, or partly so, in the rich and over peopled portions of the old world, where wealth is chiefly in the hands of a few—but the reasoning does not apply to us. The costly and curious fabrics and stuffs, with which our ladies form their fashion able dresses, are not wrought in America; consequently, all that is paid for such articles, beyond the price of the original material, goes to foreign artisans.

"But still, if our citizens, by their labour in the cultivation of cotton and other agricultural products, and raw materials, could realize a sufficient profit to pay the foreign manufacturer of gauzes, muslins, silks, etc., for their products, there would be no good reason why we should not consider the purchasing and wearing such superfluities in reality affording encouragement to our own productive industry, and thus adding to national wealth as well as affording individual gratification.

"But when such profits are not realized, when like the simple Indian, we are giving not only our productions, but our lands for beads and baubles, (it is calculated that American merchants now owe sixty millions for foreign manufactures,) is it not high time to consider whether we cannot better dispense with

the finery than with the means of living?

"This revolution in fashionable sentiment can be brought about by the ladies. Indeed it must be done by them, if it be accomplished at all; for they are the arbiters of taste, and, in a great measure, of public opinion. And it has been they who have been the patrons and purchasers of all showy luxuries, and thus have become the accessaries of merchants who introduce a love for these silly superfluities among

"No one doubts the patriotism of our women. They would, were the republic in danger from a foreign foe, submit cheerfully, as they did in the war of the Revolution, to any privation or suffering which the public good required. But to give up their costly jewels and rich silks, merely because the country is not rich enough to afford such expensive array, is horrid vulgar.

"Make it genteel, and the difficulty is vanquished. And if our fashionables, our belles, would only appear in simple costume, such would be considered most genteel. They fear, if they would do this, that the difference between the rich and the poor would not

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be sufficiently marked. Almost every female could afford to follow such a fashion.

"How stands the difference now? Many of the factory girls wear gold watches, and an imitation at least, of all the ornaments which grace the daughters of our most opulent citizens. And it is chiefly the extravagance of those who will, in our country, whatever is their station or employment, follow the fashions, which makes the danger of introducing an expensive style of dress, and the luxury of costly furniture, as the standard of fashion and necessary concomitant of wealth, taste, and respectability.

 It is not to be expected nor even wished, that the rich should forego the advantages which wealth, honestly acquired or inherited, affords-that they should practice the self-denial which poverty imposes, while the means for gratification of every wish is at

their command.

"They ought not to be required, even by the most ngid interpretation of republican principles, to do this. But they should be censured when their influence, the manner in which they expend their wealth, operates to introduce among us the love of idle extravagance in dress, expensive luxuries in living, and that effeminancy in mind and manners which always follows in the train of sensual indulgences.

"Let the rich, and those who affect to be rich, (much the largest number,) and who would, therefore, be the distingues of society, raise their ambition to a higher display than this outward show which may so easily be imitated. / Let them make refined and exalted intellectual attainments the standard of rank, if they wish for a distinction permanent as well as conspicuous. They have the means of collecting libraries, leisure for reading, opportunities of travel, and a thousand other advantages of mental culture and refinement which those who must labour for a living cannot command. What a pity that they do not improve these advantages!

" It is a truth well known and deeply to be lamented. that the children of rich parents, though furnished with every facility for learning, are rarely among the best scholars at our schools and colleges. This does not happen because they are naturally dull; it is because they have received wrong impressions of the value of an education. They have not been taught to consider it absolutely necessary to their character and success in the world, but chiefly as an accomplishment which it was best to possess, but which could be dispensed with by those who had wealth sufficient to lead the fashions in dress and luxurious living.

"The youth, who has a fortune in expectation, if he see his parents only anxious about the display and importance of wealth, will not think it essential that he should toil in his studies, like the poor man's son, who must live by his profession.

" The miss, who is sent to school loaded with ornaments, fancies herself a young lady, and her vanity is so flattered by outshining her companions in dress, that she cares little for being called a dunce.

" Now, these faults of the children are entirely owing to an erroneous system of domestic training; and the mischief has, nine times in ten, been wrought by the mother. She has permitted them to know that the display of wealth was her chief concern, her idol; this has made her sons dandies and spendthrifts, and her daughters coquettes and worshippers of fashion.

"When the fortune, which imparted this self-conse-

quence, has been expended, as it often is to support it, these gaudy, superficial, useless fine ladies and gentlemen, are the most insignificant, helpless, and miserable beings in our country. Such reverses are not only probable in theory, but they are of very common occurrence. One would think that the fear of such misfortune would be sufficient to check the pride which is fostered merely by wealth; and would fill the heart of every mother, capable of reflection, with anxiety for her children in proportion to the temptations to extravagance and indolence by which they may be surrounded.

"Let the mother, then, train her offspring to feel that they can claim the first station in society, only because their wealth gives them greater advantages to acquire knowledge, and more leisure to cultivate and refine their taste; that, consequently, they will be expected to excel in intellectual pursuits as well as in the graces of behaviour; and that the mediocrity in science and general intelligence, which would be excusable in those less favoured, will be a deep and indelible reproach to them. Teach young persons to feel and reason thus, and there is little danger that riches will corrupt them.

"There are ladies whose ambition it is to lead in society, and who have the talents and wealth to do it. Let them begin the reformation in our fashions and manners, and they will enjoy a most enviable distinction—that of benefactors to their country. Let them appear in plain and simple attire; and make the eclat of their social parties consist in brilliant conversation, rather than curious confectionary. need be under no apprehension of losing caste. The only real rank consists in superior virtue, intelligence, and good breeding. It is much more difficult to imitate the graces and the charm which a cultivated mind and taste can throw around the most simple amusement, than to ape the show of profusion and extravagance. It is easier for the rich vulgar lady to choose diamonds than to "speak pearls."

"We are republicans, but we need not be levellers. The constant effort of every American should be to elevate and improve his or her own character; not to war against those who by their superior talents, intelligence, industry, and perseverance, are pressing onward the first in the race, and setting an example of excellence as well as eminence.

"The honour of our nation is not delegated to the keeping of the few. Every individual should feel ambitious of doing something to advance the prosperity, the happiness, or the glory of the republic. It is true, that the rich have now the noblest opportunity of doing good, by giving that direction to public sentiment which the present crisis would set in the fairest light. The people are generally convinced that "speculations," and the extravagance it usually induces, are great evils. Let those who have the means of continuing this career of folly, set the fashion of simplicity in costume and domestic arrangements; and make the adornments of mind, not matter, the object of their study and pursuit. Intellectual pleasures are cheap, compared with the indulgence of personal vanity and display.

"I am not advocating what is termed bluestockingism. No one can dislike a thorough dogmatical, dictatorial, demonstrating, metaphysically learned lady, more sincerely than I do. But it is necessary, if men would improve, that women should be intelligent, and value good morals and great talents above

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mere wealth and show. The contagion of folly, which a vain, rich, fashion-worshipping, fine lady, scatters around her, like an atmosphere, brilliant but blinding, is more injurious to the morals and happiness of society, than have ever yet been the sophisms of a Wolstoncraft, or Wright, or any of their imitators."

"Bravo!" cried Charles Howard, clapping his hands in high glee. "You shall be elected Grand Lecturer to the ladies of America. I did not before know that you bestowed such serious thoughts on the fair sex."

"Why, Charles, how can you talk so!" exclaimed Mrs. Marvin. "You know that the schoolmaster

prepared this at my request."

We usually have some individual in mind when we speak in general terms," said the schoolmaster. "Yet, I expressed my own ideas and principles; if these are in unison with your sentiments, Madam, I shall feel sure they are right."

"They are, they are," said Mrs. Marvin, earnestly.

"And I wish that every lady in our country could hear you this evening. I think they would take your advice for the coming year."

"What would the merchants do?" said Charles.

"And the milliners?" said Ellen,

"Oh, the milliners will lose nothing," said the schoolmaster. "They must only expend more taste and less trimming on their dresses; and the merchants too, will be gainers; the honest ones I mean, if they only import what they can pay for, and for which they receive payment. These speculations, panics, and suspensions are a heavy tax on the mercantile community—the honourable merchants, I mean."

"If their wives and daughters thought as we do, these hard times would soon be over," said Mrs. Marvin.

"I wish the ladies would try your plan, if only for its novelty," said Ellen. "Only think of the discussions we should have about simplicity in costume, and the study it would cost to attain the art!"

/Yes; it needs only money to dress fine; it would require mind to appear elegant in simple attire," said the schoolmaster. /

"And think of the 'plates of fashions,'" continued Ellen. "No one would then take the 'Lady's Book' for the sake of these."

"Perhaps not—but as the ladies would have more leisure for reading, if they devoted less to fashions, there would be no falling off in the number of its friends," said Charles Howard. "Besides, the plates in that work would soon become most useful auxiliaries to the reform. They would show the beauty of simplicity. I motion," continued he, "that the proceedings of this New-Year at Home, be furnished for that work,"

"I second the motion," said the schoolmaster.

"Do you allow ladies to vote?" said Ellen, as she and her mother held up their hands.

"Yes, at home—and they usually there carry the yote too," said the schoolmaster.

"The house is unanimous," said Charles.

"As every private house, when deliberating on the public good, should be," said the schoolmaster.

"But where is your story, that you promised to read us, Cousin Charles?" said Ellen.

"Oh, I will reserve it till our next evening at Home," said Charles Howard.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# TO A VERY YOUNG BOY,

WHO HAD EVINCED EXTRAORDINARY INTEREST AND SENSIBILITY ON LISTENING TO A POEM BY THE AUTHOR.

BY MISS MARY RUSSELL MITFORD.

Author of "Our Village," etc.

LET lofty bards, whose towering lay, Aspiring, mounts on high, Like eagles, drink the brilliant ray, And soar along the sky;

Let Fame await their tuneful toil, Unfading laurels crown, Still beam the critic's favouring smile, Unfelt his awful frown;

Springs not for them a joy so sweet,
From all their vaunted lays,
As my rude harp's wild warblings greet,
When nature deigns to praise;

Yes; Nature's self!—enchanting child, Thy bosom is her cell, And musing soft, or sporting wild, With thee she loves to dwell.

'Tis she that teaches thee each tear, To shed on that fair breast, Whose fondest hope, whose tenderest fear, On thee forever rest.

Thy softly dimpled smiles she sends
When wit's bright arrows part,
And taste her sweet enchantment lends,
To charm thy little heart.

Oh happy boy! for Wit and Taste
With Virtue's self combine,
To guide thee through the world's wide waste,
And lead thee to her shrine.

Still may each fair propitious hour,
Thy parents' wishes bless!
The Muse can scarcely wish thee more,
Than such rare tenderness.

May every tear that dews thine eye
For other's sorrows flow,
And in each smile that sparkles high,
Thine own soft transports glow.

# Written for the Lady's Book.

# OUR JESSIE, OR, THE EXCLUSIVES.

# BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"LIZZY, who was that pretty girl I met on the stairs this morning?" said Frederick Carleton, as he threw himself into a well cushioned chair beside his sister; "she was some intimate friend, I presume, for she went into your apartment."

"I suppose it was Sarah Morton, as she is the only person I am in the habit of admitting to my dressing-room; was she very pretty?"

- " Beautiful."
- "How was she dressed?"
- "With the utmost simplicity and neatness."
- "It must have been Sarah; she dresses with great taste. Did the lady you met wear a black velvet mantilla, with a white hat and willow feather?"
- "Pshaw! black velvet fiddlestick. Do you call that simplicity? No, the lovely creature I mean wore a little straw bonnet and a black silk apron; her dark hair was parted smoothly upon her snowy forehead; she had soft blue eyes, and a mouth like an opening rose-bud; now, can you tell me who she is?"
- "Oh," exclaimed Lizzy, "it must have been our Jessie."
- "And pray, who is 'our Jessie?" asked her brother.
- "Only our seamstress, Fred; a pretty little creature who looks scarcely sixteen."
- "By Jupiter! if that girl is a seamstress, Fortune never made a greater mistake—it can't be."
- "Well, we can soon decide the matter, Fred; Jessie is now at work in our little sewing room, and as I am going up to give her some directions you can accompany me."

Frederick Carleton obeyed his sister's suggestion, and sauntered into the room half hoping his sister was mistaken. But no; there sat the object of his admiration—there sat our Jessie, surrounded by pieces and patches, shaping and sewing with the utmost diligence, and scarcely raising her eyes from her work. Seating himself at a little distance, under pretence of waiting his sister's leisure, Frederick busied himself in studying the countenance of the unconscious girl.

"Her features are not perfectly regular," thought he; "but what soft eyes she has; what a lovely mouth, and how beautifully her fine forchead shines out between those bands of raven hair; her voice too, is soft and low, 'an excellent thing in woman.' What a pity such a creature should be the slave of fashionable tyrants."

"Tell me," said he to his eldest sister, Mrs. De Grey, as he returned to the dining-room, "tell me who is 'our Jessie?""

"Her story is soon told," said Mrs. De Grey, laughing, "and for your sake, my susceptible brother, I am sorry she is not a heroine of romance. Jessie Murray's father was a printer, who, meeting with a severe accidental injury, was confined to his bed for several years before his death, during which time his wife supported the family by seamstress work and dress-making. Mr. Murray was always a reading man, and after he was disabled, he diverted his weary hours by books and the education of his children.

I have been told that he studied Latin and Greek. in order that he might teach his son, and thus fit him, if possible, for college, while he carefully instructed Jessie in all the branches he deemed essential to a good education. After her father's death, which occurred not long since, when Jessie was about eighteen years of age, she determined to fulfil his wishes respecting her young brother, and secure for him a collegiate education. She therefore adopted her present employment; she is a neat seamstress and an excellent dress-maker. Her services are highly estimated, and she works for a few customers who engage her, as we do, for several months together. Her brother entered college last fall, and she is at all the expense of his education."

"What a noble-minded girl she must be, to submit to a life of drudgery for such a purpose."

- "She is the more praiseworthy, Fred, because she could have obtained a situation as nursery-governness, which, according to modern notions, would have been far less degrading; but she refused it because it would prevent her from returning every night to her mother."
  - " Is she always cheerful and good humoured?"
- "She has one of the most winning tempers I ever knew."
  - "She must be a lovely creature."
- "Yes, it is a pity to see so much beauty and grace wasted in humble life."
  - "But why need it be wasted, Julia?"
- "Because she will, in all probability, marry some rough mechanic who will never perceive her grace, and scarcely appreciate her beauty."
- "Do you suppose, then, that personal beauty is not appreciated by the poor as well as the rich, Julia?"
- "Yes; but only certain kinds of beauty; a healthy coarse red cheek, and a bold bright eye, are the charms most admired among the plebeians."
- "Julia, what are you talking about? Are Americans running mad? Here have I returned to my native country after an absence of only five years, and while my love for our republican institutions has increased tenfold, I find my countrymen have become perfectly beside themselves in their aping of foreign follies. Plebeians—forsooth!—and, pray, who are the patricians of this most democratic community?"

"Why, Fred, there must be a difference between the upper and lower classes in all communities."

- "Yes, Julia, the difference between the good and the wicked, the honest and dishonest, the educated and the ignorant, the governors and the governed—"
- "You forget the principal distinction, Frederick, the rich and the poor."
- "Aye, I thought so; that is the principal distinction in modern times, and of course the rich man is the patrician, though he may have raked his wealth from the kennel, and the poor man is a plebeian, though his ancestors should have been among the only American nobles—the signers of our Independence."
- "Oh, no, brother, you are quite wrong; a mechanic, though he be as rich as Crœsus, cannot get into

good society, but if he abandon his business before his children are grown up, they are received, and his grand children finally rank among our first classes,"

"Provided they retain the fortune for which their grandfather toiled, I suppose, Julia. Well, I am glad to have the matter so satisfactorily explained, especially as we are the children of a mechanic."

"Heavens! Fred, how can you say so? Our father was an India merchant."

"True, my high-minded sister, but he began life in a cooper's shop down on the wharf where he afterwards built his stately stores. Many a good barrel has he headed and hooped; and I remember, when a very little boy, how I loved to play in the shavings. But that is thirty years ago, Julia, and I suppose that you think other people have forgotten it."

"I wish, Fred, you could forget it. It is not pleasant to have such things brought to light so late in the day. They cannot injure you nor me, but they may mar Lizzy's prospects."

"True, Lizzy might not be allowed to marry a mechanic's grandson if it were known that she was only a mechanic's daughter."

Frederick Carleton with some eccentricity possessed many excellens qualities. His father had bestowed on him all the advantages of a liberal education, and after completing his studies he had spent several years in Europe. While abroad his father died, and his elder sister married, so that on his return he found the old family mansion passed into other hands, and his favourite sister Lizzy, an inmate of Julia's stately mansion. His paternal inheritance insured him a competence, and he resolved to marry as soon as he should meet with a woman capable of realizing his notions of domestic happiness. not to be supposed that the rich and travelled Mr. Carleton, (whose three thousand dollars of yearly income was more than doubled by many-tongued rumour,) lacked opportunities of selecting a companion for life. But among the manœuvring mammas and displaying daughters, he had as yet seen no one who equalled his ideas of womanly loveliness. A true American in feeling, he had lived long enough among foreign follies to despise them most heartily. and especially did he abhor this attempt to establish an exclusive system in society. "I am no agrarian," he would often say, " nor have I any utopian notions of perfect equality: I am therefore aware that there must always exist different classes in society, such as working men and men of wealth, men gifted with intellect, and others only one remove from idiocy, but let us never acknowledge that worst of all tyrannies, an oligarchy of mere wealth. A man of enlightened mind and virtuous principles is my equal, whatever be his occupation, and whether his hand be hardened by the blacksmith's hammer, or soiled by the ink of the learned professions, it is one which I can grasp with respect."

His notions much displeased his fastidious sisters, and they took great pains to convince him of his folly. But it was in vain they tried to initiate him into the mysteries of modern fashion; he would neither conceal half his face beneath an overgrowth of moustache and beard, nor would he imitate the long-eared asses of South America in the longitude of his superb raven rocks. He even refused to carry the indispensable cane, alleging that since such a sudden lameness had fallen upon the spindleshanked men of fashion, it was the duty of those who could still boast

some solidity of understanding to depend on thermselves for support. I The ladies pronounced him very handsome, but shockingly unfashionable; while the gentlemen, who found that his rent-roll was not likely to be diminished either at the billiard table or the race course, discussed his character as they picked their teeth on the steps of the Broadway hotels, and wondered how he contrived to spend his money.

The simple story of Jessie Murray had deeply affected Carleton, and the remembrance of her sweet countenance did not tend to decrease his interest. How much of self mingles in the best feelings of humanity! Had Jessie been a freckled, red-haired. snub-nosed girl, Fred would probably have soon forgotten her sisterly devotion, but she was too pretty to vanish quickly from his mind. Some how or other, it happened almost every morning that he found it necessary to see his sisters at an early hour, when he was sure of finding them in the sewing-room. His presence became at length quite unheeded by Jessie as well as by his sisters, and while he amused himself in romping with his little nephew, or quizzing the changes of fashion which usually occupied his sisters' thoughts, he had constant opportunities of studying the character of "our Jessie!" He noticed her quiet good sense, her fine taste, her cheerful manners, her unaffected humility, the patience with which she bore the caprices of his sisters, and he repeated to himself again and again, "What a pity she should be obliged to lead such a life."

One winter evening, as he was hurrying to an appointment, he met Jossie, who, with her bonnet drawn over her face, and her cloak wrapped closely around her, was hastening in an opposite direction. To turn and join her was his first impulse.

"Where are you going at so late an hour, Miss Murray?" he asked.

"Home," she replied, still hurrying onward.

"At least allow me to accompany you," said he.
"Oh, no, sir," said she, "it is not necessary. I
go home alone every evening."

"But you are liable to insult, and should not venture out without a protector."

"We, poor girls, are obliged to be our own protectors, Mr. Carleton," said Jessie. "When my mother is well she usually comes to meet me, but in such cold weather I do not wish her to risk her health."

"And your brother?"

"He is at New Haven college, sir. Mr. Carleton, let me beg you not to go out of your way for me."

Fred only answered by drawing her arm through his. Jessie at first seemed alarmed; but, re-assured by his respectful manner, she consented to accept his escort, and they soon reached her mother's door. The light of a cheerful fire gleamed through the half opened shutters, and as Fred looked in the room he could not avoid noticing the perfect neatness of its arrangement. But Jessie did not invite him to enter, and he unwillingly bade her good night, though he had a strong desire to take a seat beside that humble hearth. When next he met his sisters he told them of his adventure, and asked why they did not send a servant with the little seamstress.

"Lord, brother, what an idea!" exclaimed Lizzy.
"I am sure she can take care of herself."

"Should you feel quite safe, Lizzy, if you were sent out to walk a mile at eight o'clock on a winter's night?"

- "No; but I have always been accustomed to a protector. Such poor girls as Jessie early learn to take care of themselves, and do not feel the same fears which ladies do."
- "For shame!" exclaimed Frederick, do you suppose that poverty blunts every perception, and destroys every delicate feeling. Faith, I believe the poor girl is more favoured than the rich in such respects, for I don't know one of your fashionable friends, Lizzy, who would shrink from taking my arm as modestly as 'our Jessie' did last night."
- "Did you really give Jessie your arm, and escort her home?"
- "I did; and when I saw the quiet, pleasant little parlour which she called home, I had a great mind to offer her my hand as well as my arm."
- "Frederick, are you losing your senses? If I did not know you were jesting, I should think you had been taking too much wine!"
- "I never was in a sounder state of mind, my dear sisters, and yet I declare to you I have a great mind to make little Jessie your sister-in-law—that is, if she will accept me."
- "Come, come, Fred," interposed Mrs. De Grey, "you are carrying the farce too far; Lizzy is ready to cry with vexation."
  - "It is no farce, Julia, I am in earnest."
- "For heaven's sake do not be such a fool; a pretty business it would be to introduce one of my hirelings as my sister. No, no, Fred, that won't do."
- "You need not introduce her if you are ashamed of her. I dare say we should find society without your aid."
  - " It would be ruinous to all Lizzy's prospects."
  - " How so ?"
- "Why, do you suppose her rich admirer, Charles Tibbs, would marry the sister of a man whose wife had once been a seamstress?"

Frederick laughed heartily as he replied: "True, I had forgotten; Charles Tibbs is the grandson of old Toney Tibbs, who used to peddle essences about the streets, and of course is now good society. Well, I will not interfere with Lizzy's matrimonial speculations, so banish your fears."

"Oh, I have no fears about it, for with all your eccentricities I am sure you would never do any thing so degrading."

Notwithstanding her boasted confidence, however, Mrs. De Grey really felt considerable anxiety about the matter, and she determined to send Jessie out of the way, until her brother should have forgotten his transient fancy. Convinced that Jessie was utterly unconscious of Frederick's admiration, and unwilling to lose her services permanently, she thought of a plan which promised success, and she consulted Lizzy as to its possibility.

- "Aunt Tabitha has sent to us to procure her a seamstress for a few weeks, suppose we induce Jessie to go; the poor thing needs country air, and it will be just the place for her."
- "Why, Julia?" asked Lizzy, with a smile, "because she needs country air, or because we need her absence?"
- "Nay, Lizzy, it is no laughing matter. I want to send her out of Fred's way before she has any suspicion of his folly."
  - "But why send her to Aunt Tabitha?"
- "Because Fred will never find her there; he is so terribly afraid of the old lady's sentimentalities that

he never visits her, and by the time Jessie returns, he will have some new folly to engage his attention."

The plan was matured; and Jessie, who really felt the need of change of air, or relaxation from her continual labours, consented to leave her mother for a few weeks. Accordingly, one bright spring morning a stage deposited Jessie at the gate of a neat oldfashioned cottage, which stood on the outskirts of a village about forty miles from the great metropolis.

- "Where is 'our Jessie?" asked Fred, when he had watched in vain for her daily return to the little sewing-room.
- "Lord, brother, do you think I keep a record of her engagements? When she has finished our work she goes somewhere else, and that is all I know about it."

! The idea of that gentle creature being thus driven about from place to place, toiling day after day with her needle, and dimming her bright eyes over plaits and gathers, was extremely painful to Fred Carleton. The more he thought of it the more uneasy he became. "Why should I hesitate," thought he, "I have seen all the prettiest girls in Lizzy's set, and I like Jessie Murray better than any of them: Seamstress-indeed! I wonder if Julia would like to hear that our own dear mother used to make six shillings a day by binding shoes when she was first married to the honest cooper, our father? Yet I should hate to mar Lizzy's plans; I wish I had some one to advise me. Now I think of it, I will go and see Aunt Tabitha: the dear good romantic old soul whom I used to ridicule so much, will now be my best counsellor." So, with his usual impetuosity, Fred started on a visit to Aunt Tabitha, leaving his sisters quite ignorant of his destination, and little dreaming of the unexpected pleasure that awaited

Dear old Aunt Tabitha! what a singular compound she was of good feelings and exaggerated sentiments. In early life she had been betrothed to one whose poverty was the only obstacle to their union. He had sailed for India, in the hope of bettering his fortunes, but he never returned, nor did any tidings of his fate ever reach his native land. The ship was missing-it had never reached its destined port, and the sea kept its own secret. Deeply tinged with the romance of warm hearted youth, and greatly addicted to novel reading, Aunt Tabitha had always lived in a world of the imagination, and the mystery which overhung the fate of her lover seemed to strengthen the romantic fervour of her nature. For some years after his disappearance, she never left her apartment, and it was only by awakening the charities of her kindly nature that she could be induced to take an interest in every-day life. She had grown old without having lost one atom of her early tendency to sentiment. Combining active benevolence with almost morbid sensibility, she was often a subject of ridicule to those who did not know her virtues, while she was sincerely loved by those who could forgive eccentricity in behalf of excellence. Fred Carleton, in his boyish days, had conceived a great dislike of her peculiarities, and unable then to appreciate her real goodness, was terribly bored by what he styled her "sentimentalities." But he had since learned to know her better, and her very foibles now seemed to render her better fitted to afford him What was the result of her advice? counsel.

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Let us pass over the lapse of three years, in the course of which Lizzy Carleton had married the rich and aristocratic Charles Tibbs, who was the very pink of fashion, excepting his dislike of perfumes, an antipathy probably owing to early associations. The sisters were established to their heart's content. A fine house. French furniture, a splendid carriage, and plenty of servants, had fallen to the lot of both. It is true, the habitual failings of Julia's husband, had made him a byword among honourable men, and Charles Tibbs was a mere nonentity—the very " essence" of insipidity; but these were trifling drawbacks poon the felicity of women of fashion. Fred Carleton was residing in Paris, the happy husband of a charming woman, and enjoying all the pleasures of that gay city. Had he so soon forgotten our Jessie?

One morning Lizzy entered her sister's room with an open letter in her hand, exclaiming, "Oh, Julia, I have good news for you; Fred is coming home, and his Parisian wife will just arrive in time to add brilliancy to our winter parties."

Julia shrugged her shoulders. "I hope it may be so, Lizzy; but Fred is such a queer fellow that he is quite likely to have some dowdy of a wife, whom we shall be ashamed to introduce."

"Oh no," exclaimed Lizzy, "I have seen Mrs. Grantham, who has just returned from Paris, and who saw Fred's wife very often in society; she says Mrs. Carleton was quite the fashion. They were wearing bonnets à la Carleton, redingotes à la Carleton, mantillas à la Carleton; in short, there was no limit to the admiration she was exciting. The Duke of Orleans had asked her name, as he met her in his daily rides, and expressed himself in very decided terms respecting her beauty; the Duke of Nemours has danced with her at a ball, given at the Tuilleries, and she has even sung a duet with the princess Clementine, at one of the royal sources,"

"Can it be possible! Well, if that be the case, she will be a great acquisition to our society—she must be a woman of some rank to be admitted into such circles in Paris."

"Mrs. Grantham thinks she is English; but you know Fred has always returned some quizzing reply to our inquiries respecting her, and we can only learn her origin from herself; she is quite distinguished for her vocal powers and though little skilled in instrumental music, creates quite a sensation by her splendid style of singing. From all I can hear, I judge that Fred has led as eccentric a life abroad as he does at home; nobody knew when he was married, but after living in retirement for two years after his return to Paris, he emerged from his seclusion, bringing with him his lovely and gifted wife."

"Well, we shall know all about her when they arrive; she will certainly be the fashion, but I should like to know who she is—however, she is a foreigner, and that will be sufficient to attract attention."

A few weeks later, Fred Carleton arrived in his native city, and hurried to see his sisters, whom in despite of their follies, he really loved.

- "Where is your wife?" was the first question.
- "At the Astor House,"
- "Why didn't you bring her to our house?" asked Mrs. De Grey.
- "Because I couldn't tell whether you will like to receive her; you know nothing about her, and I have not forgotten your old prejudices."
  - "Yes; but you certainly could not doubt of her

meeting a warm welcome; for although we have never seen her, yet we are not ignorant of her high reputation for beauty and fashion. We are all impatience to greet her Fred; come let us go directly to see her."

"Excuse me, my dear girls; first impressions are all important, and I have no idea of your seeing my pretty wife when she is looking pale and travel worn; I positively forbade her receiving any visits for three days, because I want her to appear in all her charms at Mrs. Grantham's musical soirce next Thursday,"

"But surely you will allow her to see her relatives,"
"No; you are precisely the persons I have determined she shall not see until she is looking perfectly well; I want you to do justice to my choice; she has been much admired in Paris, and I wish her

claims to be as well established here."

"So, you have become a convert to our system, brother; and really desire to see your wife a woman of fashion."

"I have my reasons, Lizzy; when I have once seen her enjoying the undisputed possession of your admiration, we shall retire to our quiet home and laugh at the follies we now perpetrate."

"Do you suppose your wife will be content to retire from the gay scenes which she now adorns?"

"My wife is only obeying my wishes in leaving the seclusion which she loves; I have my reasons, I tell you. By the way, what has become of \*Our Jessie."

"Ah, Fred, you ought to thank us for manœuvring you out of that folly; if we had not sent Jessie out of your way, you might now have been the husband of a little sewing girl, instead of glorying in a wife who claims the praise of princes."

"Perhaps I might, Lizzy; but where is the pretty

"I don't know; she and her mother removed from their old residence soon after you saw her here; and I could discover no trace of them. I suppose she is the wife of some honest carpenter by this time. But tell us, Fred, when shall we see Mrs. Carleton?"

"We will meet you at Mrs. Grantham's soirce."

"Ah, I see; you think she needs the accessaries of dress, and the advantages of lamp light. I really believe you are half ashamed of your wife, Fred."

"Perhaps I am only ashamed of my sisters," was the teazing reply, as with a merry laugh Fred Carleton hurried away.

When the appointed Thursday arrived, the sisters, full of curiosity, repaired to Mrs. Grantham's mansion; but they were far too fashionable to be punctual, and it was quite late when they entered the crowded room. Their steps were arrested by the sound of a simple prelude upon the harp; as they paused just within the door, a sweet, bird-like voice, filled the apartment with melody. The song was the fine ballad of "Old Robin Gray," which, when well sung, never fails to thrill every heart; and as the singer now threw her whole soul into the mournful strains, all stood in breathless attention to catch the exquisite sounds.

"It must be Fred's wife," whispered Lizzy, as they pressed forward to catch a glimpse of the vocalist. But her back was turned towards them, and they could only see a sylph-like figure, attired with the utmost magnificence.

"How do you like your new sister," said Mrs. Grantham, as she welcomed her guests; "is she not all I pictured her?"

"We have not seen her," was the reply, and at that moment Fred approached. What was their astonishment, when in the lady who leaned upon his arm, they discovered *Our Jessic*.

As he led his wife to a seat beside them, and listened to their gracious welcome, he could not forbear whispering to Lizzy, "You see how much I am indebted to your manœuvring;—the partner of a royal duke, the belle of an hereditary prince, the songstress of the regal soirces, is, after all, only the little sewing-girl."

" But when did you marry her?"

"Ask aunt Tabitha."

Fred Carleton had devoted the two first years of his wedded life to the cultivation of his wife's fine musical talents, and he then brought her into

society, determined to try whether beauty, talents, and grace were not sufficient claims upon the admiration of the fashionable world. He had succeeded even beyond his hopes, and as he beheld her receiving the homage of rank and fortune, he could not but smile at the remembrance of the indignation which his sisters had once expressed respecting so degrading an alliance. As soon as he saw his wife's charms fully appreciated, and was assured that his sisters had become reconciled to the thought of introducing her into society, Fred gladly withdrew from its frivolous gaieties, and during a long life of uninterrupted domestic happiness, never found reason to repent his marriage with "Our Jessie."

Brooklyn, L. I.

# Written for the Lady's Book.

# A DISTINGUISHED NOBLEMAN REFUSED A DOWRY WITH HIS BRIDE—THE INCIDENT SUGGESTED THE FOLLOWING LINES.

# BY MRS, FRANCES S. OSGOOD.

KEEP, keep the maiden's dowry, And give me but my bride, Not for her wealth, I woo her, Not for her station's pride; She is a treasure in herself— Worth all the world beside.

Is not her mind a palace,
Wherein are riches rares
Bright thoughts that flash like jewels,
And golden fancies fair,
And glowing dreams of joy and hope,
That make sweet pictures there.

Keep, keep my lady's dowry, Her hand, her heart I claim, That little hand is more to me Than power, rank, or fame; That heart's pure love is wealth, my lord, No more your coffers name!

No statue in your proud saloon, Can match her form of grace, No gem that lights your casket The radiance of her face, In giving her, you give me all I covet in earth's space.

Oh! make her mine, your idol child!
To be my prize and pride,
My star in every festival,
My trust, shoul woe betide,
My bower's lovellest blossom,
Mine own, my worshipped bride.

Written for the Lady's Book.

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# THE PERCEPTION OF THE BEAUTIFUL.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

It is an object to consider this perception, as it is developed in early life, under the influences of popular education. In our country, this system of instruction is too exclusively confined to the imparting of necessary knowledge, and the regulating of the more palpable points of moral conduct. The latent emotions, and principles, receive but a slight share of attention. Still, their due developement is highly important; links as they are, in the chain, which binds social beings to each other, and man to his Maker.

Exceedingly meagre provision is made, in our primary schools, for the perception of the beautiful, either in the works of nature, or of art. Yet it might be made a powerful adjunct in softening the rude, and refining the susceptible. It is valuable, both as a source of individual happiness, and a feature of national character. In ancient Greece, the spirit of beauty, and of grace, wrapped even her peasantry in its mantle. Hence, she has stood forth, amid the lapse of ages, and even beneath the yoke of oppression, as the teacher and model of mankind.

But when the young children of this republic, are

transferred from the nursery to those buildings whose structure, imperfect ventilation, and contracted limits furnish but too strong an idea of a prison, can the little spirits which are in love with freedom, and the fair face of nature, fail to connect the rudiments of knowledge with keen associations of task-work, discomfort, and thraldom? Through the whole of their daily durance are pains taken to show them anything of which they can say " how beautiful;" to exhibit aught which might kindle the smile of admiration, or refresh the half wakened, easily wearied intellect?-Still, the teacher, who like a skilful lapidary, brings forth the hidden vein of beauty, imbedded in the secret soul, aids in polishing a column, which may hereafter adorn the private abodes, or give stability to the public institutions of his native land.

I hope the time is coming, when every isolated village shool-house, shall be as an Attic Temple, on whose exterior the occupant may study the principles of symmetry and of grace. Why need the structures, where the young are initiated into those virtues which make life beautiful, be divorced from taste, or devoid

of comfort? Why should they not be erected in fine, airy situations, overshadowed with trees, embellished with shrubbery? Why should not the velvet turf attached to them, be bordered with hedges, divided by gravel-walks, tufted with flowers? Might not the thick, mantling vine decorate the porch? or the woodbine and convolvulus look in at the window, touching the heart of the young learner, with a thought of Him, "whose breath perfumes them, and whose pencil paints?"

Why should not the interior of our school-houses aim at somewhat of the taste and elegance of a parlour? Might not the vase of flowers enrich the mantel-piece? and the walls display not only well executed maps, but historical engravings or pictures? and the book-shelves be crowned with the bust of moralist or sage, orator or Father of his country ?-Is it alleged that the expense thus incurred would be thrown away? the beautiful objects defaced? and the fair scenery desecrated? This is not a necessary result. I have been informed by teachers, who had made the greatest advances towards the appropriate. and elegant accommodation of their pupils, that it was not so. They have said that it was easier to enforce habits of neatness and order among objects whose taste and value made them worthy of care, than amid that parsimony of apparatus, whose very pitiful meanness is a temptation to waste and destroy.

Let the communities now so anxious to raise the standard of education, venture the experiment of a more liberal adornment of the dwellings devoted to Let them put more faith in that respect for the beautiful, which really exists in the young heart, and requires only to be called forth and nurtured, to become an ally of virtue and a handmaid to religion. Knowledge has a more imposing effect on the young mind, when it stands, like the Apostle, with the gifts of healing, at the "beautiful gate of the temple." Memory looks back more joyously, from the distant or desolated tracks of life, if the scenery of its early path has been bright and beautiful. Amid our ceaseless tides of emigration, the mother turns in spirit from the broad prairie, or the dreary western wild, to the tasteful school-house, where her childhood was trained; and while she feeds her babes, with the manna which was there gathered, tells them how lovely was the spot, where, morning after morning, she found it among the flowers, "after the den had gone up, a small, round thing, like the coriander-seed, whose taste was as honey."

Yet, where both the external and internal means of embellishment are denied, or sparingly furnished, much may be done to remedy this deficiency, by the ingenious and philanthropic instructor. He can cultivate the perception of the beautiful among the works of nature. This branch of education, it would seem, might recommend itself even to the utilitarian spirit of the times-from the cheapness with which it may be taught. It requires neither expensive books, nor deep scientific research. The means of studying it, are revealed at every footstep, and varied through every season. From the young, vernal grass—the pure, fertilizing stream-the tasselled corn-the grain ripening for the sickle-the wing of the bird, which, like living sapphire or ruby, glances through the dark forest, the teacher may weave a pleasing and profitable lecture for his attentive auditors. How readily may he collect a simple apparatus for his schoolroom—the crystal—the tinted shell—the branching

coral—the wild-flower, which, submitted to the action of a tiny microscope, might fill with a spirit of admiration not unallied to piety, the brief intervals of study. Thus, the pinion of the butterfly, the armour of the beetle, or the lamp of the glow-worm, may furnish a lesson to the rudest boy, of kindness to the inferior creation, and, wondering love of Him, who has clothed it in mysterious beauty. Such precepts have a peculiarly happy effect, when mingled with the elements of the masculine character, they soften and refine, at a period of life, when such influences are often most needed.

Availing himself of the liberality of Nature, the teacher will find great pleasure in directing the eye of his pupil to a Volume always full, and always open. If the works of art are not accessible, he can point them to a picture gallery which is never shut, and which the poorest have a right to enter. Where is there another, whose artists are so numerous, so perfect? Every rising and setting sun deposits there such a picture as the virtuoso in his cabinet, the king in his cabinet cannot boast. Thither Spring comes with showering buds and roses; Summer with gorgeous landscapes; Autumn with those mellow tintings, which the pensive beholder loves; even hoary Winter hangs up the tracery of his colder pencil, the snow-clad hillock, and the glassy lake, covered with sportive children. Shall not those, whom we lead by the hand for a little while, and profess to educate, be taught to admire this all-pervading spirit of beauty, which

"Glows in the stars, and blossoms in the trees, Lives through all life, extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent?"

Do any reply, that the perception of the beautiful is but a luxurious sensation, and may be dispensed with, in those systems of education which this age of utility establishes? But is not its culture still more demanded, to throw a healthful leaven into the mass of society?—and to serve as some counterpoise for that love of accumulation which pervades every rank, intrudes into every recess, and spreads even in consecrated places, the "tables of the money-changers and the seats of such as sell doves?"

May it not be assumed that a warm perception, and high enjoyment of what is beautiful in creation, proves some degree of virtue? Can the feelings which are not in harmony with themselves, respond to the melodies of nature? Do not the corrosions of hatred, the festerings of remorse, pour a poison-cup over her purest charms? Can the heart which is a prey to the grosser passions, inflated by ambition or seared with the love of gain, humble itself to the simplicity of the lessons, which the flowers and the simplicity of the lessons, which the flowers and the society impair the relish for rural pleasures, and tempt the spirit away from the trustful, child-like adoration of the Supreme?

In ancient times, the appreciation of whatever was beautiful in the frame of nature, was accounted salutary, by philosophers and sages. Galen says: "He who has two cakes of bread, let him sell one, and buy some flowers; for bread is food for the body, but flowers are food for the soul."

"I think the pure passion for flowers," said Mrs. Hemans, when near the close of life, " is the only one which long sickness leaves untouched with its chilling influence. Often, during this weary illness

of mine, have I looked upon new books, with perfect apathy; but, if a friend has sent me a few flowers, my beart has leaped up to their dreamy hues and odours, with a sudden sense of renovated childhood, which seems to me one of the mysteries of our being." Nature studied through her beauties, not only humanizes and delights, while that study is pursued, but extends an influence to the remoter periods of life. A true love of nature, acquired in childhood, is like a sunbeam over the clouded parts of existence, and often grows more vivid with the lapse of years.

I have seen it in the chamber of mortal sickness, allaying the pang of anguish, by the magic of a fresh flower, laid upon the pillow—by the song of the nesting bird—by the waving of the green branches at the open window. I have seen it, mingling even with delirium, and the fever-dream, soothing images of the cherished garden, the violet-covered bank, the falling waters, the favourite grove, where childhood had played, or youth wandered.

I have seen it brightening the almost sightless eye of the aged man, from whose side those who began the race of life with him had fallen, one by one. Yet he finished not his journey alone, for he made a living friend, of every unfolding plant, of every growing tree, of every new leaf on the trellised vine, that shaded his summer seat; and in the majestic storm, walking forth at midnight, he heard the voice of that Almighty Father, to whose home he was so near.

"O, Unseen Spirit of Creation!" says an expressive writer, "watching over all things—the desert and the rock, no less than the fresh water, bounding like a hunter on his path, when his heart is in his step, or the valley, girded by the glad woods, and living with the yellow corn, to me, though sad, and baffled, thou hast ministered, as to the happiest of thy chil-

dren. Thou gavest me a music, sweeter than that of palaces, in the mountain wind; thou badest the flowers and the common grass smile up to me as children in the face of their father."

If the perception of the beautiful, may be marked conducive to present improvement, and to future happiness; if it has a tendency to refine and sublimate the character, ought it not to receive culture throughout the whole process of education? It takes room most naturally and deeply, in the simple and loving heart, and is therefore peculiarly fitted to the early years of life, when, to borrow the language of a German writer, "every sweet sound takes a sweet odour by the hand, and walks in, through the open door of the child's heart."

Why has a Being, of perfect wisdom, implanted within us a strong perception of the beautiful, and spread the means of its sustenance, with an unsparing hand, throughout his universe? Why, from the depths of ocean, where the pearl sleeps, and the coral efflorences, to the fixed star on its burning throne, in the far blue vault of heaven, has he shed abroad that beauty which speaks of Him? That we should walk with our eyes shut, through these ever changing scenes of loveliness and glory? Or that we should neglect to teach our children, through "the things that are seen," the power and goodness of their Invisible Untiring Benefactor?

"Ah! how can we renounce the boundless store
Of charms, which Nature to her votary yields?
The warbling woodland, the resounding shore,
The pomp of groves, and garniture of fields,
All that the genial ray of morning gilds,
And all that echoes to the song of even,
All that the mountain's sheltering bosom shields,
And all that dread magnificence of heaven,
Ah! how can we renounce, and hope to be forgiven?"

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE DYING POET.

BY MRS. C. BARON WILSON.

Hz sat in his chamber, still and lone, In the light of departing day; Musing o'er hopes that had dawn'd and flown Like that fading light, away!

The tint on his cheek was paling fast,
And his eye grew more bluely bright;
While his voice was low as the whispering blast,
That mourns through the Autumn night!

All knew by the glance of that glazing eye, And the hectic at times on his face, (Like the meteor-flash in the northern sky, Which the pale grey cloud doth lace;)

That his spirit's weary task was done,

The chain that had bound it riven,
And those visions of bliss on earth begun
Would to him be made perfect in heaven.

Friends cheered him with words of kindness, and quaffed To his health with the flatt'rer's tongue; But e'en while they spoke, DEATH looked on and laugh'd, That his prey was the gifted and young!

Yet, there was one heart, whose hopes were set, One eye, in secret, dim, That lit up with smiles, when his glance it met, Lest its sorrow should sadden him.

That heart, all glowing with love and truth, Could neither know change or chill, But clung to his blighted and wasting youth, With the Lvy's fond faithfulness, still.

He pass'd from the world and its honours away,
Like the wasted taper's flame;
The World gave his memory a leaf of Bay
And a place on the tablet of fame!

But the urn that enshrines it is woman's breast,
Whence its brightness shall never depart;
Oh! green is the mem'ry, that finds its rest,
In the depths of her faithful heart!

London by Google

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE OPAL RING.—A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

"Stately stept he east the wa',
And stately stept he west,
Full seventy years he now had seen,
With source seven years of rest."

Ballad of Hardyknuts.

the olden time, living in his strong hold upon the verge of the Rhine. His zeal in every thing pertaining to feats of arms was acknowledged and unequivocal; but as to matters of the church, the brethren of St. Gothard regarded him with ill-dissembled suspicion, and tolerated him only in view of his great power, large estates, and the not-to-be questioned zeal and liberality of his young wife, the Lady Eleanor. He treated with a contempt, altogether remarkable, considering his country and the age in which he lived, the marvellous stories of sorcery and witchcraft, in which his people so much delighted, and a belief in which, the priesthood, from motives of their own, did not fail to encourage. Indeed it would almost seem that a belief in the wild and incredible was made a test for the measure of faith in the dogmas of the church.

The stern, lofty brow of the Baron, was now white with the frosts of eighty winters, yet his eye had lost none of its fierceness, and his form had that erect and stately bearing supposed to beseem a warrior of the olden time. While the companions of his youth had, one after another, fallen in the many forays of those unsettled times, had gone out to the wars of the Holy Land, and returned no more; or, sunk in the dotage and decrepitude of age, still mumbled their prayers and counted their beads, at the will of their ghostly advisers, and gave immense sums to the church by way of expiation for their sanguinary lives, the Baron Rudolf walked the ramparts of his castle, and beheld, far as the eye could sweep, stately forests nodding to the wind, and filled with the wild boar and deer, fields ripe for the harvest, and domains rich and extensive, all of which owned him for their possessor; and with stout heart and flashing eye, he vowed none of these should go to enrich an overgrown and pampered church.

A resolution like this argued no ordinary spirit in an age when the priesthood swayed the consciences of men with an iron rule, and bent the firmest to their will by the threatened anathemas of the church. Nor was this all—he had married, in his old age, a young, aspiring bride, with a spirit indomitable as his own, and all the vigilance of the Baron became requisite to foil the machinations of his wife and her confessor.

Had Lady Eleanor lavished upon her lord those attentions and indulgencies, which his age might seem to demand, it is more than probable he would have sunk into the helpless dotage of his contemporaries, and have left her to a younger spouse, and his estates to the church. But fortunately for him, some rather ungentle attempts at power, on the part of the Lady, roused the lion-like spirit within, and he arose, like the strong man of old, and shook off the withes that bound him, and walked forth with a firm step and vigilant eye, bidding defiance to every aggressor

THE old Lord Rudolf was a hardy champion of whether in the shape of foreign foe, priest, wife, or the olden time, living in his strong hold upon the even time itself.

It was a period of profound peace; and yet the wary Baron forgot none of the securities of war. Turret and battlement frowned their defiance, with all the "pomp and circumstance" of war. The sentry of the watch-tower gave instant notice of the approach of either friend or foe, and one blast of the warder's horn would have filled the courts with a gallant array of men-at-arms and retainers. The drawbridge would have resounded to the tramp of horse and the clash of armour, battlement and barbacan would have bristled with pike and battle-axe, while gay pennon and flaunting standard would have waved from the turrets. The long halls and stately apartments, decked with gorgeous tapestry, and waked only by the light footstep of beauty, or the soft melody of the harp, would have echoed to the din of war and the stirring notes of the trumpet, transforming the peaceful habitation into a military fortress, capable of repelling no inconsiderable army, at a period when the deadly instruments of modern warfare were unknown.

An occurrence like this would have given Lady Eleanor infinite delight, weary as she was of the monotony of the castle. But none presented itself. The military prowess of the Baron had years before subjected all the petty states about him to his power, and such was the dread with which he was now regarded, that none thought of rebellion.

The last disastrous crusade had closed, and in scattered groups, thinned and disheartened, but a handful as it were of the proud and gallant army that had embarked for Syria, returned, the chivalry of Europe. The sword, the pestilence, and famine, had each claimed its myriads ere men awoke from the delusion into which they had been plunged.

Group after group arrived to claim the hospitality of the warlike Baron, and yet the heir of the castle came not. Many were the tales of wild adventure, of knightly daring, or Paynim generosity, in which Oswald figured the bravest of the brave, to which the Lady Haeanor and her damsels listened, from the lips of gallant knight, or wandering minstrel. The pilgrim, decked with his scallop-shell, told of those disastrous wars, of individual prowess or suffering, till bright eyes were suffused with tears, and fair cheeks grew pale at the recital.

The wars had ceased, and while the disheartened survivors, spent and weary, sought the father-land, Oswald lingered behind. Various and dark were the surmises to which this circumstance gave rise. At one time it was hinted, that enamoured of an eastern maid of surpassing beauty, he had abjured country and religion for her sake; and spell-bound by a sorceress, beautiful as Armida, remained a willing captive to her charms. Again, it was said, that he devoted himself to the forbidden love of powerful

magicians, acquiring knowledge, forbidden to the believers in the faith of the cross, knowledge and power dangerous to the soul, and unworthy the character of a Christian knight.

At length, a returning party of his companions announced that he would return. Every thing was put in readiness for a reception worthy the heir to such fair estates.

Runners were sent to every out-post, that the earliest notice might be given of his approach; and a troop of noble retainers were ready to escort him home, with gay pennon and spirit stirring music Daily did the Baron, with a statelier step, and a lordlier bearing, walk the old terrace, impatient at his delay.

Lady Eleanor busied herself in all those arrangements that woman's taste alone suggests; for she had never seen her step-son, and fame had proclaimed him no less handsome than brave and courteous. The old armour of the great hall was newly burnished, rich tapestry was suspended from the walls, choice embroidery,

"Wrought by nac hand as ye may guess, Save that of Fairly fair,"

was taken from sumptuous wardrobes of carved oak, to decorate the couches. Great was the taste and skill lavished upon the room designed to be the sanctum of the young knight.

The large Gothic windows, with their delicate tracery, and springing arches, through which the light, penetrating the stained glass, quivered upon the tassellated floor with hues like a riven rainbow, were again softened by heavily embroidered silk, that fell in gorgeous folds to the very floor. Silver lamps, of rich and grotesque construction, were suspended, by chains of the same metal, from the ceiling, and fed with aromatic oils. The heavily ornamented alcoves contained rare cabinets, in which were preserved those illuminated manuscripts, of such great value, that principalities were exchanged for their possession. High backed, oaken chairs, curiously wrought with uncouth devices, stood upon mats of the finest oriental carpeting; images of saints occupied every niche, and the scene of the crucifixion, executed with no mean skill by the fair hands of Lady Eleanor and her maidens, was suspended over the huge fire-place. Upon the cumbrous table were placed relics of rare value, in cases of ivory, and venerated vases of exceeding beauty.

All was completed, and yet the Knight returned not. Lady Eleanor grew weary of adoming her handsome person, all to no purpose, and pettishly chid her maidens as they loitered in their embroidery, as the only feasible method of allaying her own irritation.

# CHAPTER II.

Longe, longe hath toll'd the midnight bell, And the stars grow dim in the skye, Yet the taper burns in the old grey tower, Like a beacon placed on highe.

Old Ballad

The shadows of evening were veiling the landscape in the grey hue of twilight, when a solitary Pilgrim, with rusty cowl, and the scallop-shell, was seen to approach the castle. He moved slowly, leaning upon his staff, apparently too much absorbed in his own thoughts to take much note of objects about him. The portal was thrown open with ready zeal, the hospitable board spread, and the calls of hunger allayed, ere the courtesy of the old Baron would permit him to press inquiries even upon the subject nearest his heart, the protracted absence of his son.

Little use was there to question. The Pilgrim seemed moody and silent, and his short, abrupt replies repelled all advances. At length the damsel Agatha hinted, with many blushes, that the Lady's Page, Henri, had been practising a new song; and then, for the first time, did the stranger appear at all interested in the group about him. While the youth swept the strings of the harp, with a slight blush, indeed, yet with the air of a handsome stripling accustomed to the smiles of ladies, the stranger raised his head, and the cowl falling back, revealed an eye and countenance little according with the subdued tone and manners he had assumed. The eye was black, penetrating, and almost fierce in its expression, and yet a dash of sadness seemed to linger about it, and to rest upon the lofty forehead that gleamed from the midst of dark curly hair, which clustered thickly about it, and shaded the swarthy cheek and haughty lip. The Page shrunk abashed before the keen eye, but a smile and glance from the maiden reassured him, and he sang as follows.

## SONG OF THE PAGE.

Oh! many an eye is clear and bright,
Like stars that deck the brow of night,
And full of glee;
But there is one, whose faintest ray
Can chase all thoughts of care away,
When fixed on me.

There 's many a cheek, whose changeful hue, Is like the rose when bathed in dew, And fair to see; But one alone, whose timid blush Will cause the blood to mine to rush,

Is dear to me.

There 's many a voice, whose dulcet swell
Is like the chime of silvery bell
From dewy lea;

But only one, that from my heart The pangs of grief can bid depart, Is dear to me.

It is uncertain how long the youth might have continued his amorous ditty, had not a gesture of impatience from the stranger arrested him. He took the harp from the abashed Page, and swept his hand across the strings, with a boldness and freedom that called forth the full power of the instrument: then, in a clear manly voice he sang the following words, while the ladies listened with all but suspended breath.

The Rhine, the Rhine, majestic Rhine,
The bright, the beautiful too,
That rushest down from the mountain side,
And glidest the vallies through.

Thou rollest on in thy glorious pomp,
Thou pride of my father land,
And I hear thy voice with my boyhood's joy,
Once more on my mative strand.

"My son, my own son," cried the old Baron, forgetting all his stateliness in the delight of beholding him again. Oswald returned the embraces and congratulations of his family with little of the enthusiasm with which he was greeted, and Henri whispered:

"Agatha, I fear our young Lord is but a churlish Knight, for methinks he hath a plentiful lack of courtesy."

"Nay, nay," said the maiden, "I like his lofty bearing. Commend me to your dark-eyed mysterious knights, that look as if stirred by no ordinary thoughts. I like not to read all at a glance."

"Those that seek concealment, are most likely to have good cause for so doing. I like a frank, open bearing, a valorous heart and ready sword," returned the Page, with a something very like pique in his manner.

Agatha laughed, with a pretty coquetry. "I doubt not my good cousin will be all he so much admires, but not the less shall I affect a mystical appearance, a majestic mien, that awes one to look upon—"

At this moment, she encountered the dark eye of the knight, and the blood mantled to her fair brow, and the small hand trembled as it unconsciously tightened its grasp upon a rose-bud it held, the last gift of the Page.

Henri reddened with something like resentment, but mindful of the gentle training to which he was subjected, he suppressed its expression, and replied with a careless air:

"So then, my gentle cousin would rather tremble at the glance of a proud eye, than behold a true and courteous knight, awed at her own fair self."

"Nay, nay, good coz, that is not a fair inference; kneeling knights are every where to be found—they do homage to a fair cheek and sparkling eye, lightly as they don their helmet; but, but," and the cheek of the gay girl was dyed with blushes, "methinks it were a worthy triumph to subdue yon haughty knight, who seems little heedful of lady's smiles; to behold such an one suing for a maiden's favour, were indeed assurance of no ordinary power."

Henri's brow contracted, and it is uncertain what might have been his response, had not Lady Eleanor at this moment summoned her damsels to attend her and the Page left them at the door of the Lady's apartment, where they were at liberty to discuss the knight at their leisure.

For many days, the Knight yielded to the endearments of domestic life, visiting his fair domains, and indulging the curiosity of the family in details of the hazards and disasters of those fatal wars, and the deadly sufferings of the Christians in contending with foes ever on the alert, and innumerable as the locusts swept by the hot winds of their own deserts. But these things gradually grew irksome to him, and he seeluded himself mostly, either in his own room, or an old tower, rarely used except in times of commotion; and then only as a place of great strength and security, where a foe could be greatly annoyed, while the repellants were secure from every ordinary weapon.

There, hour after hour, even when the midnight stars grew dim in the early dawn, was beheld the solitary light of the watcher, and occasionally his form might be seen to pass between the light, and the low arched portal.

The old Baron walked the long terraces of his strong hold with a feebler step, and the gloomy disaffected air of a man who has nourished some bright anticipation, and wakes to find it but an illusion of the fancy. Disappointment seemed likely to accomplish what age had failed to do, even to bow the

strong spirit to the earth. Lady Eleanor felt all a proud woman's resentment at the indifference with which she was treated, and more than once hinted dark suspicions of necromancy and forbidden arts.

The maiden, Agatha, had, from the first, detected a deep and abiding sadness in the stranger, and her girlish fancy had at once been awakened to an interest in his behalf. She had invested him with sorrows and wrongs, that perhaps never had an existence, except in her own youthful inagination, and then had wept over them, and offered her prayers to the Virgin, that the one might be redressed, and the other alleviated. She even wished it were in her power to do something to relieve his despondency. Her girlish coquerry gave place to a quiet pensiveness, and perhaps her fine eyes might have expressed more of tenderness than she conceived, as they rested upon the knight, for she thought not of herself, but only of his sorrows.

Henri alone seemed to enjoy the state of affairs at the castle. His volatile spirits became even more buoyant than ever, and he sang his songs and matringals with unprecedented sweetness and skill. He was a gay, handsome youth, with a smooth tongue, and courtly address, and withal frank and brave, and promising hereafter to be right worthy of the sword and spurs of knighthood. He had already installed his fair cousin upon the pedestal of his heart, as his only "Lady Love," partly in consequence of the beauty and many excellencies of the damsel, and partly because the seclusion in which he lived afforded none other so good and lovely.

Agatha, half in sport, and half in the thoughtless inexperience of girlhood, humoured the whim of the young devotee, unconscious of the dangerous passion, that was thus daily strengthening in the heart of her admirer. Now that a new grace had been imparted to her face, in the soft pensiveness that was stealing over it, she sat with abstracted air, while he poured forth the most dulcet melody, her own looks more dangerous to the youth, and herself unaware that her thoughts were away with the solitary watcher of the tower, and more intent upon divining his secret cause of grief, than in doing justice to the skill or taste of the handsome Page.

# CHAPTER III.

"There came, and look'd him in the face,
An angel, beautiful and bright;
And then he knew it was a fiend,
This miserable Knight."—Coloridge.

WE have before said, that the stern hardihood of the Baron had hitherto enabled him to bid defiance to the ghostly warnings of the Fathers of St. Gothard, who urged him to prepare for the rest of his soul, by contributions to the church. It may hence be inferred they regarded him with no friendly eye; and now that his son had returned, leading a dark, solitary life, their malicious scrutiny was at once excited. Nor was this all; Lady Eleanor, in the sanctity of confession, had relieved her burden of spleen, by hinting mysterious fears and doubts, as to the motives of his retirement.

The moon in its first quarter hung like a silver barque upon the verge of the horizon, its faint rays playing upon the waters of the Rhine, as they heaved darkly in the uncertain light, when Agatha, who was looking from the terrace, was roused from a long reverie by the voice of the Page. He pointed to the dim light of the old tower, and said in a low voice:

"The eagle, companionless and alone, becomes a surer mark for the archer."

- "What mean you, Henri? Is danger really threatening the noble Oswald? And have you not warned him of the peril?"
- "How should I, sweet Coz, when he treats me with the contempt of a menial? Methinks, were I to mount to yonder tower with a message of warning, it were poor reward for such service to be pitched from the battlement."
- "Shame on thee, Henri; I thought thine had been a nobler nature;" and the maiden turned away with a look of scorn.

The eye of the Page flashed, and his brow crimsoned, yet he did not fail to address her with his habitual deference, but still with an infusion of pride that well became him.

"Agatha, you wrong me. I care little for the scorn of yon proud Knight; should he attempt discourteous service, he would scarcely find me the craven to submit either to his violence or dictation. It may be that my devotion to the Baron hath magnified to me the danger of his son." Then, in a lower voice, while his eyes rested sadly upon the face of the excited girl, he said, "It may be too, Agatha, that I feared for him for thy sake."

A deep blush spread over her face and neck at this allusion to herself, which the youth marked with a deeper shade of melancholy. He then went on to express his fears that the fathers were about to cite the young Lord to appear before a council of their order, to answer to the crimes of witchcraft and sorcery. He had expressed his reasons for so thinking to the Baron, who had treated the subject with utter contempt, and thus, he doubted not, would the son.

Agntha retired to her room but not to sleep. The danger that threatened the Knight grew every moment upon her imagination, and suggested many methods by which he might be warned of the peril; but with the timidity of maidenly reserve she shrunk from putting them in execution. She looked out from the casement; the stars beamed placidly from the deep sky, and the old woods reposed in dim shadow, while the heavy outline of the towers of St. Gothard lay like a dense mass against the horizon. As she continued looking in the direction of the monastery, she observed a file of monks with cowl and cassock, each bearing a small lantern, slowly emerge from its walls, and take the direction of the castle.

Instantly was her resolve taken. Throwing a mantle over her shoulders, she paced with a trembling step the long dark corridors, and took the direction of the old tower.

The structure was intricate, and of immense size, and a deadly fear seized the lone girl, as she threaded the dark passages at such an hour. Occasionally too, as she approached the outer walls, nocturnal birds, disturbed in their retreats, spread their broad heavy wings and sailed forth with loud screams into the open air. At length she reached the base of the tower, and began to ascend. Laying her hand upon the damp walls she groped up the narrow winding steps. She felt something glide from beneath her touch; but whether snake or lizard she knew not, for a cold shivering passed all over her, and she scarcely suppressed a scream of horror. Then the wild super-

stitions of the age came upon her with a deadly power, and to her excited fancy the dark passage seemed full of unearthly sounds; horrid eyes glared upon her from every side, and her flesh crept beneath the touch of hideous and malignant demons. She pressed the crucifix close to her bosom, closed her eyes to all about her, and breathing inarticulate prayers to the Holy Virgin, reached the landing, where the light streamed from the retreat of the Knight.

Here, while pausing for breath, her ear was arrested by the soft notes of a lute, accompanied by the low, exquisite tones of a female voice. In the astonishment of the moment she listened to the following words, sang with great sweetness and effect.

## SONG.

'Mid scorching sands the desert bulb Lies hid beneath the plain,\* With all its beauty folded up, To wait the coming rain.

It comes—the welcome rain-drops come, And, like a magic life, The joyous flow'ret upward springs, With every beauty rife.

Awhile it blossoms in the sun,
A creature of delight;
Till fed no more with genial dews
It withers in the light.

And thus the heart, when waked by love,
A thousand joys may know,
But coldness, like the desort air,
Shall wither all its glow.

A noise from below started her from her attitude, and she rushed to the portal, exclaiming in hurried accents:

"Fly, Sir Knight, it is for your life."

Oswald rose fiercely to repel the intruder; but not till Agatha had beheld a female of singular beauty reclined upon a low ottoman at his feet. She was arrayed in the most sumptuous mode of oriental magnificence: a turban of golden tissue was wreathed about her redundant hair, in which glittered the costliest gems; and an opal, of large size, reflecting a thousand prismatic hues, shone upon her clear dark brow. Her round rich lips were slightly parted, revealing tecth of resplendent whiteness; and her full liquid eyes, that looked like a sea of tenderness, shaded, as they were, by long curved lashes, were raised to the face of the Knight, who gazed into their passionate depths with intense devotion. Her robe was open from the throat nearly to the girdle, revealing a swan-like neck, that swelled from the graceful chest like polished ivory. Her arms were encircled by bracelets of pearl, which gave a startling brilliancy to their rich colour and elegant contour.

Agatha obtained but a momentary view of this

\* Travellers tell of immense plains in certain parts of Africa, where, during the hot months not a spear of vegetation appears; the earth is dry and hard, and seamed with cracks to a great depth, by the action of the sun's rays upon the barren surface. But no sooner does the rainy season commence, than their whole appearance is changed. Innumerable bulbous plants, whose roots were hid beneath the surface, spring from the earth, and in a few weeks the plain, so lately a barren with blossoms of the rarest and most beautiful description. These continue till the setting in of the dry season, when they rapidly disappeared by

radiant creature; and she stood alone with the mysterious dweller of the tower. His face darkened with suppressed passion, and he fixed his fierce eye sternly upon the maiden. But her pale, child-like face, and timid air, restored all the chivalry of his profession. He led her to the ottoman the mysterious lady had but lately occupied, and heard her recital with compressed lips. The sounds approached nearer. Agatha sprang to her feet, wild with terror as the thought of detection in such a place, and at such an hour, flashed upon her mind.

"Thou hast done me kindly service, Agatha, and I would not that suspicion should fall upon thy maiden fame as thy guerdon. Wilt thou not rest concealed beneath the battlements, till these intruders have retired?"

Agatha took the proffered arm, and he led her out where the walls overlooked the mass of waters, that swept the very base of the tower.

He had scarcely seated himself at the rude table, with a manuscript spread before him, when the inquisitors entered the room.

They glanced at each other, astonished at the simple employment of the student, and the naked poverty of the apartment. The Knight slowly rose to receive them, and demanded, with a placid brow, to what he owed the privilege of a visit at such an hour.

"In sooth, fair sir," said the principal, "we owe

thee an apology for this intrusion. Knowing the power and arts of the spirit of darkness, how he goeth about like a roaring lion, seeking whom he may devour, the church, ever mindful of the welfare of the faithful, and desirous, if but a lamb should go astray, to win it back to the fold, hath sought thee in all love and faithfulness, lest thou shouldst have been deluded by the wicked devices of the arch adversary of souls."

"I owe thee many thanks, good father;" said the Knight, a slight sneer betrayed upon his noble features, "were I so unfortunate as to prove recreant to the faith of a true Knight and a Christian, I doubt not the holy brethren of St. Gothard would use all ghostly admonition to restore me within the pale of the church. In the meanwhile I will see to it, that suitable provision be made to ensure the pious exertions, and prayers of the brethren, lest peradventure I might swerve from the faith."

This was uttered half in reverence and half in mockery, but the promise involved in the concluding clause, was enough to blind all eyes to aught inconsistent with the manners of a faithful son of the church; and though the principal still eyed him with a lingering look of suspicion, he raised his thin, pale hands, and pronouncing a benedicite, slowly retired.

[To be concluded.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

# A WILDWOOD SCENE.

BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

THERE is a spot that is wondrous fair,
Where the zephyr on sighing wings doth bear
The perfuned kies of his loved wild flower,
Through nodding tree top, and leafy bower;
Where the brook bounds on like a joyous child,
And the fawn roams free through its native wild—
Where the grateful birds through the wildwood lurk,
Singing praise to the Lord for his handiwork—
Where laughing vines with their tendrils grasp
The tree as it bends to the loving clasp—
Where blushing roces their leaves unfold,
As the nightingule's tender tale is told—

Where the giant oak waves its boughs in pride, Beckening the sunbeams to fly to its side—
Where the leaves of the aspen are dancing in glee, And the mosses are pendant from branchlet and troeWhere the violet dwells unsought and unseen, In its humble home so leafy and green,
With nothing to tell of its lonely bloom,
Save its clustering leaves and its wild perfume.
And would ye know why the scene is fair?
Why beauty is stamp'd upon all that is there?
'Tis the work of God! that heavenly spot,
And the hand of man hath defaced it not.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# SUMMER FANCIES.

Inscribed to a much loved trio.

BY MISS A. D. WOODBRIDGE.

EARTH drinks the cheering rain,
And blushing, turns to meet the sun's embrace;
While Summer flings o'er every hill and plain,
Her ample robe of grace.

The golden harvest waves,

As if to woo the joyous reaper-band;

While meadows broad, which yonder streamlet laves,

Await the mower's hand.

Peace rests within the vale,
And Plenty's voice re-echoes far and wide;
While songs of joy ascend from ev'ry dale,
And from the green hill side.

And like those genial showers, Sweet words of love distill'd upon this heart, And glances bright as sunlight to the flowers, Caused plants of hope to start.

There, Love, that flower divine.
That harvest of the heart, springs fresh and fair;
Its fragrance floats, belov'd ones, to your shrine,
O! make it still your care!

Gleaners, in life's broad field!
May joy's rich fruits around you ever fall,
And earth for you her richest treasures yield!
God bless you, dear ones, all!

# Written for the Lady's Book.

# MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

PART FIRST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF " THE CHARACTER OF SCHILLER," ETC.

# MANZONI-THE BETROTHED.

THE literature of Italy, though abounding in works of fancy, has, till within the last few years, been strangely deficient in that branch of fiction denominated the Novel, as we understand the term. The word, it is true, is of Italian origin; but used in that language to designate merely a short tale or anecdote in prose or verse, which never aspired to the conception, the complication of incident, or delineations of manners that mark the modern romance. Such were the Novelle or Tales of the Boccaccio School. The "Letters of Ortis," by Foscolo, in imitation of German Werter, one of the first attempts at innovation, and possessing merits new to the Italian reader, of course proved singularly attractive after the writings of such authors as Chiara, Piazza, &c. But it was only after the splendid romances of Scott had been translated, and were known on the continent, that a new impulse was given to the writers of popular fiction. The rich field of incident and materials for the portraiture of character contained in Italian history, was then opened to their view; and the efforts of Manzoni, the first to tread in the steps of "The Ariosto of the North," naturalized the HISTORICAL ROMANCE in his native country. A host of names, kindred geniuses, emulous of his fame, and eager to explore the hidden treasures to which he had first penetrated, soon "fluttered in the mouths of men;" and in the space of a few years, numerous champions crowded the brilliant arena, to strive for the prize of literary distinction.

The passion for depicting the spirit and manners of the middle ages, became prevalent. The quaint costume and picturesque incidents of those antiquated days, had a charm for the fancy above the delineations of living manners. The choice of rich subjects. too, was sanctioned by the great example of the Author of Waverley, whom all desired to imitate. They caught the chivalrous and romantic tinge that distinguished his productions; and aimed at the same high wrought description, the same blending of the humorous with the pathetic, of the details of ordinary life with historical incidents. That they have fallen far behind the perfection of their model is scarce surprising, when we consider their want of practice in this species of fiction. They have preserved the external colouring, but lack skill in drawing and grouping; and above all, in the art of interweaving a domestic story with actual history. Yet the historical novels of Italy richly deserve notice for the sake of their merits, as well as because they show the direction of the popular taste. A brief examination of the most prominent works of this class may prove interesting to the readers of the Lady's Book.

Foremost in rank we place Manzoni. Renowned as a lyric poet, a tragedian and a novelist, he has obtained, if not an equal, a high degree of fame in each capacity. The same powers to which his dramas owe their excellence, are displayed in his novels; the same fault, too, is observable, namely,

apparent inability to construct an interesting and ingenious tissue of incidents. In "Adelchi," and the "Count of Carmagnuola," the eloquence of the author, and the lyric beauty of his style, are insufficient to redeem a want of interest in the dry and meagre plot; and a similar defect interferes with the reader's pleasure in his romance, I Promessi Sposi, or The Betrothed.

In his pictures of the Italian peasantry, and of the feudal chieftains of those times, Manzoni has preserved a nationality of character in which he is only surpassed by Scott. Nor is he less successful in in-dividual portraiture. The pious Cardinal Borromeo is a masterpiece; and the lovely and winning colours in which, through him, the mild spirit of religion is represented, embody a beautiful and pervading moral.

Father Christofaro is too close a copy, in many points, of Borromeo; the shining light of the prelate's piety overpowers his, though he would have been excellent by himself. Manzoni does not seem in his other characters, to have neglected the principle of contrast. The Unknown and Don Rodrigo, though both villains of the deepest dye, have characteristic differences. Don Abbondio, the curate, is admirable in his way. His truckling cowardice is more the effect of constitutional timidity than of an evil nature; and his selfish disregard of his duties is in the end sufficiently punished by the stern rebuke of his superior.

The meagreness of the inartificial plot, not improved by the tedious minuteness of the historical notices, does not afford a frame rich enough for these pictures of character. The story is simple:-Don Abbondio, the curate of one of the villages near the Lake of Como, is proceeding homeward one evening in November, 1828, when he is stopped by two bravi, who forbid him, in the name of their master, Don Rodrigo, under the penalty of death, to perform the marriage ceremony between two peasants of his parish, whose nuptials were to take place on the morrow. The priest, in mortal fear, promises obedience to the illegal mandate, and also engages never to divulge the cause of his refusal. Renzo and Lucia, the youthful lovers, vainly attempt to force the curate into the performance of his duty, by an acknowledgment of marriage in his presence; the coward escapes them; and they are compelled from fear of the robberchief, who had given the command, and who entertained a degrading passion for Lucia, to forsake their country. The maiden, by the advice of Father Christofaro, seeks a refuge in the neighbouring convent of Monza; Renzo enters Milan in the height of a popular insurrection; and excited by the want of bread, and mingling incautiously among the rioters, is arrested as one of the ringleaders: effecting his escape with difficulty from the police, he is obliged to fly into the territory of Bergamo. Here he finds shelter at the house of a relative; while Lucia, more unfortunate, is betrayed by the Signora Gertrude, a guilty nun of the

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convent, into the power of the unknown, who had promised to deliver her into the hands of her old persecutor. Her beauty, innocence, and wild distress affect the heart of this mighty criminal with strange emotions of pity, to which, in his previous career of blood and outrage, he had been a stranger: he is led into a reflective mood; and an interview at this crisis with Borromeo, the Archbishop of Milan, completes the revolution in his fierce spirit. The robber who scorned all law becomes a meek and repentant convert; and Lucia reaps the advantage of the change. She is removed to Milan to avoid an army of German condottieri, then on their march through the country, and there encounters the plague. Renzo seeks her in that city; and the lovers, after suffering each an attack of the terrible disease, are at length restored to each other. Don Rodrigo and Father Christofaro both fall victims to the pestilence. The faithful pair safe in the protection of the Archbishop, are in the end united in marriage, by the truckling curate, who performs the ceremony willingly, when his own safety can no longer be compromised.

Such is the brief outline of the tale: the characters of the "marrying hero" and heroine are wanting in interest, from the passive part assigned to them. Lucia is merely lovely and artless-no more; and Renzo lacks energy. But amends is made in the portraiture of the personages above mentioned; they exhibit a power of conception in which our author has no superior among his countrymen. The story of Gertrude is an episode, not connected in the slightest degree with the main narrative; yet it is interesting, and conveys a striking moral. Many of the scenes have high graphic and dramatic merit. We would instance the flight of Lucia from Rodrigo's band; the interview between the unknown and Borromeo at the hamlet; the insurrection of San Martino, and the descriptions of the plague. The last, a subject which has employed the pens successively of

Thucydides, Lucretius, and Boccaccio, a list of names that would seem to baffle farther competition, to say nought of the picture of De Foe, does not suffer in the hands of Manzoni. The superstitious alarm of the multitude, the desolate aspect of the stricken city, the sufferings of the sick, the devotion of the few in whom the impulse of affection prevails over selfish fear, the terrible revelve of the monatti, are painted with fearful truth. We might illustrate our criticism with passages of startling interest, rising occasionally into sublimity: but extract is unnecessary, as an English version of the work has been for some years before the public in this country, with which most of our readers are, or should be acquainted. The insurrection reminds us of the rebellion among the Liegeois in Quentin Durward, to which it is only second in graphic force and truth. The meeting between the Archbishop and the unknown is imbued with the true spirit of the religion of love; the relenting of the man of crime, his struggles against the upbraiding voice of conscience; the raging of the storm in his breast, whose angry billows subside at the voice of the servant of Christ; his gradual yielding and final surrender of his pride and passion, and the benevolent joy with which the holy man opens his pure arms to welcome "him that was lost and found." his humble gratitude partaking of the joy that is "in heaven over one sinner that repenteth," are most touchingly depicted; and give rise to a scene which in eloquence and lofty feeling has never been surpassed. Not a word of controversy or cant mars the sublime beauty of the picture. The prelate appears. like the ancient disciple of Jesus, meek and lowly in his own esteem, but stern in his vigilance over the souls of his flock; the very ideal of what a pastor ought to be. How much blood and misery would have been saved to the world, had there been more of such Bishops and Cardinals!

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE ALTARS OF A HOUSEHOLD.

BY MISS MARY W. HALE.

In childhood, round one common shrine, they bent the knee in prayer,

Breathing that incense of the heart, a grateful offering there.

A common hope, a common faith, their hearts in union bound;
And there the same blest hope of Heaven, their mingling spirits found.

The mother o'er her infant's couch in fervent worship bent, Raising her carnest prayer to Heaven, all hushed yet cloquent, That in the fairer home above, their spirits yet might meet, And pour their holier homage forth, before the mercy-seat.

But years passed on, all beautiful as childhood's radiant dream, Each barque of hope sped gaily on, o'er life's unsullied stream. The father's eye grew eloquent with thoughts he might not speak,

That holiest gem, a mother's tear, shone on her kindling cheek.

Now parted from that blessed spot, that altar so divine, They rear for love another home, for faith another shrine, Though by a different sign they name the undefiled and blest, Yet droops his sheltering wing above each humble holy breast.

To Him, our Father and our Friend, whom heavenly hosts adore,
Whose ballowed name shall yet resound to earth's remotest
shore.

An humble suppliant bows to Him, the One great King of kings, And through His well beloved Son, accepted worship brings.

One bends within that stately fane, upon thy classic shore, Immortal Rome! whose vanished light of glory all deplore, One upon Afric's sandy shores, erects his lonely shrine; And one adores upon thy hills! time hallowed Palestine.

Bowing before the throne of God, the holy vow they take, Who seal that precious bond of faith, which death can never break.

Then with unfaltering souls, his shield fast to their hearts they gird,

And spread abroad through heathen gloom, the riches of His Word.

Yes! Afric's sands, and Asia's isles, and Europe's classic strand, Have each a shrine at which they kneel, that once united band. Richly, from each devoted heart, the incense swells to Heaven, As when around a mother's knee, childhood's pure vows were given.

Yet once again their voices swell within that glorious fane, The only perfect home of love, where peace and glory reign, United, never more to part, they share that heavenly rest, And raise a new and holier song—the authem of the blest.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE TRAVELLING ARTIST.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

"Art's prescribed and classic rules,
All the jargon of her schools,
Youthful painter! are to thee
But tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee."

"How I wish I were a painter! it appears almost a sin that a scene so glorious; as this should be allowed to pass away without a pencil to perpetuate its beauty!"

Cecelia Johnstone, the young lady that made this rather young exclamation, while looking from a parlour window at a sunset on the most beautiful river in the world, (which that is, we leave it to the taste of our readers to decide;) was the daughter of a distinguished southerner, a widower; who, being always state governor, or member of congress, or something of that sort, had not time to take care of her himself, and was very glad to have her kept under the guardianship of two ancient friends of his own, Miss Susan and Miss Nancy Smith.

"It is a matter of astonishment to me," she pursued, "that a painter, I mean one who deserves the title, can ever be without friends and fame. It is easy to account for a poet's being neglected, there are so few that can appreciate the feelings he expresses; but the painters it is so different! a savage even can enjoy their works, which seem to place nature itself before his eye, and yet how many touching stories we read of their sufferings!"

"There was something about that in the magazine Gerald Sanderson brought you to-day, wasn't there, Cicy" asked Miss Susan.

- " Yes, ma'am; here is one passage that struck me particularly," replied Cecelia, turning over the leaves of her magazine and reading. "But why refer to an individual instance? Where is the painter whose life has not been a chain of alternate hopes and fears; of burning aspirations and chilling disappointments? From the hour when genius awakes in his soul and directs his young ambition whither to wing her flight, what to him are the glories of creation, what the startling passions and soothing affections of human life, but slaves to minister unto him in his quest after fame! He wraps himself in solitude, and with the apotheosis of the mighty masters of old to inspire him, his fervid fancy conjures up scenes and images which he fondly hopes shall earn for him, too, a erown of immortality. Unaided, unwearied, he toils through the foodless day and the sleepless night, to give his glowing visions 'a local habitation and a name,' and then, with a bursting heart, he unveils it to the world to receive the fiat which is the summit of his dreams. Alas! the offspring of his love and pride is passed carelessly by the crowd: they have no intellect to come forth and welcome his; and, by the envious and hollow-hearted, is sneered at, because he who gave it existence has made them feel their own littleness, has proved that 'though among them he is not of them!"
- "Poor things!" ejaculated Miss Nancy, compassionately.
- "Is not that written by the young man who signs himself 'Ypsilon?" asked Miss Susan, who was

literary as far as being a regular reader of periodicals goes; "they say that he is a sort of universal genius, and that his having failed in all the arts and sciences is the reason of his writing in that gloomy and pathetic strain."

- "By the by, Miss Susan, we are proving ourselves just as bad as the rest of the world," said Cecelia, too much occupied with a new thought to have noticed the old lady's remark; "do you know that there is a portrait painter now in town? He has been here full two weeks, and not a single person has employed him."
  - "Ah, indeed! Who is he?"
- "Not one that we have ever heard of before. He is a travelling artist, quite a young man, and supposed to be very talented."
- "Has he brought specimens of his work with him?"
- "I believe not, ma'am. I presume he relies on a consciousness of his own ability. I have just been thinking that this would be an excellent opportunity for me to sit for my portrait. You know I have so long wished to have it taken for papa."
- "But hadn't you better wait and see a little of his skill, first?"
- "Wait!—no, indeed, Miss Susan! Some person must set an example. If every one should wait until another had made a beginning, a sad business it would be for the poor young man, and poor he really is, I have heard—entirely self-made, the very reason why he should be patronized at once;" and her face quite glowed at the idea of encouraging unfriended genius.
- "I never have liked to hear girls talk about patronizing professional strangers, since poor Hetty Stapleton's misfortunes," said Miss Susan. "She undertook, as you may have heard me tell, to get up a school for a poor French teacher, who represented himself to be an exiled Pole, and became so much fascinated with him, through her pity, as to run away with him in a few months, and then had the mortification to find him no Pole at all, but only a good-fornothing French Jew, who beat her half to death within a week after their marriage."
- "There he is!" exclaimed Cecelia, again losing Miss Susan's part of the colloquy; "there!—that must be the painter himself—the stranger walking on the bank!"—and both the old ladies arranged their spectacles to examine him. He was a tall, very slender young man; some people would have called him lanky; dressed in a summer suit of white, with a broad blue ribbon floating over his vest, by way of watch-guard, and a profusion of long buff-coloured locks streaming out from under a flapping straw hat, which Cecelia mentally termed a sombrero.
- "I should like to know what he thinks of our river scenery," continued she, "Do you see how he looks about? I should judge from his attitudes that he admires it, a proof at once of his taste. I do get

so provoked at our young men for always hurrying along the houses here, instead of walking on the bank, where they might enjoy the finest views in the world!"

"You forget, my dear," returned Miss Susan, that they mostly have their business to attend to, and of course have not much time to go out of their way to look at prospects."

"I wonder what society he will go into? How much I should like to be acquainted with him! I have never known a painter. Persons with so much enthusiasm, so keen a perception of the sublime and beautiful, and a devotion so intense to their noble art, as they are said to possess, must be very interesting."

"I have always found them pretty much like other people," responded the old lady.

The next morning Cecelia, having discovered by an advertisement in the village paper, that the artist's name was B. Franklin Meredith, a very respectable name, she thought, and where he was to be found, prevailed upon Miss Nancy, greatly against the advice of Miss Susan, to call on him as she went out shopping, and speak to him about undertaking the picture. He engaged to do it, and the day following was fixed upon for the first sitting.

Several hours, previous to the one appointed, were occupied in a consultation about Cecelia's dress. Miss Nancy insisted that she should wear the whole contents of a new box of finery she had received from her father, an elaborate French work cape, a many coloured scarf, a gold chain on her neck, and another, with a tuft of ostrich feathers, on her head; but Miss Susan judiciously suggested that so much dress would be unbecoming to a very young person, and advised her to try to look exactly as she did in common, only a little handsomer. This she accomplished by arranging her usual tasteful dress with more than usual care.

The painter had proposed that the work should be done where his materials were at hand; and, in consideration of saving their carpets from a risk of greasespots, the old ladies willingly agreed to it. Miss Nancy, whose presence was least necessary at home, was to accompany Cecelia, and to his room they in due time set off.

This room, (we are sorry, through respect for the arts, that we cannot make use of the technical plural,) promised, from Cecelia's reminiscences, to be any thing but worthy of the honour it was now sharing. It had once been used for a school, but, long since, was deserted on account of the wind and rain having taken too many liberties with the weather-boarding. She thought that there was a good deal of eccentricity in such a selection, but expected that, of course, its contents would redeem its homeliness. She was disappointed, however. It presented no lay figures, no plaster casts, no copies, not even a vase of flowers. Every thing was as unpicturesque as uncomfortable. The furniture consisted of what is commonly called a bar-room table, and three or four old chairs, one of them having arms, for the aspirant after painted immortality, together with an easel, so bedaubed with trying colours, as to look as if cased in gaudy curtain calico, standing in the middle of the floor, and a blank canvass or two leaning against the wall. Two of the windows were darkened by newspapers, stuck up with pins, for blinds, and two others, through which the summer sun came hot, though far from clear, were closed down, and served as a promenade to a

few gaunt flies, and foraging ground to a couple of hungry hornets.

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"What evident poverty!" thought Cecelia, with a sigh; but before she had time to give utterance to her commiseration, she caught a glimpse of the young man in whose appearance she had been so much interested the evening before, leaning on his elbows, and talking in at the window of a tailor-shop opposite, and then, at a nod of some one inside, hurrying across the way. Her surmise had been correct. It was the painter. He threw away the core of an apple he had been eating, on entering the door, and saluted the ladies with a succession of bows, which showed at best, a very philosophical contempt for the graces.

The presence of one whom she had made up her mind to discover nothing else than a genius, so disconcerted Cecelia, that his deportment was lost upon her; so much so, that on Miss Nancy's introducing her she did not notice his replying, "Ah, indeed!" instead of with the usual form. He immediately commenced operations, which he did by suspending a piece of old carpet over the lower part of one of the windows, to keep his subject in proper obscuro, and directing her to place herself accordingly. He then took his seat in front of her, and she felt for the first time how trying a thing it is for a young lady that does not believe herself absolutely a beauty, to encounter the scrutiny of a person, who, in the pursuit of his profession, must be practised in reading every expression, and noting every defect. She was exceedingly vexed at herself to know that she was blushing all over, when he requested her to fix her eye on his, and while, for the first fifteen minutes, he continued giving his orders to "turn to the right-to the left-forward-back," with all the authority and precision of a militia captain, she had to endure the consciousness of going through the exercises with a very bad grace.

But, during the succeeding hour, she had opportunity not only to recover her ease, but to examine the painter himself, who flourished away with his chalk, drawing a line one minute and rubbing it out the next, and appearing much more troubled about his work than interested in his sitter. Judging from the rule, that "the handsomest painters produce the handsomest pictures," beauty might not have been expected as the characteristic on which the reputation of his works was to depend; yet he was not so ugly, only insignificant looking, and decidedly ungenteel. lia, however, attributed every thing in him not exactly comme il faut, to professional peculiarity. An extremely awkward rounding of the shoulders she accounted for by a supposition of his sedentary habits; a sallowness of his complexion, as the effect of the fumes of oil and paints; and his eyes, which very much resembled a pair of new grey marbles, before they have received a lustre from a boy's greasy pockets, she supposed had been deprived of brightness and expression, by having so often, in his reveries, been fixed on vacancy.

Every person and thing, meanwhile, including Miss Nancy and the flies and hornets, preserved a solemn silence, and Cecelia at last felt in danger of getting both a crick in the neck and going to sleep, when the artist opportunely offered her permission to leave her seat. She gladly took advantage of it, and nerving herself to attempt a little conversation, she asked Mr. Meredith's opinion of "Death on the Pale Horse," presuming that of course he was familiar with it.

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" It's no such great scratch, that I could see," he replied.

"No such great scratch!" repeated Cecelia to herself, astonished for a moment, at this expression, and the next that she had never before discovered the origin of the seeming vulgarism; "it must be a technical phrase with artists for what they consider unworthy execution;" thought she, and she recollected that Allan Cunningham had spoken with coldness of West.

Painters and paintings were a favourite topic with Cecelia, and she was as au fait to it as possible, considering that she had gained her knowledge altogether from books, unassisted by specimens; and now, the ice once broken, she kept up an animated disquisition upon it to the end of the sitting, not only talking about "Titian's tinto and Guido's air;" and about "Raphael, Corregio, and stuff," but going into details very creditable to her powers of research and memory.

"What opinion did you form of the artist?" asked Miss Susan, when the ladies had returned after an absence of three or four hours.

"He seems to be a very nice young man, so quiet, he does not talk at all;" replied Miss Nancy, who never talked herself, and who considered taciturnity a cardinal virtue.

Cecelia was thinking about the same thing, but not with the same complacency. On reviewing her morning, it struck her, for the first time, that to all her eloquence the only replies she had received were such little conversational aids as "certainly, miss," "exactly," "indeed!" and so forth.

"How conceited he must have supposed me for talking so incessantly on subjects which, comparatively, I must know very little about!" thought she, believing at once that his silence proceeded from disdain; and under the chagrin of this impression she was obliged to remain until the next day, when the painter required her attendance again.

She then went, resolved to be as mute as possible, until an occasion should offer, to redeem her from the suspicion of silliness; and as the gentleman showed no disposition towards speech, the second sitting promised to pass off as silently as the first had begun.

"I expect that dress of yours'll be pretty hard to paint, Miss," said the artist, at last; "How do you like what we painters call—ah—fancy—drapery?"

Cecelia studied a moment: "Do you mean the Grecian style, sir?" asked she; "certainly nothing can be more graceful in a picture."

"That's what I think," he returned, and worked on speechless, for another hour.

Miss Nancy, who had brought her knitting along, and occupied herself industriously in it, at length grew tired of her seat, and stationed herself behind the painter, for a little recreation.

"Dear me!" she exclaimed; "how bare the arms look! but I suppose the sleeves have to be put on yet!"

"I don't mean to be unmannerly ma'am," interrupted Mr. Meredith, with a prohibitory flourish of his pencil; "but we painters, at least, I don't, myself, ma'am, allow any body to look at my work after the first day, till I finish it. I like to surprise people—no one can tell any thing about a likeness before it is done."

The following sitting was equally tedious, and the next commenced with the same prospect, but Cecelia

had now begun to discover that the artist's reserve was more that of diffidence than of conscious superiority, and, relapsing into her original character of patroness, she assiduously endeavoured to supply subjects to draw him out. She at length had the satisfaction of seeing that his chill was wearing off, though he proved it rather by actions than words. stance, she once happened to say that she delighted in music on the water, and the very next evening he spent an hour or two in a skiff on the river, playing "Sweet Home," and the "Troubadour," on the flageolet. Again, on her wondering that he did not sketch some of her favourite views, he employed himself for an equal length of time, immediately in front of her window, with pencil and paper on a piece of shingle, though from the direction of his face, Miss Susan thought that he could not be taking any thing else down than a plain log farm house with three Lombardy poplars in front of it, and flat fields on each side, the only uninteresting spot in the whole panorama. In addition, he ventured sometimes to insinuate a personal compliment through the convenient medium of her portrait; which, though neither ingeniously conceived, nor eloquently expressed, was still, as a compliment, to be valued; and also, he now and then looked at her in a manner so languishing as not to be mistaken.

In short, our heroine found herself on a fair way to be an "Artist's Love," but whether she should repay his prospective devotion in kind, or be the cause of a catastrophe as tragical as the one in Miss Landon's, or is it Mrs. Norton's story? she had not yet openly decided. At all events, she gave her new admirer so much encouragement as to invite him to visit at the house, and, while there, always played and sung her very best for him, on which he always looked more and more languishing, and vented his rapture in interjections of "that's fine!" "that's capital!" and to take several moonlight walks withim, during which she talked all the sentiment she knew, and he was too full of it for utterance.

Her acquaintances, to whom she spared no opportunity of commending him, at length began seriously to censure her intimacy with so entire a stranger; and Mr. Gerald Sanderson, the handsomest, most intelligent, best bred and best off young man in the village, who had been suspected of a dawning attachment to her, which she, with as much truth, was believed to have returned, regarded her conduct with the height of indignation. Miss Susan, too, attempted to remonstrate, but Cecelia heroically persisted in her course of patronage.

The painting was protracted long enough for Miss Nancy to begin and complete three pairs of stockings, and to give Cecelia an idea that it was delayed intentionally on the part of the painter, to secure her society. With the tenth sitting, however, it was pronounced finished, and the old ladies, as well as the fair subject herself, awaited with much impatience for a sight of it, which Mr. Meredith had objected to, until he should have varnished it to bring out the colours.

The afternoon before it was to be sent home, Cecelia's thoughts were engrossed from it, for a time, by a levee of an unusual number of visiters; among them Gerald Sanderson and his married sister, an elegant and accomplished New York lady, to whom she unconsciously wished to be very agreeable on the brother's account. She had not yet quite given him

At last, however, the theme of the portrait was introduced, and she had commenced descanting enthusiastically, as usual, on the artist's talent, modesty, sensibility, and all other qualities her fancy had supplied to him, when she was interrupted by the entrance of the gentleman himself, followed by an extremely vulgar looking elderly woman, with red ribands on her bonnet, and blue ones on her cap, and every thing-else accordingly, who, after a glance round the room, ran up to her, and grasping her hand exclaimed, "This is her!—this is her!—any body could tell with half an eye who the portrait was took for !---upon my word, Miss, Benny Meraidy has done you more than justice!"

" My aunt, Miss," said the artist, by way of introduction, and smiling, with much self-satisfaction at her compliment to his skill.

"Excuse my impudence, Miss, for pushing myself in here without leave or license," continued the old lady; "but Ben showed me the picture at his shop, and nothing would do me but I must have a peep at you to see if it really could be natural. Being it was pretty much my doings that he turned out painter, I kind of felt an interest to see how he was getting along, and considering he never painted but three likenesses before, me and my husband, and one of General Washington, for our sign, I must say he does wonderful. Don't you think so, Miss?"

Cecelia was too much confounded to answer.

"Ha! ha!" laughed the visiter; "well, well, you girls are every one alike, all the world over, too modest to praise young men to their faces !-- be hanged, Ben, if she doesn't favour Captain Johnson's daughter, Sarah Ann-doesn't she? I should not wonder if they are akin, being they have the same name; what connexion are you, Miss?"

"Not any, I think, ma'am."

"Well, if you were, you'd have relations not to be sneezed at, I can tell you. The captain made enough by railroading to build himself a new brick house and mill, and now they are quite the tip-top among us, especially the young man. Indeed I don't know if he hasn't too many high notions about following the fashions and all that. When he went to college his own name, Daniel, was not good enough for him, and what does he do but stick Webster to it, and make every body write it, D. Webster Johnson. You need not laugh about it, Ben, you know he got you at the same trick-you were no more christened Franklin than I was. I helped to name you after your own uncle, myself."

"If you wish to look at some fine engravings, Mr. Meredith, you will find a number on the back parlour table, which I have just received from my father," said Cecelia, scarcely yet beginning to doubt, and kindly making an effort to release the artist from what her own feelings suggested to be his painful aituation.

"I see you understand how to please Benny," resumed the aunt; "nothing can tickle him better than to look at curiosities. His mother used to say he never was intended for any thing else. Ben always was the gentleman of the family. He never did any thing but play on the fife and fiddle, and tinker at rat-traps and bird-cages all his life. As I was telling you, it was pretty much my doings that he took to painting at last. He couldn't learn any thing at school, and and got tired of two or three trades they had put him to, so I took him home to help us along, for as I

always say, there never was any body made yet that wasn't good for something, and sure enough, in a month or two, a couple of young Englishmen came down our way, and he soon found out his latitude. They put up at our house, and went roving over the country like a couple of crazy fellows, making a picture of this and a picture of that, all the scraggy rocks and crooked trees they came across, the ugher the better. And as to likenesses, they refused to paint husband and me for their board, but drew off Polly Stimmel's three little dirty puddings of children, without even letting their mother put clean frocks on them; and our old Jube, the hostler, the funniest looking, whitest headed old negur I ever did behold. Well, Benny saw at once that that was the thing for him, and set to work to steal their trade, and I let him go on, for I thought he might as well follow that as any thing else. seemed from their accounts to be money-making, and I told him if they could make a hundred dollars a piece out of their rocks, and trees, and old negurs, as they said, he surely could get as much for genteel likenesses and things that had some sense in them; and that as he hadn't the gift of the gab as they had, he should mind a still tongue shows a wise head, and never let on, and nobody would know but what he had been brought up to the business. So after he had practised a little, and learnt the names of the things they worked with, he went to the city to buy a few for himself and pick up a little there; and in three or four weeks he came back, with his hair all hanging about his face, and a great broad brimmed hat on his head and a knapsack to carry on his back, looking as much like a painter as any of them."

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This was delivered to Cecelia in a tone intended to be low, and confidential, but which was still loud enough to be heard by every person in the room, and it was with the greatest difficulty that any one, excepting indeed, Cecelia herself, who listened with shame and vexation, could command an inclination

The old lady then looked curiously around the room, and catching a glimpse of Cecilia's embroidery frame with a handsome piece of worsted work in it, she exclaimed, going towards it, "So, so, Miss! here's one reason why you and Benny have taken such a fancy to each other, you can handle the paint-brush,

"That is needlework, madam," said Miss Susan.

"Needlework! no! why, yes, so it is! and here is some just like it on these little-chairs-they seem to

"Ottomans, ma'am, we call them."

"Automatons? well, it's no matter. I'ts no use for me now to begin to learn French names. is very pretty any how. People are as much better at sewing now a-days than ever they were, as Ben says they are at painting. My girls both learnt to work samplers at school, but all the pictures they could ever put on them were strawberries, and Adam and Eve and the apple-tree."

Even Miss Susan, who had undertaken to extricate Cecelia from her new acquaintance, could not now restrain a smile, and the New York lady to recover her gravity, took up one of the new engravings from a window-seat beside her, and remarked to her brother, "I have seen the original of this-it is a very fine piece by Lawrence."

"Lawrence!" repeated the artist's aunt; "well, 'speak of the old boy,' as I always say! I was just

putting Benny in mind, as we came along, of Lawrence's dying speech out of the almanac, 'Don't give up the ship,' you know. You can guess well enough what we were talking about, Miss;—I see that by your face. Never mind; it's no use to blush about it! he has let me into a good many of your secrets. No wonder I was in the fidgets to get a sight of you. It was as much that as the picture, I assure you."

Mr. Sanderson frowned, and looked searchingly at Cecelia, who was now ready to cry with mortification.

"Come on, Benny; its time for me to be going. Mind and come to see me, Miss; you will find me at the Cross Keys. Ben wanted me to put up at his bearding place because it's more genteel like, but, as I always say—what's the use to think about such things? The landlord of the Cross Keys always stops at our house, and one good turn deserves another. May be, when you come, you won't like to go through the bar-room alone; I know some of you town girls is particular, but when you want to come, just let Benny know, and he'll jump to bring you, I'll warrant him!"

The other visiters also immediately took leave, after having heightened Cecelia's confusion by cautiously refraining from a single remark, though it was apparent how much they had all been amused; and Miss Susan reading her feelings in her countenance, compassionately forbore comment.

The next morning, Cato, Miss Susan's coloured man, went, according to appointment, for the portrait, which Cecclia now trembled to see. He soon returned, and, with a great many consequential flourishes and smiles, leaned it against a chair, while the ladies gathered around.

"Impossible!—Cato—are you sure? can this be it!" exclaimed Cecelia.

There was not the slightest vestige of any thing in it by which it could have been recognized—not even in the costume. It exhibited an attempt at classic drapery; a sheet of white, stiff and shadowless as writing paper, rolled round the bust, with slits at the sides through which the arms stuck straight down like pieces of turned timber. The neck had the same wooden look, resembling nothing so much as the pyramidal lid of an old fashioned pump, the round knob on top of it resembling the head. The features were executed pretty much in accordance with queen Elizabeth's idea, without shade; being lines out of all symmetry, with little or no perceptible relief; and the hair presented streaks of a numberless variety of haes. In short, it would have been difficult to contrive a more lamentable and witless caricature.

- "Dear me, Cicy! you never let the young man see you with your arms and neck that bare!" exclaimed Miss Nancy, indignantly.
- "There certainly must be some mistake," said Miss Susan positively. "Cato, are you certain that: this is what the gentleman directed you to bring?"
- "Sartain, ma'am, he gin it to me hisself; an' he said I should 'form you, Miss Celiar, he would n't be to ill-mannerly as to send his bill, only as his landlord craved him for money, an' he was out of pocket."

Cecelia was standing in front of the picture, not knowing whether to laugh or cry, and as she made no move towards the bill, Miss Susan took it from Cato and opened it.

"Preposterous!" she interjected, in astonishment, "look here Cecelia!"

Cecelia glanced at the bill, which thus appeared:

"Miss Johnson To Painting Her Pourtrate seventyfive Dollars,"

At that moment there was a knock, and Cato went to the door. Cecelia snatched up the portrait and was hurrying to put it out of sight, but before she had succeeded, Gerald Sanderson made his appearance. He had called with a message from his sister, determined to be as politely indifferent as possible.

"I perceive your portrait has come home at last, Miss Cecelia," said he, glancing at the back of the canvass which was towards him; "I hope you will allow your friends a sight of it?"

At first she was about to refuse, but, on second thought, she turned it round to his view, though her eyes fell, and her hand trembled as she did so.

"That!—nonsense!—you are quizzing me!" he exclaimed, startled out of his formality.

"It has, indeed, been sent as Cecelia's portrait;" returned Miss Susan, seriously.

"Absurd!—that for you!—that abominable daub! how did he dare—the ignoramus—the impostor!" continued the gentleman, quite forgetting himself in a burst of lover-like indignation.

A glance at the ludicrous scene before her, the unnatural picture and the group around it—Miss Nancy with her expression of indeterminate wonder, Miss Susan looking grave vexation, Mr. Sanderson in his wrathful attitude, and Cato staring and grinning with curiosity behind them, decided Cecelia's feelings at once, and she burst into a long and violent laugh, in which, at length, all the others joined.

"How could I have been ridiculous enough to have been so egregiously taken in!" said she, when she had a little recovered herself. "I shall be ashamed of myself for life for such a want of discernment—for having allowed my own imagination to have so imposed upon me!"

"The painter gen'leman 'sired me to tell you, Miss," interrupted Cato, "that he'd call presently to hear your 'pinion of the picture."

"For pity's sake, dear Miss Susan, don't let him come into the house!" implored Cecelia earnestly; "nothing could ever induce me to see him again."

"But about his bill? seventy-five dollars is surely too much to throw away upon him;" returned Miss Susan.

"He has certainly not had the impudence to ask it!" said Mr. Sanderson, laughing.

"Oh, yes, Miss Susan! pray give it to him; any thing to get rid of him; I think I have that much up stairs;" and she was running out for her pocket book.

Mr. Sanderson stopped her. "If you will commission me," said he, "I shall go immediately and attend to the matter, and guarantee to arrange every thing to your satisfaction."

"Pray do! I shall be for ever obliged to you! only do prevent him from coming into my sight again!" answered Cecclia, gratefully.

Mr. Sanderson left the house with renovated hopes, and as soon as he had gone, Cecelia took a pen-knife, and cut the canvass into inch strips from top to bottom, and gave them to Cato to carry to the fire.

Her commission was executed so effectually that the artist took leave of the village the next day with his affectionate relative, and was lost sight of entirely, for some time.

Cecelia remained with her two old friends for

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better than a year, and proved, on every occasion that presented itself, that the memory of her portrait was of the greatest benefit to her judgment. Her father then came for her, and, after travelling with her a season, took her home with him. Some months after, Gerald Sanderson followed her, and succeeded in bringing her back as a bride.

While on their return, in stopping to refresh their horses at a very small village, Mr. Sanderson directed Cecelia's attention to a house across the road. There was a slatternly looking young woman ironing in it, and a young man without coat or shoes lounging on a gate before it. His face struck her as familiar, and on turning her eyes for a second look, she caught a view of a sign above the door, and laughed a little, and blushed a good deal to read its inscription—Benjamin Meredith, House, Sign, and Portrait Painter.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE TRAVELLER AT THE RED SEA.

RY MISS HANNAH P. GOULD.

AT last have I found thee, thou dark rolling sea! I gaze on thy face, and I listen to thee, With a spirit o'crawed by the sight and the sound, While mountain and desert frown gloomy around.

And thee, mighty deep, from afar I behold, Which God swept apart for his people of old, That Egypt's proud army, unstained by their blood, Received on thy bed to entomb in thy flood.

I cast my eye out, where the cohorts went down:

A throng of pale spectres no waters can drown,
With banner and blades seem surmounting the waves,
As Pharaoh's bold hosts sunk in arms to their graves.

But quick from the light of the skies they withdraw, At silent Omnipotence shrinking with awe; And each sinks away in his billowy shroud, From Him who walked here, clothed in fire and a cloud-

I stand by the pass the freed Hebrews then trod, Sustained by the hand of Jehovah, dry-shod; And think how the song of salvation they sang, With praise to His name, through the wilderness rang.

Our Father, who then didst thine Israel guide, Robuke, and console in their wanderings wide, From these gloomy waters, through this desert drear, O, still in life's maze to thy pilgrim be near.

Whilst thou, day by day, wilt thy manna bestow, And make, for my thirst, the rock-fountain to flow, Refreshed by the way, will I speed to the clime Of rest for the weary, beyond earth and time.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### ELIZA.

### FROM MY AUNT MARY'S BUREAU.

BY MRS. H. E. BEECHER STOWE.

Don'r you, my readers, love on a rainy day, to have the privilege of rummaging some old bureau of antiquities, or cabinet of curiosities; tumbling over the wedding finery, and love-letters of your great grandmother, and bringing around yourself, like a shadow, the realization of all the heart-beatings, the imaginings, the mirth or mournfulness, of those long since departed. How like a dream does life appear, when you see that the same desires possessed, the same hopes deluded the now insensible dead, that are at this moment animating you. How like a ghostly visitation, like music from a haunted dwelling, come back the echoes of the dreaminess, the loves, the joys and sorrows of those who have passed away as a cloud, and whose place knoweth them no more.

Such in substance, if not in essence, were my reflections one day when I was helping my Aunt Mary to put to rights a certain old-fashioned mahogany cabinet, full of most delightful crypts, and crannics, and pigeon-holes, where materials enough to furnish out a dozen romances might have been stowed away, and nobody have been a whit the wiser for them. My Aunt Mary was on the shady side of forty, a single gentlewoman, but not one of those who are afraid of the middle leaf in the family Bible, or who feel constrained to let every body know that "there was a time," &c. Indeed, no one could look in her face, or be in her presence, without feeling that

it was choice, and not necessity, that kept her single. It was plain enough in every glance of her clear hazle eye, and in the untroubled fairness of her brow, which time had only pencilled and not furrowed; in the quick and brilliant flow of conversation; and above all, in the unfading verdure of heart and fancy, more akin to fourteen than to forty, that Aunt Mary was one who had failed in being pleased, rather than in pleasing, and remained single only because it is by a rare conjunction of planetary powers, that a very superior and fastidious woman ever can be exactly suited. Be this as it may, Aunt Mary's room was my standing resort in wet weather or dry, when I wanted my wits rubbed up, and my internal machinery set in motion. Had I a fit of the blues, had I some interminable strip of ruffling to hem, or some long dull turnpike of a scam to sew, away I went to Aunt Mary's room, and matters speedily assumed quite a favourable appearance; my hands did their business lightly, without my giving myself much trouble in the matter.

"And, pray, what is this," said I, as I drew out of one of the drawers an old worsted case, on which was worked two marvellously ill favoured doves, emblematically roosted upon a heart. "Pray, what is this?"

"Oh, that!" said my Aunt; "that is my reliquary. You may examine it for yourself."

So I began, and after tumbling out profiles, scraps of poetry, dried bunches of flowers, and divers letters

directed in long tailed and precise characters; at length I opened a paper from which dropped a beautiful curl of pale auburn hair.

- "Pray, whose was this pretty curl?" said I, as I held it up admiringly to the light.
- "Oh, that!" said my Aunt, "that is my poor little Eliza's—my poor little singing bird—one of the sweetest little tunes that ever was played in this goodfor-nothing world."
  - "Who was she?" said I.
- "She was a cousin of mine," replied my Aunt, "in my younger, not exactly my young days. She grew up to my eye when I had very nearly done thinking myself much of an actor in life, and was rather taking my place among the observers—and she was as perfect a verification of what generally seems to us the unreal pictures of romance and poetry, as could have existed. You know it is generally the case, that upon acquaintance you get used to a handsome girl, so that she no longer looks to you like an angel or a sylph, but as the real, substantial, creditable specimen of beauty; the handsome Miss Stibbs, or Dobbs, and no more; but in the case of Eliza, I felt a constant sense of the picturesque, a sort of poetical excitement and admiration, which grew upon me the more I was with her."
  - " Pray, tell me how she looked," said I.
- "Well, let me see.—Think of a small delicate form, as round and as plump as that of a little child, a hand and foot as fair as any romance writer ever required; a little quick moving head, a profusion of pale auburn hair, slightly waving, and inclining to curl around the face, a small dimpled mouth, and eyes of the clearest and softest hazle, eyes that were never the same, but animated by a fluttering spirituelle expression peculiar to themselves, and you may form some idea of her."
- "She must have been perfectly beautiful," said I.

  "It was a look of perfect loveliness, rather than of perfect beauty," said my Aunt. "A sculptor could not have found a model in her small child-like features; but for the rich bloom of colouring, for every thing that gave an idea of brilliancy, united with the most ethereal delicacy and frailty, the painter or the poet need have looked no further."
  - "And what was her character?" said I.
- "Just in coincidence with her person; a combination of all the faculties that result from perfect nicety of physical development, with all the impulses that belong to a delicate moral conformation. She was not one of your strong-minded reasoning people, but one whose perceptions are like electricity, and whose knowledge of good and evil appeared to come by a sort of internal pulsation: one who felt out what she knew, rather than reasoned it out. But in the world of music, she found a kind of knowledge for which her mind and ear were as naturally strung as is the harp or the lute; it was her passion, her genius, she poured her whole soul into it, with engrossing devotion. She became early familiar with the best specimens of the best composers, and she did not merely learn, she embodied and reproduced them. Her voice was of that peculiar ærial quality which you may have heard from the musical glasses, but which so seldom characterizes voices of much strength or compass. There was nothing heavy or harsh about it, but it rose and swelled, and ascended over the highest notes of the musical scale, with an airy and delicate clearness, a pathetic softness, that almost made one tremble, it seemed so spiritual. I remem-

ber full well the hush that has pervaded crowded rooms, when that delicate and peculiar voice has been heard ascending through the busy hum of conversation, with its piercing, yet tender sweetness. I remember the wonder with which I have seen strangers turn and look on the fairy-like musician, as entirely absorbed in the music she was executing. She would warble through the most intricate passages with the graceful and gliding ease of a canary bird. When the subject was elevated or pathetic, she would throw into it a vividness, an earnestness, an almost agony of expression, whose effect was irresistible. I have heard her sing Eve's Lamentation, with such a piercing, impassioned utterance, such a deep reality of sorrow, that, with her sweet flowery look, and the fair child-like tenderness of her face, she seemed to me a picture of the first and fairest of our race, mourning for her native paradise. Indeed, I always thought that she would make a beautiful personification of some sweet echo-some bright, airy, fanciful being, fit to glance on one's eye in some woodland haunt, and then vanish again."

"But, pray, had she no mortal feelings; no friendships or loves?" said I.

"Oh, yes, to be sure—for she had a heart as glowing, as tender as her face was beautiful, and she loved with that whole hearted, simple, uncalculating fervour, which is woman's blessing or curse, according to its object. Her friends never forgot her, and no one was ever long conversant with her without having her beautiful image stamped deeply among the uneffaceable impressions of their lives."

"But you have not told me of her love," said I; "surely—"

"Of course," replied my Aunt; "you are not mistaken in supposing that such a being must have been often sought, and that among many wooers one should have absorbed and concentrated her affections. She was, for many years, the betrothed of one who at length proved himself unworthy of her love-one whom even the love of so lovely a being could not restrain from the lowest excesses. At first the story of his unworthiness reached her only as an idle tale, and of course she did not believe it, and would not believe it, till undeniable evidence convinced her. Then did it appear that the delicate and airy creature had strength of mind sufficient to free herself from the chains of a misplaced attachment. Nothing but deep religious feeling, and sensitive purity of mind, could have enabled her to do this. She felt that light could have no communion with darkness; and although beset by the pleadings and the promises of reformation which have beguiled many a poor girl to ruin, she stead.ly persisted in her determination."

"That is strange," said I; "such tender loving beings very seldom have strength to resist the promises and the entreaties of a lover in such cases,"

- "Yes," said my Aunt, "and that is why there are so many broken hearted wives. In the case of Eliza this firmness was the result of deep and just religious principle—a principle which dignified and gave force to what might have else been deemed a too gentle and yielding a character."
  - "And was she never married?"
- "She did at length become the wife of one who had enthusiasm and fancy enough to realize her delicate and peculiar loveliness; but her course was a short one. Before the enthusiasm of first love had begun to cool, her health began to droop, and her

husband was assured by a physician of eminence, that insidious and fatal disease had made her its victim; that the very brightness of eye, and cheek, and loveliness of expression which rendered her so charming, were its too sure indications; and one year after Eliza had bidden farewell to the home of her fathers. the fatal prediction was verified. I was with her much during the declining months of her life. The belief that her course was a short one, shed a pensive charm about her, and her religious feelings became increasingly fervent. I remember how sweetly she used to look leaning over her guitar, her unearthly voice breathing itself in her favourite hymns-how touching the simplicity and carnestness with which she would press the truths of religion on the minds of her attendants."

"And were you with her at the last?" said I.

"Yes, and there were many little incidents, which seemed to shed an even mysterious interest around her last hours. Notwithstanding the predictions of physicians and friends, her husband could not realize that the time of her departure was near. He still dreamed that she might be raised again to comparative health, and be spared a while longer; and to her earnest and solenin predictions that the parting hour was near, he still replied in the language of hope and assurance. On the afternoon before her death, her husband and myself were watching on either side of

her; her thin shadowy hand clasped in his, and the room so hushed that you might have heard her weakest breathing; when suddenly, the deepest chord of her favourite guitar burst with a loud and tremulous vibration. She started with a wild, fluttered expression, clasped the hand of her husband, and looked in his face with a melancholy listening intensity; and immediately another string gave way. You have heard of the legends of minstrels, whose harps gave mysterious intimations of the approaching death or calamity of their masters. These stories rushed upon my mind; and I saw in the solemn pathetic expression of those beautiful eyes, that my friend so interpreted the omen. She sunk rapidly that night; and broken expressions of rapture, or of holy trust, showed that the spirit felt its affinity to the world of purity and peace she was approaching. As the morning dawned she seemed to lie in a sort of stupor, when suddenly a bird perched on the seat of the open window and broke into a clear delicious burst of song. 'That was a heavenly bird,' said she, opening her eyes, a momentary smile giving a solemn brightness to her face; and in a few moments the lovely one was departed. The shattered instrument remained below, but the invisible spirit that gave music and beauty, was ascended to a world of harmony and love."

Written for the Lady's Book.

### WE NE'ER FORGET OUR CHILDHOOD'S HOME.

· BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

WE ne'er forget our childhood's home, its closely woven ties, The sunlit spots that first in life attracted our young eyes,

The flowery haunts we used to tread with little faltering feet,

Chasing the painted butterfly sipping the dew drops sweet.

We no'er forget the early prayer breath'd at the mother's knee.

The gentle accents, soft and low, of lisping infancy,

The purity and singleness of heart and purpose then, We ne'er forget, altho' on earth we feel them not again.

We ne'er forget the early tasks by that fond mother's side, The mild reproof that hurt her most, whose duty 'twas to

chide,
The smile, that could a thousand fold, our little griefs repay,
The tenderness of tone to which our heart-strings leved to
play.

We ne'er forget the sweet good night, breath'd o'er our cradle

The calling of a blessing down upon our baby head, The kiss, the fond, the carnest kiss, it seems to linger now In all its gentleness, and truth, upon my time-worn brow.

We no'er forget the voices sweet, that filled our happy home,

home.

The welcome sounds that morn and eve, in music used to come.

The gathering at the household hearth, at twilight's stilly time.

The chanting of a vesper song, in many a silvery chime.

The child who takes no note of these, in childhood's sunniest hours.

Whose heart is careless as the bird, whose days are bright as flowers,

Will see in long, long after years, as if by magic art, That picture in undying tints, painted upon the heartWe ne'er forget our childhood's home, tho' we perchance have roved

Thro' a bleak wilderness of woes, unloving, and unloved; Have met with eyes that mirror'd back the joyance of our own.

And lived to find no heart light there, thro' the glad brightness

We've learn'd to look distrustfully upon a sunny smile,

And closed our hearts to gentle tones, that seem'd to whisper guile,

And yet, the fragrance of a flower, the carol of a bird,

Unlocks that icc-bound heart, and bids each pulse be fondly stirr'd.

Yes, when the earth hath cover'd those that made our childhood dear,

And we have wept o'er kindred graves, the sad and bitter tear,

How many an old remembrance wakes, those long departed

hours,
When we have chased the butterflies o'er beds of blooming

When we have chased the butterflies o'er beds of blooming flowers.

"Tis then we hear the lisping prayer, we feel the kiss once more,

The blessing, and the sweet good night, we used to hear of yore;

And the hot tears come rushing on, founts that we thought
were dry,

Dim the soft shadowy picture then, before our mental eye.

We ne'er forget our childhood's home, our mother's gentle tone,

The joys, that seem'd in after years, like meteors to have flown,

They come to us like sunny gleams, to glad our lonely way,

And Age's night is happy, when it thinks on Childhood's

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Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE WIFE AND SISTER.

### A TALE .- BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

"A something light as air—a look,
A word unkind, or wrongly taken—
Oh! love, that tempests never shook,
A breath, a touch, like this hath shaken,
And ruder words will soon rush in,
To spread the breach that words begin:
And eyes forget the gentle ray
They wore in courtship's smiling day;
And voices lose the tone that shed
A tenderness round all they said;
"Till fast declining, one by one,
Tho sweetnesses of love are gone."—Moore.

EVELINE DELANCY and her sister Marian were orphans. Early in life they had been deprived of a mother's care, but that loss had been supplied, so far as it may ever be, by the watchful and tender love of their father. At the period when our story opens, he had been dead for three years: he had been called away in the very prime of life, at a time when his protection and advice were all important to these, his only children. It was one of this good man's weaknesses-I pray you, gentle reader, was it a weakness?--to wish most anxiously that the home he had loved from boyhood, his father's home! should never pass away from his family. Therefore, he had willed, that his ample fortune should be equally divided between his two daughters; but unto the child who was first married, the mansion and surrounding property were to go, charged with his dying and earnest injunction, to make it her home for ever. He had also desired the sisters might live together until both were settled in life. They had little disposition to leave the old home of their youth, endeared to them by recollections mingled of much happiness and of sorrow-sorrow for the kind hand that had ministered to their wants, for the warm heart that had shared in all their pleasures. Very tenderly did the orphans cherish the memory of their dead father, and it was sad, but sweet happiness to remember, and obey his wishes. Mrs. Stanmore, a sister of Mr. Delancy's, had been invited to reside with them; as a companion, adviser, and faithful guide she was invaluable; but her position was one of some delicacy, and she carefully abstained from obtruding her services, lest she might discover in her fair nieces, a disposition not to receive unsolicited advice. Three years of close womanly intercourse, had opened her eyes to faults of character in Marian, that had escaped the attention of the less observing father. Marian was the youngest, and most favoured child, spoiled by the elder sister as well as parent; she did not love reading, or the pleasures it brought; she had not been taught reflection by suffering; the uncorrected faults of the heart lost none of their strength as years went by, and twenty summers had passed lightly, and lovingly over the maiden at the period of which we speak. Mrs. Stanmore had much influence with her nieces, but her companionship was chiefly with Eveline; their pursuits were alike, there was much of sympathy between them, and Eveline was quiet, and thoughtful beyond her years; she loved books, and the knowledge they brought had enabled her to correct the faults parental indulgence had fostered, to

control her feelings, somewhat too ardent and impassioned, but always generous and lofty. The friendship of Mrs. Stanmore had been to Eveline of unspeakable advantage, and pleasantly that deep debt of gratitude, mingled with the love she bore her, every day becoming more and more like unto that affection she had cherished in times past for her father.

The country seat occupied by the Delancys was one among the many fine dwellings that skirt the beautiful city of ----. It was in a large, and pleasant room, opening out into a lawn that looked like a picture from " fairie land." The smooth grass was downy and soft as green velvet "meet for monarch's foot" around, and on every side, was rare shrubbery, laden with the flowers of early summer. The lofty shade trees had gathered their branches together, and the sun broke faintly through the luxuriant boughs, touching tree and flower, with a newer beauty ere he sank to rest. It was evening time; the low ottoman was drawn to the open door, and the sisters sat thereon. How dark and thoughtful was the eye of that pale elder girl! A something there was of sorrow-of present trial in Eveline Delancy's counte-The lip and cheek were tinged with a faint and changing colour, and oft-times the noble brow would contract as if from sudden pain; but there seemed a strong mastery over the spirit-firmness of purpose and determination in the lines of that fair and beautiful face. When she smiled upon her young sister, it was almost wondrous to note the change—that gentle and loving smile—it came over her face as you may have seen a ray of sunshine upon a glorious picture, turning into light and beauty that which was even beautiful before. Marian had a face like a Hebe, all loveliness and light, every thought, and feeling coming up into the sparkling eyes, and spreading over the bright features. She had the clear, transparent skin, the rosy lips, and blooming cheeks, that are so beautiful in the "spring time." And her voice, so sweet and gentle; it was like the tones of soft music when it comes over the water in the "still evening time."

Fondly they loved each other, as only orphans love, cut off from all nearer ties; and this evening was one of peculiar interest unto both; on the morrow Marian Delancy would become a wife. But apparently the maiden looked forward with trust, and confidence, you could not doubt her happiness, even if it had not found words:

"Sister! dear Eva! is not this a sweet evening? How bright yonder sunset! How glorious the green

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trees! and oh! how very, very beautiful, the fair flowers!" Eva looked tenderly upon her, and she smiled one of her radiant smiles as she said:

"Lovely flowers are the smiles of God's goodness,\* was once beautifully said, my Marian. Was not that bringing very near unto us, the goodness of our Creator? The fair, familiar things that adorn the smiling earth, have ever a hidden meaning to the feeling and grateful heart."

"I do indeed think so," said Marian, thoughtfully, "yet I doubt, Eva, if I have any real sympathy with you, even at this moment; at rare intervals these things come over my spirit, like a spell that has power to move my inmost soul; in a moment they are gone; I seek not to recall them; and have no pleasure in them."

"Your mind has been elsewhere," said Eveline, "yours is the season for enjoyment, and you have given up your time and thought too entirely to that one object. Hereafter you will find there is more real satisfaction in one day of self improvement, than in many months devoted alone to pleasure."

Marian looked archly at her sister, and her sunny face beamed brightly through smiles and dimples, as her laugh rang out clear and sweet, the very echo of the heart's joyousness: "Never hope to see me wiser, Eva dear. Such as I am, I will remain through all the days of my life. I never took to books naturally—O! how I hate them, dull, stupid, and prosy! Who would not rather gallop over the hill side on my charming pony, or dance at the merry midnight ball, or a thousand other things I could mention, more delightful in every way, than to pore over a book till one's eyes ache, and one's mind is weary from an over accumulation of ideas?"

"It cannot be always thus;" and Eveline sighed heavily; "the time for these things will soon be gone, and your old age will be without honour, unless you have that within yourself, that under every variety of circumstance, will constitute your chief happiness. And is there not another reason, my Marian, why you should love books and the knowledge they bring? Would you not make a better wife to one whose chief pleasure is in literary pursuits?"

There was a something of scorn, of irony, in the voice, and a shadow upon the fair face of Marian Delancy, as she answered:

"Mordaunt has chosen me advisedly, and knowing my indifference now, he must even bear with it hereatier. He is not the first man who has chosen a silly wife, nor will he be the last, or the world will strangely alter."

"Silly!" exclaimed Eveline, "it is because you have abilities, and neglect them, I grieve so much. Oh! Marian, you might be all we wish, and more, far more, if you would but make exertion! Try, will you not, for my sake?"

"No! not for your sake—not for any one, will I ever try," said Marian, passionately; "I will not do that which I dislike, Heigho! how I have been tormented all my life to do that which I hate!"

And therein was the secret. At a very early age, Mr. Delancy had compelled his daughters to study, and the whole management of their education had been so injudicious, as regarded the force work, that it was only surprising, both girls did not dislike books, with all their attendant horrors, of close confinement, and long lessons learned without spirit or interest.

So long as Marian was in school, which was until the death of her father, she submitted to that which she knew was inevitable; but from that time, no entreaties could induce her to take any part in the literary pursuits of Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline. She looked back with feelings of irritation and contempt, to pursuits that had never been rendered pleasant unto her; that she had never been taught to love. Her amount of knowledge was of course considerable, but from disuse, not very available. She was totally unlike Eveline, who, thoughtful beyond her years, and, from the first, fond of reading, had, with Mrs. Stanmore's assistance, made far more than ordinary progress, even after that critical time in a young lady's life when "her education is finished!" Marian Delancy was very fond of society, and much of her time was spent in --- city. At one period she had lengthened her visit from day to day, until two months were gone; being so near her home she was very frequently there, and usually accompanied by Mordaunt Leslie, who resided in town. As the period for her return home approached, Mr. Leslie was called unexpectedly to a distant part of the state, where he was detained much longer than he had at first anticipated. On his return he found Marian had gone south, with a party of her friends, accompanied by Mrs. Stanmore. Mordaunt Leslie loved-his was a first love, strong, passionate, engrossing. Circumstances alone had prevented an explanation with Marian ere his departure, and now, when he returned, and found her gone, it was natural he should seek her sister. Should he not hear of Marian? and ofttimes talk of her? "True love" has subsisted upon With a heart preoccupied, less aliment than this. Mordaunt Leslie yielded himself wholly to the pleasure he received from the society of one so gifted as Eveline. Partly from disinclination, partly from ill health and low spirits since her father's death, Eveline had gone very little into the gay world. thrown thus into companionship, and even familiar intercourse, with one whose mind so nearly assimilated to her own, was a dangerous trial for Eveline. Unconscious of his partiality for Marian, her affections were entangled before she even suspected the nature of her own feelings; and when the truth opened to her mind, it was with a mingling of many strong and passionate emotions. Alas for her! the young and gentle; there was a faint whispering in her bosom, that made her heart flutter, and sink like a guilty thing-"thy love will never meet with adequate return!" But she shut her ears to the sound; wilfully she closed her eyes; she, who had turned aside coldly from the world's homage, was bound hand and foot in the fetters that are so fearfully strong, and so terrible to break! Her judgment was blinded; Eveline was self-deceived; fondly she recalled the many things he had said, indicative of respect, of admiration, for herself. Surely they had their foundation in the same attachment, that burned like the "lava flood," in her own bosom? Eveline possessed great self-command; rarely in her life had she suffered emotion to master her outwardly; well for her that it was so-that Mordaunt Leslie never suspected the truth-it soothed her pride in after days-it restored her self-respect. Marian Delancy returned; and Leslie wooed her for his wife, with all his noble gift of intellect, his keen appreciation of character, his desire for sympathy with the companion of a lifetime, he loved Marian Delancy; loved her as men Digitized by GOOSIG

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love, when their nature pure and uncorrupted, pours itself out upon woman for the first time. And Eveline saw it all, with such feelings as only those who have thus suffered may ever fully appreciate; yet she bore up proudly, as the Spartan boy of old, when the fierce animal beneath his garment was preying upon his vitals; but the colour faded away from her cheek; from her lips the fresh hue of health and happiness departed; and her rounded and fine form lost its full proportions. In a moment of anguish she had told all to Mrs. Stanmore, and that faithful friend had taught her something better than endurance-to conquer. It was a long and fearful struggle, but it was in silence. Seasons changed while it passed; spring, with its world of scented flowers, its soft sunshine and balrny breath, came soothingly over the worn spirit of Eveline Delancy; gentler thoughts, and more subdued feelings sprang up in her heart. She longed to go forth and hold communion with the "voice of universal nature." Such communion was fraught with inexpressible peace to her mind; and the long, solitary walks, gave to her pale cheek something of the colour of other and happier days. We have seen that Eveline spoke to Marian of her coming marriage; she betrayed no emotion, neither did she excite suspicion of the truth in the mind of Marian, and in this she was indeed very fortunate. Suspicion was the shadow upon that young girl's character; it came over all that was otherwise so fair and beautiful, as you may have seen a dark cloud over a smiling sky, but hitherto they had been April clouds, succeeded by the sunshine of a disposition so gentle, a heart so warm and affectionate, that all memory of the cloud passed from the minds of those who loved her.

The morning came that made Marian Delancy a bride. Side by side, they stood together; she in her bright and girlish beauty, by the stately man of years; and God's minister pronounced them man and wife; one until the grave severed the bond that bound them! They went forth happy, and trusting; had their trust been alike unto the end, they had not drank of the bitter waters in store for them.

The carriage was at the door to bear away the bride; it was only for a brief time, and the tears that filled her eyes sprang from no parting sorrow, they were rather April showers, through smiles, that played like sunshine over her beautiful face. Eveline stood upon the staircase, and awaited Marian's coming; and when that young wife looked up into her sister's face, and saw how very pale she was, and how suffering, she threw her arms around her neck exclaiming with a burst of passionate feeling:

"Oh, Eveline, you have been to me the truest, and the best of friends, and the love I have borne thee, I will bear thee ever sister, none other shall be nearer or dearer!"

Eveline folded her arms closely around her, and drew her to her bosom:

"God bless thee, Marian Leslie, my sister! after your husband, always love me best, I ask no more!" and gently Eveline released her and gave her unto Leslie, who smiled, although his eyes moistened with tears as he said: "I would thank you if I could, Eveline, for very dear indeed unto me is the first place in the heart of Marian Leslie!"

They were gone: Eveline stood still, leaning over the staircase, until the sound of the carriage wheels sounded afar off, and then died away in the distance. A faintness came over her, a dimness of sight, things grew shadowy and indistinct before her, she felt herself falling, when an arm was passed around her, and a voice she loved fell upon her ear: "Lean upon me, my dear niece; we will go to my room." Ah! how magical was the influence of those few words! Tears gushed from the eyes of Eveline—warm tears, relieving the heart's oppression, the first she had wept that long and trying morning. She was not alone then, not without sympathy and woman's loving tones to comfort her. When they entered the room, Mrs. Stanmore closed the door, and seated Eveline upon the sofa; the unfortunate girl clasped her hands together and wept bitterly:

"Oh! aunt, I have been miserably deceived—fool that I have been, I love him yet; is it not eating my heart out? Love, strong, unconquered—aye, terrible in its strength! Oh! that I might be alone—alone, where I might never look upon one that it is fearful guilt to love! Give me comfort, for my heart is losing firmness to struggle longer!" Eveline's head sank down, and Mrs. Stanmore drew her gently into her arms, suffering her to weep unrestrainedly for many moments; at length she said:

"Is there not much comfort, Eveline in the knowledge, that unrequited love may always be conquered, if exertion be made, and long continued?" But Eveline's heart was full of bitterness, and she answered almost in scorn: "Then you think it easy to conquer such feelings as I suffer from, even now?"

"I did not say easy—at all times it is possible, for a well regulated mind, like your own, to conquer a misplaced attachment."

"Thank you, my dear aunt! Oh, thank you for that! If it should indeed be so, if I could but look upon him, and say unto mine own heart in all honour, and truth 'I love him as a sister, and only thus,' how blessed I should be!" She ceased speaking, and there was a long silence. Mrs. Stanmore felt unwilling to interrupt the self communion that seemed already soothing Eveline into peace. "Tell me, Eva," she said at last, "what your thoughts were just now; there was something in your eye that spoke of happiness."

"Of my mother!" said Eveline, faulteringly, "and my thoughts were, that her virtuous memory should never be disgraced by her child!" She drew from her bosom as she spoke, a plain gold case, and unclasped it: "See, it is her picture! When I look into her soft and loving eyes, it is as though my mother were here to guard me! It has lain next my heart since childhood, I am unworthy now to wear it; take it then, my dear aunt, and when I ask it at your hands, you will know that Eveline Delancy has conquered this unfortunate attachment."

"Bless you, my own dear girl!" exclaimed Mrs. Stanmore, warmly, "it needed but this resolution to effect the proudest of all triumphs, a triumph over self. And believe me, Eveline, you will find the task easier than you now believe it to be; it is but the excitement of to-day, stirring up old feelings, not yet entirely subdued, that has caused your present distress. To-morrow, you will be surprised at your own calmness."

And so it proved; Eveline profited much by her aunt's counsel—more by her own anxiety to do right; and when, after an absence of six weeks, Leslie and Marian 'returned, she was almost surprised at the slight emotion she experienced.

Mr. Leslie's profession was the law; his days were

generally spent in town, his evenings almost constantly at home. He was fond of business; devoted himself assiduously to it; little regarding the burden and the toil, if he could win the eminence he so ardently desired. He was now eight-and-twenty years of age, and there was every prospect of honour and success in store for him. In Mordaunt Leslie's manner there was a quiet and calm uniformity, that rarely varied except on very exciting occasions. His mind was highly cultivated; his deportment polished, and pleasing, yet somewhat grave, and often abstracted. It was difficult to draw his attention from any subject that deeply engrossed him, and already it had struck Marian with something like surprise, that she was not now as in other days, the sole object of his thoughts. She loved him too well, not to make excuse; and when she looked upon his high and proud brow-his dark eye, whose lofty expression she had likened to the eagle's, when his eyric is built beyond all that is earthy or degrading, she felt there would be moments, when absorbing thought must cause even the wife of his bosom to be forgotten; and there came a strange mingling of pride in her love, that soothed even while it pained her. "Men seek their opposites," I know not if it be so; certain it is, the glad laugh, the bright smile, and bounding of Marian Leslie, were "sweetest music" in the ears of her husband; yet were they very different in mind and character.

Autumn came; the evenings lengthened, and grew chill; shutters were closed, and the curtains drawn; lamps lighted and fire burning brightly upon the hearth. Occupations change with the seasons, books came next, and sewing; cheerful conversation, and the drawing out of all the information that each had garnered for a season of need. Let us look at the home circle around the table. Mrs. Stanmore has the quiet and sympathising expression, peculiar to those whose enjoyment is chiefly derived from the happiness of others; and Eveline—there is not a shadow upon that fine face; principle has triumphed, and suspended to the chain about her neck is her mother's miniature! Ah! can it be that Marian is the least joyous of them all? There is a shade of vexation, of annoyance in her countenance, sometimes visible for a moment, and gone as quickly; and oftenest it steals over that bright face, when Mrs. Stanmore, Eveline, and Leslie, are most animated. and most engaged in conversation; there was a perpetual well-spring of communion between them, and many things they talked of that were unto Marian "a sealed book," and she felt very bitterly it was so. It was not till now, Marian felt her own deficiencies, but loving her husband so passionately, it struck her painfully how little of his happiness she constituted in comparison with Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline. Leslie often spoke of the enjoyment he received from those quiet evening hours. It was the green spot in his existence, over which the toil and anxieties of active life might never cast their shadow. If he noticed that Marian did not join in them, it was without pain; he was happy that she sat by his side, sewing or listening as might be, scarcely observing the little interest, or curiosity she felt in what was going on. She soon wearied, then grew cold and indifferent. Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline abstained from advice, so often had they urged upon Marian the necessity of cultivating her mind, they feared again to renew a subject that now might be unplea-

sant to her; it did not escape their observation that she was displeased Leslie should enter so absorbingly into pursuits she could not share. Mordaunt was quite unconscious of giving offence; he could not but notice as time wore on, that a great alteration had come over the spirits of his young wife; he was at a loss what to attribute it to, and his inquiries appearing to give offence, he ceased them altogether. It was about this time Charles Stanmore, a nephew of Mrs. Stanmore's husband, visited the Leslies; he was from the South, his place of residence. To a fine face and form, polished manners and cultivated mind, Charles Stanmore united a frank, ingenious, and warm hearted disposition. Of an ardent temperament, and quick sensibility, he soon gained upon the affections of the family; strict integrity of character, and a nice sense of honour, that kept him far from every species of meanness, always preserved to Stanmore the friendship of those he loved. And in this instance he felt more than common anxiety to win the esteem of Mrs. Stanmore's friends; perchance for Eveline Delancy's sake, for feelings stirred within him as he looked upon her, such as he had never felt unto woman before. Eveline suffered much, very often now; it was too apparent that Marian regarded her with a feeling so near akin to jealousy, she shuddered to think of it. She made efforts to avoid Leslie, but they were unsuccessful; indeed it was impossible to do so, living as they did so much together, and Eveline shrank from bringing upon herself the marked observation of Leslie. Ashamed and indignant that Marian should suspect her of aught so unworthy, she yet exerted herself to conceal the truth from Mordaunt. She knew his honest, upright, and perfectly unsuspecting nature, and she feared, with justice, he would visit with scorn and contempt such feelings, though he found them in his own Marian. Still, there was no manifestation of more than ordinary emotion in Marian, save coldness. Leslie dreamed not of the truth, and he questioned his wife of the change in her conduct, and the cause; strange, when her heart throbbed as though it would have burst from her bosom, she mastered every outward sign of anguish, and said calmly: " I beg you will give yourself no anxiety on my account; be assured there is nothing the matter with me." The manner of the answer pained her husband exceedingly; moreover it chilled him; he had begun with a heart full of tenderness, and a portion of Marian's coldness seemed transmitted to himself. Had it been otherwise, the result might have been different; kind looks and gentle words will do much, very much, with the doubting and troubled, where there is true affection. After much thought he resolved to say nothing more, believing this cloud upon their mutual happiness would pass away. In this conclusion he was wrong, "let it rest" has done fearful mischief in domestic life; rather "clear it up;" sift it to the bottom, till every grain of discontent and mutual misapprehension, be scattered to the four winds. Mordaunt had married a young, timid, and very sensitive woman; one fully aware of his own commanding talents, and painfully conscious of her own deficiencies; gloomy thoughts of her own inferiority filled her mind continually, until they strengthened into conviction that he could not respect her. She was perpetually drawing the contrast between Eveline and herself, and each time it only deepened her sorrow. Had Mordaunt been more observing in small domestic matters than he was, some glimmering of the truth would have found its way to his mind, or had he been a younger man, he might have understood such feelings better, and therefore the sooner discovered them; with him all things were subject to the test of reason, nothing judged or determined upon without. Verily, the feelings of Marian Leslie were the least of all others able to bear such judgment.

One evening they were all together, and Mordaunt was reading aloud; Marian was sitting far back in a large rocking chair, her small white hands folded together, and her eyes half closed, apparently listless or indifferent to what was going on. When Mordaunt laid down the book, she turned to Stanmore:

- "I do not like it; it is full of false reasoning, and hollow sentiment. I do not like it at all."
- "My dear Marian, how can you think so?" exclaimed Leslie; "it is the very reverse of what you have said."
- "Nevertheless it is my opinion," said Marian, colouring deeply, "I presume I am at liberty to express it."
- "Without doubt; yet, listen to me;" and then Mordaunt went on defending the work with eagerness and ability, totally forgetting the mortification he was inflicting upon one so keenly sensitive as Marian, who found her opinion overturned with arguments, that made her ashamed of having ever expressed it. Eveline saw it all, and she grieved that Marian's first effort should have met with such a reception; lightly springing from her seat, she exclaimed:
- "Music! let us have music! Oh! I love music so dearly; we are never so happy as when it brings over the spirit the most blessed of all feelings, forgetfulness."

She sat down to the instrument, and poured the full tide of soul into her clear and beautiful voice; she chose the old Scottish song of "Highland Mary," because she knew that Marian loved it. The passionate and deep feeling that made every word speak, thrilled to the hearts of the hearers. Marian was moved, even to tears; she still sat at the table, her back to the rest, who were gathered around Eveline. Leslie came to ask her to sing for him; he saw the tears which she made an effort to conceal, he leaned over and touched her cheek with his lips. "Sing for me, Marian, will you not?" The colour spread over her face, and her eyes flashed with anger, as she bent them haughtily upon him. "I have already failed so signally to-night, in my effort to please, that I certainly shall not make the attempt again.

"Marian, you are angry at what I said, in contradiction of your opinion; you are unjust to me."

" Doubtless!" said Marian, scornfully; and she rose abruptly, and left the room. Leslie did not follow; he trusted to reason, to calm reflection, to convince her of error, as though woman ever reasoned when her heart is full, to agony, of contending emotions! Marian only knew that Mordaunt had exposed her ignorance before all those whose good opinion she most valued-she only felt that he was afar off when her soul was in bitterness, that he came not with words of affection and gentleness, to give her peace. "He is cold to me," was ever her thought. "Alas! he has no tenderness for me!" And Marian grew cold too; confidence was broken up between them, and confidence is the golden link that draws very near to each other, hearts that love; sever but the frailest thread, and you open the way for distrust, misapprehension, and doubt, to enter in! Confidence, in married life, is like the pale evening star that rides attendant on the moon—an emblem of peace and beauty—a herald from that bright world where it shall be unbroken for ever and for ever!

Eveline still sat at the instrument, the clear tones of her voice mingling with its pleasant music. She ceased, and Stanmore, who was by her side, said:

- "Have you found the boon you craved—forgetfulness? Strange, that Miss Delancy, for whom the present and the future are so full of promise, should ask for such a one."
- "It was a silly speech, made thoughtlessly; pray forget it;" and Eveline smiled.
- "Not silly, if, in accordance with Miss Delancy's feelings," said Stanmore, earnestly; "nothing so said is without interest—he hesitated an instant, and then added—to me."
- "" The heart knoweth its own bitterness,' is it not so?" said Eveline, sadly. "Have we not all sorrow here, and trial?"
- "It is true," he replied; "we have all our own peculiar griefs, but how much of these do we owe unto ourselves! Are we not constantly doing the things that affect directly or indirectly, our comfort or happiness? In a mind like yours, self-regulated, prosperity would be borne without injury—adversity in a spirit of cheerful resignation."

The hours sped on, and Eveline still lingered in the drawing room; it was wonderful even to herself how much Stanmore had gained upon her attention; she did not love him yet, 'tis true, but she loved the tones of a voice gentle as Mordaunt's, and, at times, infinitely more sweet; and then it was very flattering, the heartfelt homage of a mind so gifted. Her own character was so well appreciated. Ah! there it was! So delicately did he make her understand his admiration of her intellectual attainments, his respect for the noble and surpassing excellence of her character. that he soothed the feelings of one who had been deeply wounded, and secured a high place in her esteem that he had done so. Ever upon those subjects she most delighted in, did he lead her to speak, for to him the sweet voice of that maiden was like the low murmuring of a running stream, unto the ear of one who is weary and would rest. Eveline did not yet love Stanmore, but she felt in her inmost heart how great a blessing had followed her efforts to conquer a misplaced attachment; that she was able to receive so much pleasure from his society was proof that no "lingering regrets" would ever mingle with the current of her after life, to destroy her peace. That night ere she retired to rest, she dropped tears of returning happiness upon the picture of her mother, kissing the soft face, she murmured, "Bless thee, my mother! the memory of thy good name has given me strength to do right!"

Time went on; Mordaunt Leslie had but one portion of his leisure to give unto his family, his evenings; they were almost wholly spent in conversation with Mrs. Stanmore, Eveline, or Stanmore; he preferred the conversation of Eveline chiefly for their many arguments, to which he was much addicted. Marian was neglected; often unconsciously by Mordaunt, in the excitement of pursuits from which ignorance debarred her; and when he recollected, it was so often apparent to her as an act of recollection, that it galled her proud spirit, even more, if possible, than the first offence. When we yield to evil thoughts, they gain upon the mind with fearful rapi-

dity; so it was with Marian; her soul was shaken with fierce and angry struggles, ere she would give way to the suspicions so agonizing; but once having done so, she never doubted of their truth; never wrestled more with the foul fiend that possessed her. Mordaunt was much given to consult the opinion of Eveline on different matters as they arose, and her calm, clear judgment of things much influenced his decisions; this was a source of irritation to Marian, perpetually occurring, and never failing to receive from her the worst construction. So it was in trifles innumerable; every look, and word, and act, were coloured by the gloomy and desponding feelings, that filled her heart with bitterness. Yet must she not be judged too hardly, that young and tender wife-married in early youth, to one so much her elder, and so infinitely her superior, to one who thought not of her timid sensitiveness of character, who strove not to lead her by a "pleasant path," to the same eminence of learning on which her sister stood. Cold thoughts grew up between them; Mordaunt believed her sullen, indifferent, and grew careless of the cause. Not thus should he have acted. in whose keeping was the solemn responsibility of another's happiness; and that other so tenderly nurtured, so long indulged, receiving for the first time cold looks and words from her husband! More ten-

derness of manner, more manifestation of affection from him, might have removed the barbed arrow that rankled in her bosom.

Mr. Leslie had gone to town one morning, expecting to be very much engaged in an approaching trial, in which he felt the deepest solicitude. He had often spoken to Eveline of the interest and anxiety he felt in the result. It was near the middle of the same day; Marian was walking on the lawn in front of the house, when she saw Leslie's servant approaching rapidly on horseback; a vague feeling of alarm for her husband came over her; she stepped forward, and leaning over the gate, demanded the cause of his return. The servant who had checked his horse at her approach, handed her a note, saying it was for Miss Eveline, and he had been ordered to await an answer.

"Very well; I will take the note to Miss Delancy," and with a sick heart Marian turned to the house. She was told, upon reaching there, and inquiring for her sister, that she and Mrs. Stanmore had gone out. Marian sought her own room, a quiet, and pleasant parlour up stairs, where very many of her happiest hours with Leslie had been passed. She looked for a single instant upon the hand writing on the note, and the letters seemed to write themselves on her heart in characters of fire.

[To be concluded.]

Written for the Lady's Book.

### ON THE DEATH OF LIEUTENANT DAVID E. HALE.

BY MRS, LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I CANNOT think that thou art fled,
And early number'd with the dead,
Thou, whose dark eye, and locks of jet
Are with me, as when first we met;
For but a little space it seems,
Since thou, all fresh in youthful dreams,
Yet mark'd with manhood's chasten'd grace,
In graver lines, on form and face,
Didst calmly leave thy native soil,
To take an untried lot of toil.

Ah say—no more, 'neath sultry skies, Where deep Floridian forests rise, Unmov'd, though dangers darkly flow, Shalt thou thy country's bidding do? No more, amid Canadian snows Break off the trance of short repose, And on the endanger'd frontier stand All dauntless, with thy marshall'd band? No more, amid New England's glades Her mountains hoar, and peaceful shades

Returning, joy again to share The sister's love, the parent's care?

No. "Dust to dust," for thee is said, O'er thee, the soldier's tear is shed, For thou, the sternness of command Didst mix with kindness free and bland— Incite the rugged to obey, And win the hearts that own'd thy sway.

But she, who sits and weeps apart,
As steals thine image o'er her heart,
The widow'd mother, who can tell
What sorrows for her first-born swell—
Her fair, her brave, so proud to stay
Her footsteps on life's lonely way.

Thy sculptur'd tomb, by fancy seen On western hillocks, high and green, Shall whisper of thy cherish'd fame, Thy steadfast truth, thy stainless name, And gently soothe, (if this may be.) The smitten heart, that mourns for thee.

### COMPARATIVE MENTAL CAPACITY OF THE SEXES.

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WE have never seen this knotty question disposed of, to such advantage for both parties, as in the following decision, which was given at a Lyceum in the State of Michigan. The president, a young man, seated on a barrel, his throne of official dignity, thus gave his opinion: "That if the natural and social disadvantages under which women laboured, and must ever continue to labour, could be removed;

if their education could be entirely different, and their position in society the reverse of what it is at present, they would be very nearly, if not quite, equal to the nobler sex, in all but strength of mind, in which very useful quality, it was his opinion, that man would still have the advantage, especially in those communities whose energies were developed by the aid of debating societies!"

S. J. H.



### Written for the Lady's Book.

### TALENT-A TALE.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Mapeline Orville sat alone, in the recess of a window, shaded by honeysuckle and clematis, with a large boquet of choice flowers before her, from which she was reading by the aid of "Flora's Interpreter." This agreeable occupation was interrupted by the entrance of a servant, with the latest number of a literary periodical. On a conspicuous page was a gem of poetry, over her own proper signature, accompanied by remarks which brought the eloquent blood to her cheek. Something was still wanting to complete her satisfaction, for she murmured to herself, "Oh, I wish Charles would come; I never feel satisfied till I hear his opinion."

Gay voices came to her ear through the open window, and turning her head, she saw two persons walking slowly along, in the deep shadow of the trees, a few yards from the house. She instantly recognized them for a young heiress from the South, who had come to spend the summer and some of her superfluous wealth in the most lovely of New England villages, and Charles Montayne. She would have retreated, but their words chained her to the spot. "Ah!" said the lady, "speaking of poets, reminds me of your particular friend, Miss Orville; tell me candidly, what think you of her attempts to woo the Muses!" The very pulses of Madeline's heart ceased, as she listened for the reply.

"Stuff! mere trash! there is not a spark of Promethean fire in her nature. Believe me, fair lady," and he gallantly kissed a hand that was not withdrawn; "believe me, there is more true poetry in the delicious prose that falls from your lips, than"— the words died away and their forms were lost in the deeming twilight.

With the anguish of a young heart that has taken its first lessons in deceit, Madeline leaned her head on a table covered with the brilliant productions of genius, and the article which a few moments before had called forth emotions of pleasure, was blistered with tears. "What avails it," she exclaimed, in a low and bitter tone, "that my name ranks among the gifted and the learned, that my productions are sought for, and my talents flattered; what avails it if I win not happiness. His approval has been my inspiration, and I live to know that he has deceived me. Be it so-assist me woman's pride! he has yet to learn that Madeline Orville hangs not her harp on the willow for one like him. Let him bow at a golden shrine, and unite himself to a heartless coquette, and one who-"

At this stage of her soliloquy, she raised her head; the long dark curls fell in graceful disorder on fault-less shoulders, her roused feelings had given brilliancy to her complexion, and spirit to her eyes, and truly the reflection in a mirror opposite, tended in no slight degree to soothe her irritation, for she well knew that Frances Denby was the reverse of herself in every respect.

Beautiful as a poet's dream was Madeline Orville, but as there are so many poets, all probably differing in their dreams of beauty, we will permit each one to take for his basis the simple assertion that she was

beautiful, and build upon it with such materials as his fancy may supply.

When Madeline awoke the next morning, she found on her pillow a packet addressed to herself, in a delicate female hand, which, after a moment's inspection she knew to be that of the kind and indulgent aunt who had supplied to her the place of a mother. Not a little surprised at such a mode of communication from one, between whom and herself, she thought there had existed no reserve, she hastily broke the seal, and read the following:

" I have long felt, dearest Madeline, that I owed it as a duty to you, to record briefly the history of my eventful life. It contains much of warning and instruction, and if my sweet child is enabled by the perusal to avoid the rocks and quicksands I have encountered, my labour will be repaid. I have delayed it because I felt an unwillingness to open again the wounds which time and religion had healed, and expose to a human eye the recesses of a heart known but to the Searcher of spirits and myself. I am impelled to it at this time, from having been an accidental witness of the scene in the library last evening, when more of your real character was revealed to me than I had ever known before. I trembled when I heard your words, lest a worldly ambition should lead you to pervert your talents, and resolved, that whatever it might cost me, I would endeavour to show you a 'more excellent way.' Let me say before I commence, that to others some portions of what I am about to relate, might savour of egotism, but my own honourable child will not misjudge me. God knows the unhallowed fires that once filled my bosom, have long been extinguished, and floods of tears have washed away the bitter ashes.

"You already know that your mother and myself were sisters. Early left to the guardianship of a mother, whose only fault towards us was her unlimited indulgence, we received the best educations that money could procure. Alas! it extended not to our hearts; for she who should have taught our young feet to walk in wisdom's way, was herself ignorant of its pleasantness. Your mother possessed a much greater share of personal beauty than fell to my lot, but I consoled myself by believing that in intellect I far surpassed her. She was gay, and entered into the dissipation of fashionable society with a zest of which I had no conception.

"Different as were our tastes and pursuits, I loved her with an intensity I have never since cherished for an earthly being. Alice! sweet sister! years vanish! The past is before me: I see thee arranging thy sylph-like form for the gay assembly; again I fasten glittering bracelets on thy snowy arms; again I braid thy glossy hair, and imprinting on thy polished forehead a kiss of pride and affection, retire to my solitary chamber, happy that thou art so.—
'Back! back into thy cell, oh memory!' the grave holdeth thy loved ones.

"I very early displayed a talent for poetical composition, rarely equalled, and my juvenile productions were hailed by my mother and the few friends who were

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permitted to see them, as precursors of future literary greatness. Of course, flattery acted as a stimulant to renewed exertions, and that which was at first a recreation and the amusement of a leisure hour, became a passion, deep and absorbing. From the time of my final emancipation from all my masters, till I attained my nineteenth year, I spent an indolent, dreamy existence. The library, filled with the choicest authors in every language, was my sanctuary; there I was seldom interrupted. My sister asserted She thought it sacrilege to disturb the dead,' and my mother's taste led her to prefer the comforts of her own apartment, with the society of her French waiting maid, and her lap-dog. There, then, I lived. The solemn, stately, I had almost said supernatural, literature of the Germans; the gay, and fascinating sentiment of the French; and the deep and thrilling romance of that land,

Are emblems of deeds that are done in their clime.

all were explored as by one searching for hidden treasures, and all furnished materials for my imaginanation, and contributed to enrich the productions of my pen. I wrote much, but the name of Florence Ardley had never appeared before the public. I could not endure that the glowing creations of my fancy, should be coldly criticised by those whose highest flight had but reached to the invention of a new head dress, and whose judgment decided no more weighty matters than the most becoming colour for a shawl or a riband.

"At this period an event occurred which changed the whole current of my life. My sister suddenly eloped with the handsome, dashing, Col. Orville. He being under orders to join his regiment in India. they embarked for that distant country, in an hour after the marriage ceremony was performed. was a stunning blow, and my poor mother sunk under it. Alice was her favourite, and she had gone from her without a farewell taken, or blessing bestowed; gone too, with one every way unworthy of her love. In three weeks I was an orphan, without brother or sister, or near relative, with whom I could reside. I did not want friends, however, whose hearts and homes were open to receive me, and with one of them I took up my temporary abode. Her house was the resort of a circle of literati, and among them was one whose name was not unknown to me, as being devoted to 'science fair,' in all its branches.

"Like fruits beneath a tropic sky, the acquaintance of congenial minds ripens rapidly, and

'Ere time's hand had joined The green sods on the grave,'

of my mother, I was the wife of Herbert Courtnay. To you who never saw your uncle, I will describe him briefly. He was tall, his figure good, and without being handsome, his countenance denoted intelligence of the highest order. Over all was spread that inexpressible charm which can emanate only from religion in the heart. He was ten years my senior, and a motherless boy claimed with his father an interest in my affections.

"We left London for the 'bonny north,' where my husband possessed a small estate, full of blissful anticipations. I had seldom been out of London, and knew nothing of nature in her glory; you can therefore form but a faint idea of the rapture I felt on arriving at my new home; and there for a brief space I was as happy as it is possible for any one to be, whose affections centre wholly in earthly objects.

"A new existence opened before me; I had hitherto lived in the past, I now revelled in the bright and glowing present. While Herbert was in his study, buried in the depths of some abstruse science, I was rambling about the grounds and garden, drawing inspiration from the thousand sources around me. Every object, from

'The sky, the solemn midnight sky,
With its scroll of heavenly heraldry.'

to the smallest flower beneath my feet, was beheld and studied with direct reference to the all engrossing passion of my soul. I worshipped in the temple of nature, but such was the blindness of my mind, that my offerings never ascended 'from Nature up to Nature's God.' I even read the sacred Scriptures as the bee roams over Mount Hybla, gathering the honey, regardless of the hand that planted the flowers. Returning home, I would pour forth in 'words that burned' the feelings I could not restrain.

"Thus far vanity as an active principle had not been my motive for writing; but the dormant seeds which exist in every unregenerate heart, had taken deep root downward, ready on the first occasion to

spring up and yield their baleful fruits.

"I had been walking as usual, and the beauty of the evening detained me, until one after one the myriad stars came forth like watchers over the repose of earth. I sat down at the foot of a whispering pine, and singling out a 'bright particular star,' gazed on it till my spirit seemed absorbed in its rays. I thirsted to penetrate the mysteries of the 'upper deep' and a burning, unquenchable desire for some good which I had not yet attained, took possession of my soul. Suddenly a voice seemed to ring through the arch above me, 'Fame! Fame! spread thy wings boldly, and mount to her topmost pinnacle!' Oh! had some heavenly minded disciple of Him who was meek and lowly in heart, stood by me and whispered, 4 Plume thy spirit's pinions for a nobler flight, even for immortality! whither those bright orbs would lead thee;' I might have been saved from years of anguish and remorse. But the chord was struck, and I returned to the house an aspirant for Fame! By a singular coincidence, I found the way already opened, the ladder placed before me, and I had but to place my foot on the first round, and commence the dizzy ascent. I had accidentally left my portfolio on my table; Herbert had found it, and when I entered, he exclaimed, laughingly,

"Well, Florence, I did not suspect you of sacrificing so largely to the Muses; here is a fund sufficient to supply the next five years' demand for poetry; you had better commence authoress at once.'

"'That is my intention,' I replied. There was a quiet determination in my tone, that caused him to sigh as he answered, 'I have no objection that your talents should be known and appreciated, provided the literary labours of my sweet Florence do not entirely deprive me of her society.'

"Behold me, then, entering the lists as a competitor for the fickle applause of the world. Possessing that within myself which might have made home a paradise, the best of men honoured and happy, and perhaps have diffused abroad an influence to be felt long after my name had passed away, all was offered

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at the shrine of vanity: is it wonderful that thick smoke alone ascended from the altar whence a pure flame should have arisen?

"My reception into the literary world, was such as far exceeded my most sanguine anticipations. I was hailed as a new star in the galaxy of genius; my gem-like volumes occupied a place on every table; my fugitive pieces were copied and extolled, and contributions from my pen were solicited for every annual, and publication of distinction in the kingdom. I became intoxicated with flattery, and the deeper I drank of that pernicious fountain, the more I thirsted to renew the draught. By degrees my household duties were abandoned to servants, the society of my husband shunned, and the cultivation of the holy domestic affections entirely neglected.

Domestic Love! to thy white hand is given, Of earthly happiness the golden key,'

and wo to the wife and mother in whose bosom that key unlocks no treasures; who suffers the laurel to overshadow the rose in the garden of home.

"With surprise and of Yow Herbert beheld this alteration in my whole character, and at length remonstrated on the folly of the course I was pursuing. Alas! as well might he have arrested with a word the mountain torrent; and after exhausting every argument to no purpose, he left me. From that hour we were separated in spirit. He was much from home, and we seldom had any communication together. It happened that after an absence of two days, he came into my room, hoping to receive at least a smile of welcome. Vain hope! I was preparing a small volume for the press, and was so absorbed in my occupation, that I was not even aware of his presence, until seizing my port-folio, he threw it, with all its contents, into the river which ran directly below the window. I was thunderstruck! for there were many things in that book never intended for the public eye, and it might fall into the hands of those who from envy would rejoice to blast my reputation. I turned to my husband trembling with rage, and commanded him to leave me for ever. Never, never can I forget the look he gave as he left the room. Little did I think that in this world I should behold no more the face of Herbert Courtnay.

"As I feared, so it was accomplished; my book was taken up by some gentlemen who were on a fishing excursion a few miles down the river. One of the party had once addressed to me some fulsome flattery in rhyme, at which Herbert was exceedingly displeased. Not for worlds would I have compromised my own dignity, and the respect due to my husband, by noticing his effusion; but at the time I read it, I know not what impelled me, I wrote an answer which was thrown, with other rubbish of the kind, into my port-folio, and the circumstance forgotten. To return: I could not believe that Herbert had actually gone; for three days I watched for his return; I started at every footstep, and listened for his voice, as if hope or despair would accompany the sound. He came not; but on the third evening after his departure," I received a packet addressed to me with his own hand, containing a newspaper, and a letter. I opened the paper. Oh! the horror, the mortification, the agony of that moment. The entire page was covered with fragments of poetry, from the nearly finished poem, to the rough-hewn idea, laid aside for future polishing. At the top of the sheet

was this information, in large capitals: "Fugitive leaves from the port-folio of the celebrated Mrs. C." The first article on the page was the one alluded to. Oh Madeline! I could have died on the spot, or have been buried alive in the centre of the earth, and thought it happiness compared with what I suffered from wounded pride. I stamped, I wrung my hands, and bit my lip till the blood started; at last my eye fell on the letter, and I became instantly calm, for I felt that a more serious evil awaited me than the loss of the world's good opinion. That letter is worn and blotted with tears; I will transcribe it. "Florence! you are obeyed: to-morrow I shall be far away on the ocean. When my eye drank in the contents of the paper I enclose to you, I felt that England was henceforth no home for me. I alone am to blame; for my own rash act brought on that fatal exposure. I will not say farewell for ever; a time may come when all will be mutually forgotten and forgiven; till then I shall be to you as one dead. I have made ample provision for you and my poor boy; be kind to him for the love you once bore me. Oh, Florence! the bonds that united us are not easily broken. May God forgive us both, and bless you. Farewell." The letter dropped from my hand; I fell senseless on the floor, and for three weeks I was raving in the wildest delirium of a brain fever. During that period Frederick arrived from London, where he had been at school a year. Amiable in his disposition, he had always been to me a most affectionate child. Like Samuel, he had early learned to fear and serve the Lord; and the lovely fruits of piety showed themselves in his whole deportment. Directly he returned he took his station by my pillow, and watched over me with unremitted attention.

"When I awoke from the long and deathlike sleen which terminated the crisis of my disease, a voice which I knew to be Frederick's, was reading aloud from the Scriptures, by my bedside. The curtains were closely drawn, and I listened without speaking. The portion selected was the parable of the talents; as the words flowed on clear and distinct, they fell upon my heart as if traced with a pen of fire. I was the servant who had been entrusted with a precious talent; I had " digged in the earth and hid my Lord's money;" and I had nothing to look forward to but a fearful reckoning when it should be required at my hands. I had done worse, I had perverted the gift of God. I held my breath, for I well knew the terrible doom about to be pronounced-" Cast ye the unprofitable servant into outer darkness." My brain whirled; I seemed going down-down-into palpable blackness. I fainted. For days I hovered between life and death, but he who "casteth down," can also "raise up;" and I slowly recovered. During long weeks of convalescence, I had leisure for reflection; bitterly and with tears did I mourn over the past, and I humbly trust that my repentance was accepted by him who despiseth not a contrite heart,

"I learned on inquiry, that my husband had sailed in the Nautilus, for New York, and thither I resolved to follow him, to explain all, and obtain his forgiveness; could this be effected, I believed we might yet be happy. Accordingly, I converted our property into money, and was on the point of embarking with Frederick, when my cares were unexpectedly increased by your arrival from India. My ill-fated sister had fallen a victim to the climate, a few months after the death of her husband, and had bequeathed

to my love and protection, her destitute, but lovely child, then eight years old. I clasped you to my heart, and determined that you should never feel a mother's loss.

" We arrived safely in New York, where the sorest trial of my life awaited me. An infectious disease had broken out on board the 'Nautilus,' and on the list of its victims was the name of Herbert Courtnay. The deep sea was his sepulchre, and I was a widow in a strange land. Dreadful was the agony of my feelings, but the God of the widow and the fatherless suffered me not to sink under the blow he inflicted. I remembered that two young and innocent beings were dependent on me alone, and roused myself to action. By the advice of a legal gentleman, I loaned my little all to a commercial house, and removed to this retired village. I knew it had been Herbert's wish that his son should embrace the profession of the law, and resolved that at any sacrifice to myself, his wish should be accomplished. Frederick, therefore, entered on a collegiate education, with a view to this object. Your own studies I was fully competent to superintend, and to that I devoted

"Years passed away; time had its usual mellowing influence on my feelings; I was cheerful in the performance of present duties, and happy in the hope held out by religion of an existence where all tears will be wiped away.

"Another drop was yet to be added to a cup already filled to the brim. I received intelligence from my lawyer in New York, that the firm in which I had invested my all, had failed, and the principal absconded, carrying with him the widow's mite. For myself this loss would not have caused me a moment's uneasiness, but for you and Frederick—could I see the fountain of knowledge scaled up from the young and ardent, who were thirsting for its waters? Could I see them condemned to cold and cheerless poverty with the canker worm of care eating into the bud of existence? No! I would use the talent I had hitherto abused, and my precious ones should not for the present, at least, feel the calamity that had overtaken us.

"That night I commenced my labours; and for years I have patiently pursued them: midnight has seen me toiling with an aching brow, and after a few hours of feverish sleep the morning sun has found me again at my task, until my cheek has grown pale, and my strength has failed. But I do not repine; I am happy. My labour has been crowned with success; Frederick has passed the ordeal of an examination with honour, and will no longer need my exertions; he will visit us to-morrow—I shall then tell him all. 'The light is waning on my path,' and I

feel that I shall soon join my beloved husband. where the wicked cease from troubling, but I cannot banish the anxiety I feel for your welfare. Oh! that my sweet child would seek without delay that 'meeker grace,' without which woman is a 'lighter thing than vanity,' a frail bark on a stormy ocean, having no compass to direct her course. Remember that you are the possessor of a dangerous talent; which, employed to raise the standard of moral excellence, to breathe forth a spirit of unaffected piety. and render honour to him who bestowed it, will prove a blessing to yourself and the world; let my bitter experience present the reverse. I rejoice that you have seen the character of Charles Montayne in its true light; you will not, I am convinced, trust your happiness in his keeping.

"There is one subject on which I have long wished to speak; you cannot be ignorant of the sentiments of Frederick towards you, though I am aware they have never passed his lips. That noble minded young man is worthy the love of woman in its highest sense. I have much store to say, but am exhausted, and need rest, that I may meet our dear Frederick when he arrives."

Deeply as Madeline had been absorbed in the narrative, the concluding sentence alarmed her, and recollecting that two hours had elapsed since she received the manuscript, she flew to her aunt's apartment and listened breathlessly-all was silent as the grave. She softly opened the door; the truth flashed on her at once. Mrs. Courtney was sitting in an easy chair before her writing table, on which a lamp still burned; the flame rendered ghastly by the bright sun streaming into the room. One arm rested on the table; the pale, attenuated fingers still holding the pen with which she had so lately traced the thoughts of a warm and beating heart; her head leaned back on the chair; the weary was at rest. Madeline moved forward mechanically and laid her hand on the white forehead; an icy chill shot through her heart and brain, her senses forsook her and she would have fallen but for the arm of Frederick Courtnay.

Our tale is done; and to those who have failed to receive its moral, we would say, that talents are the immediate gifts of God; and while they are not to be hidden under a bushel, neither should they send forth an ignis fatuus glare, misleading others, and guiding their possessor by a sure path to disappointment and sorrow. Let not him who hath one talent neglect its cultivation; and happy will it be for him who hath five, if at the great day of reckoning he is able to say, "Behold, I have gained other five talents." To such it will be answered, "Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Whatever the acknowledged advantages of travel may be, it is certainly one of the most melancholy pleasures of life.

Nature forces on our hearts a Creator—History a Providence.

Taste, if it mean any thing but a paltry connoisseurship, must mean a general susceptibility to truth and mobleness; a sense to discern, and a heart to love and reverence all beauty, order, goodness, wheresoever, or in whatsoever forms and accompaniments they are to be seen. When our moral powers increase in proportion to our physical ones, then huzza for the perfectibility of men!

None but a quick and clever man can write good 'nonsense.

The liberty of the press is the true measure of the liberty of the people. The one cannot be attacked without injury to the other. Our thoughts ought to be perfectly free; to bridle them, or stifle them in their sanctuary, is the crime of leze humanity. What can I call my own, if my thoughts are not mine.

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### Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE TREE OF THE VILLAGE WHERE I LIVE.

### BY MRS. HOFLAND.

"Were I in a desert, I would find out wherewith in it to call forth my affections; if I could not do better, I would fasten them upon some sweet myrtle, or seek some melanchuly cypress to connect myself to. I would court their shade, and greet them kindly for their protection."—Serre's Sextimental Journey.

To talk of one's village now-a-days is an ambitious title; either downright presumption, or inefficient imitation, is conveyed to the mind of a reader by the very word, and loving, as I have long loved the author of "Our Village;" admiring to very enthusiasm her delightful pictures of manners and scenery, I cannot but feel the awkwardness which belongs to my adoption of such a subject—n'importe! I must go on, my heart must be opened, if not to my beloved tree, yet upon it; a very common practice with lovers, as all patient listeners know to their cost,

"Shall I not take mine ease in mine own inn?" the very humblest interlocutor has said, from Shakspeare's time downward, therefore an habitual scribbler may be allowed to dilate on the beautiful and excelent—to animadvert on that which charms the eye and cheers the heart, though similar subjects have been handled by other and better pens. Similar subjects I may say, not similar objects; for such a tree as the tree of which I speak cannot be seen every day, since Mr. Loudon himself, the wise and learned, who "speaketh of all things, from the hyssop on the wall to the cedar of Labanon," has himself depicted this tree in his magnificent work, as unique and beautiful.

It may be said every village is enriched with trees, and different species will attract different tastes. Alas! gentle reader, such is not the case in mine. I dwell in the suburban village of Hammersmith, among twelve thousand of my fellow creatures, and although there are doubtless groves in the high places of the land, as of old, yet the "human face divine," is of much more frequent occurrence than vegetable forms of any description. Our church and churchyard, with its modest avenue, are endowed with as perfect a character of the rural and antique, as I have seen in Wales, or Cumberland; but with them, all our pretensions to country characteristics end, at least so far as I can see from the windows. To those obliging vehicles of information and intercourse with the world, it was my lot to be indebted many weeks, (and even months,) in order to obtain any knowledge of the village where I had become an inhabitant.

Imprisonment, however it may be meliorated by affection, or soothed by circumstance, is of a depressing nature, and the mind must either have become accustomed to it as a habit, or learned to submit to it as a duty, before it is enabled to put forth those little tendrils of curiosity and sympathy, by which prisoners of every description have sought to soften the rigour of their destiny. I was not driven to form acquaintance with birds,\* or insects; to watch with

\* The writer cannot forbear to recollect those exquisite lines of Mr. Thatcher, supposed to be addressed by a prisoner to his only visitant, a wandering hird. She one day placed them in the hands of her better half, when there happened to be a few friends with them, to whom he read the lines out of the Boston Book, and well remembers that they drew tears from every eye, whilst every heart murmured applause.

anxious eye, the return of a mouse, or listen the footstep of a keeper, yet easy as was my fate, and blessed with companionship, under the despotism of influenza, I yet obtained a participation of this feeling never experienced till then. I gained an acquaintance with every chair and table in the house unknown before. The sound of the church clock was the voice of a welcome visitant, and the recurrence of meal times held to be seasons of joy, though no longer desired as those of sustenance. Not a single leaf could project from the long sterile earth, the long ungenial spring, which did not awaken the tenderest anxiety for its future welfare. On the church-yard avenue I gazed as Antonio might have looked out for his "rich argosies," wondering if the green leaves would ever come forth. The jessamine circling my own windows even now, I never hoped to see; despair and tenderness took possession of me whenever I looked out of my front windows, no wonder I hastened to those in an opposite direction, more especially as they were larger and lighter.

And here I saw the Tree, that tree par excellence which I desire to celebrate, and to prove worthy of the honour I solicit. It has not the mingled verdure and majesty of the elm, the riches of the oak, the grace of the elegant birch, "the lady of the woods;" the shining drapery of the walnut, the smooth bark of the satin-vested beech, the plumage of the chestnut, nor many a brilliant quality possessed by other trees; it is, nevertheless, the pride of the village, though of late perhaps seldom scanned by other eyes than mine, who beheld it in my near neighbour's garden, a spacious and ancient enclosure.

The tree in question is a "Cedar of Lebanon;" in all probability about three hundred years old, and although apparently full of all those qualities which bespeak the perfection of treehood, may perhaps be scarcely in its prime, and capable of living century after century, like the glorious race from whence it sprung, unscathed by storm, unwithered by time, in its changeless hues and firm set branches, exhibiting the very ideal of immutability and duration. It stands like "the tree of life in the garden of Eden," surrounded by the flourishing, the fruitful, the beautiful; but all save itself are the fading-it can neither borrow the charms of their summer, nor sympathize in the losses of their winter, smile at their blossoms, nor mourn their decay-it lives in its own calm grandeur alone-its sovereignty never dies.

It is true, that in the autumn months, every portion of its wide spreading branches, (which form a perfect vegetable pyramid,) was covered with innumerable small white cones, which lay like flowing sheets of blossoms on the cypress green below, giving unwonted gaiety to the majestic mother that bore them. These were all swept away on a certain tremendous night in October, leaving "not a wreck behind," and restoring at once that character of unbending firmness, of tranquil protection, and enduring greatness,

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which stamps it with a royalty devoid of despotism; a firmness allied to the unyielding, but not to the stern or forbidding—it is a wide spreading, all protecting republic.

Having so long, in the hours of a tardy convalescence, watched this tree with the same kind of interest and sense of possession, Cowper enjoyed when he exclaimed.

"Creation's heir! the world, the world! is mine:"

No wonder so soon as I could go out at all, (being kindly permitted by the actual owner,) that I made my way to this vegetable wonder, admiring its regularity of form, which is singular, and though seldom a beauty in eyes that seek the picturesque, has here the charm of consistency. On walking close up to the trunk, and looking towards the sky, of which glimpses only could be obtained, I was astonished at the interlacing of the branches, the gothic groinings, (as it were.) of the roof on roof above me; it appeared built for ages, by the glorious Architect of the "great globe itself, and all that it inhabit," and immediately inflicted, yet not painfully, that sense of humiliation, that consciousness of littleness the royal Psalmist felt, when he exclaimed, "Lord, what is man that thou regardest him, or the son of man that thou visitest him?"

Nor has this tree less pretensions to the associations of the past, than physical ones for the admiration of the present, for whilst these long and massy arches were circumscribed, and this pyramidal head less exalted, beneath its still ample shade many a time loitered the master spirit of the age; for whether praised or condemned, such unquestionably was Oliver Gromwell.

It is much a fashion to compare this extraordinary man with the conqueror of our own day, but surely if he had the courage, the generalship, the ambition of Buonaparte, he had by no means the reckless selfishness, the inveterate obstinacy, the persevering cruelty of the Corsican Conqueror? Whilst he maintained the honour of his country and properly resisted every effort of her enemies; he essayed no foreign conquest, enslaved no weak, nor menaced any haughty power, If it be said that "he could wade thro' slaughter to a crown," it cannot be added that "he shut the gates of mercy on mankind:" for he certainly did know where to stop; and it is probable that the distressed protestants, on the continent, would have found him the warmest friend that oppression ever knew, if his own many troubles, the inevitable consequences of his sins and his situation had not tied his hands whilst his heart was burning with sorrow for their sufferings, and indignation for their foes.

I love not the Protector, for his royal victim has been to me from very infancy, an object on which, in the hour of pensive recollection, to linger and to weep; but I would do justice to the proud spirit, the commanding intellect of him who controlled the storm, and in the hour of moral earthquake, saved his suffering country from the horrible and eternally disgraceful memorials of revolutionized France, when passing through a similar ordeal. There are cases in which the general character of human beings too greatly resemble each other, and the fanatic of England might have resembled the fanatic of France, in the massacre of St. Bartholomew, if he had not been under the guidance of a more enlightened and more merciful chieftain.

Away with such scenes and such remembrances; they are not for woman to contemplate or woman to record; surely the tree from Mount Lebanon may awake holier and purer themes for recollection?

Yes, they inevitably bring to the memory De la Martine's journal, in which the poetry of a heart and mind, steeped and saturated in all that inspired the bard, and waked into life by the adoration of the Christian, may be found; in which every intelligent and informed disciple of the cross is interested, and yet every tender parent induced in time to forget other subjects, save the sorrows of the bereaved father. Do they not also bring lord Lindsey's journal, Mr. Carnes's, and many others before us? but most of all perhaps, the situation of that extraordinary and truly heroic woman, who dates her letters from Mount Lebanon itself; who, from the eternal snows which rest on the awful summit, from the shade of those wild branches which have waved in the wind from the very days of David and Solomon, writes as from another world, and another age, declaring her claims as a Briton, her distresses as a woman, and her situation as one who has been the queen of a wild, yet powerful and intelligent people, the benefactress of an oppressed and suffering race, the patriot who has honoured the land of her birth in countries where it was unknown or despised, who has united to the knowledge of the West the mysterious learning of the East, and must be regarded in both, the most extraordinary woman of our times;-such is Lady Hester Stanhone.

For the last thirty years, I have been a close hunter in every work from the land she lived in, for anecdotes respecting her, and though they were few and far between, for she soon denied herself to idle curiosity and malignant ignorance, never could I find a single line that tended to impugn the boundless benevolence and princely munificence of her heart, the nobleness of her spirit, the independence of her mind, and the consistent union of her taste and judgment. in her choice of abode, and influence among a semibarbarous but grateful race. If she were singular, she was not therefore foolish; if her medium for obtaining the happiness we all seek, was not that which we could, or would have adopted, it was not therefore one of caprice or inefficiency, for having tried it she has clung to it under the most difficult circumstances, and at a period of life when the ties of early attachment usually resume a strong and abiding influence, calling us back to home memories and home feelings, in a manner we never could expect, seeing that the bustle and blaze of meridian life appeared to have extinguished them. This proves that she understood herself and those around her; that her judgment was as sound as her spirit was enterprising; if time, sorrow, or impoverishment, have impaired that judgment, who can fail to lament it? would I were a Rothschild for her sake, that she might again "feed the hungry, clothe the naked," and make "the desert blossom like the rose." .

It is well to have a special regard even for a tree; not only for its associations with the past, (which are always closely allied to the sins and sorrows, the gleams of virtue and the gloom of error in human history,) but because our solicitude is to a certain degree awakened and exercised for the present, and solfish care, by the same rule, banished. The terrible storms of lightning and tempest, have threatened the existence, or at least the beauty and strength of my tree

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night after night, but it still, to my great relief, lives and thrives, looks down protectingly on the sweet infant that plays beneath its shadow in the glimpees of sunshine, and promises to embower her in future years; conceal the soft sigh which may be breathed to the zephyr which waves through its branches, or smile on the love whispered beneath them.

Yes! a new world with its joys and sorrows, ambition and strife will arise around, and still shall the incense of "Araby the blest," the cedar's fragrance perfume the gale, and the monarch of ages rear his commanding head the type of eternity, yet bearing affinity with that melancholy cypress sacred to mortality. And perhaps it is well that we should thus contemplate it as offering twofold lessons; as belonging to the world that is surrounded with fair flowers; and generous fruits, the sense of power and felicity, but subject to change and misfortune, cloud and darkness; thence leading us to think on the world that is to come; as the consolation more especially for that wintry season of existence, which all expect to experience.

We celebrate a new year in the gloomiest portion of the circle; perhaps this was adopted by our pious ancestors, for the purpose of mingling reflection with festivity, and announcing the birth of a new portion of time, (when every thing in nature spoke of decay and death by way of contrast,) with that state of immortality, when a new heaven and new earth shall appear in their glory as an eternal habitation for the righteous; hence they adorned their churches and houses with evergreen plants, as the emblems of enduring blessedness.

Having from very infancy almost, a passionate love and veneration for trees, I have been wont, in idea, to wander through the boundless and trackless woods of America, eager to enter some beautiful glade in which I could select some especial favourite worthy of my homage, and appearing, from its superior height or more umbrageous shade, deserving of being deemed a temple or a shrine. In this pursuit of fancy, I found myself frequently bewildered with the multitude of my claimants, and therefore sought to rest my mind on some single object. The tree of the Patriarch in the plains of Mamra; the tree where Penn made that important contract with the aborigines of America, (which gave a new people to a new hemisphere,) and indeed all other historical trees with the sacrifices beneath them. The writers who have spoken of them.

the lovers who whispered vows beneath them, or the heroes who slept beneath them, were all, by turna, of infinite interest to me. I really think the trees of the prairie rivalled the Red Rover, in my eyes, when reading Cooper's wonderful creations; and every tree of Sir Walter's, became a new proof of his genius, or a tender memorial of his country, its virtues, or its history; 'tis true, I had a great horror by the same token, of having "a country well cleared," and, therefore, always entertained, though very unjustly, a fear lest the "lord of the mountain and the flood" should prove barren in that point where I most looked for fertility.

The venerable mysterious Banian trees of Hindoston, the Teak trees of America, the Olive trees of Palestine, and most of all the Cedar trees of Lebanon, having thus by turns awakened the sensitive and imaginative in my nature, no wonder that one of the latter brought into the immediate neighbourhood should perpetuate the workings of fancy, and give to its wandering sallies, "a local habitation and a name." Many a dark browed, though honest puritan prowls under the branches of my cedar tree, cogitating on awful deeds and fearful times, whilst Sir Nicholas Crisp, ere while its owner, and the generous subject of an imprisoned king, tries to read in the countenances around, some spot on which to build hope of his deliverance; but no, whether right or wrong in conduct, they are alike unyielding, and conscientious; they have seized on power and they enjoy its exercise; they are highminded but human, and therefore imperfect; nevertheless they are honest fellows, and when the wheel has turned, (as turn it will,) they will go forth to plant a new world in the wilderness, which like the tree beneath which they stand, shall be rife in beauty, firm in root, high in intellect, and wide in dominion, whilst the younger and long succeeding branches shall possess a tenderness and flexibility, a grace and elegance unknown to their fathers.

For the present, however, I must bid adieu to my tree and my readers, on whom I have certainly bestowed "a portion of my tediousness," for which I ought to apologize; but age is privileged to be garrulous on paper, since there the "sweet voice," which is an excellent thing in woman, can be given in idea to all its lucubrations; and I feel certain, that the kind friends I now address, will pardon one they have long patronized, and even extend their kind consideration to the "Tree of the village where I live."

### MENTAL FORTITUDE DEPENDENT UPON HABIT.

When life is in danger, either in a storm or in battle, it is certain that less fear is felt by the commander or the pilot, and even by the private soldier actually engaged, or the common seaman laboriously occupied, than by those exposed to the peril, but not employed in the means of guarding against it. The reason is not that the one class believe the danger to be less. They are likely in many instances to perceive it more clearly. But having acquired a habit of instantly turning their thoughts to the means of counteracting the danger, their minds are thrown into a state which excludes the ascendancy of fear. Mental fortitude entirely depends upon this habitude. The timid horseman is haunted by the horrors of a

fall. The bold and skilful thinks only about the best way of curbing or supporting his horse. Even when all means are equally unavailable, and his condition appears desperate to the bystander, he still owes to his fortunate habit that he does not suffer the agony of the coward. Many cases have been known where fortitude has reached such strength, that the faculties, instead of being confounded by danger, are never raised to their highest activity by a less violent stimulant. The distinction between such men and the coward does not depend upon difference of opinion about the reality or extent of the danger, but on a state of mind which renders it more or less accessible to fear.

### NO MORE. - A POPULAR SONG.

COMPOSED BY A YOUNG LADY.

Entered according to Act of Congress, by J. G. Osbourne.





Oh in that word there is a spell,
Sinks to my, bosom's inmost core,
To live, yet hear that hated knell
Proclaim'd on earth, we meet no more.

4

Then may we hope in Heaven to meet,
Where all our sorrows will be o'er,
To find at last a sure retreat,
Where worldly wisdom guides no more.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

No. I.

### BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"The promoting of domestic economy is identical with the furtherance of every thing which can increase the sum of human happiness and diminish the sum of human misery. As such, it is a subject of superior importance to any individual art or science, and to legislation, government, and every thing which affects the community."

Thus says a celebrated English writer; and we are sure that, to our own sex, he has not overrated the importance of this branch of knowledge.

"Political Economy" means the proper order and conducting of many "houses or families which go together, or act in concert."—"Domestic Economy" means the proper order and conducting of "the one house, and includes every thing which is calculated rightly and innocently, to make the family love home and feel happy there."

This art of conducting the one house, with order, prudence, and, as far as possible, elegance, every woman should understand. We propose, in a series of articles, under our title, to give such hints on domestic management, including receipts for cookery and observations on the qualities of the different kinds of human food as our experience and information can furnish.

With Miss Sedgwick, we hold that, a young lady, "totally ignorant of domestic affairs, is nearly as unfit to be an American wife and mother, as though ahe were lame in both feet and hands." We would not have our young ladies undertake learning the art of cooking, in order to pamper the appetites of their friends, or gain the reputation of keeping the best table in the town; but as the art of preserving health, of saving expense, of preventing waste, and of promoting the real and innocent enjoyments of home.

In the preparation of human food, the study should be to make it at once wholesome, nutritive, and agreeable to the palate.

Many people have the idea that none but the rich can afford to live well. This is a great mistake. In our country, almost every family, with good management, might keep a good table. A great variety of relishing dishes, nutritive, and even elegant, may be prepared from the most cheap and common materials, and also made to go much farther than they usually do. The great secret of all cookery of meat, except in roasting and broiling, is a judicious use of butter, flour and herbs, and the application of a very slow fire. But we shall treat of these things in a future number. We now begin the subject of cookery with a few observations on its most important branch—that of Bread-making.

If you wish to economize in family expenses, bake your own bread. If this is good, it will be better as well as healthier than baker's bread. If you use a stove, you can bake during the winter with very little expense of fuel; and the flour to make bread for a family will cost about one third less than the bread. I knew a family of six persons, who saved fifty dollars by baking their bread during about eight months in

the year. When flour is cheapest, the saving is greatest.

The rich will find several advantages in having a portion, at least, of their bread baked at home, even though the saving of money should not be an object. They can be certain that their bread is made of good flour. Of this they cannot always be sure when eating baker's bread. Much damaged flour, sour, musty, or grown,\* is often used by the public bakers, particularly in scarce or bad seasons. The skill of the baker and the use of certain ingredients-(alum, ammonia, sulphate of zinc, and even sulphate of copper, it is said, have been used!)-will make this flour into light, white bread. But it is nearly tasteless, and cannot be as healthy or nutritious as bread made from the flour of good, sound wheat, baked at home, without any mixture of drugs and correctives. Even the best of baker's bread is comparatively tasteless, and must be eaten when new, to be relished. But good homebaked bread will keep a week, and is better on that account for the health.

Those who live in the country, bake their own bread, of course; and there every lady, old and young, must be, more or less, familiar with the process. But in our cities, ladies marry and commence housekeeping, without knowing any thing of bread making. Yet there is not one individual, not even the wealthiest, but is liable to be placed in circumstances where the comfort and health of her husband and children may depend in a great measure, on her own knowledge of this important culinary art.

She may be settled where it is impossible to obtain help, or such as understand their duties; her skill and judgment, if not her hands, must supply the deficiency. If she cannot do this, she will, if she be a sensible and conscientious woman, feel, with Miss Sedgwick's heroine, in "Means and Ends," that Italian and music are worthless accomplishments compared with the knowledge of bread-making.

Indeed, this knowledge ought to be considered an accomplishment; and, like cake-making, the province of the mistress of the house and her daughters. Then the hard, heavy, sour, crude stuff, now often found under the name of "family bread," would not be tolerated. Ladies would be as particular in this respect as in the quality of their cakes.

Is it not a thousand times more important that the bread, necessary to the health and comfort of those we love, and which is required at every meal, should be made in the best manner (remember it is a saving of expense to make bread well.) than that the cake, made for "the dear five hundred friends," who attend a fashionable party for their own amusement, sometimes found in ridiculing the hostess, should be "superb?"

It would not require a very great sacrifice of time

\*When the harvest season is very wet, and the wheat cannot be gathered and dried when it is ripe, it often swells in the ear; and this is called grown grain. It is very difficult to make light bread from the flour of such grain.

to attend, once each week, to this department of household good." If the sponge be set at seven or half past, in the morning, and every thing well managed, the bread will be ready to be drawn from the oven by twelve. Four or five hours of attention, is required; but three fourths of this time might be employed in needlework, or other pursuits. Only half or three quarters of an hour, devoted to kneading the bread, is wanted in active exertion; and this would be one of the most beneficial exercises our young ladies could practise.

The exercise of the hands and arms, in such a way as to strengthen all the muscles of the body, is very seldom practised by ladies; and hence much of the debility and languor they undergo. Many kinds of household labour are unpleasant, because they soil the clothes, or render the hands dark, rough and hard. But bread-making (not the heating and cleaning of the oven,) is as neat as cake-making; and kneading the dough will make the fairest hand fairer and softer, the exercise giving that healthy pink glow to the palm and nails which is so beautiful.

I have dwelt at length on this subject, because I consider it important as did "Uncle John," that "Girls should learn to make bread—the staff of life;" and that to do this well is an accomplishment which the lovely and talented should consider indispensable, one of the "must haves" of female education.

There are three things which must be exactly right, in order to have good bread—the quality of the yeast, the lightness or fermentation of the dough, and the heat of the oven. No precise rules can be given to ascertain these points. It requires observation, reflection, and a quick, nice judgment, to decide when all are right. Thus you see that bread-making is not a mere mechanical tread-mill operation, like many household concerns; but a work of mind; the woman who always has good home-baked bread on her table shows herself to have good sense and good management.

But it is impossible to have good, light, sweet bread, unless you have lively, sweet yeast. When common family beer, brewed with hope, is used, the settlings are the best of yeast. If you do not keep beer, then make common yeast by the following rule:

YEAST.—Take two quarts of water, one handful of hops, two of wheat bran; boil these together twenty minutes; strain off the water, and while it is boiling hot, stir in either wheat or rye flour, till it becomes a thick batter; let it stand till it is about blood warm; then add a half pint of good smart yeast and a large spoonful of molasses, if you have it, and stir the whole well. Set it in a cool place in summer and a warm one in winter. When it becomes perfectly light, it is fit for use. If not needed immediately, it should, when it becomes cold, be put in a clean jug or bottle; do not fill the vessel, and the cork must be left loose till the next morning, when the yeast will have done working. Then cork it tightly, and set it in a cool place in the cellar. It will keep ten or twelve days.

Never keep yeast in a tin vessel. If you find the old yeast sour, and have not time to prepare new, put in pearlash or sal eratus—a teaspoonful to a pint of yeast, when ready to use it. If it foam up lively, it will mix with the bread, if it does not, never use it.

For the benefit of those families who are about

removing to the "far west," or other places where hope are not easily to be procured, we will give a most excellent receipt for

HARD YEAST,-Boil three ounces of hops in six quarts of water, till only two quarts remain. Strain it, and stir in while it is boiling hot, wheat or rye meal till it is thick as batter. When it is about milk warm add half a pint of good yeast, and let it stand till it is very light, which will probably be about three hours. Then work in sifted Indian meal till it is stiff dough. Roll out on a board; cut it in oblong cakes about three inches by two. They should be about half an inch thick. Lay these cakes on a smooth board, over which a little flour has been dusted; prick them with a fork, and set the board in a dry clean chamber or store-room, where the sun and air may be freely admitted. Turn them every day. They will dry in a fortnight, unless the weather is damp. When the cakes are fully dry, put them into a coarse cotton bag; hang it up in a cool dry place. If rightly prepared, these cakes will keep a year, and save the trouble of making new yeast every week.

Two cakes will make yeast sufficient for a peck of flour. Break them into a pint of lukewarm water and stir in a large spoonful of flour, the evening before you bake. Set the mixture where it can be kept moderately warm. In the morning it will be fit for use.

If the housekeeper have good yeast, and knead her bread thoroughly, there is little doubt that her bread will be good.

But do not use hot bread in your family. It is very injurious to health, and very bad economy. Four loaves of cold bread, will go as far as five of hot in your family. Always bake the day before your old bread is gone.

### BROWN, OR DYSPEPSIA BREAD.

This bread is now best known as "Graham bread." not that Dr. Graham invented or discovered the manner of its preparation, but that he has been unwearied and successful in recommending it to the public. It is an excellent article of diet for the dyspeptic and the costive; and for most persons of sedentary habits, would be beneficial. It agrees well with children; and, in short, I think it should be used in every family, though not to the exclusion of fine bread. The most difficult point in manufacturing this bread, is to obtain good pure meal. It is said that much of the bread commonly sold as dyspepsia, is made of the bran or middlings, from which the fine flour has been separated; and that saw-dust is sometimes mixed with the meal. To be certain that it is good, send good, clean wheat to the mill, have it ground rather coarsely, and keep the meal in a dry, cool place. Before using it, sift it through a common hair sieve; this will separate the very coarse and harsh particles.

Take six quarts of this wheat meal, one tea-cup of good yeast, and a half a tea-cup of molasses, mix these with a pint of milk-warm water and a tea-spoonful of pearlash or sal æratus. Make a hole in the flour, and stir this mixture in the middle of the meal till it is like batter. Then proceed as with fine flour bread. Make the dough when sufficiently light into four loves, which will weigh two pounds per loaf when baked. It requires a hotter oven than fine flour bread, and must bake about an hour and a half.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

### DIVINITY OF NATURE.

WHILST worshipping in the temple of Nature, we find much to inspire us with devotional feelings. Every thing we there listen to, or behold, is spiritualizing, and tends to infuse into the mind a deep sense of the wisdom, goodness, and might of the Great Framer of the universe. His omniscience we see in the construction and adaptation of all created things. who is conversant with the animal kingdom; who has observed the peculiarities in the formation of certain reptiles, insects, beasts and birds; the compensating advantages which many of them have received, that are deficient in some particular physical organs, must often have been led to admire and adore the supreme knowledge and presence of the Deity. The same remark may be applied to objects in the vegetable world. In the construction of the smallest plant, and in the duly proportioned dispensation to it of certain aliments necessary for its healthy germination, we mark the hand of a Being who must be all-knowing and wise.

The goodness of God taught us by the doctrines of nature—who can fathom it? As well might we attempt to trace the limits of unbounded space, or calculate infinitude of numbers. It has no end—no boundaries, but

"extends through all extent, Spreads undivided, operates unspent."

The physical blessings which a beneficent Creator has bestowed upon us through the medium of teeming nature, are indeed bountiful; but the mental enjoyments flowing from the same source, are equally numerous, and far more exquisite. All, it is true, have not a keen relish for the beauties of the material world, but

"To him who, in the love of nature, holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks,"

in tones of calm complacency and melody, that are at all times delightful and soothing.

"For his gayer hours She has a smile of gladness, and she glides Into his darker musings with a mild And gentle sympathy, that steals away Their harshness ere he is aware."

But her "language," which is so "various," and so peculiarly adapted to sound in unison with every vibration of the soul's unnumbered chords, is not only pleasing, and assuaging to the wounded spirit, but it is replete with divine instructions. The person who is accustomed to throw off his thoughts from the affairs which occupy them in the busy mart of worldly pursuits, and turn them inward to meditate on spiritual concerns—let him

"Go forth under the open sky, and list To Nature's teaching, while from all around— Earth and her waters, and the depths of air, Comes a still voice:"

and he then feels her true divinity infusing itself into his mind, and stirring it to deep and holy reflections.

The sacred volume of nature discourses on the omnipotence of the Deity. This powerful voice is heard in the wind that sweeps down the sturdy oak; in the rushing of the mighty stream; the dash of the occan wave; the roar of the torrent and the cataract; the thunder's peal, and the earthquake's groan: And his might is displayed alike in rearing the tender flower and the stately forest tree; in clothing the earth with her thousand charms, leading the planets in their annual round, guiding the moon on her nightly course, and shooting the comets on their wandering way.

Thus the book of nature teaches us the glorious attributes of her divine Author. Let us, then, with it ever before our eyes, widely opened for our contemplation, attentively peruse its instructive pages, acquainting ourselves thereby with the excellencies and perfections of God, and learning to copy them. For they

"Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself Hold converse; grow familiar, day by day, With his conceptions; act upon his plan, And form to his the relish of their souls."

I. C.

### EDITORS' TABLE.

"Oh! not in heaven, but upon earth, Are signs of change imprest; The coming year will leave its mark On human brow and breast."

THERE are few, we think, who can feel that New Year's Day is but a common day; some reflections, regrets, or remorse for the past, some hopes, fears, and resolutions for the future will be forced on the most worldly, dull, or trifling mind. It seems the beginning of a new era, and as the imprisoned eagle, released from its cage, mounts upward with rapid wing and exulting eye towards the regions of calmness and light, so the mind frees itself from the prison of earthly cares and tuils, and for the moment, soars and revels in the light and joy which hope and imagination diffuse around the opening year.

But it is not thus with all. Some minds there are "to griefs congenial prone," which always seem surrounded by a dark mist, from which they form spectres as sad and frowning as Ossian's ghosts; and some people have the true telescopic vision, that is always seeking for spots on the sun. These have the organ of Hope small, and those of Caution and Won-

der largely developed. Such persons often become prophets of evil, and strive to make us believe that the beginning of each year is the beginning of "troublous times," which will grow "worse and not better," as the months revolve.

In our country, but little heed is paid to such prophecies. If there were, we might feel some alarm, or at least, anxiety for the unfolding of the events, now wrapped in the dark mantle of Eighteen Hundred and Porty.

It is reported that in China, and throughout the East, and also in some parts of Europe, the expectation of great changes and fearful events, to be realized this year, is prevalent. To be sure, such rumours are not uncommon. Various pariods have, heretofore, been specified as those which were to bring such awful revolutions. But no period has been thus memorable while it was passing.

The truth is, that the future and distant enlarge as through a magnifying glass, the objects of man's pursuit:

"The present's still a cloudy day,"

and one, too, of "small things." Few are aware of what a wonderful age we live in.

Perhaps it may interest our readers to look over the Book of Fate, which has been recorded in the past, and compare the most important events of each year, which corresponds with the present in our century.

In the year 40, after the Saviour, his followers were first called Christians at Antioch. Then they were but few in number, and a despised, persecuted sect. Now, Christians are, as we may say, arbiters of the world, and from their hand the heathen are waiting for a knowledge of the truth.

140. Ptolemy, king of Egypt, made some important observations, at Alexandria, respecting the planet Venus and the vernal equinox. What a change has since come over Egypt!

240. Nothing of importance this year.

340. There was a great earthquake in the East, and a comet appeared in China.

440. Nothing remarkable recorded in this year.

540. Antioch, where the Christians were first named, was destroyed by the king of Persia; and the Romans were defeated by the Moors.

640. The Saracens took Alexandria, and burned the library.

740. There was an earthquake at Constantinople.

840. Nothing remarkable this year.

940. The Bible was translated into Saxon.

1040. This was an eventful year. The Saracens of Africa invaded Italy. The Greeks ravaged Bohemia; and Smyrna was destroyed by an earthquake.

1140. This year king Stephen was defeated and taken prisoner, and the canon law introduced into England.

1240. The Tartars invaded Hungary.

1340. This year the French were defeated in a sea fight by Edward Third, of England.

1440. Nothing remarkable.

1540. The variations of the compass were discovered this year, by Schastian Cabot. The Society of Josuits was established. The Bible of Tindal was revised by the Bishop of Exeter and Archbishop Cranmer, and published by authority. 1640. The Scots invaded England, and the "Long Parliament" met. Bows and arrows, and stones for shot, were still used.

1740. The Emperor, Charles Sixth, died, and the general war in Germany, which continued eight years, began.

Thus far these centuries rolled away, without leaving on history, scarcely a record of this western world. Our own beloved land had then no name. What record the present year will bequeath, is of little importance to each individual compared with his or her own conduct. Though it may not be an era of great revolutions in the world, it will bring changes to every family, to every human being. The part of wisdom is so to read the past and anticipate the future as improve the present; and in all our dreams of happiness to remember that it is inseparable from a good conscience. Thus may we all begin the year 1840. Then, whatever may be ita events, none will be so gloomy as to discourage, or so terrible as to dismay us. The heart that is firmly anchored on the form of the promise, "that all things shall work together for good, to them who love God," can never despair.

The following poems are on file for publication, and will, probably, appear in the course of the next year. "Where are the Dead?"—"A Mother's Love"—"Ode to the Forest of Pines," &c.—"Beauty and Virtue"—"To the Moon"—"Valerin"—"To a little Orphan Girl."

A few others we have reserved for further consideration, the chief objection being their length. In this class are "Sir Ivan Van Essen, a Tale of the Crusades"—"The Van"—"Camire"—"A Fairy Tale," and a few others.

The author of the lines "To the Memory of Lt. Hale, who died at Plattsburg, April 30th, and was buried near the tomb of "Com. Downie," &c. will accept our thanks. We shall treasure the poem sacredly—not publish it.

A correspondent, an M. D., wishes us to write an article upon the impropriety of persons crowding the chambers of the sick; but his own remarks are so good that we give them a preference to any of our own.

"The inconvenience and positive injury I have witnessed in inj professional capacity, have caused me to think much

of it, and wonder how it has escaped all your correspondents. I think a few pages might be filled very well with an article upon the subject. I would have tried it myself, but unaccustomed to writing, I have thought it better to suggest the idea, and leave it to you or some of your contributors.

"They declare they go through friendly motives, and yet they congregate around the sick bed; it matters not if the patient be borne down by nervous excitement, still they go. The more dangerous and difficult the case, and the more silence and rest may be demanded, the greater their unbounded curiosity.

"Many times it is beneficial for the patient to see a few friends, and sometimes it is absolutely necessary. But I would ask in the name of slandered friendship and charity, is it not cruelty to crowd upon a patient, whom the slightest noise agitates in the extreme.

"By writing an article on this subject, I conscientiously believe you will render great benefit to the invalid."

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The Religious Souvenir. Edited by Mrs. L. H. Sigourney, and published by Scofield and Voorhies, New York, is one of the best gift books of the season. The embellishments are, generally, in good taste, and beautifully executed; the literary portion possesses great excellence. There is a story by Miss Sedgwick-" Matty Gore," which we wish all our fair young friends could have the pleasure of reading this New Year's Day. By the way, we do think the fashion of bringing the Annuals into the market half a year before they are required is a very foolish and troublesome affair. The Annuals for 1840, are now literally old books; they have been paraded before the public so long that all their charm of appropriateness is quite gone. If the publishers would only agree to keep them close, not even allowing the contents to be known, till the week before Christmas, there would be quite a sensation caused by their appearance. They would have the value of novelty, and that would sell the edition.

The Rose of Sharon: A Religious Souvenir, for 1840. Edited by Miss Sarah C. Edgarton. Boston: Thompson & Mussey.

This Annual is a new competitor for public favour; and we regret to say, that we fear it will not be estimated very highly. The writers seem to be nearly all young or unpractised; the stories are, most of them, "soft" enough, to suit Mrs. Wititerly's taste, and the poetry is very flat. The engravings, four in number, are tolerable, and the execution of the publishers' tasks seems to have been well done; but there is little interest for the reader. We always regret to find dull, prosy, unmeaning stories and poems palmed off under the title of "moral and religious," as though nothing could be pious that was not stupid.

A Now Home-Who'll Follow? or Glimpees of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers.

A very clever work this, and one that must have been written from actual experience. Mrs. Clavers, (if that be her real name, which we doubt,) has done herself honour, and given amusement as well as useful information to her readers. We cannot give a synopsis of the story, for there is no continued tale, but there are such graphic sketches of life in Michigan, and the wild wolverene life, as will make the common novel reader astounded at the interest which sober reality can assume. We commend the book to every dyspeptic gentleman, and nervous lady as a special antidote for low spirits. Those who do not laugh heartily over its many comic incidents, must be grave as an Indian chief, or gloomy as a holder of Eastern lands, after the fever of speculation had subsided. The style is spirited and graceful, and the work is evidently from the pen of one whose literary attainments as well as talents are of a very superior order. The West may well be proud of such settlers.

The Life and Adventures of Nicholas Nickleby. By Charles Dickens. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

We have on frequent occasions expressed our warm admiration of Mr. Dickens, whose extraordinary abilities, in a particular department of prose writing, have given a new aspect to the literature of the time. Pickwick was a work sui generis, and in its quiet humour, and some of the touches of satire, has never been surpassed. But it is not upon Pickwick that Mr. Dickens' most solid claims to admiration will rest. Olivor Twist is far superior to it, both in the skilful arrangement of its different parts, the variety of its incidents, the strongly marked characters, and above all in its deep and affecting pathos. Nicholas Nickleby is also a work of great merit, though there are symptoms of haste towards the conclusion.

The present edition is a very fine one, and it is illustrated by numerous spirited engravings.

The Governess: By the Counters of Blessington. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

This is a very pleasant book; lively, entertaining, piquant and agreeable, the reader is led on from page to page, though there is but little of interest in the story, without pausing to inquire what it is about. Of course, it is a sketch of society, and like most of those made by her Ladyship, has much truth dashed with not a little exaggeration.

Tales of the Grotesque and Arabesque. By Edgar A. Poc. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

Mr. Poe is a writer of rare and various abilities. He possesses a fine perception of the ludicrous, and his humorous stories are instinct with the principle of mirth. He possesses also a mind of unusual grasp—a vigorous power of analysis, and an acuteness of perception which have given to him high celebrity as a critic. These same faculties, moreover, aided by an unusually active imagination, and directed by familiar study of metaphysical writings, have led him to produce some of the most vivid scenes of the wild and wonderful which can be found in English literature. The volumes now published, contain favourable specimens of Mr. Poe's powers, and cannot fail to impress all who read them, with a conviction of his genius.

Travels in North America, during the years 1834, 5, and 6. Including a Summer's Residence with the Pawnee Tribe of Indians, in the remote Prairies of the Missouri; and a Visit to Cuba and the Azore Islands. By the Hon. Augustus Murray. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. (Second Notice.)

British travellers in America have, with scarcely an exception, shown an illiberal and prejudiced feeling against our people and institutions. Even where compelled to praise, they have generally done it grudgingly, and with an ill grace. The secret seems to be, that the tourists have been either narrow minded or ill informed persons, or else have had pecuniary reasons for abusing every thing American.

Mr. Murray does not belong to either of these classes of travellers; he appears to be a truly honourable man, intelligent, persevering, and truth seeking. His volumes are the most favourable picture of our country which has ever been laid before the British public. And as he is of noble rank, and cannot be supposed, naturally cordial to republican institutions, his testimony to the wonderful success of this experiment in self-government must be a stirring theme to the politicians of that now troubled country. We hope Mr. Murray's work will be widely disseminated and carefully read. His testimony respecting the real character of the Indians is not the least important portion. The following sentiment, with which he closes his travels, is as honourable to his own judgment and generous heart, as it is just to the character of American patriotism.

"If I were an American, I confess I should be proud of my country—proud of its commercial prosperity—of its gigantic resources—of its magnificent rivers, and forests, and scenery—still more proud should I be of its widely diffused education and independence, and of the imperishable memory of its heroic father and founder."

The Characters of Schiller. By Mrs. Ellet. Boston: Otis, Broaders and Co. pp. 295. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. (Second Notice.)

The work before us is another instance of the discriminating taste and intellectual power of woman, and the influence which she is exerting on our national literature. Mrs. 124et

is already favourably known to the public by her own beautiful "Poems," her translations from the Italian and French poets, and her judicious criticisms. She has now entered on a new field, that of German literature. Her object is, the illustration of the most prominent personages which Schiller has created or delineated in his poetical works.

or delineated in his poetical works.

Mrs. Ellet has entered into the spirit of the great German dramatist, and though she does not attempt to pourtray the genius of Schiller in one grand picture, like Carlisle, she does what is more satisfactory and useful to those who are new in German studies, she shows in spirited sketches, and with all the grace and beauty of finished portraits, the individual characters which the light of his genius has made immortal. We learn the lofty philosophy of Schiller's mind best from Carlisle, but the deep, holy aspirations of his heart for the excellent and the beautiful is seen with most clearness in these illustrations of Mrs. Ellet. The translations are rendered with spirit, and we think with much fidelity. On the whole, we consider this work deserving of much praise. It is very handsomely got up, and deserves to be a favourite with the ladies.

Alciphron, a Poem: By Thomas Moore. 1839, Carey & Hart.

An original Poem from Moore is indeed a novelty; and notwithstanding the Poet is declining into the vale of years, it is gratifying to perceive that his genius has lost none of its fervour. "Alciphron" is but little more in its general design than a poetical paraphrase of the "Epicurean," of the same author; but in the exquisite modulation of the verse, the brilliance of the imagery, and the classic elegance of the thoughts, it is not inferior to the earlier efforts of Mr. Moore.

Sacred Philosophy of the Seasons: Illustrating the perfections of God in the phenomena of the year. By the Rev. Henry Duncan, D. D.; with important additions and some modifications, to adapt it to American readers. By F. W. P. Greenwood. 4 vols. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Lyon, 1839.

The object of these volumes is so well set forth in the title, that we cannot better explain it than we have done by giving the title entire. The subject is, of course, divided into four periods, Winter, Spring, Summer, and Autumn; and to the consideration of each of these a volume is devoted.

The method of treatment adopted, is the compilation of various articles from approved authors, illustrative of the physical attributes of the different seasons, and the evidences which these furnish, of the existence and goodness of the Deity, with such apposite moral reflections as properly grow out of the subject. In this arrangement the compiler has shown much skill: and though the discussions, on scientific and philosophical topics are necessarily incomplete, they embrace all that is required to lead forward the young mind in a higher search after truth. As a means of instruction for opening, or rather progressing intellects, in which the attention of the student is directed to the union of worldly and heavenly knowledge, this work may be warmly recommended.

Like most of the books published in Boston, this is neatly printed, on good type and fine paper, and is handsomely bound. It is for sale by Haswell, Barrington & Haswell, of this city.

### Jack Skeppard: 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

We are not very fond of the school of romance to which this production belongs, but it is undoubtedly one of the very best of its class. The story is developed with great power—the characters are all strongly marked—and some of the scenes are wrought out with an intensity which is almost startling.

Walks and Wanderings. By the author of the "Great Metropolis," &c. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1839.

Mr. Grant has here appeared in a new branch of literature. The volumes are made up of brief sketches and stories, some of which are very pleasant, and all quite readable.

Personal Memoirs of Count Dumas: 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1839.

One of the thousand books which that most prolific of all themes, the French Revolution, has produced. The narrative of the Count is full of interest. The Sea Captain; or the Birth-right. A drama, in five acts. Harper and Brothers, New York.

This is the title of a new drama by the author of Pelham, the scone of which is laid on the coast of England, in the reign of Elixabeth. Mr. Balwer states, that, in this production, "be has sought to delineate the aboriginal Sea Captain, such as the lingering chivalry of the old world, and the first glimpees of the new, inspired to make the wild and gallant contemporaries of Walter Ealeigh." In this attempt we are of opinion be has signally failed; for Norman, the hero of the piece, is a fairer representative of a captain of horse guards of the present day, than of any thing that ever did or ever will belong to the sea.

The plot is involved, improbable, and repulsively unnatural. It turns upon the attempts of a mother, Lady Arundel, to deprive her first born, Norman, by a former marriage, of his birthright, in order that her second and favorite son, may enjoy his title and possessions. This is mixed up with pirates, murder, and narratives of murder, until the last scene brings the piece to a happy termination. The character of Lady Arundel is the most strongly delineated, but as the feelings of an audience can in no instance sympathize with her, this play will necessarily have but a short existence on the stage. The other characters, with the exception of Norman and Sir Maurice Beevor, are mere sketches; and perhaps Sir Maurice should not be excepted, for the reader is kept in constant expectation of his doing something, which invariably ends in disappointment.

About a year ago, Alexander Dumas, the French Dramatist, published a play entitled Paul Jones, the striking resemblance of which to the Soa Captain, leads to the conclusion that Bulwer has availed himself of the French piece. The stories of the two plays, the relative position of the characters, and the three principal characters themselves, are all essentially the same. The anxiety of the mother to get possession of certain papers, the death of the old man who had them in his keeping, the magnanimity of the hero in destroying said documents, his abandonment of his birthright to his brother, his ardent wish only to be recognized as a son, with many other remarkable coincidences, lead us to infer that Mr. Bulwer, like other dramatists, is disposed to supply the English stage with original dramas by working up French materials.

Desilver's Pocket Diary and Almanac, for 1840. R. W. Desilver, 4, South 4th Street.

One of the most useful works published. In a neat pocket book we find an Almanac, Counting House Almanac, an interest Table, and a Diary for the year; a neat present for the season.

### SEASONABLE BOOKS.

Carey and Hart's superb annual, The Gift—Book of the Boudoir—Finden's Tableaux—The Oriental Annual—The neat Violet—The Sacred Wreath—The Christian Keepeake—Token— Religious Offering—and though last, decidedly one of the best, The Poet, by W. J. Walter, the most remarkable book of the season.

The Sacred Wreath. Philadelphia, Orrin Rogers, 67 South 2d Street.

Twenty-four Engravings by celebrated Artists, besides one hundred and twenty-four letter press articles. The engraving of Moses, and that of Jerusalem by Le Koux, especially deserve commendation; but there is not a plate in the book that is not worthy of it. This work has been got up at very great expense, and we have no doubt Mr. Rogers will be amply compensated for the outlay. It breathes a strain of pure piety. How could it be otherwise when it contains articles from Milman, Campbell, Mrs. Sigourney, Miss Mitford, Rogers, Bowring, &c.

Mr. James Betts, 120 South Second Street, has issued proposals for publishing by subscription, the life of Joseph Lancaster, founder of the Lancasterian system of Education.

An improved edition of Colman's Poets of America, has lately made its appearance. A beautiful book. S. Colman, 8 Astor House, New York.

The Spit Fire, by Capt. Chamier. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a very questionable work; to some it may give pleasure, but we confess a dislike to genteel young ladies being allied to notorious captains of piratical vessels. The hero appears to be a nice sort of young man, who in the beginning swears a most dreadful oath, which in the end he breaks. The lady will have him pirate or no. There are some capital sea soones described, and take out the love story the book is good; that is, it gives a good description of a gang of freebooters. The interest is greatly marred by the obvious impossibility of some of the incidents. To the mass the work will give satisfaction; to the thinking it cannot.

A continuation of the Memoirs of Charles Mathews, Comedian. By Mrs. Mathews. 2 vols. Lea and Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1839.

We have not seen the first part of these Memoirs, and we do not, therefore, know to what circumstances they particularly relate, but we suppose they furnish detailed statements of the great comedian's early career. The present volume commences with him when his reputation was at the highest, and closes with his death, in June, 1835. To theatrical persons, and those who admire dramatic talent, these Memoirs are no doubt very interesting, but to the general reader we suppose they will prove rather dull and unengaging.

Those passages which have attracted our attention most, are the records, partly made by himself and partly by his wife, of the two visits Mr. M. made to this country; the first in 1822, and the second in 1834. The opinions of a man whose opportunities of acquiring information were necessarily so limited are of course entitled to no value; but it is nevertheless amusing to see with what gravity they are uttered, and to find how entirely, notwithstanding his show of kindly feeling, and the cordial welcome he received here, his prejudices have got the better of his inclinations and judgment. With the exception of a very small class, indeed, he pronounces the Americans stupid and indecent, incapable of fun, and guilty of the grossest rudeness; and with an air of the most determined sincerity, he relates incidents not less absurd than those which have been the staple of the books prepared by Mrs. Trollope, Capt. Marryat, and the rest of that description. It is amusing also to observe the tone of patronage in which Mrs. Mathews speaks of the ladies of America, some of whom, to her own great amazement no doubt, she found to be very polite, attentive, and well-meaning people.

The details of the second visit to "these United States," are principally furnished in letters from Mrs. Mathews to her son Charles, the gentleman whose own visit, more recently, proved so eminent a failure: and it is curious to note that amid the most tender expressions of endearment towards her husband, there perpetually occurs a reference to the pounds, shillings and pence part of the expedition; and whenever she expresses a regret for Mr. Mathews' illness, she mingles with it the most ludicrous concern about the pecuniary loss which it must involve. Indeed, notwithstanding all her high flown protestations of attachment and regard, we are partly inclined to suspect that the good lady's thrift was quite equal to her affection.

Henry of Guise, or the States of Blois. By G. P. R. James. 2 vols. Harper and Brothers, New York, 1839. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The rapidity with which Mr. James accumulates his novels is really surprising. Before the reader has had time to get through with one another follows, and while he is wondering how this could be accomplished, a third is announced as ready for publication, and so it goes on unceasingly. Occasionally the inevitable consequences of this haste are manifest in the careless style of certain passages, and the incongruous assemblage of incidents; but defects of this kind are much less frequent than under the circumstances might be expected, and they are always atoned by the interest of the story, and the vein of good sense that characterises all Mr. James's productions

Henry of Guise, is one of the best of its class. The period at which the scene is laid is one of great interest, and the pic-

tures of the prevailing manners, and the descriptions of the active characters, are alike excellent.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

We do not hesitate to say, that no periodical publisher in our own country, or in England, has ever presented a list of contributors equal to that now presented to the subscribers of the Lady's Book. Such names as Mrs. Emma C. Embury, Mrs. Seba Smith, Mrs. Cornwall Baron Wilson, Mrs. H. Beecher Stowe, Mrs. E. F. Ellet, Miss Mary Russell Mitford, (her first contribution, we believe, to an American magazine,) Miss A. M. F. Buchanan, Mrs. M. H. Parsons, Miss Juliet H. Lewis, Mrs. F. S. Osgood, Miss C. H. Waterman, Miss A. D. Woodbridge, Mrs. St. Leon Loud, Miss H. F. Gould, Miss Mary W. Hale, Mrs. Hofland, Mrs. Sarah J. Hale, Mrs. Lydia H. Sigourney-are seldom presented in the same The English magazines do not equal ours in enterprise. In each of them you will probably find one or two good names, but in no one will you find, as in the Lady's Book, the best talent of this country and of England conjoined to lend interest to its columns. We are proud of our success, and justly so. We were the first to introduce the system of calling forth the slumbering talent of our country by offering an equivalent for the efforts of genius. We have found our reward in so doing, and that we have kept pace with our increasing list, let the following facts speak.

Some few years since, the Lady's Book was monthly issued, printed on inferior paper, and without an original article in its columns—with but eight steel plates per annum, and four plates of fashions on copper. See now the difference: our type and paper are unexceptionable, our embellishments surpass those of any other magazine of the same, or double price, in the world; it is entirely original, and our contributors number among them the first names of the day; and our subscription list will double the actual list of any other magazine in America. We do not boast, we do but pay a proper compliment to a just appreciation on the part of our readers of our unceasing efforts.

We regret that our limits would not admit of the excellent contributions of Mrs. C. Lee Hentz, Mrs. Harrison Smith, and Miss M. A. Browne, but they shall soon be presented to our readers.

It is our present intention, to show the great strength of our list of writers, to make up the February number, with the exception of the Editor's articles, and the continued tales, entirely of the writings of our Gentlemen contributors.

But our readers must not suppose that we have entirely exhausted our stock of contributions from our Lady writers. We have still articles on hand from Mrs. Hentz, Mrs. H. Smith, Miss M. A. Browne, Mrs. Osgood, Miss Dupuy, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Hale, Mrs. Parsons, Mrs. Thayer, Mrs. Stowe, Mrs. Holland, Mrs. C. B. Wilson, Miss S. Holland, and Miss Hale.

It will be perceived that we have provided new type, a superior paper, and a new cover; and we assure our subscribers that our efforts will be unceasing to merit their approbation. We are late with this number, but it will be the only one. The receipt of our Book has been acknowledged in St. Louis on the 27th of the month previous to its date.

We have erased from our list two hundred subscribers, each owing three years' subscription, and three hundred and seventy-five owing two years, amounting in all to four thousand and fifty dollars. What a commentary on the credit system, and what a slur upon the honesty of the self-styled patrons of periodicals. Patrons, indeed!

We have struck from our Book every name in Canada and the British Provinces, not paid in advance for 1840.

In future we will add to every subscription remaining unpaid one-sixth; therefore, all accounts not settled during the year, will be taxed with an additional fifty cents at the end of it. If we must wait we must be paid for it. "By Jupiter this shall not be revoked."

A friend at Natchez, Miss. thus writes to us, "I wish you would mention in your "Book" that the Fancy and Jewellery Store of Mr. I. H. Macmichael, of this place, is abundantly supplied with every variety of goods connected with his branches of business. I make this request, because I know that your "Book" circulates more extensively in this State than any other periodical, and I am desirous that the Ladies should know, that they may be supplied here, without sending to New Orleans, or to one of the northern cities."

It is rather out of our usual course to do what is here asked of us, but we comply with the wish of our correspondent, in this particular instance, because, in the first place, Mr. Machie as friend whom we highly esteem; and, because, in the second place, we are satisfied from the testimony of numerous visitors, that his establishment is one of the most elegant in the southern country, evincing in its general arrangement, and the selection of the articles offered for sale, the highest taste and skill.

We have received some of Mrs. Hale's Good Housekeeper, and will supply them at 50 cents per copy. Any subscriber remitting us \$6 for back or advance subscriptions, (post paid.) shall receive a copy gratis.

Parkinsons'.-We received the other day a very beautifully engraved card, setting forth the fact that Messrs. R. B. & J. W. Parkinson, the proprietors of the famous Confectionary establishment, No. 180, Chestnut Street, had recently been making improvements on their premises, and had enlarged their facilities for business. As we are rather fond of seeing good things. we took occasion to step across to their store; and we were so much pleased with the excellence of their arrangements; the cleanliness, order, and regularity that prevailed in every part of their establishment; the immense variety of beautiful preparations that crowded their shelves; and the attentions and politeness of the principals and their assistants, that we inwardly determined to record our favourable impressions in the Lady's Book. This we now do, and we may add for the information of our fair readers, that orders for every variety of portable confectionary, no matter from what distance they may come, are promptly attended to at Parkinsons', and the goods sent, so carefully put up, as to preserve them from all injury.

### CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

HAIR.—The back hair is worn as low as possible, almost falling on the neck. The hair is done into one long braid, which is twisted and coiled up like a serpent. The front hair is sometimes in long ringlets, and frequently either in smooth or furred bands, falling at each side of the face. A fine gold Venetian chain is much worn, with a little ornament in front, and sometimes a band of velvet. Velvet bows are worn in the back hair, and on the temples.

Aprons are in high favour. Some are made of shot silk, and others of satin or cashmere, the latter embroidered in floss silks, and the others trimmed with black lace. They are exceedingly small, and the corners rounded; the pockets in the form of scallop shells (the round part down) on the outside. But the most elegant of all are of embroidered muslin, with a border all round, and a handsome lace outside. These latter are lined with pink, blue, lilac, or pale yellow silk.

Long and short gloves and mittens, of black filet, are universally adopted. They are trimmed at the tops or round the wrists with narrow black lace. A new kind has just appeared, they are of white silk net, wrought in coloured silks, in such a manner as to appear enriched with precious stones, if seen at any distance.

Ruffles have become an indispensable article in the toilette.
They are made of cambric, double, and with one or two rows
of fine stitching; or of clear cambric, embroidered. Pocket
handkerchiefs are also embroidered.

EVENING NEGLIGE.—Cambric of the finest and clearest kind has lately been introduced into evening dress; that is to say for social parties; it has already become very fashionable, and we think it likely to continue. We may cite as the most elegant of the dresses, those bordered with three flounces, each ornamented with a very narrow violet stripe, printed at the bottom of the flounce. A broad white satin riband encircles the waist, and ties in front, in floating ends, of unequal lengths, the longest just touches the top of the first flounce.

### PROMENADE DRESS

Fig. 1.—Robe of white Pekin: the border trimmed with two flounces of antique point lace. White satin hat; a small round shape; profusely trimmed with lace, flowers, and white ribbon. Manteau of white cashmere; lined with blue satin, and trimmed with rich fringe, which encircles a superb Egyptian border; cords and tassels depending from the collar and the shoulders complete the trimming.

## PROMENADE DRESS.

Fig. 2.—The robe is one of the new Lucie de Lammermoor plaid silks; it is trimmed with three flounces. Shawl cloak, of pearl grey levantine; lined with green satin, and bordered with velvet; it is of a large size, looped on the shoulders by green cords and tassels. Dark grey velvet bonnet; a small cottage crown, but open brim; the interior trimmed with lace and flowers; feathers tipped with the same, decorate the crown.



### MODNING DEER

Fig. 3.—Pelisse dress of recoloured gross de Naples; the coloured gross de Naples; the sage tight to the shape; is trimu with a fancy silk cord; the slee are ornamented with the same, the skirt and border are also trimu with the same. A silk cord and tons disposed in waves complete trimming. Head-dress of hair.

# PROMENADE DRESS

of the bust, and the front is arran sides, with ribbon and velvet flow is trimmed in a light style at the lining. Pink velvet hat, a st coloured pou de soie; it sits exa round shape; the interior of the b tom of the cloak, with a rouleau respond; it is round and of mo becomingly. in a manner to form the shape n to the shape, round the upper they are finished, as is also the Cloak of satin, lined with bright r winter silks, a straw-coloured grou ace, ribbon, and flowers, deco ightly striped, and figured in bli Fig. 4—Robe of one of the Large hanging sleev Velvet collar to

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The Ludy's Book

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### L A D Y'S B O O K.

FEBRUARY, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE ROMAN DUEL.

BY H. W. HERBERT, AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

Trumane quantum Medus acinaces
Vino et lucernis discrepat—heu nefas.—Horacs.

THE bloody rout of Thapsus had passed over; the last hopes of the Roman party were overthrown for ever; the brave and gallant chiefs, who, after the untimely end of their great leader, Pompey, had yet dared in behalf of their country's freedom to oppose the overwhelming tide of Cæsar's fortune, were scattered far and wide over the thirsty plains of Africa, seeking that safety in the desolate haunts of the envenomed serpents, and the prowling lion, which the inhabitants of panic-stricken cities dared not extend to them, through terror of the victor's vengeance. Scipio, the last of that most virtuous, most victorious race, which had won Asia, Spain, and Africa for the republic, was wandering a desperate outcast, without a friend or follower, over the very districts which had given their proud titles to two of his more fortunate, though not more valiant, predecessors. Cato, the sage, the hero, the philosopher, having obtained a temporary refuge within the walls of Utica, but hopeless of inspiring any touch of his indomitable valour into the bosoms of the trembling burghers, falling on his own faithful sword, had rushed to find that immortality which Plato's love had taught him to be-The blood of his descendant, whose every speech, delivered while Rome's rival was the mightiest, had ended with the fatal words, " I vote that Carthage be destroyed," reeked up to heaven from the near vicinity of that most hapless city, which the stern censor had so ruthlessly devoted to destruction. It seemed as though the vengeful spirit, invoked long centuries before by the love-maddened queen to rise up from her bones, and persecute for ever the descendants of her false lover-had indeed marked her imprecation, and by an awful retribution made those same scenes, which had beheld their cruelties, their conquests, and their glory, the witnesses of the disastrous fate of all who had uplifted the detested eagle above the ruins of the Tyrian city. Juba, the Mauritanian, last scion of another race distinguished for its unrelenting enmity to the same mighty state, with one companion, the renowned Petreius who had so nobly won the day against the wily and ferocious

Cataline, had, with much peril, by incessant vigilance and speed, eluded the pursuit of the fierce veterans; had lurked by day in the dark fastnesses of jungle and morass, meet haunts for the voracious crocodile and fierce hyena, had journeyed through the live long night relying on the strength and speed of his Arabian courser, till the fourth day after the defeat, he reached the confines of his kingdom, and hurrying onward with redoubled vigour, arrived at night fall at the gates of Zama, his imperial city.

It was a fearful proof of the uncertainty of human fortunes, to behold that pair, so gallant in their outward seeming, so great in their intrinsic worth, as they sat there before the guarded portals, on their dispirited and jaded chargers; their gorgeous armour encrusted with dark stains of rust, and blacker gouts of blood; their broidered raiments torn and soiled with travel; their very frames emaciated, gaunt, and ghastly; and not one token left of their high rank and great renown, save in the lion port, that bore itself but the more loftily now all was lost, and the bright eagle glance, that could have looked undazzled and undaunted into the very eyes of Ate.

Long they sat there !-- they at whose slightest nod, on the preceding day, the gates would have flown open, and the long train of gilded satellites rushed forth to greet their rulers!-Long they sat there unheeded-although they might perceive the wellknown features of the captain of the guard, scanning their altered guise from that post, which he occupied by Juba's favour-although the light was yet sufficient to prevent the possibility of error, as to their identity. At length a stir was heard within the city; and ere long on the walls, above the gates, on every tower, and bartizan, and curtain, a crowd of turbans might be seen, with here and there a statelier form clad in Rome's toga, and mixed with these, the flowing veils and fluttering garbs of women.-The whole of the proud city's population had come forth to gaze, notto the credit of human nature be it spoken-in pitiless contempt or heartless curiosity, but in despair, and awe, and sorrow, on their downfallen sovereign. It

Digitized by GOOXI

needed not a second glance of the quick eye of Juba to recognize among the crowd, which thronged above the gates, the persons of his sagest and most trusty counsellors—of his chief captains—more than all, of his most beautiful, most cherished queens and concubines.

With a proud aspect, and firm voice, the Prince addressed them—" What means this doubt—this faithless and disloyal hesitation?—Know ye me not—your prince—your sovereign—your master—that ye thus gaze on me, from guarded walls and fast-locked gates, as though I were a foe and stranger?"

"We grieve, great prince," replied the eldest of his counsellors, and the tears streaming copiously down his dark features and his snow white beard, spoke the reality of his deep sorrow—"we grieve, kind master, but we have heard of your defeat, your fall, your ruin."

"And therefore," interposed the fiery prince, "and

therefore ye would taunt, reject, betray me."

"Not so! not so, by the great gods!" replied the other, "but by admitting thee, we should in nothing give thee aid, while we should draw on ourselves destruction. Do we not even now behold the pile, which thou didst cause erect, before thou wentest forth to battle, in our forum, whereon to burn thyself, thy treasures, thy steeds, thy slaves, and concubines, and do we not know now, that entering in, thy ruin will be our ruin, thy despair our destruction!—We grieve for thee, we weep, we rend our hair, and tear our garments, mourning for thee, our lord, our prince, our friend, our benefactor—all this we do, in truth and pure sincerity, but we dare not receive thee!"

"Said I not so, Petreius," Juba exclaimed, as joyously as though he spoke of some light trifle justly anticipated—"said I not so, as we rode hitherward?" Then turning once more to the walls, "Fare ye well," he exclaimed, "false friends and faithless subjects, fare ye well—in your wisdom, as ye deem it—in your deep folly, as I know it—fare ye well! Ye have refused admittance to your native prince, open your gates wide, wide, to the kind mercies of the Roman! Come, brave Petreius, I have a villa some few miles aloof, built while my state was lofty, for the blithe pastimes of the field and forest—a few true men are there, slaves, though they be, and there we may find—"

"Graves!" answered the Roman, with a quiet gesture of assent to the proposal, and a calm smile, as he turned his horse's head to follow him; and on they rode, though the night now was darkening fast, and the high-blooded animals which they bestrode were jaded so, that it required the constant application of the spur to force them forward even at the slowest pace. The road to the hunting box, for such it was, of which the outcast prince had spoken, wound for a mile or two through cultivated lands, and broad fields teeming with the grain, white already for the harvest; gardens, and groves, and country seats were passed at every step; but beyond these, they entered a wild waste of low and sandy hillocks, scantily clothed with a thin growth of myrtle, and wild olives, mixed with the prickly pear, and dwarf palmetto. ravines, cleft through the solid rock by the stern might of wintry torrents, now dry and stony as though no drop of water had ever bathed their thirsty channels, crossed frequently their path-the fierce hyena glared at them from his den with his broad fiery

eyes, and snarled in impotent malignity—the carrion vulture flapped up with hoarse shrieks from his disgusting meal, beneath their very feet; and more than once the snort and trembling of their horses told that they scented the dread footsteps of the lion. It was past midnight ere they reached the villa, a group of long low buildings, thatched after the old Numidian fashion with the broad fan-like palm leaves, and fenced in by low mud walls surmounted by a hedge of cactus. Untimely as in truth their visit might be deemed to that sequestered dwelling, and unexpected their arrival, lights were seen glancing to and fro, as their hoofs clattered up the stony avenue; and at the first word uttered in the well known voice of the Moorish prince, the gates flew open, and a dozen slaves rushed forth, with wild tumultuous greeting, to welcome that loved master, whose calamity, to their untutored minds, artless and unschooled in the cold ways of the world, which inculcate suspicion and deceit, beneath the names of cautiousness and wisdom. had rendered him but dearer and more honoured. A tear, the first that had relieved the burning balls of Juba, stole down his tawny cheeks at this unlooked for show of honest love and reverence, while the more self-restrained and haughty Roman, despite his stoic schooling, turned his head half aside, and hemmed away the rising weakness of his soul by a short husky cough.

"All hail, brave lads," the Prince at last exclaimed, "how fares it, old Zamballah—faith, but thou bearest thy years well, my trusty Mascal—more years, I trow, than we shall count, Petreius!"

"Thou mayest say more years, Juba," answered his comrade, "more than, I trow, we shall count days," and their eyes met with a quick startling glance, that told the purpose, which though as yet unspoken, they had both, it seemed, long cherished.

"Now then, good Mascal," Juba continued, turning toward the aged Moor, who acted as the master of the household, "make the baths ready with all speed; conduct this noblest of the Romans to a meet chamber, and see that nought be lacking—fresh raiment—Roman raiment—unguents and perfumes for the hair, and chaplets of the linden bark; and bid Tumessa, and the dark eyed Zara attend with golden strigils and soft napkins—make the feast ready in the audience hall—let nought be wanting to our banquet.—Noble Petreius, for the time, farewell—an hour hence we will meet again at supper."

"After that meal to sleep together," answered Petreius.

"With Hades," replied Juba, and they parted.

A little hour elapsed-one little hour! and in a royal hall, paved with the costliest jasper, ceiled with dark citrean wood, relieved by mouldings wrought in pure gold, tapestried with silk from the already celebrated looms of Persia, lighted by lamps of perfumed oil, diffusing their lustre from the summits of tall golden candelabra, and cooled by fountains gushing incessantly into their alabaster basins, the friends met for the banquet. Never did statelier pair grace festive hall, or lead bold men to battle-Juba, of tall and powerful mould, shaped in the rarest form of manly beauty, long armed, deep chested, yet withal slight, active, and elastic, was evidently one fitted no less to fight in the close combat, as a private soldier, than to direct the dread machinery of warfare-his tunic of green silk, flowered with rich embroidery of gold, his gorgeous jerkins gleaming with clasps and

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studs of emerald, diamond, and ruby, and over all his flowing mantle of pure transparent lawn, with his scarlet turban, crowned by the high tiara and the heron plume, set off superbly his tall form and speaking features, while they contrasted strangely the snow white tunic, distinguished only by the purple laticlave. and the white toga of the simpler Roman. Of smaller frame, slight, delicate, and spare, Petreius seemed at the first glance fitted for any thing rather than the bold leader of a Roman host-but on a nearer and more accurate inspection, the eagle eve-the compressed lip-the broad and massive brow, told the wise counsellor and dauntless leader, no less than did the many scars which seamed his lordly features, and his right arm, when it hung free from the voluminous toga.

The board was spread with every dainty of the Roman's luxury—the boar, the kid, the antelope had given their rich venison; while many a fowl of rare and costly delicacy, with condiments forgotten now, and flowers, and fruits, and wines from sunny slopes of Italy, and every Grecian isle, blushing in vases of pure gold, reflecting the bright lights and breathing flowers from their ruby mirrors, furnished forth such a feast, as modern days can faintly shadow to their degenerate fancy. "And music rose with its voluptuous swell," and female voices of strange melody pealed forth the joyous song, and slaves of either sex, of tender years and wondrous beauty, ministered at that banquet of the brave.

The board was cleared of all save wine and perfumes-the train had left the hall, all but four female slaves, alike in age and loveliness of form-but O how different in hue, and name, and nation. One was a Grecian slave from the bright shores of fair Ionia. with long black hair braided with gems, and those soft speaking eyes, half languor and half flame, pecuhar to her race-another was a German captive from the far forest banks of Danube, with golden locks, streaming in rich luxuriance to her very feet, and eyes that vied in colour with the sapphire's brilliancy; a soft nymph, warm and tender as the skies that look upon her lovely lands, claimed Persia as her birth place; and, in strange contrast with the rest, a coal black Nubian of unrivalled symmetry, completed the bright band. They filled the golden goblets, and as the warriors raised them to their lips, Juba bent his eyes on Petreius, and exclaimed "To Cato!"

"To Cato's shade! most noble Juba," answered the gallant Roman, "for be sure, that noblest of us all, bath not survived our downfall!"

"Then shall we greet him very shortly. Ho! Petreius," answered the Prince. "Another goblet to our meeting. Fill! fill to me, sweet Œgle!"

And to the dregs they quaffed the brimming bowls: "One other toast—to Liberty!" exclaimed the conqueror of Catiline.

- "To Liberty!" Juba replied, "to Liberty! and now?"
- "By our own hands, Prince?" asked the undaunted Roman!
- "Not so," returned the Moor. "Let us die rather hand to hand, fighting for the first time against each other, as aide by side we have fought fifty times, or oftener! Ægle, call hither old Zamballah! and now one last embrace, Petreius."

And those two generous beings rushed, each into the other's arms, and stood there, for ten seconds' pace, locked in the closest and most loving clasp, ere they should arm their hands against each other's

"What ho! Zamballah! speed to the armoury, and fetch us thence two Roman swords—why standest thou?—begone!"

It was but a short space, ere the old Moor returned, bearing the deadly weapons. The friends had thrown aside their upper garments; the Moor his flowing robe, the Roman his proud toga, and there they stood, the one in his rich jewelled caftan, the other in his snowy tunic, without one sign of pity or of sorrow, much less of wavering or of terror, in their dark eves.

The swords were brought—massy, short, two-edged weapons, framed equally to cut or thrust—the weapons by which Rome hewed her way to universal empire. They grasped them, gazed for a moment into each other's eyes, cast them away, and rushed once more into a last embrace.

- " Farewell, on earth, Petreius!"
- " Farewell, most noble Juba!"

And instantly they closed, hand to hand, foot to foot—with every thrust, and blow, quick feint, and subtle parry, that the best art of that day had invented—the strife was very short, for each more eager to be slain, than to slay the other, purposely left his body open—Juba bled from three several wounds, not one of which was mortal—but, at the fourth or fifth thrust, happier than his friendly foeman, Petrcius fell at Juba's feet, pierced through the very heart. One quick short gasp, one quiver of the limbs, and the eyes glared, and were set fast for ever.

The Moor stooped over him, kissed his broad brow, closed his eyes with a steady hand, and then, "I tarry not," he said, "I tarry not, Petreius. Burn us on one pyre, good Zamballah, let one urn hold our ashes—and next," he added, "do me the last good debt, hold me this weapon firm!"

The old slave spoke not, but gazed fixedly into his master's eyes, flung himself at his prince's feet, clasping his knees with impatient affection, and watering his feet with tears. Juba upraised him kindly, pressed him to his own breast, "Tis but one pang, Zamballah!"—The aged man dashed off one tear, knelt firmly on the ground, and with averted head held out the fatal weapon!—One bound, and Juba fell, a dead man ere he touched the ground, across his comrade's body; and the slave, truer than full many a freeman, sheathed the sword, reeking yet with his slain master's gore, in his own faithful heart, and fell a worthy sharer in the fate of those two glorious victims.

### PUBLIC EDUCATION.

Is we may give credence to the records of remote antiquity, the institutions of one ancient nation, in order to obviate the mischiefs produced by the ignorance or inattention of parents, provided by compulsory laws, for the public education, according to an established system, of all children born within its precincts; and there have not been wanting philosophers, both of ancient and of modern times, who, maintaining the principle that a state has a paramount interest in the welfare and good conduct of those who are born within its limits, have vindicated and applauded such institutions:

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE DISGUISE.

[See Plate.]

BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

PAUSE gently here! the slightest sound
Would fright that timid form away—
Breathe softly now! she gazes round,
And filled with fear her pulses play.

A wand'rer sad, with mournful eyes, She sitteth lone beside the brook— Oh! what a world of sorrow lies Deep, deep within that pensive look!

Dejected, wam, apparelled strange— Kind Fortune! shield the hapless maid; Guard her with favour till she range Her own, her quiet, native glade!

Written for the Lady's Book.

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### FRAGMENTS OF MY UNCLE NICHOLAS.-No. III.

### BY RICHARD PENN SMITH.

My Uncle discourses on Poverty, Imprisonment for Debt, and other interesting matters.

We were seated in the library one morning, when a poor woman of the village came weeping to my Uncle. She stated that her husband, who was a common labourer, had been imprisoned several days for a small debt, and that she and her little children were suffering for the necessaries of life. She had used all means in her power to obtain his enlargement, without success, and, as her last hope, she threw herself upon my Uncle's humanity. He made no reply, but took his hat and cane and went forth with the woman.

He returned an hour or two afterwards, and on my asking where the man was, he replied, "At his cabin, with his wife and little ones. How the little fellows capered with joy when they beheld him, and no longer thought of danger and starvation in his presence; but he, even while he caressed them, looked as if he felt that he had been removed but from one place of suffering to another. Poverty makes the whole world one vast prison house to its victims."

- " He is sober and industrious?"
- "Both. But he has six mouths to feed, six backs to clothe, and but one pair of hands to supply their various wants. Nor has he always work by which he may earn his daily pittance. Go and tell Johnson to carry them bread and meat, and place the man in the harvest field that he may earn something for tomorrow."

When I returned to the library, he continued, "I have been thinking, my boy, upon the absurdity of the Stoics, who, you are aware maintained that riches ron benefit and poverty no evil. It is difficult to conceive a social compact in which the truth of this maxim could be realized. Even in the primitive asso-

ciations of patriarchal days, when the soil was in common, and wealth consisted in the flock, man was magnified by the number of sheep and kine he could call his own, and not by the imperishable attributes that opened to him an idea of heaven here, and secured the enjoyment of that heaven hereafter. In the present day wealth is liberty, power, respect, nay, life itself; then is it wonderful, that Aaron-like, we gather fragments to exalt the golden calf, since the world is willing to turn from light and truth and fall down and worship.

- "But poverty, says the Stoic, is no evil, and yet poverty is a merciless task-master, that imposes incessant toil to obtain the means of subsistence. Life is consumed to sustain life; there is no time allowed for the improvement of the mind, and the predestined victim vegetates through existence, without having leisure to reflect upon the purposes of his creation. To him there is no pleasing reminiscence in the past; no enjoyment in the present, save that which consists in an absence of pain, and the future presents no cheering hope that his condition may be mended. His childhood is joyless, his manhood a species of slavery, and old age dependence. In all stages, a struggle for self; he wars with destiny from the cradle to the grave, and returns to earth a creature such as ruthless circumstances conspired to make and not as nature formed him.
- "Poverty in all nations has been treated as a crime, and pursued with unrelenting persecution. A common malefactor, could not in some parts of the world be punished more severely than he who had jeoparded himself by contracting a debt for a mouthful of bread. Justice was at times so rigid that she

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stooped to prey on carcases, and pursued the unhappy debtor even when the heart had ceased to bleed, and the eye to weep. Burial was refused the body until the debt was paid, but we have since become more charitable, and bury the unfortunate while in the full vigour of life. The world is reforming amazingly.

"We learn from Herodotus that in the reign of Asychus in Egypt, an ordinance was passed that permitted no man to borrow money without pawning to the creditor the body of his father, which every Egyptian embalmed with great care. By this law the sepulchre of the debtor passed into the power of the creditor, who removed to his own house its tenants, and it was considered impious and infamous not to redeem soon so precious a pledge. He who died without having discharged this duty, could neither be buried with his family nor in any other vault, nor while living was he suffered to inter one of his descendants. Rollin pronounces this a very judicious law' which pursued the debtor with incessant fears of infamy in case he were dishonest, without doing an injury to his personal liberty or ruining his family.'-Oh! incomparable ingenuity of man! to coin gold out of the bones of his dead father! But would such a law keep man honest in these enlightened times, when we daily behold children squandering an indulgent parent's heart's blood, until scarce enough is left to purchase him a grave. I doubt whether the filial piety of the Egyptian has descended to the present day.

"The Persians held falsehood in the greatest abhorrence; next to which they esteemed it disgraceful to be in debt. We do not look upon the latter offence with so severe an eye, unless it also implies poverty, which is not always the case; but when falsehood, or in other words fraud, combines with indebtedness to produce wealth, we are by no means Persians in our intercourse with the offenders.

" Poverty no evil!'-Even at Athens during the time of Solon, debtors were obliged to engage their persons to their creditors, who might seize them on failure of payment. Accordingly some made slaves of them, and others sold them to foreigners. says Plutarch, some parents were forced to sell their own children, for no law forbade it, and others fled from the city to avoid such merciless oppression. And yet Seneca tells us, we ought to love poverty, if upon no other account, because it lets us see those that love us.' This perhaps were well, if it did not at the same time make us familiar with those who have the power to crush us. But is it well!-where is the satisfaction in discovering in our necessities that we have not a friend on earth! And poverty but too often tends to that conviction.

"In the 430th year of Rome the practice of imprisoning debtors was abolished in consequence of the cruelty of a usurer to a young man who surrendered his person to be confined for a debt due by his father. In a moment of exasperation the creditor ordered him to be stripped and scourged. With the marks of the rods imprinted in his flesh, the youth rushed out into the public street, uttering loud complaints of the depravity and inhumanity of the usurer. The people moved by compassion for his early age and indignation at his barbarous treatment, flocked together into the forum and from thence in a body to the Senate-house. The consuls were obliged by the sedden turnult to call a meeting of the Senate, and

the people falling at the feet of each of the senators, succeeded in having the law abrogated.

"Though we have here an instance of barbarity in a people placing the person of the debtor so completely at the mercy of the creditor, we have also an example of filial piety, calculated to elevate the Roman character, and worthy of emulation through all time. It would seem that the darkest periods in the history of nations, under the iron rule of the worst passions, have elicited the brightest examples of heroic virtue;—but was this so remarkable an instance? I find little in the history of that nation of universal robbers to call forth esteem, and the attachment between parent and offspring, after all, is not uncommon—even the young tiger loves the dam that suckles it, and it were strange indeed if man were more savage than the tiger.

"Of all cruel treatment bestowed upon unfortunate debtors, the Russians at one period devised the most singular and wanton. I will read you a passage," he continued, "from Giles Fletcher's Russe Commonwealth, who was sent on a mission to that country in the reign of Queen Elizabeth." He opened Hakluyt's Voyages, and read as follows:

" On determining an action of debt, the party is delivered to the sergeant, who hath a writ for his warrant out of the office, to carry him to the Traveush, or Righter of Justice, if presently he pay not the money, or content not the party. Traveush, or Righter of Justice, is a place near to the office, where such as have justice passed against them, and refuse to pay that which is adjudged, are beaten with great cudgels on the shins and calves of the legs. Every forenoon, from eight to eleven, they are set on the Traveush, and beat in this sort until the money be paid. The afternoon and night they are kept in chains by the sergeant, except they put in sufficient sureties for their appearance at the Traveush at the hour appointed. You shall see forty or fifty stand together on the Traveush, all in a row, and their shins becudgelled and bebasted with a piteous cry. If, after a year's standing on the Traveush, the party will not, or lack wherewith to pay his creditor, it is lawful for him to sell his wife and children, either outright, or for a certain term of years, and if the price of them do not amount to the full payment, the creditor may take them to be his bond slaves, for years or for ever, according as the value of the debt requireth.'

"How blind must the Russians have been to imagine that by keeping a creditor in the stocks, and cudgelling his shins daily for twelve months, the poor fellow would be enabled to pay his debts. But more enlightened nations have adopted a plan equally remarkable—they shut him up closely, debar him from exercising his means of obtaining a livelihood, and at the expiration of the time they have had him in keeping, are amazed to find him just as pennyless as when first incarcerated."

"We have reason to be thankful," said I, "that we live in a country whose laws are tempered with mercy, and at the same time dispense equal justice."

"Not so fast," said my Uncle. "There was a law passed in Pennsylvania shortly after its settlement, that empowered the court to bind an insolvent debtor in servitude to his creditor, for a term not exceeding seven years. If the creditor refused to receive him, the debtor was discharged and exonerated from the debt. Is not this in the spirit of Athens

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and Russia? When we find such a law blackening the statute book of a young community, the members of which had escaped for conscience sake from the oppression of the old world, and under the mask of humanity, offiered an asylum to their fellow sufferers, in their place of refuge—should we not pause ere we give credence to their sincerity in the first instance, or their humanity in the latter? It is remarkable how readily the oppressed can, in his turn, become the oppressor.

"There was a law somewhat similar to this in force, until recently, both in Delaware and New

Jersey.

"I had a class-mate at college. Poor Ned M-! He was a general favourite—a boy of much mind; playful as a kid, and harmless in his levity. He graduated with distinction, and his future eminence was confidently predicted. Ned studied law, and entered upon life full of hope, for his varied talents commanded daily offerings upon the altar of his vanity. He was handsome, and a gentleman by nature, and I assure you nature does much more in this matter than education. What Horace says of a poet, is equally applicable to a gentleman, he is born, not made. Ned danced and sang to a miracle, and his frolic imagination was for ever pouring forth some witty conceit to delight his hearers. Every body courted him, for he bore his honours so meekly that no one envied him.

"The law is a thorny path for a gay spirit to travel on. Though Ned pursued it with becoming assiduity he failed to obtain the expected reward. In the mean time his property was exhausted, and he perceived himself daily drawing nigher to poverty and dependence. He was now no longer courted, there was no music in his voice, and his wit that was wont to be applauded to the echo, now fell pointless on the cold ear of the hearer. The wand had departed from the hand of the magician, and the spirits he once held in subjection despised him in his weakness.

"The road from bad to worse is a broad and even one. Ned now secluded himself, and in his despondency resorted to the bottle for the purpose of stimulating his flagging energies. Fatal resort! for under the aspect of a cheerful companion it invariably

makes its dupe its victim.

"Overwhelmed with debt, he finally made an effort to retrieve himself. Hopeless of success in the city he resolved to start a new man on a new scene of action, and accordingly removed to the state of Delaware where he applied himself to his profession. Hope here was also deferred, and he again fell into habits of intemperance. Debts accumulated; he was imprisoned and was finally exposed as a slave to public sale at the jail door for his prison fees. storekeeper of the place who was exceedingly litigious, bought him on speculation. What is there under the moon that man will not convert into merchandize! His ingenuity is ever on the rack to make all things available, and there are those who will sell even their own souls for gold. 'The Egyptian mummies,' says Sir Thomas Brown, \* which Cambyses or time spared, avarice now consumeth. Mummy has become merchandize.' Man will sell both the living and the dead!

"After this event, I heard that poor Ned, one 4th of July, was seen reading our far famed Declaration of Independence to an assemblage of village politi-

cians. He was still in bondage. What a commentary was his estate upon those truths our fathers held 'self-evident-that all men are created equal, and among their unalienable rights, are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.' Possibly we may be borra equal; certain it is there is no equality in life, but thank God, the grave sets even the captive free, and places the pauper and the prince upon the same footing. But is even this last hope certain!-circumstances form the character of the man, and we passe to another sphere not the pure being we entered upon this world, but such as destiny may have moulded. He who is a slave to earth for bread, cannot raise his mind to read the awful mysteries Omniscience has opened as a book to the eyes of the enlightened. To him all is inexplicable. No light is thrown on chaos. Born a creature of earth, he clings to his mother earth for sustenance, knowing no other joy, and sinks into the grave with all earthly matter still clinging to him. Poverty no evil! though it shapes the destiny of man in this world and in that which

"Poor Ned died in bondage. All those glorious faculties that made him an ornament to his race passed away as the blossoms of a tree that are nipped ere they fructify. Could his fond mother have foreseen his miserable end, would she, think you, at his birth have rejoiced that a man child was born? How much rejoicing is there on such occasions, when it were more fitting for the new-born's destiny that tears should flow in abundance. It is allowed us to behold our cradles, but providentially, not our graves, nor the thorny path that leads to them."

"But uncle," said I, "while deploring the hard fate of the poor debtor, you have expressed no sympathy for the poor creditor. Laws are enacted to keep men honest, and are conceived in the principle that all are knaves. They are framed to protect the feeble from the strong, the simple from the cunning; but notwithstanding these safeguards how often does a misplaced confidence on the part of the creditor reduce him to the position of the poor debtor whose

misery you have depicted?"

"True—too often. I fear that in all communities man must be either the anvil or the sledge, and a contest will ever be waging to decide who shall strike and who must bear with patience. But happily the Legislature and Congress will be in session in a few weeks, and when the brightest intelligences of an enlightened people assemble in solemn conclave, and combine their wisdom and experience to frame laws to secure the prosperity and happiness of a nation of freemen, we may rest satisfied that after their grave deliberations, every existing evil will be washed away in oceans of patriotic eloquence."

The latter part of this speech was delivered with stoic-like gravity. My uncle had not been a member of the Legislature since the removal of the seat of government from Lancaster, and I doubt whether he had ever visited the Capitol at Washington.

Propertions conscience, thou equitable and ready judge, be never absent from me! Tell me, constantly, that I cannot do the least injury to another, without receiving the counter-stroke; that I must necessarily wound myself, when I wound another.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES TO A SUPPOSED ATHEIST, WHO ACKNOWLEDGED HIMSELF A CHRISTIAN ONLY TO THE LADY OF HIS LOVE.

BY MRS. P. S. OSGOOD.

As in some rock's deep cavern'd cell,
The diamond's living ray the while,
Like an imprisened star doth dwell,
With lone and vestal smile—
Far in his breast a silver fire,
A hope divine for ever rose,

While Pride—an adamantine rock,
The fire flame did enclose;
But when the angel Love did lay
Siege to that heart with ardent prayer,
And trembling roll'd the stone away,
She found the Saviour there.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## CURE OF A HYPOCHONDRIAC.

BY SEBA SMITH.

As Mr. Seth Woodsum was mowing one morning in his lower haying fields, and his eldest son, Obediah, a smart boy of thirteen, was opening the mown grass to the sun, Mr. Woodsum looked up towards his house, and beheld his little daughter Harriet, ten years of age, running towards him with her utmost speed. As she came up, he perceived she was greatly agitated; tears were running down her cheeks, and she had scarcely breath enough to speak.

"O, father," she faintly articulated, "mother is dreadful sick; she's on the bed, and says she shall die before you get there."

Mr. Woodsum was a man of a sober, sound mind, and calm nerves; but he had, what sometimes happens in this cold and loveless world of ours, a tender attachment for his wife, which made the message of the little girl fall upon his heart like a dagger. He dropped his scythe, and ran with great haste to the house. Obediah, who was at the other end of the field, seeing this unusual movement of his father, dropped his fork, and ran with all his might, and the two entered the house almost at the same time.

Mr. Woodsum hastened to the bed-side, and took his wife's hand. "My dear Sally," said he, "what is the matter?"

"What is the matter?" echoed Mrs. Woodsum, with a plaintive groan. "I shouldn't think you would need to ask what is the matter, Mr. Woodsum. Don't you see I am dying?"

"Why, no, Sally, you don't look as if you was dying. What is the matter? How do you feel?"

"Oh, I sha'nt live till night," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a heavy sigh; "I am going fast."

Mr. Woodsum, without waiting to make further inquiries, told Obediah to run and jump on to the horse, and ride over after Doctor Fairfield, and get him to come over as quick as he can come. "Tell him I am afraid your mother is dying. If the doctor's horse is away off in the pasture, ask him to take our horse, and come right away over, while you go and catch his."

Obediah, with tears in his eyes, and his heart in his mouth, flew as though he had wings added to his feet, and in three minutes time was mounted upon Old Gray, and galloping with full speed towards Doctor Fairfield's.

"My dear," said Mr. Woodsum, leaning his head upon the pillow, "how do you feel? What makes you think you are dying?" And he tenderly

kissed her forehead as he spoke, and pressed her hand to his bosom.

"Oh, Samuel," for she generally called him by his Christian name, when under the influence of tender emotions, "Oh, Samuel, I feel dreadfully. I have pains darting through my head, and most all over me; and I feel dizzy, and can't hardly see; and my heart beats as though it would come through my side. And besides, I feel as though I was dying. I am sure I can't live till night; and what will become of my poor children?" And she sobbed heavily, and burst into a flood of tears.

Mr. Woodsum was affected. He could not bring

himself to believe that his wife was in such immediate danger of dissolution as she seemed to apprehend. He thought she had no appearance of a dying person; but still her earnest and positive declarations, that she could not live through the day, sent a chill through his veins, and a sinking to his heart, which no language has power to describe. Mr. Woodsum was as ignorant of medicine as a child; he therefore did not attempt to do any thing to relieve his wife, except to try to soothe her feelings by kind and encouraging words, till the Doctor arrived. The half hour which elapsed, from the time Obediah started, till the doctor came, seemed to Mr. Woodsum almost an age. He repeatedly went from the bed-side to the door, to look out and see if the Doctor was any where near, and as often returned to hear his wife groan, and say she was sinking fast, and could not stand it many minutes longer.

At length Doctor Fairfield rode up to the door, on Mr. Woodsum's Old Gray, and with saddle-bags in hand, hastened into the house. A brief examination of the patient convinced him that it was a decided case of hypochondria, and he soon spoke encouraging words to her, and told her although she was considerably unwell, he did not doubt she would be better in a little while.

"Oh, Doctor, how can you say so?" said Mrs. Woodsum; "don't you see I am dying? I can't possibly live till night; I am sinking very fast, Doctor. I shall never see the sun rise again. My heart sometimes almost stops its beating now, and my feet and hands are growing cold. But I must see my children once more; do let 'em come in and bid me farewell." Here she was so overwhelmed with sobe and tears as to prevent her saying more.

The Doctor, perceiving it was in vain to talk or

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try to reason with her, assured her that as long as there was life there was hope, and told her he would give her some medicine that he did not doubt would help her. He accordingly administered the drugs usually approved by the faculty in such cases, and telling her that he would call and see her again in a day or two, he left the room. As he went out, Mr. Woodsum followed him, and desired to know in private his real opinion of the case. The Doctor assured him he did not consider it at all alarming. It was an ordinary case of hypochondria, and with suitable treatment the patient would undoubtedly soon be better.

"This is a case," continued the Doctor, "in which the mind needs to be administered to as much as the body. Divert her attention as much as possible by cheerful objects; let her be surrounded by agreeable company; give her a light, but generous and nutritive diet; and as soon as may be, get her to take gentle exercise in the open air, by riding on horse back, or running about the fields and gathering fruits or flowers in company with lively and cheerful companions. Follow these directions, and continue to administer the medicines I have ordered, and I think Mrs. Woodsum will soon enjoy good health again."

Mr. Woodsum felt much relieved after hearing the Doctor's opinion and prescriptions, and bade the kind physician good morning with a tolerably cheerful countenance. Most assiduously did he follow the Doctor's directions, and in a few days he had the happiness to see his beloved wife again enjoying comfortable health, and pursuing her domestic duties with cheerfulness.

But, alas! his sunshine of hope was destined soon to be obscured again by the clouds of sorrow and disappointment. It was not long before some changes in the weather, and changes in her habits of living, and neglect of proper exercise in the open air, brought on a return of Mrs. Woodsum's gloom, and despondency, in all their terrific power. Again she was sighing and weeping on the bed, and again Mr. Woodsum was hastily summoned from the field, and leaving his plough in mid furrow, ran with breathless anxiety to the house, where the same scenes were again witnessed which we have already described. Not only once or twice, but repeatedly, week after week, and month after month, these alarms were given, and followed by similar results. Every relapse seemed to be more severe than the last, and on each occasion Mrs. Woodsum was more positive than ever that she was on her death bed, and that there was no longer any help for her.

On one of these occasions, so strong was her impression that her dissolution was near, and so anxious did she appear to make every preparation for death, and with such solemn earnestness did she attend to certain details preparatory to leaving her family, for ever, that Mr. Woodsum almost lost the hope that usually attended him through these scenes, and felt, more than ever before, that what he had so often feared, was indeed about to become a painful and awful reality. Most tenderly did Mrs. Woodsum touch upon the subject of her separation from her husband and children.

"Our poor children—what will become of them when I am gone? And you, dear Samuel, how can I bear the thought of leaving you? I could feel reconciled to dying, if it was not for the thoughts of leaving you and the children. They will have nobody to take care of them, as a mother would, poor

things; and then you will be so lonesome—it breaks my heart to think of it."

Here, her feelings overpowered her, and she was unable to proceed any farther. Mr. Woodsum was for some time too much affected to make any reply. At last, summoning all his fortitude, and as much calmness as he could, he told her if it was the will of Providence that she should be separated from them, he hoped her last hours would not be pained with anxious solicitude about the future welfare of the family. It was true, the world would be a dreary place to him when she was gone; but he should keep the children with him, and with the blessing of heaven, he thought he should be able to make them comfortable and happy.

"Well, there's one thing, dear Samuel," said Mrs. Woodsum, "that I feel it my duty to speak to you about." And she pressed his hand in hers, and looked most solemnly and earnestly in his face. "You know, my dear," she continued, "how sad and desolate a family of children always is, when deprived of a mother. They may have a kind father, and kind friends, but nobody can supply the place of a mother. I feel as if it would be your duty-and I could not die in peace if I did n't speak of it-I feel, dear Samuel, as if it would be your duty as soon after I am gone as would appear decent, to marry some good and kind woman, and bring her into the family to be a mother to our poor children, and to make your home happy. Promise me that you will do this, and I think it will relieve me of some of the distress I feel at the thought of dying."

This remark was to Mr. Woodsum, most unexpected and most painful. It threw an anguish into his heart, such as he had never experienced till that moment. It forced upon his contemplation a thought that had never before occurred to him. The idea of being bereaved of the wife of his bosom, whom he had loved and cherished for fifteen years with the ardent attachment of a fond husband, had overwhelmed him with all the bitterness of woe; but the thought of transferring that attachment to another object, brought with it a double desolation. His associations before had all clothed his love for his wife with a feeling of immortality. She might be removed from him to another world, but he had not felt as though that would dissolve the holy bond that united them. His love would still follow her to those eternal realms of bliss, and rest upon her like a mantle for ever. But this new and startling idea, of love for another, came to him, as comes to the wicked the idea of annihilation of the soul-an idea, compared with which, no degree of misery imaginable, is half so terrible. A cloud of intense darkness seemed for a moment to overshadow him, his heart sank within him, and his whole frame trembled with agitation. It was some minutes before he could find power to speak. And when he did, it was only to beseech his wife, in a calm and solemn tone, not to allude to so distressing a subject again, a subject which he could not speak of, nor think of, without suffering more than a thousand deaths.

The strong mental anguish of Mr. Woodsum seemed to have the effect to divert his wife's attention from her own sufferings, and by turning her emotions into a new channel, gave her system an opportunity to rally. She gradually grew better as she had done in like cases before, and even before night was able to sit up, and became quite composed and cheerful.

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But her malady was only suspended, not cured; and again and again it returned upon her, and again and again her friends were summoned to witness her last sickness and take their last farewell. And on these occasions, she had so often slightly and delicately hinted to Mr. Woodsum the propriety of his marrying a second wife, that even he could at last listen to the suggestion with a degree of indifference which he had once thought he could never feel.

At last, the sober saddening days of autumn came Mr. Woodsum was in the midst of his "fall work," which had been several times interrupted by these periodical turns of despondency in his wife. One morning he went to his field early, for he had a heavy day's work to do, and had engaged one of his neighbours to come with two yoke of oxen and a plough to help him "break up" an old mowing field. He was exceedingly desirous not to be interrupted, for his neighbour could only help him that day, and he was very anxious to plough the whole field. He accordingly had left the children and nurse in the house, with strict charges to take good care of their mother, and see that nothing disturbed her through the day. Mr. Woodsum was driving the team and his neighbour was holding the plough, and things went on to their mind till about ten o'clock, in the forenoon, when little Harriet came running to the field, and told her father that her mother was "dreadful sick" and wanted him to come in as quick as he could, for she was certainly dying now. Mr. Woodsum, without saying a word, drove his team to the end of the furrow; but he looked thoughtful and Although he felt persuaded that her danger was imaginary, as it had always proved to be before, still, the idea of the bare possibility that this sickness might be unto death, pressed upon him with such power, that he laid down his goad stick, and telling his neighbour to let the cattle breathe awhile, walked deliberately towards the house. Before he had accomplished the whole distance, however, his own imagination had added such wings to his speed, that he found himself moving at a quick run. He entered the house, and found his wife as he had so often found her before, in her own estimation, almost ready to breathe her last. Her voice was faint and low, and her pillow was wet with tears. She had already taken leave of her dear children, and waited only to exchange a few parting words with her beloved husband. Mr. Woodsum approached the bedside, and took her hand tenderly, as he had ever been wont to do, but he could not perceive any symptoms of extreme sickness or approaching dissolution, different from what he had witnessed on a dozen former occasions.

"Now, my dear," said Mrs. Woodsum, faintly, " the time has come at last. I feel that I am on my death bed, and have but a short time longer to stay with you. But I hope we shall feel resigned to the will of Heaven. These things are undoubtedly all ordered for the best; and I would go cheerfully, if it was not for my anxiety about you and the children. Now, don't you think, my dear," she continued, with increasing tenderness, "don't you think it would be best for you to be married again to some kind good woman, that would be a mother to our dear little ones, and make your home pleasant for all of you?"

She paused, and seemed to look earnestly in his face for an answer.

"Well, I've sometimes thought of late, it might

be best," said Mr. Woodsum, with a very solemn air. "Then you have been thinking about it," said Mrs. Woodsum, with a slight contraction of the muscles of the face.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "I have sometimes thought about it, since you've had spells of being so very sick. It makes me feel dreadfully to think of it, but I don't know but it might be a matter of

"Well, I do think it would," said Mrs. Woodsum, "if you can only get the right sort of a person. Every thing depends upon that, my dear, and I hope you will be very particular about who you get, very."

"I certainly shall," said Mr. Woodsum; "don't give yourself any uneasiness about that, my dear, for I assure you I shall be very particular. The person I shall probably have is one of the kindest and best tempered women in the world."

"But, have you been thinking of any one in particular, my dear?" said Mrs. Woodsum, with a manifest look of uneasiness.

"Why, yes," said Mr. Woodsum, "there is one, that I have thought for some time past, I should probably marry, if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us."

"And pray, Mr. Woodsum, who can it be?" said the wife, with an expression, a little more of earth than heaven, returning to her eye. "Who is it, Mr. Woodsum? You hav'n't named it to her, have you?"

"Oh, by no means," said Mr. Woodsum; "but my dear, we had better drop the subject; it agitates you too much."

"But, Mr. Woodsum, you must tell me who it is; T never could die in peace till you do."

"It is a subject too painful to think about," said Mr. Woodsum, "and it don't appear to me it would be best to call names."

"But, I insist upon it," said Mrs. Woodsum, who had by this time raised herself up with great earnestness and was leaning on her elbow, while her searching glance was reading every muscle in her husband's face. "Mr. Woodsum, I insist upon it."

"Well, then," said Mr. Woodsum, with a sigh, " if you insist upon it, my dear-I have thought if it should be the will of Providence to take you from us to be here no more, I have thought I should marry, for my second wife, Hannah Lovejoy.'

An earthly fire once more flashed from Mrs. Woodsum's eyes-she leaped from the bed like a cat; walked across the room, and seated herself in a

"What!" she exclaimed, in a trembling voice, almost choked with agitation-" what! marry that idle, sleepy slut of a Hannah Lovejoy! Mr. Woodsum, that is too much for flesh and blood to bear-I can't endure that, nor I wont. Hannah Lovejoy to be the mother to my children! No, that's what she never shall. So you may go to your ploughing, Mr. Woodsum, and set your heart at rest. Susan," she continued, turning to one of the girls, " make up more fire under that dinner pot."

Mr. Woodsum went to the field, and pursued his work, and when he returned at the dinner hour, he found the family dinner well prepared, and his wife ready to do the honours of the table. Mrs. Woodsum's health from that day continued to improve, and she was never afterward visited by the terrible affliction of hypochondria

#### Written for the Lady's Book-

# THE OPAL RING.—A GERMAN LEGEND.

BY MRS. SEBA SMITH.

[Concluded from page 16.]

CHAPTER IV.

"Great love they bare to Fairy fair, Their sister saft and dear, Her girdle showed her middle gimp, And gowden glist her hair.

Hardyknute.

IF Agatha had been astonished at the ready self-possession of the Knight at this critical period, she was no less charmed at the grace and elegance with which, seating her upon the ottoman, he gave utterance to his many expressions of gratitude, for the service she had rendered him.

"It may be that I have failed in knightly courtesy, maiden, but impute it only to my strange destiny. Pardon me, lady, I have not been blind to thy many excellencies, but I am bound by inexorable fate. Think of me as one who would do all knightly service for thy sake, but who, alas! is unworthy even to kneel at thy feet:" and his proud lip quivered with

Agatha had risen to depart, but the language of the Knight, alluding to his strange fate, emboldened her to speak upon the fearful subject of the beautiful apparition she had seen. With a blending of feminine tenderness, and maidenly dignity, she turned toward him; the blush that a moment before had mantled upon her cheek, had died away, and left it of a marble paleness.

"I came not here, Sir Knight, to scrutinize what thou wouldst fain conceal, but to warn thee of danger. But there are fearful spells, and forbidden powers, of which I shudder to speak-demons may assume the appearance of angels of light, and thereby lure the soul to destruction. Let me implore thee to fly the anare.

The Knight's brow contracted, a deadly paleness gathered upon his face, and his lips were compressed with a strong pressure. Agatha thought she saw a dim shape flit by her.

"Then thou didst behold her, Agatha. deadly peril;" and he gasped for utterance.

"Thou hast nothing to fear from me, Sir Knight; I am no idle maiden to babble upon the secrets of others. I would only lure thee from the snare, not betray thee to danger.

The Knight smote upon his brow. " Noble, noble girl-wo is me, that I have thrown a great gulf between me and such as thou, and for the love of -."

A low hiss sounded through the apartment, and Agatha, raising her eyes, beheld upon the opposite wall, a small spot flashing and sparkling in the shadow around, and she knew it for the opal she had seen upon the brow of the strange lady. The Knight followed the direction of her eyes, and he dropped the hand he had raised to his lips, and retired from her

Slowly and in silence he conducted her through the long passages, and then sought again the lonely tower.

Sleep came late and troubled to the lids of the fair girl, and the occurrences of the night were strangely commingled with dark and hideous visions. At one time the beautiful lady, with the opal-crowned brow, stood before her, singing to her lute such strains of dulcet melody as ravished her senses to hear. While she looked upon her surpassing beauty, slowly did her figure expand, towering and darkening, and the air became filled with shrieks and lamentations. Then she beheld a funeral pyre, and Oswald chained to the stake, and the strange lady wringing her hands; and then, hideous with laughter, she stood beside him. Glad was she when the pure light of the morning. with the sound of singing birds, dispelled the phantoms of the night.

The old Baron was exasperated, when told of the secret visit of the fathers of St. Gothard;

"Red, red, then grew his dark-brown cheeks, Sae did his dark-brown brow:"

and in the heat of his resentment, he ordered the private passage, by which they had entered, to be closed up for ever, that prying priest might never again intrude upon the sanctity of his dwelling, unannounced, and unbidden.

For many days the Knight seemed more than ordinarily severe and gloomy, but Agatha saw with delight he went not to the old tower. His manner, when he approached her, was even more deferential than ever, and his eye rested upon her with unwonted tenderness. Agatha saw this, and it sent a thrill of delight to her heart. And, yet, wherefore should she desire the love of one so strange, so guilty even, according to his own confession? She would strive to forget him; and then came the memory of his sorrows and his loneliness, with none to counsel, none to lead him back to faith and holiness, and she knelt and prayed fervently to the Virgin in his behalf. Alas! she could not dream how dear those very prayers were making their subject to her own heart. So earnest was she in her devotions, that she began to believe the blessed saints had interposed specially in behalf of the Knight, and by their holy influences kept him from the old tower, and the dangerous lady who lured him thither. Impressed with this conviction, she redoubled her devotions; her cheek grew pale with fast and vigil, and her beauty every day more spiritual. She felt as if the salvation of the Knight depended upon the fervency of her prayers, and sleep departed from her pillow, and her pale cheeks were wet with the tears of supplication. The terrible secret no longer weighed upon her spirits, she needed no relief in confession, for the enthusiasm of a lofty piety brought its own strength, support, and consolation. She had more than once seen that opal light gleam from the battlements, and heard the low, sad tones of the lute, and she turned to her devotions with but the more zeal.

At this juncture a strange Knight and Lady arrived to claim the hospitality of the castle. Nothing could be more commanding than the appearance of the stranger. He was of lofty stature, yet so justly proportioned, that his height gave the same pleasure felt upon beholding the perfection of statuary. His brow was high, and his hair of a raven blackness. His eyes, sunk beneath deeply arched brows, were painfully intense in their jetty hue and searching expression. His accourrements were sumptuous in the ex-

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treme, and all in chivalric perfection. The lady clung to his arm with timid gentleness, her head bowed beneath a silvery veil, that nearly concealed her person. At a few whispered words of the Knight she threw back her veil, and revealed the lady of the tower, with the opal upon her brow. Her liquid eyes beamed with tenderness, and the rich blood trembled upon her cheek as she received the few words of welcome that fell from the ashy lips of Oswald.

The stranger's stay was short. He craved the matronly hospitality of Lady Eleanor in behalf of his sister, while he should be absent a few weeks to redeem a knightly pledge. He had no sooner departed than the lady, taking a small lute, commenced that low strange melody now familiar to the ear of Agatha.

#### SONG OF THE LADY.

Dearest brother, fare thee well,
Though in sorrow forced to part,
Thou will bear a sister's love,
Cherished ever in thy heart.
Danger's path may lure thee on,
Stern the soldier's heart may be,
But the brother's ever will
Soft and gentle be for me.

The words were simple, but it was the soft magic of the voice and lute, as the lady sat with the silver veil floating like a halo about her, that gave them a

strange power over her hearers.

Very gentle and winning were the manners of the strange maiden; yet Agatha remarked, that she never said Pater Noster, nor Ave Marie; and the symbol of the holy cross was never made upon her brow, where the brilliant opal gleamed for ever in its changing beauty. She delighted to roam the sequestered grounds of the old domain, and her lute breathed every where its dulcet numbers. Her manners were always those of maidenly reserve, yet Agatha more than once had marked her lustrous eyes fixed with a peculiar fascination upon the face of Oswald. Did he seat himself to listen to the lady's lute, she unconsciously glided to his feet, and Agatha thought a supernatural beauty rested upon her, while she breathed those liquid tones that held all spell-bound at her side.

Agatha felt an undefined dread whenever she approached this creature of fascination, which grew deeper as the regards of the lady were more and more fixed upon herself. She saw that the Knight looked pale and troubled, and fearful surmises crowded upon her brain. Who, and what was the beautiful stranger?

# CHAPTER V.

"And first she wet her comely cheiks, And then her boddice green, Her silken cords of twirtle twist, Well plett with silver sheen."

The night was warm and still. Agatha had found it impossible to seep, and she stept out upon the terrace, where the huge trees clustered thickly around, almost dispelling the light of the pale, waning moon. As she looked down upon the scene below, she beheld the Knight standing with folded arms, and rigid features, looking sternly upon the mysterious lady, who was kneeling at his feet; her beautiful brow, and imploring eyes turned to his face, and her round arms and clasped hands gleaming like alabaster in the pale light, as they were raised in the attitude of supplication.

" Never, Zaydith, never. I have perilled soul and

body for thy sake. Ask no more. Return, and practise thy spells upon those that know thee not."

Slowly the lady rose from her kneeling posture, her clasped hands drooping before her, her head bowed upon her bosom, and the tears falling in showers from her radiant eyes.

"Zaydith, Zaydith," said the Knight, folding her to his bosom, "why wouldst thou drag me to perdition? Why didst thou seek me, but to plunge me deeper and

deeper in guilt and misery?"

Passionately did the maiden fold her fair arms about the neck of the Knight, and her curls were mingled with his, while her soft eyes rested upon his face with a look of inconceivable tenderness.

"Alas! alas, I am in peril, even greater than thine. If I abandon thee, most terrible is the punishment that awaits me. Wo is me, for I have never loved till now. Now only do I feel that I would suffer inexpressible pangs, rather than one particle of suffering should be infused into thy cup. It shall be done. Enough, that thou art safe. Alas, dost thou love me, Oswald?"

The Knight answered by a deep moan of agony, and a shower of kisses upon her lips, brow, and cheek. The lady pressed her small hands to her eyes and wept bitterly. She disengaged herself from his arms, and the tones of the lute broke the silence of the night, as, reclined at the feet of her lover, she sang the following words with singular pathos:

#### BONG.

Yes, the word of Fate is spoken,
Zaydith quits thee, love, for ever;
Should her heart be wildly broken,
May'st thou know it, never, never.
Never know what fate awaits me,
Outcast from that heart of thine;
Yet, each thought so fixed upon thee,
Love shall make a heaven of mine.
Fare thee well—my heart is broken,
Sadly, sadly let me weep;
I will ask no gift, no token,
For thy memory may not sleep.

"My own Zaydith," cried the Knight, "we may not, cannot part; let us be doomed together, my own true, fond-hearted girl."

An unwonted splendour shot from the mysterious opal, and the lady clasped her hands in agony.

"Oswald, unsay those dreadful words. Return to thy faith. Pray; for prayers may avail thee. Thy fate is not yet sealed—the signet is not upon thy brow. O pray; the deluded Arab girl bids thee pray—pray for—for the doomed."

She turned deadly pale—a shivering past over her—she pressed her lips to his, and in a moment had dis-

appeared.

Then Agatha beheld the Knight upon his knees, under the still heavens, and his deep sobs mingled with the wail of the night-wind; and she too knelt, and their prayers ascended upon the same air, to the throne of love and mercy.

The next morning early, the stranger made his appearance to recall his sister. His manners were stern and gloomy, and the maiden trembled when his glance fell upon her. As she turned to depart, she pressed her lips fondly to those of Agatha, and the maiden remembered, long after, that fearful, burning kiss. She took a ring from her finger, and placed it upon that of Agatha, dropped her veil about her, cast one long anxious glance around, and then departed.

Agatha shuddered with undefined horror as the ring pressed her finger. A new mystery was revealed to her. Dim forms flitted around, with pale and troubled countenances, and a shadow seemed for ever flung over all that to her had been bright and beautiful. Strange and troublous thoughts crowded upon her, and her prayers became fearfully vague and incoherent. Days and weeks passed away, and she shrunk within herself like a guilty thing, for now was the human heart, with all its fearful secrets, exposed openly to her view. All who approached stood with naked hearts before her. She closed her eves, but there still gleamed the hidden spirit, in its pale, unearthly light, written upon every side with the dark records of humanity. She recoiled from the view as from the revelations of a charnel house.

Thenceforth, to her there could be no evasion, no concealment—the human heart was exposed to a human eye. Fearful, fearful sight! She beheld the dark ineffaceable records of years—the fearful catalogue of long, long unrepented sins. She bowed her head, and longed and prayed, that a spirit of mercy might descend and wash away those withering stains with the tears of angel pity. None came.

Her confidence in human actions was for ever shaken. She saw the motive and the consequence, even "afar off," before it had become defined to the actor. She beheld the thoughts, and cared little for the utterance of the tongue. Often did she find herself responding, not to the words, but the thoughts of others. A human heart revealed to a human eye! It was a fearful picture. She ceased to look within her own heart, for the spectacle of others for ever unfitted her for the task. She ceased even to pray for herself, or others, for her whole being was disquieted by the fearful visions she beheld. The human spirit had become to her a dark, troubled, gloomy chaos, from which love, and trust, and hope were for ever expelled.

She shrank from the duty of confession, for the heart of the sanctimonious priest was open to her eye. She lived in the solitude of her own power, avoiding the companionship of others. She fled from the presence of Henri; for in the pure, generous heart of the noble youth, did she behold her own image, clear and exalted, the creature of his idolatry.

Oswald witnessed her distress, and as often as her eyes met his, they fell with more than maidenly timidity. That heart was open to her view, and she strove, yes, wilfully strove, to blind her vision to the dark traces there recorded. Why was it? Why did she tament to be enshrined in the pure heart of Henri, and delight to behold herself filling daily, more and more, the gloomy heart of the crusader? Why did she rejoice to behold the picture of the Arab girl glow less distinctly there, while her own grew in the hues of life and reality? Why rejoice in a shrine so unhallowed? Was she ruled by a strange power of darkness? or was it but the perversity of the female heart? Scarcely did she sign the cross upon his brow, scarcely did she pray for deliverance from peril.

#### CHAPTER VI.

"Then backe he came to tell the kinge,
Who sayde, Sir Lukyn, sawe ye ought?
Nothinge, my liege, save that the winde
Nowe with the angrye waters fought."
King Arthur's Death.

AGATHA again stood upon the terrace, and the Knight beside her.

"Agatha," he said, "thou art in great peril and perplexity. An awful power hath been revealed to thee, and thou art ignorant of the cause."

He took the ring from the trembling hand of the maid, and pressed it to his lips. Tears, the first she had shed for many a day, gushed to her eyes, and she sank upon her knees, uttering a low prayer of thankfulness.

The Knight looked with admiration upon her beautiful face, and now Agatha could read the language of love only from those full speaking eyes. She arose, covered with blushes.

"Nay, Agatha, thou shouldst not leave me. Our secret is known to each other;" and he held up his finger, on which glittered a ring with the same mysterious seal. Agatha turned pale, and leaned against the battlement. Tenderly did the Knight support her, while he uttered the declarations of love.

"But the Arab girl," gasped Agatha, as the thought of her flashed upon her memory.

"Think not of her. A deadly power is hers; but I shall see her no more, unless—"

"At the hour of death," shricked the maiden, as the conviction of his guilt flashed upon her mind; and she fell senseless upon his bosom. When she awoke to consciousness she thought only of his look of love-

"Agatha, I shall see her no more, if prayers and penitence may avail. You love me—forget the past. I will live only for my God, and thee. The castern maid shall henceforth be to me as if she were not."

Agatha's eyes fell upon the opal ring, which he still held. It flashed with startling brilliancy.

"These fatal gifts—where these are, there can be no prayers—no peace—no love even," she added, blushing, as she took them from his hand. They leaned over the wall:—"I have read thy thoughts, and thou mine—let us do so no more." The Knight strove to arrest her hand, but she playfully tossed them into the waters beneath.

A loud shrick followed, and the Knight fell at her feet; his fingers moved in sign of the cross, and a low prayer died upon his lips,

Agatha stood mute with horror; when suddenly the Arab girl appeared with dishevelled hair, wringing her hands, and uttering low stifled sobs; but she touched not the sacred body of the repentant believer. Then the sad melody of her exquisite voice broke upon the air:

## SONG OF THE ARAB GIRL.

Thou wert mine, my own, my own,
Why did Zaydith from thee part?
Scarce I knew the depth of loving,
Till I tore thee from my heart.

Thou wert mine—would I had borne thee
To some lone, sequestered isle;
There, with none but thee beside me,
Thou hadst lived in Zaydith's smile.

Every breath that lingered round us, Would a tale of love disclose; Not a shade should dim the sunshine, Not a canker blight the rose.

There, for ever gleams the opal, With its mystic light for thee; Thou hadst lived a captive willing; Thou hadst smiled alone for me.

But 'tis past; farewell, for ever,
Never more we meet again;
Thou canst not know the downed one's anguish,
Canst not feel thy Zaydith's pain.

## Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE ABYSSINIAN NEOPHYTE.

BY MRS. C. LEE HENTZ.

Adellan, an Abyssinian youth, approached one of those consecrated buildings, which crown almost every hill of his native country. Before entering, he drew off his shoes, and gave them in charge to a servant, that he might not soil the temple of the Lord, with the dust of the valley; then bending down, slowly and reverentially, he pressed his lips to the threshhold, performed the same act of homage to each post of the door, then passed into the second division of the church, within view of the curtained square, answering to the mysterious holy of holies, in the Jewish temple. He gazed upon the pictured saints that adorned the walls, long and earnestly, when kneeling before them, he repeated, with deep solemnity, his customary prayers. He rose, looked towards the mystic veil, which no hand but that of the priest was permitted to raise, and anticipated with inexplicable emotions, the time when invested with the sacred dignity of that office, he might devote himself exclusively to Heaven. From early childhood, Adellan had been destined to the priesthood. His first years were passed mid the stormy scenes of war, for his father was a soldier, fighting those bloody battles, with which the province of Tigre had been more than once laid waste. Then followed the dreadful discipline of famine, for the destroying locusts, the scourge of the country, had followed up the desolation of war, and year succeeding year, gleaned the last hope of man. The parents of Adellan fled from these scenes of devastation, crossed the once beautiful and fertile banks of the Tacazze, and sought refuge in the ample monastery of Walduba, where a brother of his father then resided. Here, he was placed entirely under the protection of his uncle, for his father, sickened with the horrors he had witnessed, and loathing the ties which were once so dear to him, recrossed his native stream, became a gloomy monk in another convent, where, with several hundred of his brethren, he soon after perished a victim to those barbarities, which had robbed him of all that gave value to life. Adellan had never known the joys of childhood. The greenness and bloom of spring had been blotted from his existence. Famine had hollowed his boyish cheek, and fear and distrust chilled and depressed his young heart. After entering the convent of Walduba, where all his physical wants were supplied, the roundness and clasticity of health were restored to his limbs, but his cheek was kept pale by midnight vigils, and long and painful fastings. The teacher, whom his uncle placed over him, was severe and exacting. He gave him no relaxation by day, and the stars of night witnessed his laborious tasks. He was compelled to commit lessons to memory, in a language which he did not then understand, a drudgery from which every ardent mind must recoil. Yet, such was his thirst for knowledge, that he found a pleasure, even in this, that sweetened his toils. All the strains of the devout Psalmist were familiar to his lips, but they were in an unknown tongue, for in this manner, are the youth of those benighted regions taught. Often, when gazing on the magnificent jewelry of a tropical sky, shining down on the darkness and solitude of night, had he unconsciously repeated the words of the royal penitent-" The heavens declare

the glory of God. The firmament showeth his handy work." He understood not their meaning, but the principle of immortality was striving within him, and every star that genmed the violet canopy, seemed to him eye-beams of that all-seeing Divinity he then darkly adored.

Adellan left the enclosure of the church, and lingered beneath the shade of the cedars, whose trunks supported the roof, and thus formed a pleasant colonnade sheltered from the sun and the rain. Beautiful was the prospect that here stretched itself around him. All the luxuriance of a mountainous country, constantly bathed with the dews of heaven, and warmed by the beams of a vertical sun, was richly unfolded. Odoriferous perfumes, wasted from the forest trees, and exhaled from the roses, jessamines, and wild blossoms, with which the fields were covered, scented the gale. Borne from afar, the fragrance of Judea's balm mingled with the incense of the flowers and the richer breath of the myrrh. A cool stream murmured near, where those who came up to worship, were accustomed to perform their ablutions and purifying rites, in conformance with the ancient Levitical law. Wherever Adellan turned his eyes, he beheld some object associated with the ceremonies of his austere religion. In that consecrated stream he had bathed, he had made an altar beneath every spreading tree, and every rock had witnessed his prostrations. He thought of the unwearied nature of his devotions, and pride began to swell his heart. He knew nothing of that meek and lowly spirit, that humiliation of soul, which marks the followers of a crucified Redeemer. He had been taught to believe that salvation was to be found in the observance of outward forms, but never had been led to purify the inner temple so as to make it a meet residence for a holy God.

Near the close of the day, he again walked forth, meditating on his contemplated journey to Jerusalem, the holy city, where he was not only to receive the remission of his own sins, but even for seven generations yet unborn, according to the superstitious belief of his ancestors. He was passing a low, thatched dwelling, so lost in his own meditations, as scarcely to be aware of its vicinity, when a strain of low, sweet music, rose like a stream of "rich, distilled perfumes." Woman's softer accents mingled with a voice of manly melody and strength; and as the blending strains stole by his ear, he paused, convinced that the music he heard, was an act of adoration to God, though he understood not the language in which it was uttered. The door of the cabin was open, and he had a full view of the group near the entrance. A man, dressed in a foreign costume, whose prevailing colour was black, sat just within the shade of the cedars that sheltered the roof. Adellan immediately recognized the pale face of the European, and an instinctive feeling of dislike and suspicion, urged him to turn away. There was something, however, in the countenance of the stranger that solicited and obtained more than a passing glance. There was beauty in the calm, thoughtful features, the high marble brow, the mild devotional dark eye, and the soft masses of sable hair that fell somewhat

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neglected over his lofty temples. There was a tranquillity, a peace, an elevation diffused over that pallid face, which was reflected back upon the heart of the beholder: a kind of moonlight brightness, communicating its own peculiar sweetness and quietude to every object it shone upon. Seated near him, and leaning over the arm of his chair, was a female, whose slight, delicate figure, and dazzlingly fair complexion, gave her a supernatural appearance to the unaccustomed eye of the dark Abyssinian. drooping attitude and fragile frame, appealed at once to sympathy and protection, while her placid eyes alternately lifted to heaven and turned towards him on whose arm she leaned, were expressive not only of meekness and submission, but even of holy rapture. A third figure belonged to this interesting group, that of an infant girl, about eighteen months old, who, seated on a straw matting, at the feet of her parents, raised her cherub head as if in the act of listening, and tossed back her flaxen ringlets with the playful grace of infancy.

Adellan had heard that a Christian missionary was in the neighbourhood of Adorva, and he doubted not that he now beheld one whom he had been taught to believe his most dangerous enemy. Unwilling to remain longer in his vicinity, he was about to pass on, when the stranger arose and addressed him in the language of his country. Surprised at the salutation, and charmed, in spite of himself, with the mild courtesy of his accents, Adellan was constrained to linger. The fair haired lady greeted him with a benign smile, and the little child clapped its hands as if pleased with the novelty and grace of his appearance, for though the hue of the olive dved his cheek, his features presented the classic lineaments of manly beauty, and though the long folds of his white robe, veiled the outlines of his figure, he was formed in the finest model of European symmetry. The missionary spoke to him of his country, of the blandness of the climate, the magnificence of the trees, the fragrance of the air, till Adellan forgot his distrust, and answered him with frankness and interest. Following the dictates of his own ardent curiosity, he questioned the missionary, with regard to his name, his native country, and his object in coming to his own far land. He learned that his name was M--, that he came from the banks of the Rhine, to the borders of the Nile, and following its branches, had found a resting place near the waters of the beautiful Tacazze.

"And why do you come to this land of strangers?" asked the abrupt Abyssinian.

"I came as a humble servant of my divine Master," replied the missionary, meckly; "as a messenger of glad tidings of great joy,' to all who will receive me, and as a friend and brother, even to those who may persecute and revile me."

"What tidings can you bring us?" said Adellan, haughtily, "that our priests and teachers can not impart to us?"

"I bring my credentials with me," answered Mr. M—, and taking a Testament, translated into the Amharic language, he offered it to Adellan; but he shrunk back with horror, and refused to open it.

"I do not wish for your books," said he; "keep them. We are satisfied with our own. Look at our churches. They stand on every hill, far as your eye can reach. See that stream that winds near your dwelling. There we wash away the pollution of our souls. I fast by day, I watch by night. The saints hear my prayers, and the stars bear witness to my penances. I am going to the holy city, where I shall obtain remission for all my sins, and those of generations yet unborn. I shall return holy and happy."

Mr. M sighed, while the youth rapidly repeated his claims to holiness and heaven.

"You believe that God is a spirit," said he; "and the worship that is acceptable in his eyes, must be spiritual also. In vain is the nightly vigil and the daily fast, unless the soul is humbled in his eyes. We may kneel till the rock is worn by our prostrations, and torture the flesh till every nerve is wakened to agony, but we can no more work out our own salvation by such means, than our feeble hands can create a new heaven and a new earth, or our mortal breath animate the dust beneath our feet, with the spirit of the living God."

The missionary spoke with warmth. His wife laid her gentle hand on his arm. There was something in the glance of the young Abyssinian that alarmed her. But the spirit of the martyr was kindled within him, and would not be quenched.

"See," said he, directing the eye of the youth towards the neighbouring hills, now clothed in the purple drapery of sunset; "as sure as those hills now stand, the banner of the cross shall float from their summits, and tell to the winds of heaven, the triumphs of the Redeemer's kingdom. Ethiopia shall stretch out her sable hands unto God, and the farthest isles of the ocean behold the glory of his salvation."

Adellan looked into the glowing face of the missionary, remembered the cold and gloomy countenance of his religious teacher, and wondered at the contrast. But his prejudices were unshaken, and his pride rose up in rebellion against the man who esteemed him an idolater.

"Come to us again," said the missionary, in a subdued tone, as Adellan turned to depart; "let us compare our different creeds, by the light of reason and revelation, and see what will be the result."

"Come to us again," said the lady, in Adellan's native tongue; and her soft, low voice sounded sweet in his ears, as the fancied accents of the virgin mother. That night, as he sat in his lonely chamber, at the convent, conning his task in the stillness of the midnight hour, the solemn words of the missionary, his inspired countenance, the etherial form of his wife, and the cherub face of that fair child, kept floating in his memory. He was angry with himself, at the influence they exercised. He resolved to avoid his path, and to hasten his departure to Jerusalem, where he could be not only secure from his arts, but from the legions of the powers of darkness.

Months passed away. The humble cabin of the missionary was gradually thronged with those who came from curiosity, or better motives, to hear the words of one, who came from such a far country. His pious heart rejoiced in the hope, that the shadows of idolatry which darkened their religion would melt away before the healing beams of the sun of righteousness. But he looked in vain for the stately figure of the young Adellan. His spirit yearned after the youth, and whenever he bent his knees at the altar of his God, he prayed for his conversion, with a kind of holy confidence that his prayer would be answered. At length he once more presented himself before them, but so changed they could scarcely recognize

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his former lineaments. His face was haggard and emaciated, his hair had lost its raven brightness, and his garments were worn and soiled with dust. He scarcely answered the anxious inquiries of Mr. Mbut sinking into a seat, and covering his face with his hands, large tears gathering faster and faster, glided through his fingers, and rained upon his knees. Mary, the sympathizing wife of the missionary, wept in unison, but she did not limit her sympathy to tears, she gave him water to wash, and food to eat, and it was not until he rested his weary limbs, that they sought to learn the history of his sufferings. It would be tedious to detail them at length, though he had indeed experienced "a sad variety of woe." He had commenced his journey under the guidance and protection of a man, in whose honour he placed unlimited confidence, had been deceived and betrayed, sold as a slave, and though he had escaped this degradation, he had been exposed to famine and nakedness, and the sword.

"I have been deserted by man," said Adellan; "the saints have turned a deaf ear to my prayers; I have come to you to learn if there is a power in your Christianity to heal a wounded spirit, and to bind up a broken heart."

The missionary raised his eyes in gratitude to Heaven.

Let Spirit of the Lord God is upon me," cried be, repeating the language of the sublimest of the prophets: Let because the Lord hath anointed me to preach good tidings unto the meek; he hath sent me to bind up the broken hearted, to proclaim liberty to the captive, and the opening of the prison to them that are bound."

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted," repeated Mary, softly; and never were promises of mercy pronounced in a sweeter voice. Afflictions had humbled the proud spirit of Adellan. But his was not the humility of the Christian. was rather a gloomy misanthropy, that made him turn in loathing from all he had once valued, and to doubt the efficacy of those forms and penances, in which he had wasted the bloom of his youth, and the morning strength of his manhood. But he no longer rejected the proffered kindness of his new friends. He made his home beneath their roof. The Testament he had formerly refused, he now gratefully received, and studied it with all the characteristic ardour of his mind. Persevering as he was zealous, as patient in investigation as he was quick of apprehension, he compared text with text, and evidence with evidence, till the prejudices of education yielded to the irresistible force of conviction. When once his understanding had received a doctrine, he cherished it as a sacred and eternal truth, immutable as the word of God, and immortal as his own soul.

He now went down into the hitherto untravelled chambers of his own heart, and throwing into their darkest recesses the full blaze of revelation, he shuddered to find them infested by inmates more deadly than the serpent of the Nile. Passions, of whose existence he had been unconscious, rose up from their hiding places, and endeavoured to wrap him in their giant fold. Long and fearful was the struggle, but Adelian opposed to their power the shield of Faith and the sword of the Spint, and at last came off conqueror, and laid down his spoils at the foot of the cross. The missionary wept over him, "tears such as angels shed," "Now," exclaimed he, "I am

rewarded for all my privations, and my hitherto unavailing toils. Oh! Adellan, now the friend and brother of my soul. I feel something like the power of prophecy come over me, when I look forward to your future destiny. The time will shortly come. when you will stand in the high places of the land, and shake down the strong holds of ancient idolatry and sin. The temples, so long desecrated by adoration of senseless images, shall be dedicated to the worship of the living God. Sinners, who so long have sought salvation in the purifying waters of the stream, shall turn to the precious fountain of the Redeemer's blood. Oh! glorious, life-giving prospect! They who refuse to listen to the pale-faced stranger. will hearken to the accents of their native hills. Rejoice, my beloved Mary! though I may be forced to bear back that fading frame of yours, to a more congenial clime, our Saviour will not be left without a witness, to attest his glory, and confirm his power."

To fulfil this prophesy became the ruling desire of Adellan's life. He longed to liberate his deluded countrymen, from the thraldom of that superstition to which he himself had served such a long and gloomy apprenticeship. He longed too, for some opportunity of showing his gratitude to his new friends. But there is no need of signal occasions to show what is passing in the heart. His was of a transparent texture, and its emotions were visible as the pebbles that gleam through the clear waters of the Tacazze. The beautiful child of the missionary was the object of his tenderest love. He would carry it in his arms for hours, through the wild groves that surrounded their dwelling, and gathering for it the choicest productions of nature, delight in its smiles and infantine caresses. Sometimes as he gazed on the soft azure of its eyes, and felt its golden ringlets playing on his cheek, he would clasp it to his bosom and exclaim, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

Mary idolized her child, and Adellan's great tenderness for it, inexpressibly endeared him to her heart. She loved to see the fair face of her infant leaning against the dark cheek of Adellan, and its flaxen locks mingling with his jetty hair. One evening, as it fell asleep in his arms, he was alarmed at the scarlet brightness of its complexion, and the burning heat of its skin. He carried it to its mother. It was the last time the cherub ever slumbered on his bosom. It never again lifted up its head, but faded away like a flower scorched by a noonday sun.

Day and night Adellan knelt by the couch of the dying infant, and prayed in agony for its life; yet even in the intensity of his anguish, he felt how sublime was the resignation of its parents. They wept, but no murmur escaped their lips. They prayed, but every prayer ended with the submissive ejaculation of their Saviour, "Not our will, O Father! but thine be done." And when the sweet, wistful eyes were at last closed in death, and the waxen limbs grew stiff and cold, when Adellan could not restrain the bitterness of his grief, still the mourners bowed their heads and cried, "The Lord gave, the Lord taketh away—blessed be the name of the Lord."

Adellan had witnessed the stormy sorrow of his countrywomen, whose custom it is to rend their hair, and lacerate their faces with their nails, and grovel, shricking, in the dust; but never had his heart been so touched as by the resignation of this Christian mother. But, though she murmured not, she was stricken by the blow, and her fragile frame trembled

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beneath the shock. Her husband felt that she leaned more heavily on his arm, and though she smiled upon him as wont, the smile was so sad, it often brought tears into his eyes. At length she fell sick, and the missionary saw her laid upon the same bed on which his infant had died. Now, indeed, it might be said that the hand of God was on him. She, the bride of his youth, the wife of his fondest affections, who had given up all the luxuries of wealth, and the tender indulgences of her father's home, for the love of him and her God; who had followed him not only with meekness, but joy, to those benighted regions, that she might share and sweeten his labours, and join to his, her prayers and her efforts for the extension of the Redeemer's kingdom; she, whose presence had been able to transform their present lowly and lonely dwelling into a place lovely as the garden of Eden-could he see her taken from him, and repeat, from his heart, as he had done over the grave of his only child, "Father, thy will be done?"

Bitter was the conflict, but the watchful ear of Adellan again heard the same low, submissive accents, which were so lately breathed over his lost darling. Here too, Adellan acted a brother's part, but female care was requisite, and this his watchful tenderness supplied. He left them for a while, and returned with a young maiden, whose olive complexion, graceful figure, and long braided locks, declared her of Abyssinian birth. Her voice was gentle, and her step light, when she approached the bed of the sufferer. Ozora, for such was the name of the maiden, was a treasure in the house of sickness. Mary's languid eye followed her movements, and often brightened with pleasure, while receiving her sympathising attentions. In her hours of delirious agony, she would hold her hand, and call her sister in the most endearing tone, and ask her how she had found her in that land of strangers. Sometimes she would talk of the home of her childhood, and imagine she heard the green leaves of her native bowers rustling in the gale. Then she thought she was wandering through the groves of Paradise, and heard the angel voice of her child singing amid the flowers.

Ozora was familiar with all the medicinal arts, and cooling drinks of her country. She possessed not only native gentleness, but skill and experience as a nurse. She was an orphan, and the death-bed of her mother had witnessed her filial tenderness and care. She was an idolater, but she loved Adellan, and for his sake would gladly embrace the faith of the European. Adellan was actuated by a twofold motive in bringing her to the sick bed of Mary; one was, that she might exercise a healing influence on the invalid, and another, that she might witness the triumphs of Christian faith over disease, sorrow, and death. But Mary was not doomed to make her grave in the stranger's land. The fever left her burning veins, and her mind recovered its wonted clearness. She was able to rise from her couch, and sit in the door of the cabin, and feel the balmy air flowing over her pallid brow.

She sat thus one evening, supported by the arm of her husband, in the soft light of the sinking sun-beams. Adellan and her gentle nurse were seated near. The eyes of all were simultaneously turned to a small green mound, beneath the shade of a spreading ccdar, and they thought of the fairy form that had so often sported around them in the twilight hour.

"Oh! not there," cried Mary, raising her glistening

eyes from that lonely grave to heaven—" Not there must we seek our child. Even now doth her glorified spirit behold the face of our Father in heaven. She is folded in the arms of Him, who, when on earth took little children to his bosom and blessed them. And I, my beloved husband—a little while and ye shall see my face no more. Though the Almighty has raised me from that couch of pain, there is something tells me," continued she, laying her hand on her heart, "that my days are numbered; and when my ashes sleep beside that grassy bed, mourn not for me, but think that I have gone to my Father and your Father, to my God and your God." Then, leaning hear head on her husband's shoulder, she added, in a low, trembling voice—"to my child and your child."

It was long before Mr. M—— spoke; at length he turned to Adellan, and addressed him in the Amharic language: "My brother! it must be that I leave you. The air of her native climes may revive this drooping flower. I will bear her back to her own home, and if God wills it, I will return and finish the work he has destined me to do."

Mary clasped her hands with irrepressible rapture, as he uttered these words; then, as if reproaching herself for the momentary selfishness, she exclaimed, "And leave the poor Abyssinians."

"I will leave them with Adellan," he answered, "whom I firmly believe God has chosen, to declare his unsearchable riches to this portion of the Gentile world. The seed that has been sown, has taken root, and the sacred plant will spring up and increase, till the birds of the air nestle in its branches, and the beasts of the forest lie down beneath its shade. Adellan does your faith waver?"

"Never," answered the youth, with energy, "but the arm of my brother is weak. Let me go with him on his homeward journey, and help him to support the being he loves. I shall gather wisdom from his lips, and knowledge from the glimpse of a Christian land. Then shall I be more worthy to minister to my brethren the word of life."

A sudden thought flashed into the mind of the missionary. "And would you, Adellan," asked he, "would you indeed wish to visit our land, and gain instruction in our institutions of learning, that you might return to enrich your country with the best treasures of our own? You are very young, and might be spared awhile now, that you may be fitted for more extensive usefulness hereafter."

Adellan's ardent eye told more expressively than words could utter, the joy which filled his soul at this proposition. "Too happy to follow you," cried he; "how can I be sufficiently grateful for an added blessing?"

Ozora, who had listened to the conversation, held in her own language, with intense interest, here turned her eyes upon Adellan, with a look of piercing reproach, and suddenly rising, left the cabin.

"Poor girl!" exclaimed Mary, as Adellan, with a saddened countenance, followed the steps of Ozora; "how tenderly has she nursed me, and what is the recompense she meets? We are about to deprive her of the light that gladdens her existence. She has not yet anchored her hopes on the Rock of Ages, and where else can the human heart find refuge, when the wild surges of passion sweep over it?"

"Adellan is in the hands of an all-wise and allcontrolling power," answered the missionary, thoughtfully; "the tears of Ozora may be necessary to prove

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the strength of his resolution; if so, they will not fall in vain."

A few weeks after, every thing being in readiness for the departure of the missionary and his family, he bade farewell to the Abyssinians, who crowded round his door to hear his parting words. He took them with him to the hill side, and under the shadow of the odoriferous trees, and the covering of the heavens, he addressed them with a solemnity and fervour adapted to the august temple that surrounded him. His deep and sweet-toned voice rolled through the leafy colonnades and verdant aisles, like the rich notes of an organ in some ancient cathedral. The Amharic language, soft and musical in itself, derived new melody from the lips of Mr. M——.

"And now," added he, in conclusion, "I consign you to the guardianship of a gracious and long-suffering God. Forget not the words I have just delivered unto you, for remember they will rise up in judgment against you in that day when we shall meet face to face before the bar of eternal justice. This day has the Gospel been preached in your ears. Every tree that waves its boughs over your heads, every flower that embalms the atmosphere, and every stream that flows down into the valley, will bear witness that the hallowed name of the Redeemer has been breathed in these shades, and promises of mercy so sweet that angels stoop down from heaven to listen to the strains that have been offered, free, free as the very air you inhale. I go, my friends, but should I never return, this place will be for ever precious to my remembrance. It contains the ashes of my child. That child was yielded up in faith to its Maker, and the spot where it sleeps is, therefore, holy ground. Will ye not guard it from the foot of the stranger, and the wild beast of the mountain? Let the flower of the hills bloom ungathered upon it, and the dew of heaven rest untrodden on its turf, till he, who is the resurrection and the life shall appear, and the grave give back its trust."

He paused, overpowered by the strength of his emotions, and the sobs of many of his auditors attested the sympathy of these untutored children of nature. He came down from the elevated position on which he had been standing, and taking the hand of Adellan, led him to the place he had just occupied. The people welcomed him with shouts, for it was the first time he had presented himself in public, to declare the change in his religious creed, and such was the character he had previously obtained for sanctity and devotion, they looked upon him with reverence, notwithstanding his youth. He spoke at first with diffidence and agitation, but gathering confidence as he proceeded, he boldly and eloquently set forth and defended the faith he had embraced. That young, enthusiastic preacher would have been a novel spectacle to an European audience, as well as that wild, promiscuous assembly. His long, white robes, girdled about his waist, according to the custom of his country, his black, floating hair, large, lustrous eves, and dark, but now glowing complexion, formed a striking contrast with the sable garments, pallid hue, and subdued expression of the European minis-They interrupted him with tumultuous shouts, and when he spoke of his intended departure and attempted to bid them farewell, their excitement became so great, he was compelled to pause, for his voice strove in vain to lift itself above the mingled sounds of grief and indignation.

"I leave you, my brethren," cried he, at length, "only to return more worthy to minister unto you. My brother will open my path to the temples of religion and knowledge. He needs my helping arm in bearing his sick through the lonely desert and over the deep sea—what do I not owe him? I was a stranger and he took me in; I was naked and he clothed me; hungry and he fed me, thirsty and he gave me drink; and more than all, he has given me to eat the bread of heaven, and water to drink from the wells of salvation. Oh! next to God, he is my best friend and yours."

The shades of night began to fall, before the excited crowd were all dispersed, and Mr. M——, and Adellan were left in tranquillity. Mary had listened to the multitudinous sounds, with extreme agitation. She reproached herself for allowing her husband to withdraw from the scene of his missionary labours out of tenderness for her. She thought it would be better for her to die and be laid by her infant's grave, than the awakened minds of these half Pagan, half Jewish people, be allowed to relapse into their ancient idolatries. When the clods of the valley were once laid upon her breast, her slumbers would not be less sweet because they were of the dust of a foreign land.

Thus she reasoned with her husband, who, feeling that her life was a sacred trust committed to his care, and that it was his first duty to guard it from danger, was not moved from his purpose by her tearful entreaties. They were to depart on the following morning.

That night Adellan sat with Ozora by the side of a fountain, that shone like a bed of liquid silver in the rising moonbeams. Nature always looks lovely in the moonlight, but it seemed to the imagination of Adellan he had never seen her clothed with such resplendent lustre as at this moment, when every star shone with a farewell ray, and every bough as it sparkled in the radiance, whispered a melancholy adieu.

Ozora sat with her face bent over the fountain, which lately had often been fed by her tears. Her hair, which she had been accustomed to braid with oriental care, hung dishevelled over her shoulders. Her whole appearance presented the abandonment of despair. Almost every night since his contemplated departure, had Adellan followed her to that spot, and mingled the holiest teachings of religion with the purest vows of love. He had long loved Ozora, but he had struggled with the passion, as opposed to that dedication of himself to heaven, he had contemplated in the gloom of his conventual life. Now enlightened by the example of the missionary, and the evangelical principles he had embraced, he believed Christianity sanctioned and hallowed the natural affections of the heart. He no longer tried to conquer his love, but to make it subservient to higher duties.

Mary, grieved at the sorrow of Ozora, would have gladly taken her with her, but Adellan feared her influence. He knew he would be unable to devote himself so entirely to the eternal truths he was one day to teach to others, if those soft and loving eyes were always looking into the depths of his heart, to discover their own image there. He resisted the proposition, and Mr. M—— applauded the heroic resolution. But now Adellan was no hero; he was a young, impassioned lover, and the bitterness of parting pressed heavily on his soul.

"Promise me, Ozora," repeated he, "that when I am gone, you will never return to the idolatrous worship you have abjured. Promise me, that you will never kneel to any but the one, invisible God, and that this blessed book, which I give you, as a parting pledge, shall be as a lamp to your feet and a light to your path. Oh! should you forget the faith you have vowed to embrace, and should I, when I come back to my country, find you an alien from God, I should mourn, I should weep tears of blood over your fall; but you could never be the wife of Adellan. The friend of his bosom must be a Christian."

"I cannot be a Christian," sobbed the disconsolate girl, "for I love you better than God himself, and I am still an idolater. Oh! Adellan, you are dearer to me than ten thousand worlds, and yet you are going to leave me."

The grief she had struggled to restrain, here burst its bounds. Like the unchastened daughters of those ardent climes, she gave way to the wildest paroxysms of agony. She threw herself on the ground, tore out her long raven locks, and startled the silence of night by her wild, hysterical screams. Adellan, in vain endeavoured to soothe and restore her to reason; when finding his caresses and sympathy worse than unavailing, he knelt down by her side, and lifting his hands above her head, prayed to the Almighty to forgive her for her sacrilegious love. As the stormy waves are said to subside, when the wing of the halcyon passes over them, so were the tempestuous emotions that raged in the bosom of this unhappy maiden, lulled into calmness by the holy breath of prayer. As Adellan continued his deep and fervent aspirations, a sense of the onmipresence, the omnipotence and holiness of God stole over her. She raised her weeping eyes, and as the moonbeams glittered on her tears, they seemed but the glances of his all-seeing eye. As the wind sighed through the branches, she felt as if His breath were passing by her, in mercy and in love. Filled with melting and penitential feelings, she lifted herself on her knees, by the side of Adellan, and softly whispered a response to every supplication for pardon.

"Oh! Father, I thank thee for this hour!" exclaimed Adellan, overpowered by so unlooked for a change, and throwing his arms around her, he wept from alternate ecstasy and sorrow. Let not the feelings of Adellan be deemed too refined and exalted for the region in which he dwelt. From early boyhood he had been kept apart from the companionship of the ruder throng; his adolescence had been passed in the shades of a convent, in study, and deep observation, and more than all he was a Christian; and wherever Christianity sheds its pure and purifying light, it imparts an elevation, a sublimity to the character and the language, which princes, untaught of God, may vainly emulate.

The morning sunbeam lighted the pilgrims on their way. The slight and feeble frame of Mary was borne on a litter by four sturdy Ethiopians. Seven or eight more accompanied to rest them, when weary, and to brar 'Ir. M—— in the same manner, when overcome by fatigue, for it was a long distance to Massowak. Their journey led them through a desert wilderness, where they might vainly sigh for the shadow of the rock, or the murmur of the stream. Adellan walked in silence by the side of his friend. His thoughts were with the weeping Ozora, and of

the parting hour by the banks of the moonlighted fountain. Mary remembered the grave of her infant, and wept, as she caught a last glimpse of the hill where she had dwelt. The spirit of the missionary was lingering with the beings, for whose salvation he had laboured, and he made a solemn covenant with his own soul, that he would return with Adellan, if God spared his life, and leave his Mary under the shelter of the paternal roof, if she indeed lived to behold it. On the third day, Mr. M-\_\_ was over\_ come with such excessive languor, he was compelled to be borne constantly by the side of his wife, unable to direct, or to exercise any controlling influence on his followers. Adellan alone, unwearied and energetic, presided over all, encouraged, sustained, and soothed. He assisted the bearers in upholding their burdens, and whenever he put his shoulder to the litter, the invalids immediately felt with what gentleness and steadiness they were supported. When they reached the desert, and camels were provided for the travellers, they were still often obliged to exchange their backs for the litter, unable long to endure the fatigue. Adellan was still unwilling to entrust his friends to any guidance but his own. He travelled day after day through the burning sands, animating by his example the exhausted slaves, and personally administering to the wants of the sufferers. When they paused for rest or refreshment, before he carried the cup to his own parched lips, he brought it to theirs. It was his hand that bathed with water their feverish brows, and drew the curtain around them at night, when slumber shed its dews upon their eyelids. And often, in the stillness of the midnight, when the tired bearers and weary camels, rested and slept after their toils, the voice of Adellan rose sweet and solemn in the loneliness of the desert, holding communion with the high and holy One, who inhabiteth eternity.

There was a boy among the negro attendants, who was the object of Adellan's peculiar kindness. He seemed feeble and incapable of bearing long fatigue and at the commencement of the journey Adellan urged him to stay behind, but he expressed so strong a desire to follow the good missionary, he could not refuse his request. He wore his face muffled in a handkerchief, on account of some natural deformity, a circumstance which exposed him to the derision of his fellow slaves, but which only excited the sympathy of the compassionate Adellan. Often, when the boy, panting and exhausted, would throw himself for breath on the hot sand, Adellan placed him on his own camel and compelled him to ride. And when they rested at night, and Adellan thought every one but himself wrapped in slumber, he would steal towards him, and ask him to tell him something out of God's book, that he, Adellan, had been reading. It was a delightful task to Adellan to pour the light of divine truth into the dark mind of this poor negro boy, and every moment he could spare from his friends was devoted to his instruction.

One evening, after a day of unusual toil and exertion, they reached one of those verdant spots, called the Oases of the desert; and sweet to the weary travellers was the fragrance and coolness of this green resting place. They made their tent under the boughs of the flowering acacia, whose pure, white blossoms diffused their odours even over the sandy waste they had passed. The date tree, too, was blooming luxuriantly there, and more delicious than all, the waters

of a fountain, gushing out of the rock, reminded them how God had provided for the wants of his ancient people in the wilderness. The missionary and his wife were able to lift their languid heads, and drink in the freshness of the balmy atmosphere. All seems invigorated and revived, but the negro boy, who lay drooping on the ground, and refused the nourishment which the others eagerly shared.

"What is the matter, my boy?" asked Adellan, kindly, and taking his hand in his, was struck by its burning heat. "You are ill," continued he, " and have not complained." He made a pallet for him under the trees, and they brought him a medicinal draught. Seeing him sink after a while in a deep sleep, Adellan's anxiety abated. But about midnight he was awakened by the moanings of the boy, and bending over him, laid his hand on his forehead. The sufferer opened his eyes, and gasped, "water, or I die." Adellan ran to the fountain, and brought the water immediately to his lips. Then kneeling down, he removed the muffling folds of the handkerchief from his face, and unbound the same from his head, that he might bathe his temples in the cooling stream. The moon shone as clearly and resplendently as when it beamed on Ozora's parting tears, and lighted up with an intense radiance the features of the apparently expiring negro. Adellan was astonished that no disfiguring traces appeared on the regular outline of his youthful face, his hair, too, instead of the woolly locks of the Ethiopian, was of shining length and profusion, and as Adellan's hand bathed his brow with water, he discovered beneath the jetty dye of his complexion the olive skin of the Abyssinian.

"Ozora!" exclaimed Adellan, throwing himself in agony by her side; "Ozora, you have followed me, but to die!"

"Forgive me, Adellan," cried she, faintly; "it was death to live without you; but oh! I have found everlasting life, in dying at your feet. Your prayers have been heard in the desert, and I die in the faith and the hope of a Christian.".

Adellan's fearful cry had roused the slumberers of the tent. Mr. M.—, and Mary, herself, gathering strength from terror, drew near the spot. What was her astonishment to behold her beloved nurse, supported in the arms of Adellan, and seemingly breathing out her last sighs! Every restorative was applied, but in vain. The blood was literally burning up in her veins.

This last fatal proof of her love and constancy wrung the heart of Adellan. He remembered how often he had seen her slender arms bearing the litter, her feet blistering in the sands; and when he knew too, that it was for the love of him she had done this, he felt as if he would willingly lay down his life for hers. But when he saw her mind, clear and undimmed by the mists of disease, bearing its spontaneous testimony to the truth of that religion which reserves its most glorious triumphs for the dying hour, he was filled with rejoicing emotions.

"My Saviour found me in the wilderness," cried she, "while listening to the prayers of Adellan. His head was filled with dew, and his locks were heavy with the drops of night. Oh, Adellan, there is a love stronger than that which has bound my soul to yours. In the strength of that love I am willing to resign you. I feel there is forgiveness even for me."

She paused, and lifting her eyes to heaven, with a

serene expression, folded her hands on her bosom. The missionary saw that her soul was about to take its flight, and kneeling over her, his feeble voice rose in prayer and adoration. While the holy incense was ascending up to heaven, her spirit winged its upward way, so peacefully and silently, that Adellan still clasped her cold hand, unconscious that he was clinging to dust and ashes.

They made her grave beneath the acacia, whose blossoms were strewed over her dying couch. They placed a rude stone at the head, and the hand of Adellan carved upon it this simple, but sublime inscription, "I know that my Redeemer liveth." The name of Ozora, on the opposite side, was all the memorial left in the desert, of her whose memory was immortal in the bosom of her friends. But there was a grandeur in that lonely grave which no marble monument could exalt. It was the grave of a Christian:

"And angels with their silver wings o'ershade
The ground now sacred by her relics made."

It would be a weary task to follow the travellers through every step of their journey. Adellan still continued his unwearied offices to his grateful and now convalescent friends, but his spirit mourned for his lost Ozora. When, however, he set foot on Christian land, he felt something of the rapture that swelled the breast of Columbus on the discovery of a new world. It was, indeed, a new world to him, and almost realized his dreams of Paradise.

The friends of Mary and her husband welcomed him, as the guardian angel who had watched over their lives in the desert, at the hazard of his own; and Christians pressed forward to open their hearts and their homes to their Abyssinian brother. Mary, once more surrounded by the loved scenes of her youth, and all the appliances of kindred love, and all the medicinal balms the healing art can furnish, slowly recovered her former strength. All that female gratitude and tenderness could do, she exerted to interest and enliven the feelings of Adellan, when, after each day of intense study, he returned to their domestic circle. The rapidity with which he acquired the German language was extraordinary. He found it, however, only a key, opening to him treasures of unknown value. Mr. M- feared the effects of his excessive application, and endeavoured to draw him from his books and studies. He led him abroad amongst the works of nature, and the wonders of art, and tried to engage him in the athletic exercises the youth of the country delighted in.

Whatever Adellan undertook he performed with an ardour which no obstacles could damp, no difficulties subdue. Knowledge, purified by religion, was now the object of his existence; and, while it was flowing in upon his mind, from such various sources, finding, instead of its capacities being filled, that they were constantly enlarging, and multiplying, and the fountains though ever flowing, still undrained; and knowing too, that it was only for a short time that his spirit could drink in these immortal influences, and that through them he was to fertilize and refersh hereafter, the waste places of his country, he considered every moment devoted to relaxation alone, as something robbed from eternity.

One day, Adellan accompanied a number of young men belonging to the institution in which he was placed, in an excursion for the collection of minerals. Their path led them through the wildest and most luxuriant country, through scenes where nature rioted in all its virgin bloom; yet, where the eye glancing around, could discern the gilding traces of art, the triumphs of man's creating hand. Adellan, who beheld in every object, whether of nature or of art, the manifestation of God's glory, became lost in a trance of ecstacy. He wandered from his companions. He knelt down amid the rocks, upon the green turf, and on the banks of the streams. In every place he found an altar, and consecrated it with the incense of prayer and of praise. The shades of night fell around him, before he was conscious that the sun had declined. The dews fell heavy on his temples, that still throbbed with the heat and the exertions of the day. He returned chilled and exhausted. The smile of rapture yet lingered on his lips, but the damps of death had descended with the dews of night, and from that hour consumption commenced its slow, but certain progress. When his friends became aware of his danger, they sought by every possible means to ward off the fatal blow. Mr. M --- induced him to travel, that he might wean him from his too sedentary habits. He carried him with him, through the magnificent vallies of Switzerland, those vallies, embosomed in hills, on whose white and glittering summits Adellan imagined he could see the visible foot-prints of the Deity. "Up to the hills," he exclaimed, with the sweet singer of Israel, in a kind of holy rapture, "up to the hills do I lift mine eyes, from whence cometh my help." When returning, they lingered on the lovely banks of the Rhine, his devout mind, imbued with sacred lore, recalled "the green fields and still waters," where the Shepherd of Israel gathered

The languid frame of Adellan seemed to have gathered strength, and his friends rejoiced in their reviving hopes, but "He who seeth not as man seeth," had sent forth his messenger to call him to his heavenly home. Gentle was the summons, but Adellan knew the voice of his divine Master, and prepared to obey. One night, as he reclined in his easy chair, and Mr. M—— was seated near, he stretched out his hand towards him, with a bright and earnest glance: "My brother," said he, "I can now say from my heart, the will of God be done. It was hard to give up my beloved Abyssinians, but I leave them in the hands of One who is strong to deliver, and mighty to save. You, too, will return, when you have laid this wasted frame in its clay-cold bed."

"I made a vow unto my God," answered Mr. M., "that I would see them again, and that vow shall not be broken. When they ask me the parting words of Adellan, tell me what I shall utter."

"Tell them," exclaimed Adellan, raising himself up, with an energy that was startling, and in a voice surprisingly clear, while the glow of sensibility mingled with the hectic fires that burned upon his cheek; "tell them that the only reflection that planted a thorn in my dying pillow, was the sorrow I felt that I was not permitted to declare to them once more, the eternal truths of the Gospel. Tell them, with the solemnities of death gathering around me, in the near prospect of judgment and eternity, I declare my triumphant faith in that religion your lips revealed unto me, that religion which was sealed by the blood of Jesus, and attested by the Spirit of Almighty God; and say, too, that had I ten thousand lives, and for every life ten thousand years to live, I should deem them all too short to devote to the glory of God, and the service of my Redeemer."

He sunk back exhausted in his chair, and continued, in a lower voice, "You will travel once more through the desert, but the hand of Adellan will no longer minister to the friend he loves. Remember him, when you pass the grave of Ozora, and hallow it once more with the breath of prayer. She died for love of me, but she is gone to him who loved her as man never loved. Her spirit awaits my coming."

The last tear that ever dimmed the eye of Adellan here fell to the memory of Ozora. It seemed a parting tribute to the world he was about to leave. His future hours were gilded by anticipations of the happiness of heaven, and by visions of glory too bright, too holy for description. He died in the arms of the missionary, while the hand of Mary wiped from his brow the dews of dissolution. Their united tears embalmed the body of one, who, had he lived, would have been a burning and a shining light, in the midst of the dark places of the earth; one, who combined in his character, notwithstanding his youth and his country, the humility of the Publican, the ardour of Peter, the love of John, and the faith and zeal of the great Apostle of the Gentiles. Perhaps it should rather be said, with the reverence due to these holy evangelists and saints, that a large portion of their divine attributes animated the spirit of the Abyssinian Neophyte.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### YE ARE FORGOTTEN.

BY MISS C. H. WATERMAN.

COME back, my thoughts! come back, Far weary traversers—what do ye, where No memories light the track Of other days?—Ye are forgotten there.

Come back, fair early dreams!
That used to shed a light of rainbow hue;
Oh! ye have lost those gleams,
In other breasts—ye are forgotten too.

Come back my heart! no more
For ye, thoughts, dreams, and heart, the smiling brow,
Give welcome as of yore,
All that was cherish'd, is forgotten now.

And we must learn to cast

A shrouding veil, of dark and lasting gloom,

Between us and the past, Of all our early hopes, the dreary tomb.

Hope never more shall chime

Her silver bells thro' the long sunlit hours,

Nor cheat the steps of time

With pleasant promises of summer flowers.

We've lived in dreams so long,
That dark reality seems but to feign,
And still that echoing song,
Whispers of life, in those bright dreams again.

But no—farewell, farewell!
Silence, sweet tempter! there's a darken'd pall
Between us, and the knell
Rings loudly on—Ye are forgotten all.
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## Written for the Lady's Book.

## SEA SKETCHES.

"Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form Glasses itself in tempests; in all time, Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm, Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime Dark-heaving;—boundless, endless, and sublime—The image of eternity—the throne Of the Invisible!"—Byron.

No marvel that old ocean has been the chosen theme of ancient and modern bards—a theme well betitting the towering fancies of the mighty.

Nature's great shrine, inlaid with the gemmed coronets of a thousand kings, its base is among the unregistered treasures of dead dominion and the diamonds of infant time. Here rest the rivers from their long pilgrimage, and meet, and bow together, the great and the small, bringing gifts; and nightly do the spirits of the stars descend, and lay their sparkling treasures upon the altar.

The thought with which Mrs. Hemans commences one of her gems,

"Thou art sounding on, thou mighty sea,
For ever and the same;"

appears singularly grand in its associations, although the thought itself is one of that class which are self-evolved in almost every mind. That deep rolling diapason, so familiar to all the dwellers on the sea coast, and to those who launch forth on the majestic surface, has been heard under similar circumstances by the millions of all past time.

Strong indeed is ocean, and his voice is a strong voice. It owns no compeer save the voice of God. Earth's dialects change and her fashions change, but the language of ocean is one and the same, for ever and ever, and the fashion of its vestments altereth not. Rome, the empress of earth, heard the martial step of Hannibal upon the Alpine battlement, and shook-but Rome died and Carthage died, and the voice of ocean sounded on. Again trembled the Alps at the tread of Napoleon, and Europe from afar heard the roar of his artillery; but the echoes merged with the hushed voices of Time's long pathway, and the voice of ocean sounded on. Generations after generations pass like shadows over the earth, and sink into its bosom, empires die, and even the stars of mind go out in dim oblivion, and ages float away as morning clouds, and are not; but the voice of ocean rolleth on for ever, unwearied, unbroken, unrivalled in power only by "the full toned thunder, rolling in grand harmony throughout high heaven." The voice of the thunder dies away, but on still rolleth the deep, unpausing thunder-note of ocean, for ever and for ever on.

Sea burials have been often described, but it having fallen to the lot of the writer to witness several, he cannot but give a brief sketch of one which took place on board the packet ship "United States," in the summer of 1833; rendered peculiarly interesting in connexion with the "name and manner of life" of the officiating chaplain, who was none other than Mr. Charles Kemble, the well known and accomplished star of Thespis.

Mr. K. was on his return voyage to England.

The deceased was an Irishman, of perhaps some thirty-three years of age, had a wife and family in the old country, and having, after ten years' labour in the United States, amassed a hundred or more dollars, was now bound homeward.

The poor fellow was seized, (as supposed,) with an epileptic fit, and, at the moment of seizure, accidentally fell from a considerable height. He soon recovered from the fit, but had received an injury internally, and at once remarked that he should never get up again.

During the succeeding night he suffered much, and early in the morning asked how far we were from land, (about mid ocean,) hoped he should live to see old Ireland again. "But," said he, "the will of the Lord be done. And yet, it is hard, hard to die here—oh my own green hills, my wife——" He sank into a stupor; the cold sweat was upon his forchead. Capt. H. being sent for, immediately descended the steerage, and approached the berth of the unfortunate man. One look was enough. He stood in silence by the side of the dying sufferer.

"Is he dead, Captain?" mournfully inquired one of the females present. Capt. H. was gazing upon the fixed eye and (as if involuntarily) took off his hat, but replied not. An awful moment when we feel that death is standing at our elbow. The next moment the Captain turned away, a tear dropped from his eye, he went upon deck and gave orders for the burial, which took place before noon of the same day.

Well do I recollect that morning. It was one of those dark, wild, exciting mornings, which at times occur after a night of wind and rain; clouds piled up in huge black masses, with here and there a small vista through which the pure blue is seen as through a long perspective; occasionally a sprinkle of rain, the wind rushing fitfully through the cordage, the whole face of the waters vexed exceedingly, the waves clashing and upheaving in strange commotion.

The corpse having been prepared for burial, was laid on a plank near the mainmast, on the lee side of the vessel, one end of the plank resting on a cask, and the other on the bulwark. A weight was attached to the feet, (the body inclosed in canvass.) and over the whole was thrown the purple banner of death.

All things being in readiness, Mr. Kemble came upon deck, with the prayer book under his arm, and took his station by the side of the departed.

His whole deportment was deeply solemn and impressive. The passengers drew slowly and silently around, and Mr. K. reverently uncovered, and opened to the Burial Service.

Never can I forget the effect of that clear, melodious voice, as its tones calmly arose above the ocean turnult, or the exceeding majesty and beauty with which it burst forth in that sublime passage, "I am the resurrection and the life." Never can I forget the vivid impression then and there conveyed, of the conscious power of undying mind over matter.

The ship heaved heavily on, like one of Homer's gods, wending his way among moving mountains, or like the car of an ancient divinity, rolling on the surges of the earthquake.

The winds rushed by like hosts of fierce shadowy warriors, clouds hurried through heaven, and the spray of broken waves swept from stem to stern, but high above the chaos, pealed forth in commanding accents those glorious words, "I am the resurrection and the life." And the scene lost none of its interest as the speaker proceeded. On the contrary, the voice seemed to increase in volume and in conscious might.

Much, doubtless, is due to the time, place, &c., but it was truly a great scene. At one time the spray descended almost in a torrent upon the speaker, but that superb voice faltered not, and the brow was still screne, and the cye full of the calm light of lofty wind

As he pronounced the words, "we therefore commit the body of our brother to the wave," a rush was made to the side of the ship, and the frame work of the released spirit went down into its immense tomb, that transparent counterpart of the blue overarching heaven. And ocean lifted up her voice and rolled along the deep death song, the dirge of nature, over the dying millions of our short lived race, which began when time was young, and which soundeth on and on, for ever and the same.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### BY ELIZA EARLE.

"As from the wing no sear the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death."

WHERE sped the eagle's rapid flight,
No scar the sky retains;
Where passed the keel with track of light,
No vestige long remains.

How often thus from human hearts,
The thoughts of death pass by,
Swift as the ship's bright track departs,
Or scar from yonder sky.

Our smitten friends are angels sent
On errands full of love;
Each pang we feel for them, is meant
To lead our thoughts above.

How often sickness, care, and pain, Our haughty spirits bow; While sad affliction's gloomy train Conspires to bring us low. Then like the weary, wandering dove, Our contrite hearts become, And each affliction serves to prove That earth is not our home.

And, while the final closing scene
And thoughts of death arise,
How worthless do life's pleasures seem,
How vain its pageantries.

But, when prosperity's bright sun Breaks through the clouds amain, Our restless spirits, downward prone, Return to earth again.

If mortals thus are prone to err,
If widely thus they stray,
And, blind to greater good, prefer
To tread the broader way;

How should our chastened spirits come, And humbly bless the rod, That leads our best affections home, And fixes them on God.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE WIFE AND SISTER.

# A TALE. -- BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

[Concluded from p. 32.]

"Lie there!" she said, tossing it upon a centre table, "lie there, and rot, foul evidence of my dishonour!" Her lips were trembling and apart, her cheeks blanched to the hue of the grave, her frame seemed scarce able to support itself, she sank down upon the sofa; not a tear shaded the large eyes, dilated beyond their usual size; dark thoughts seemed to come over her, as she sat there in that silent agony; the delicately carved lips ceased to quiver, and were pressed firmly together, and anon the small hands clenched, and the slight frame shuddered from head to foot. She sprang from the sofa muttering fiercely and audibly,

"I will know—I will judge for myself. Yes! and by heaven confront them both with the evidence of their shame!" and she tore open the letter with a desperate hand"Stop!" cried a voice that made her heart leap frightfully. "Stop—I would save you, Madam, from your own contempt—mine you have secured everlastingly!" and the hand of her husband caught the uplifted arm, and took the letter from her grasp. He had heard enough, in her single expression to open his eyes to the dreadful truth, and he read at a glance the miserable history of the past; scorn, and wrath filled his bosom, and it poured itself out in words.

"Poor silly fool!" he said bitterly, "and base as silly! This, then, is the cause of your coldness—your long estrangement—jealousy of your own sister! the very gentlest and purest of human beings! Away! that aught so fair and lovely should be the receptacle of so foul a thing as suspicion!" and he tossed her hand from him, turning to leave the room; but his wife shrieked in the terrible anguish of her

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despair; she threw her arms about him, and in tones of agony implored him "To trust her once more!" He released her hold, and seated her upon the sofa, and then he asked in bitter derision, "How he could trust her, when his trust was gone? Or how restore the fair structure of their wedded love, when her own hand had stricken it down?"

She looked up hopelessly and wildly into his face; he turned from her glance, and left the room. He heard not the heavy fall upon the floor, as he closed the door, or perchance he would have lingered; insensibility had, for a time, stilled the sorrows of Marian. Mordaunt Leslie was alone in his library, alone with his wretchedness; his head was buried in his hands, and rested on the table; he wept not, but the strong masculine frame heaved with emotion. Firm in his own integrity, his proud sense of honour, he judged not, as the young judge, extenuatingly; but with the stern, and somewhat harsh judgment of one, who, struggling long with worldly men, had formed but one rule, by which all were measured. Marian's youth was no excuse, nor her long years of self indulgence; he had given his faith, and reposed implicit trust, and oh! to poor human nature it is terrible to find belief without foundation, and trust in vain! And thus Mordaunt had found it. " I will not affect what I do not feel," was his final conclusion; "she shall be as a stranger unto me, unless her own conduct give rise to better feelings." And Leslie was right; what a mockery is the hollow semblance of peace, when the offence is stinging like a coiled adder in the bosom!

Turn we to Marian, who came slowly and after long interval to herself. She rose with difficulty; her eye fell upon the letter. "Lost to me," she murmured, and the tears ran over her face, "lost to me, for ever! Leslie, dear Leslie! what have you said? His contempt, my God, how can I bear it?" and she looked up, shudderingly, with clasped hands, in mute appeal for mercy. It was long, very long, ere she gained even the appearance of calmness; and when she did, she enclosed the fatal letter, (without reading it,) in an envelope, and directed it to her husband. She simply wrote upon the note "unread." It was returned within the hour, accompanied with a request from Mordaunt, that as an act of justice to Eveline, she must now read the note. Marian did so; it contained a list of some half dozen books he wished Eveline to send him; he had forgotten them himself in the morning, and supposed he should require them in the approaching trial. He went on to explain the cause of his sudden return; "it was the unexpected illness of an important witness; the cause was put off; he had hurried home to prevent the books being sent, preferring to examine them at his leisure. On arriving he found Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline out, had sought her room, found the door open, and herself in a state of evident agitation; her exclamations, and the breaking of the seal followed instantly-the rest she knew."

And that was all! Yes, that was all. Let the young heart guard itself faithfully against suspicion, or it will grow like the Upas tree, until all things good and fair, shall wither beneath its baleful influence. The scales had fallen from Marian's eyes, and the truth was before her; ay, more, she felt in her most soul it was the truth; that she had wronged most fearfully both husband and sister; and she strank from the guilt, that lay heavy upon her soul.

Through all that weary day she was alone: Mordaunt had gone back to town, leaving word he should not return that night; Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline had been detained by a friend of theirs, and had consented to remain until evening, and a message to that effect was sent to Marian; they were accompanied by Charles Stanmore. It was well for Marian that she was left to solitude and conscience: that long hours of bitter sorrow were followed by self communion and self examination; and all-sufficient proof was there that night, that the seed sown by Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline had not been cast upon an unfruitful soil; good resolutions Marian formed, for the light came into her eye, the colour to her cheek, and earnest love and tenderness were in the tones of her voice as she murmured, " I will be worthy of thee, yet, my husband, with God's blessing on my efforts!"

Turn we now to Eveline and Stanmore. They had returned home; Mrs. Stanmore, fatigued with her walk, retired early to rest: Marian was in her own room.

"Sing, will you not, Miss Delancey?" said Stanmore; "a day passed so happily as this, should close with music." And she sang for him; he stood by her side, and when the sweet tones of her voice died away, he said:

"Why is it, Miss Delancy, I can never thank you? Words come freely at all other times; but ah! how powerless they are to do justice to my feelings." And then as though a barrier were passed, Stanmore poured forth the story of his love—words of tenderness, and earnest affection, he spoke; the hopes he had garnered, and the feelings he had cherished, were breathed in a language whose fervour told truly of their deep reality. Eveline turned very pale, but she spoke firmly, although she trembled:

"You know not what you ask, Stanmore; you have much to hear; and oh! forget you have spoken words of love to me; remember that you are free even in thought! and now listen to what I will strive to tell truly." Then, with a changing colour, and a faultering voice, Eveline told the story of her first love,

"It was due to you," she said, "to myself; he that I loved, was unconscious of my partiality, and under no circumstances will I ever reveal his name. Men prize the first love of woman; may it be yours hereafter, Stanmore!" She rose from her seat, to leave the room, but he detained her as he said:

"The second love of Eveline Delancy is more to me, than the love of all other women beside! If that be mine, I ask no brighter boon; such love would colour the path of life with fairy hues. Oh! Eveline dearest, may it ever be mine?"

Eveline burst into tears; she wept passionately, for her heart was very full: she had expected this result it is true; but after so much of past trial, she looked forward fearfully, and with doubt. She knew he loved her; but how was the sad history, she had resolved to tell him, to affect that love? Doubt was at an end now, and sorrow.

"Oh! Eveline," he said, "how very few are as you, right minded and honourable in all things; never swerving from the path of rectitude, however strong the temptation. Said I not, the second love of Eveline Delancey was more to me than any other? Bless thee, dearest, for the principle and truth that make it so!" Bright and beautiful was the smile of the maiden, and her dark eye beamed softly upon her lover, as she said:

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"And the love I bear thee, Stanmore, is far better, and more enduring than the troubled feeling of other days, for has it not met with that which makes it lasting as my life—return?" \* \* \* \*

The morrow came; Mrs. Stanmore was sitting alone in a parlour appropriated to herself; there was a slight rap at the door; she rose and opened it. Marian was there, looking very pale, but quite calm.

Marian was there, looking very pale, but quite calm.

"You are just in time, love," said her aunt, smiling fondly upon her, "see what beautiful worsteds Eveline has sent me; I was at a loss what colours to choose. Your better taste will assist mine." They sat down by the table to arrange them.

"My dear aunt," said Marian, at length, "I have a great favour to ask of you. I want aid and counsel; yet can receive neither unless you will promise me secrecy. I feared you might object to such promise, but I will abandon my project, if, after hearing it, you disapprove. Under such circumstances, will you consent to keep silent, until I wish it otherwise."

"I cannot object," replied Mrs. Stanmore. "I will keep secret every thing connected with the affair, unless you give permission to the contrary—will that do?"

"That is all I ask," said Marian.

She appeared to hesitate for a moment; the colour deepened to a crimson flush upon her pale cheek; memory was busy within, and it told her how many times Mrs. Stanmore had urged upon her, the very thing that at last in shame and sorrow she was compelled to do. Then the consciousness of doing well sustained her; though late, she was in the right, now, and she went on.

"My dear aunt, I have grown up to be a simpleton, ignorant, and uninformed; I have neglected the advice of my best friends, now I am reaping the bitter consequences. I am no companion for Mordaunt; daily, hourly I feel it! Give me your assistance, and I will make myself different in all things. You know how earnest my father was in efforts for my improvement; he laid the foundation on which a good superstructure may be raised; true, it is covered now with the rubbish that has accumulated in long years of neglect; but, oh! if I rise early, and work late; if all time, free from the interruption of Mordaunt and Eveline, be devoted to improving myself, may I not hope for success at last?"

"Indeed you may, my dear girl!" said Mrs. Stanmore, tenderly; "there is not a doubt of your success. But why not give the same pleasure to your husband and sister, you have given unto me? Surely it would be a far lighter task, with love and friendship to encourage, and sympathize with you until the end?"

"It must not be—it cannot!" said Marian, trembling violently as she rose from the table; "if you love me, aunt, never speak of that again."

"I will not, if it pain you, Marian," said Mrs. Stanmore, sadly; "but this is not as it should be."

"Pain me!" echoed Marian, as though the last words had escaped her; "pain me!" she repeated, and clasping her hands together over her forehead, she exclaimed in tones of wretchedness, "Oh! how much of pain and anguish I endure!"

"Marian, dear Marian," said her aunt, solemnly, there is guilt somewhere, or this would never be. Read your own heart, my child, and tell me if it is there!"

Marian looked into the face of Mrs. Stanmore,

and mournful, though calm, were the tones of her voice. "Not now! my more than mother! there is no guilt now; but, question me not of the past, it is full of trouble and shame; why would you hear it?" and she wept bitterly, as she bowed her head upon her hands. Mrs. Stanmore said no more then, nor ever after; she was content that good had been wrought out of evil; and she trusted, with a cheerful and confiding spirit, that the future would work out the happiness of one so repentant and sorrowing.

As Marian grew calm, Mrs. Stanmore spoke of the first books to be perused, and marked out the system that would be necessary to study to advantage. Marian was immediately interested, and they were yet discussing their plan, with much attention, when Eveline entered. Ah! how beautiful she was; the clear light of early morning came in through the lofty window, upon her happy face; her cheeks wore a colour long absent, her eyes sparkled, and her sweet muth was parted with a smile so full of gladness, that Mrs. Stanmore knew as she looked, it came from a heart at rest.

"I have something to tell you both," said Eveline as she sat down between them, and a brighter colour came into her face; "something that will give you pleasure for my sake." And she related the occurrences of the past evening.

How felt Marian as the tale went on? The overwhelming scorn and indignation of Leslie had convinced her of the foul injustice of her suspicions; yet in her secret heart she had still believed Eveline had sought to win his attention, far more than she should have done. How had she wronged her! Eveline saw the tears in Marian's eyes; she knew not the bitter source from whence they sprung. She took her hand, and clasping it between her own, she said:

"It is very long, dear Marian, since you have looked upon me as in our childhood's time; there is a change in your feelings, and I know not how it comes. Oh! Marian, how I have longed to speak thus to you, yet feared it would offend you. Will you not tell me, sister? it is wrong to cherish unkind thoughts to one who never wronged you—to one who grieves—oh! how sincerely, if she has done it unintentionally. Do you remember that in other days, you would weep all sorrow away in my arms? How have we altered! Sister, we are orphans! and He who made us so, meant that our mutual love should prove our solace and support. Shall it not be so?"

Eveline had spoken earnestly, in much emotion, and when she ceased, Marian's head sunk upon her bosom, and she wept bitterly. Then that elder sister, with something of a mother's tender and forbearing love, wound her arms about her, and sinking suddenly upon her knees, raised her dark eyes full of tears into her face.

"Kiss me once, Marian, my sister," and the sobbing girl threw her arms around Eveline's neck, kissing her often, and passionately. "This shall be a token of love between us, henceforth, and for ever!" said Eveline, solemnly, as she rose up, and embraced her; and Marian, as she received that embrace, murmured in Eveline's ear: "I will be worthy of such love, my sister, trust me yet for a little time." In Eveline's answering glance there was trust, and hope, and added happiness.

The following day, Stanmore left them for his southern home; to return again, after some months,

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for his bride. To the unobservant, all things went on as usual in the family; but to Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline there was evident a great change. Mordaunt came seldom home till the evening was far gone; he never spent any portion of his leisure days in his family; he was abstracted, and cold to haughtiness at times; while to Marian, his demeanour was characterized by formal politeness; social enjoyment was at an end; and with pain and anguish Mrs. Stanmore saw the breaking up of that familiar intercourse between Marian and her husband, which is ever the surest token of domestic peace. If any thing could have given comfort to Mrs. Stanmore, it was the conduct of Marian; she never betrayed the slightest irritation, but gently strove to win the attention of Mordaunt, which he never appeared to notice, although he never repulsed; it was evident she suffered much, but her suffering was unobtrusive, and silently, without complaint, it was borne.

Every leisure hour was devoted to study, and it was wonderful what progress she made; she still persevered in keeping her secret from Eveline; although it was now from a wish to surprise her, and give pleasure, when the discovery should be made. It was easy in the retirement of her own room, to conceal her pursuits from Eveline; beside, the latter was much occupied in various preparations, ere her marriage would take place. She did not know, therefore, the untiring industry, and unwearied perseverance of the young wife, who devoted hour after hour to mental improvement, in the hope that sooner or later her husband would perceive and appreciate her efforts. But as time rolled on, the heart of Marian often sank within her. Leslie's coldness was unabated; her own timidity concealing the fruits of her toil, and preventing any thing like fuller explanation of the past, which might have been given in extenuation of her conduct. Still she was far better fitted to bear sorrow with resignation; books had opened a new world to her, and her thoughts wandered away into that bright and strange region, till all memory of her own grief was for the time forgotten. It had been Marian's hope, that by degrees she might bring forth her hard acquired knowledge, and Mordaunt would reward, and bless her with his approbation. No such result followed; she was too sensitive, feared him too much to do justice to herself; and if Mordaunt did not feel indifferent, he at least put on its perfect semblance in all things that regarded his wife. Perhaps he thought that long and bitter suffering alone could cure a fault so degrading in itself, and often so deplorable in its consequences: be that as it may, there was little relenting, or manifestation of the love he had once borne to Marian.

"Pray can you tell me who wrote this?" said Mr. Leslie, entering the room where his wife, Mrs. Stanmore, and Eveline were sitting. And he handed Eveline a paper. "It is a criticism upon the very work you and I were discussing, and very ably it is written, I assure you. You are of course the author, Eveline?"

"No, I am not," replied Eveline, as she looked over it, "this is Marian's handwriting."

"Oh!" said Mordaunt, in a tone of disappointment, "a copy of course! I never knew your writing apart, they are singularly alike." He turned carelessly to a table examined some books, and after an interval repeated, "So it is only a copy after all! I really thought it had been yours, Eveline."

"Where did you meet with this, Marian?" said Eveline, who had been reading attentively, and paid no attention to what Motdaunt was saying. She looked up as she spoke, not receiving an answer to her question, and was painfully surprised at the agitation Marian's countenance evinced: a deep, burning flush was on either cheek, and the delicate lip quivered with emotion; yet even while she gazed, every outward sign of struggle vanished—Marian had schooled her heart to submission, it was in some sort atonement for the past. She rose from her seat, and walking over to Eveline, said:

"We will talk of this again, sister, give it to me now," and a faint smile threw its light upon her face as she added, "it is mine by right of possession, at least." Eveline yielded it, and Marian turned to leave the room, when Mordaunt said, in a voice that had a tone of mockery in it:

"But not yours by right of creation, I presume, Marian?"

Marian was cut to the soul; she lost self command and temper, and she answered in anger:

"You will be troubled, Mr. Leslie, to discover any other author than myself; but whether it is mine or not, it is a subject upon which your interference or approbation is not desired." She left the room.

"This is very strange," said Leslie. "Is it your opinion, Mrs. Stanmore, that Marian wrote the piece?"

She did not reply, but the tears gathered into her eyes. She saw the evil of Marian's promise of secrecy from herself, yet could she in no way obviate it, save by breaking her word; that she could not do, and was silent.

"Eveline," said Mordaunt, "do you believe Marian capable of writing such an article as that you have just read? You will oblige me by a sincere answer."

"Excuse me," said Eveline, hurriedly, "I am no judge of these things at any rate," and she followed Mrs. Stanmore from the room; she could give no other answer. She was sure, from her knowledge of Marian, she could not have written any thing of the kind, and she had been painfully surprised at what had occurred; she would not condemn her sister, therefore, had evaded the question. Marian, in her attempts at conversation, had always chosen the time when Mordaunt, and Mrs. Stanmore were alone, she depended upon the latter for encouragement, while she shrank from Eveline's superiority, as throwing her own humble efforts into the shade. It was her fault to depend too little upon the affection of Eveline; to think too highly of her attainments; too humbly of her own, when from continued study they would bear comparison with any one.

The termination of that conversation left a most unfortunate impression on the mind of Lealie; be believed that Marian had endeavoured to take to herself credit to which she had no pretension. He scorned the paltry meanness of such conduct.

"If it had been her own, she would have been glad to have avowed it!" he muttered: "how contemptible, and how in keeping with the rest of her conduct!"

Alas for Marian! The first fault was clinging to her skirts, and he who judged so severely, thought of her not as a loving and erring woman; but as one of his own sex, and his decision was stern accordingly. Woman should never be thus harshly dealt by; what can man know of their intensity of feeling?

of its fearless, and deep devotion? as well may they sound the depths of the fathomless sea, to bring to light that which is unto them a sealed thing for ever! Yet that very excess of feeling, is unto woman a curse, if it be not rightly regulated; unto parents the task is given, and great is the responsibility. Every serious fault of character they fail to correct in her youth, is an adder in the path of domestic life; it will lay coiled among the pleasant places, and its hissing tongue will sting to the heart!

Winter had gone, and spring came smilingly over the earth, bearing in her hand sweet smelling flowers, and on her brow a wreath of green; soft sunshine mingled among the delicate hues, and her breath was balmy and warin, as when she visits "the land of the grape and the vine." But unto Marian Leslie she came not cheeringly; from the day of the last conversation we have recorded, she made little farther effort to win her husband's love. She thought he regarded her with contempt, that all gentle and tender feelings had died away in his heart; and resentful thoughts would sometimes mingle with far better and kinder ones, that it was so.

"Surely," she would think, "I have suffered enough, I have been sufficiently punished. Alas! he loves me not, why should I look for that which may never be mine again."

Books were her consolation, and oh! what a world of fresh springing and happy thoughts, they opened to her mind. To Eveline she had told all; and she had bound her to silence, even more firmly than Mrs. Stanmore, and for this she gave no reason; she had faithfully kept the secret of her married sorrows, and she resolved to do so unto the end; and she was never troubled with inquiries by those who were too honourable to make them.

One evening the sisters sat alone together, the dim twilight had deepened into night, and the moon and stars came forth in the clear sky; they sat alone, looking out from the open window. Eveline's thoughts were afar off, with him her heart cherished so fondly. Marian's were not of the past nor the future, she had ceased even to hope. She strove not to think of these things, conversation with Eveline was to her mind inexpressibly soothing, how often it had brought to her weary spirit, forgetfulness.

"Eva dear, how still all things are to-night; is it not strange what a witchery there is in profound quiet? it is as if the hills, and mountains, and reposing vallies held silent communion together. I love to look out upon a seene like this, and call to mind all things of bright and beautiful, my mind has garnered. Tell me, Eva, you who are so famous for your strange fancies of the gifted, and the gone, what in your imagination can you liken unto Shakspeare?"

"I have likened him unto some vast statue, solitary and grand, upon the highest point of a towering and inacessible mountain. Thousands and tens of thousands, are struggling from the base to mount upward, but he stands alone! One there was of eagle glance, and lofty daring, who shook his arm aloft, and with proud step pressed onward; nearer he came, and nearer, he gained the summit. Lo, a shadow dimmed the glory of his brow, he stooped from his high resting place; he was not meet to match with Shakspeare."

"And Milton, where was he?" exclaimed Marian,
"Afar off, yet no higher; but to me he seemed to
make his seat among the clouds; gathering their

folds around him as the prophet did his mantle, and drawing from thence words of inspiration, and of power. He has grappled with the things of time and space, peopling an unknown world with the mighty images of his imagination: great and glorious, and good as he was great; shall we ever look upon his like again!"

"Have you ever found, dear Eva, that indulgence of such thoughts unfitted you for the active duties of life? Such things I have heard asserted."

"And yet it is just the reverse," said Eveline. "Such thoughts are for hours of solitude, and they fill the heart with all gentle, and loving, and reverent feelings. Reverence to the great Creator, who has given unto man such glorious gifts of intellect, that has enabled a creature, frail and perishing, to make for himself a name and immortality. Ah! believe me, feelings like unto these, raise the mind above all that is degrading in the walk of our daily life, they purify and make holy; blessed are they who love them for the good they bring."

Marian rose as Eveline concluded. "It is bed time Eva; Mordaunt will not return to-night, I fancy. So good night, sister dearest, and may pleasant dreams attend you."

Marian smiled, but Eveline heard the sigh that mingled with her words. Alas! she had no power to remove the cause, and she too said "good night!" with a feeling in her heart, that she could never know happiness herself until she saw that of Marian restored.

Marian Leslie had gone out one day to walk; it was early in the afternoon, cool and pleasant; light wind clouds cast their shadow o'er the sun, and made the day, which had been unusually warm for the season, a delightful one for active exercise. Her walk, taken in a new direction, had extended beyond a mile and a half: she was about returning, when a stifled cry of distress fell on the ear; the door of a small house that stood off the road a short distance. was thrown open and a man rushed out, bearing in his hands some articles of female apparel. Marian heard distinctly a woman's voice, in anguish, and supplication, "Don't take them, Thomas, I have nothing for the child!" She shrank back as the man passed her; for from his bloated face and staggering form, he was a loathsome drunkard; intoxication had drawn her iron brand over every line of his disfigured countenance. But he heeded her not; he carried with him sufficient for a dram, and he sped on to the city, that the first pawnbroker's shop might give the means to supply his appetite. Marian knocked gently at the cottage door; no answer came, and she entered. A pale, suffering woman was sitting up in the bed, her eyes closed, her head resting on her hands; her cheeks were wet with tears; she seemed struggling inly with her terrible despair. Marian went up to the bedside, laid her hand upon the woman's shoulder, and spoke tenderly and soothingly to her. She opened her eyes, and then for the first time, Marian recognized a servant who had lived many years in her father's family.

"Alice!" she exclaimed; "oh! Alice, can you have come to this! and in our very neighbourhood, too, and not seek our assistance."

"I could not do it:" and the woman wept piteously; your father always told me, if I married Thomas, I would live to see him a drunkard. I could not go back, with shame on my head."

"Lie down quietly now, Alice," said Marian,

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alarmed at her agitation. "Where shall I get you some nourishment?"

"Where?" and Alice laughed wildly; "not here, lady, there is not a morsel of bread for my mouth, nor a rag to cover my back; he took all, all!" and throwing down the bed clothes, she pointed to a chid: "See there; my baby is two days old, and that man was my husband and her father!"

Marian looked at the tender infant and deserted mother, and burst into tears. The sight of tears softened the agony of Alice, for she wept too, and then she looked up sadly into Marian's face, and said:

- "A hard lot and a weary, is the lot of woman, lady. Torture of body and of mind; God forgive me for all my sins, but I have wished often to sleep in quiet in the grave. Sometimes my brain is burning hot, and I feel crazed with misery. Is it wrong to wish for death, lady?"
- "Do not talk any more, Alice," said Marian, "be silent till I return. I will not be long; you shall have every comfort, and never be without friends again." Then she lifted the baby gently, and laid it in the arms of Alice, rightly judging it would soften her stern despair. "I will be the friend of that child, so long as I live, Alice. Now rest in quiet till my return."

"God bless you, madam," said the poor woman, "I will do as you bid me."

Rapidly, and with light steps, Marian Leslie took her way home; she was soon there, for her feelings rendered her unconscious of the speed she had used. She found Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline gone to town, Mordaunt was in the library when she left, on inquiry she found he was there still; she resolved to consult him, but first she gave directions for articles of nourishment and clothing, to be got in readiness. And then, with a step that faultered spite of her resolution, she went to seek her husband.

"Come in," said Leslie as he heard the knock at the door. He was occupied, and did not rise until Marian entered; he was evidently surprised, but said nothing, and offered her a seat. She did not take it, however, but glancing at the papers scattered on the table, said:

"You are much engaged, but my errand is urgent; I trust you have leisure to attend to me for a few moments,"

"Most certainly I have, what is it you wish?"

Then Marian related the events of the afternoon, and concluded with an expression of her earnest wish to remove Alice to their own house, immediately. She did not raise her eyes to his face during the whole recital; very touchingly did she speak of the desolate situation, the deep sorrow of the unfortunate Alice. Self was forgotten at last, memory of her own situation lost sight of in solicitude for the welfare of another, and she concluded with a burst of warm and passionate feeling:

"Oh! if you had seen her as I did, in misery and want, and desertion; her tender infant suffering for the care she was unable to bestow; pining for the nourishment she could not give, your heart would have bled for her sorrows, and your hand been speedy to relieve them."

Marian wept as she ceased, and when she met the glance of Mordaunt, her heart throbbed with a wild and sudden hope of his returning love. Did he not look upon her then as he had once looked, in other

and happier days? Oh! surely it was so; he must love her still; and Marian lifted her eyes once more to his face: he stood silent and thoughtful, leaning upon the back of his chair, every vestige of feeling or tenderness gone from his countenance. The revulsion was too great for Marian to sustain; she staggered back, a step or two, and grew deadly pale, but she caught with both hands the table, and a powerful effort of self control, enabled her to draw herself forward, and bend down her head upon it. She sat perfectly motionless, and for a brief period felt too utterly miserable to remember Alice or her sorrows. Then Leslie, who had not seen her face, said:

"You seem very tired, Marian, and it will be much better for you not to return again to Alice. I will take servants with me, and we will move her here to-night, if it be practicable."

She roused instantly, and said calmly:

"I will go with you, I promised her I would. am but little fatigued."

Mrs. Stanmore and Eveline had taken the carriage to town. And Marian once again set out, accompanied by her husband, to walk there. During the whole time, Mordaunt Leslie addressed no word of affection, or tenderness to his wife. She had read aright the glance, that brought such joy to her heart; but she could not account for the change that came over his countenance, and feared she had been wrong at first. When Leslie heard the low tones of her sweet voice, pleading for the sad and suffering; looked upon the beautiful face, beaming with innocence and truth, his heart was moved with feelings it had long been stranger to, and she met the expression of his eyes at that moment. She knew not how the memory of that morning, when she had equivocally claimed, the authorship of what he believed her incapable of writing, still haunted him. Such paltry meanness, he thought, as ofttimes he had thought before, and the cloud came over his brow, that had shadowed it so long.

Alice was moved with care and caution; she bore it well, and lived for many after years, to prove by her unceasing gratitude that kindness had not been thrown away upon her.

That evening, contrary to his wont, when he knew his wife to be alone, Leslie went into the drawing-room. As he entered, he thought Marian was not there; but he heard some one breathe heavily, and approaching a sofa at the far end of the room, he discovered her asleep. It struck him there was something wrong about her, and he brought the lamp casting the light full upon her face; it was flushed to crimson, and the red circle round the eyes gave token of the bitter tears she had shed. The heart of Mordaunt smote him, for the first time, and he feared lest he had dealt too harshly by that young and tender girl. He laid his hand upon her forehead, it was burning hot; she stirred uneasily beneath his touch, and he removed the light.

"Eva, dear Eva!" she murmured, "cool this fever in my head. Oh! I am weary, weary—let me rest."

She opened her eyes, and looked full at Mordaunt; the bright light of delirium was in their glance; she knew him not. Her thought was only for her sister, and on her name she called often, in low, sad tones, of mournfulness. Mordaunt took her in his arms to her chamber, and sent instantly to town for a physician, Mrs. Stanmore, and Eveline. Ere they came,

he watched by her side, and she said words that filled his heart with anguish and remorse; true, they were the ravings of fever, but long suffering had stamped them on the mind, and he felt there was a fearful degree of truth in what she said.

"You will not leave me, Eva," she said, touchingly, "for that far southern home? I have none but you. He will never love me more. Oh! if he knew how hard it was to feel myself losing the power to charm him; to see hourly all other objects of greater interest; to know myself inferior—he would not have resented so long and so sternly, that unworthy suspicion,"—and Marian, whose thoughts were of the past, wept, although she retained no consciousness of the present; and tears, whose source of agony was known only to himself, fell upon the face of Lealie, and mingled with her own.

Long and terrible was the illness of Marian Leslie; Mordaunt scarce ever left her, yet every act of attention she attributed to Eveline. Even in that dreamy and unconscious state, it was evident she believed his affections wholly alienated from her never supposed a moment he was actually present. One day she had been restless and uneasy, she asked them to raise her, they did so, and Mordaunt supported her slight weight while they arranged the pillows. The position seemed a relief to her, she would not be moved, believing it to be Eveline who held her, she said gently:

"I have wished to tell you something for a long time, my sister. I will die soon, very soon, dear Eva; and when I am gone, lay me at the feet of my father and my mother; let the soft sunshine be on my grave, the green grass grow over it, and the roses bloom. I will sleep sweetly there, sister, 'low in the grave.' Tell him if he ever looks upon it, how long I loved him, and how well. How I toiled early and late to acquire the knowledge that he loved. And oh! tell him, Eva, that in my dying hour I loved him, as I did through life; and gave him to the last, my blessing and my prayers."

Eveline had stood by the bedside through all this trying scene; when Marian ceased to speak, she lifted her head gently from Mordaunt's arm, and laid it on the pillow. Marian's eyes closed, and she slept; and then Eveline Delancy motioned silently to Mordaunt, and together they entered an adjoining room. Very few were the words said, but they were in explanation of what Marian had uttered; every thing that Eveline knew, she took a mournful pleasure in repeating, that Leslie might fully appreciate the efforts of Marian to win back his love.

"My sister will not die," said Eveline, "I am sure she will not; but, if you cannot love her now, it were better so. If you cannot feel to her again as in the first days of your wedded life, death would be preforable to the anguish she must endure."

"Eveline," said Mordaunt, laying his hand heavily upon her shoulder, "do not speak to me thus; none but He, who knows all things, can ever tell what I have suffered. I have been fearfully to blame. I have seen all the workings of her mind, in this delirium, and I find in all things I have wronged her. God forgive me!" his voice faultered, he was unable to say more.

"I meant not to give you pain," said Eveline, feelingly, "I thought the truth of consequence to her future happiness and your own."

"The truth," repeated Mordaunt. "Oh! Eveline,

why did not you deal frankly with me, and tell me all of Marian's suffering and self exertion? Why did not you tell me she was the author of that piece, when I almost insulted her by doubting in the manner I did? Her feelings I comprehend—I see why she shrank as she ever did, from communication with me; but you should not have done so."

Eveline explained her ignorance of the fact at the time of its occurrence, and her after promise of secrecy. Mordaunt was satisfied, and they returned to the sick room.

It was morning, and Eveline Delancy was in Marian's room, the latter was still an invalid, as was apparent from the general debility of her frame and the colour that came fitfully over her pale cheek. Signs of returning health, of present and quiet happiness were in that lovely face, yet they were traces of recent agitation. Eveline stood by her side, and she wore a travelling dress; Stanmore had come for his bride, and Marian would not have the wedding deferred; it was over, and that elder sister had come to say farewell.

"I cannot lose you, Eva," said Marian, tremulously. "I cannot lose you, love, now that the trial is come, it is more than I can bear!" and she wound her arms about Eveline, and wept upon her bosom.

"A husband's love is yours, my own Marian, and I leave you to that. There is no other love like unto this, and it is yours now, through all the changes of coming years. Bless thee, bless thee!—
my young sister, bless thee, for ever!" and Eveline clasped her fondly to her heart, and wept bitterly as she released her, and turned to go.

Stanmore entered with Mordaunt, and he drew the arm of Eveline within his own, and they went forth together. Then Mordaunt lifted up the head of his sobbing wife, and he kissed her fair brow as he said tenderly:

"Am I not more to thee, love, than sister or brother? Weep not so bitterly, my own Marian; Eveline is married to one who can well appreciate her noble character, and who will constitute her happiness under every change of circumstances. So I will thine, hereafter, there shall come no cloud over that sunny face, if a husband's tenderness can guard it. Do you trust me, love?" Marian looked up into his face, and Mordaunt, as he kissed away her tears, sought no other answer.

## WOMAN.

The prevailing manners of an age depend, more than we are aware of, or are willing to allow, on the conduct of the women: this is one of the principal things on which the great machine of human society Those who allow the influence which female graces have in contributing to polish the manners of men, would do well to reflect how great an influence female morals must also have on their conduct. How much, then, is it to be regretted that women should ever sit down contented to polish, when they are able to reform-to entertain, when they might Nothing delights men more than their instruct. strength of understanding, when true gentleness of manners is its associate; united, they become irresistible orators, blessed with the power of persuasion, fraught with the sweetness of instruction, making woman the highest ornament of human nature.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE TYROLEAN LOVERS.

BY W. LANDOR.

THE feet deer has fied to his high mountain lair,

No hunter shall follow his footsteps there;

Till the moon-shafts have pierced through the forest-shades deep,

In his covert of heather the poor deer shall sleep:

Such was the rude song that was echoing through the westernmost valley of the Tyrol, while the splendour of morning rested on the hills, and when the gorgeous dyes of autumn had kindled the forest foliage into glory. The person from whom it proceeded, was a youth, whose countenance glowed with the vigour of health, and whose limbs displayed the agility of one familiar with the difficulties of the Uninterrupted by a single cloud, the broad beams of the sun were scattered over a sky as clear and brightly blue as the purest sapphire gem that ever glowed on the breast of a maiden, and paled not a shade of its deepness. On either side of the valley, which was long, winding, and profound, the dew was yet moist upon the leaves and mountain flowers, though the sun was several hours high; the stream, indeed, which flowed at the bottom, was not teached by the sun-beams, and although where it widened into little pools, the blue reflection of the sky was visible upon it, one standing below would scarcely have imagined that the day had more than dawned. It was a scene and time to make one in love with the wildness of mountains, with the declining year, with the advancing day; for the eye was gladdened by various magnificence of colour-above, the changeless blue-beneath, a vale that seemed the eternal treasury of rainbows; the smell was gratified by the odour of health and freshness, and the whole frame invigorated by the strength and freedom of the upland air.

The young man who was now descending the mountain, had been pursuing the deer, but without success. The habits of the animal, in that region, where long familiarity with the times and seasons of the hunter, had taught it how best to shun the period of his presence in the valley and along its slopes, were to descend after dark from the heights among which it was enfortressed during the day, and there to drink during the night of the streams which flowed abundantly, and to browse upon the tender grass, and in the morning again to scale the elevation of the hills. The sportsman who sought the deer, sometimes looked for him below, by moonlight, but more frequently in the early morning, for when the animal had ascended to his rocky covert, he was in a region inaccessible to the hardiest toil. From such a matuunal excursion, the present huntsman was now returning.

He was dressed in a green hunting frock, faced with fawn-coloured fur, and abundantly covered in front and rear with twigs and broken leaves. A yellow cord bound the edges of the dress, and a device of the same stuff was wrought upon the breast. He wore grey under clothes, and tall buskins of chamois leather, for the convenience of climbing the rocks. Over one shoulder was slung a quiver of arrows, and under the other arm he held an unstrung

bow, his only weapons of the chase. His countenance was eminently handsome, and his frame, though not fully developed, was shapely and graceful. His air and bearing clearly showed, that whatever might be his social station, he possessed, in thought and soul, that nobility which does not come by patent. Chaunting in a clear and hearty voice, some fragment of a rude old hunting song, or some rhyme which occurred to him at the moment, as his own feelings woven into verse, he was descending into the valley, sometimes pausing in irresistible admiration of a wide and magnificent view thrown open by a turn in the among the bushes, and hastily stringing his bow for an attack.

When he reached the plain into which the ravine debouched, he paused for a moment and surveyed the scene. A circular space of a mile or more in diameter, served as a centre from which ran several ranges of hills, in various directions. Several castles perched among the thick trees, on various eminences throughout these different chains, were glittering with their chalk-white walls, and streaming banners, in brightness and gladness. In the centre of the plain were several cottages, occupied by the labourers who tilled the valley. A single cottage of meaner appearance than the others, stood by itself adjoining the termination of the ravine. Towards this the youth bent his steps. He took off his quiver and bow, and laid them under the rude shed that skirted the front of the dwelling, and then opened the door. On a bed in the middle of the room, lay a sweet and handsome little boy, very pale and thin, and with an habitual expression of great suffering in his countenance. The apartment indicated on the part of its occupants, great penury, though the child appeared to have about him all the comforts which could alleviate his condition.

"Well, Willie, my boy, how do you do, to-day?' said the stranger, as he took off his hat, and walked toward him. "I have just come down from the mountain, and called to see if I could do any thing for you to-day."

The boy nodded, and smiled to him as he entered, and said, "Well, Count, how are you?—No, nothing at all, I believe, I am more comfortable than usual,"

It was not till the Count had advanced nearly to the foot of the bed, that he saw that a young lady whom he had never beheld before, was sitting by the head of it. He paused in some embarrassment at the recollection of his disordered dress, and the carelessness of manner with which he had entered the room. He gave one glance towards her, and through the portal of that single look, her soft, and sweet, and placid beauty entered into his spirit, and sank on his heart with a disturbing delight. He was surprised and fluttered by the near and sudden presence of a countenance so bright and rich, and exquisitely fair. He bowed to her with distance and respect, and approached the couch with a very different air from that with which he had entered the room.

Little William, the sufferer who was the object of his visit, was the son of a hardy peasant who had long dwelt in great poverty in that small cottage. The child, some months before, had been following his father over the mountains, when the latter was attacked by a large stag, who sprang from a thicket before he was perceived. The courageous boy sprang forward to assist his father, and received from the antler of the animal a severe and dangerous wound in the breast, which threw him down upon his back insensible. The man, who had no other weapon in his hand but a stout club, succeeded with that in beating off the animal, rescued his son, and bore him home to his cottage. Since that time he had lain helpless, and in a condition by no means free from danger. The young Count Ralstein, who had sometimes employed his father as a guide among the hills, became greatly interested in the child, who was very intelligent, handsome, and high-spirited, though gentle. He sent him every thing that could profit or amuse him, and paid him a visit almost every evening, and sat with him to cheer his spirits with talk about the chase and the woods. time he had happened to call in the morning, and by so doing, he met the young lady whose appearance so deeply agitated his feelings.

"I have just been telling this lady," said Willie, in his thin and plaintive voice, as the Count approached and shook him by the hand, "how kind you have been to me, and how you have come and sat with me every afternoon, when you would rather be hunting, I know, or riding, or playing in the great hall. But you will have your reward, Count," said the child as the corners of his lips began to turn down; "if I can't give it to you, another will."

"Oh, Willie, my boy, you overrate my services altogether. I have only done what was very agreeable to me, and, in fact, it amounts to nothing after all."

As the Count spoke, his embarrassed glance was met by a large dark eye, whose brilliant gaze was slightly dimmed by a gathering tear. The countenance which was directed towards him, though blushing with timidness, was marked by a strong expression of admiration and sympathy. In the new and intimate delight which thrilled through him in that moment, he felt that he was more than repaid for all the service he had rendered to the boy. A spirit seemed to pass through his spirit, with power and pleasure, moving it to its depths with a fresh and delicious agitation. It seemed to him as if the soul that sat upon that earnest, speaking face, passed into himself, and embraced his own inmost soul, there to cling and rest for ever. How far whatever fate might separate thenceforth their persons, their spirits were in that moment wedded in an union that for ever made them one.

The child, with a delicacy of intelligence which illness had refined beyond his years, perceived the awkwardness in which the parties stood, and that something ought to be done by him. He paused for a moment, and blushed while he contemplated the best manner of performing what he had never, in any shape, done before. He then raised his eyes to the girl who was sitting at the head of the bed.

"Ma'sm, let me introduce to you Count Ralstein: two persons so kind as you, ought not to be strangers," he udded, as if apologizing for what he had done.

The Count bowed several times with great devo-

tion. "I am infinitely happy at any thing which affords a pretext for associating my name with yours."

Some vague conversation followed, after which the lady rose. "Well, William, I must leave you, I believe," said she: "but before I go, I will prepare the pitcher which I promised you."

She accordingly began to make arrangements for fabricating some kind of liquor for the refreshment of the little invalid. The Count was on every side of her, anticipating every thing that was wanted, bringing water, handing spoons, smelling, tasting, and making as much talk as possible. The mixture was at length finished, and placed by the bed of the child, on a little table, and the young lady took leave of her patient. She was about to say adieu to the Count, when that personage discovered that he was obliged to go at the same moment, and bidding Will good bye, they went out of the cottage together.

- "What a delightful little boy that is! is he not?" said the Count.
  - "Oh yes, delightful. I quite love him."
  - "Oh, I entirely love him," replied the Count.
- "Did you ever study geometry?" said the Count, after a pause.
  - " I have."

"Do you remember the first axiom?—I wish it held true in moral matters, that those who hold a certain relation to a third person, must hold the same relation to one another."

His companion looked grave, as if she would not understand.

"What I mean," said the Count, "is, that I wish you would suffer me, as proxy and sponsor for my little friend, to return you the sentiment you express for him."

The girl said nothing, and the Count said no more. Upon reflection, indeed, he was shocked at what he had said. He was appalled at what seemed such disgusting presumption. Truly she must think him a monster of impudence—a paragon of forwardness.

After a few moments the girl turned towards the group of cottages which filled the centre of the plain. "I will bid you good morning; your way, I believe, does not lie by mine."

- "Permit me to hope," said the Count with earnestness, "that I have not offended you."
  - "You have not."
  - " Do you live in one of those cottages?"
- "I cannot tell you in which, and I would rather that you did not follow me."

She walked on, and the Count remained. He felt an intense desire to know in which of those houses she lived, and he might have ascertained into which she entered, by standing where he was. But it was plain that she did not wish to be observed, and he felt that he was put upon his honour not to follow her even with his eye. He ran back to the cottage which they had left.

- "Willie, my darling," said he, "I want you to tell me all about that pretty lady. What is her name, and where does she live?"
- "Why Count," replied the boy, with an arch smile at his friend's anxiety, "I know no more about her than you do. She came here the day before yesterday for the first time, and said she had not before heard of my accident."

"Do you know nothing about her?" reiterated the Count and a count of the Count of t

"I only know that she is very lovely and beautiful; and that you know, Count, as well as I do. I am inclined to think, however, that she lives across the mountain, in the opposite valley."

The Count took up his bow and crossed the plain towards his father's castle. Separated from the being in whom he was engrossed, he had no hope of satisfaction till the next day brought around a prospect of again meeting her whose memory absorbed his thoughts. He shot all his best arrows off into the adjoining valley, but not finding himself much relieved by that exercise, he threw himself upon the grass to think and dream about this peerless lady.

The image which presented itself to the mind of the young Count, as he lay gazing upon the blue sky with half shut eye, was that of a fair youthful girl, whose features, bust, and form, presented a statuesque roundness and proportion. Though the fulness of her face bespoke high health, her complexion was delicate. She was about eighteen years-the same age with his lordship; but her stature was rather shorter than belonged to those years. Her hair was dark and glossy, and curled discreetly behind an ear whose snow-white smallness would have delighted the heart of the Pasha of Yanina. Her eye, dark and wonderfully large, was pensive rather than passionate, spiritual, rather than splendid. There was a certain gravity in her features, which was partly the sensitive reserve of one whose delicacy shrank from promiscuous sympathy, and partly was a personal timidness. Her smile was almost painfully sweet, and had the appearance of being somewhat forced. If depth of intellect is graven upon the brow, and strength of character dwells upon the more prominent features beneath it, purity of heart is marked upon the lip. That portion of the face, in this case, denoted a spirit gentle, even to tenderness, delicate, almost to morbidness. The soul of man nor woman has no secrets: whether within the hidden heart there nestle the dove-eyed sisters, purity and peace, or there cower lonely lusts and brotherless sensuality, their presence is, to the observing eye, emblazoned on the face: no act is done, no passion felt by man which does not leave its mark upon the countenance for ever; to them that can interpret the thoughts that are wrapt in things, the glance is a telegraph of inward truths, the manner is a moral history. If the Count had not met his fair friend engaged in a mission of kindness, he would have been certain, from the placed sweetness of her face, and the utter absence of every token of vanity and self, that within that lovely form there was fittingly enshrined the spirit of an angel. As the little lord lay upon his back among the grass, and gave himself up to the delicious play of his feelings his seething fancy sent up a hundred shapes cognate to the impression which he had of her character; sometimes it was the picture of a seraph clothed in cloth of silver; sometimes of a soft statue from sunny Greece; sometimes of a

Swan, whose majesty prevailing
O'er breezeless water on Locarno's lake,
Bears him on while proudly sailing,
He leaves behind a moon-illumined wake:

but it was always some image of light, and grace, and innocence.

The Count spent the day in an ecstacy of con-

fused delight, and when the following morning had arrived, he ran down to the cottage where he had met the beautiful stranger; but she was not there. He lingered till noon, but she came not. The pain, the desolate dejection, which oppressed his heart as he wandered homeward, first told him how deeply his spirit was possessed by her presence. He returned to the castle, and was sitting in the hall in a dreary mood, when his father called him into his private room to communicate to him some important intelligence. This was, that he had that day concluded an agreement of marriage with the Duke of Walcheren between his daughter and the Count; and he offered him his congratulations upon the honour of an alliance with so distinguished and powerful a family. He added that it would be proper that they should set out on the following morning to visit the bride elect in her father's castle on the opposite mountain.

When the Count was left to his own reflections, and to the pain which was created by the near prospect of being for ever separated from the fascinating creature who filled his fancy and his heart, his understanding for the first time felt the fetters in which his passions had hopelessly bound him. Hitherto he had only felt, and his intellect had not taken cognizance of the relation which his being had contracted. To imagine that he never again would see her-that the light of her love was to be for ever withdrawn from the landscape of his life, and the dreary gloom of spiritual solitude succeed-to blot from the mirror of his soul that image which alone gave beauty to his days, and a rich glory to his consciousness-to pluck out from his heart that dart of hope whose entrance had stung him into delicious pleasure, but whose backward movement would be barbed with agony-was a bitter suffering to the youth. His spirit was a gentle one, and he could not dream of resisting his father's order. He had ever been dutiful and devoted to his parent. and a grief from that hand seemed like a wrong. He bitterly regretted the fate that had made him noble; for if instead of a castle on the hills he had owned a cottage in the valley, he might have wedded whom he liked, and in possession of the sweetness of a sincere love, his happiness might have been as eminent then, as his station was painful now. Unfortunate condition of the great! wherein personal inclination must yield to a propriety contrived by others, and the happiness of the individual heart be sacrificed to the expediency of general regulations. As the Count reclined upon his couch, and reviewed the calamity which was about to fall on him, and which he could not feel that he deserved, the strife and distress of his spirit found relief in tears. He rose and knelt at the shrine of his guardian saint, and as he poured forth a manly prayer for strength and guidance, he felt himself elevated above the weakness of uncontrolled emotion, and satisfied to part with passion, and submit himself to the healthful discipline of duty. He felt assured that the sentiment of conscious right would sustain him under the privation it was his destiny to endure. As he returned from his orison, he passed an open window through which, in all the brightness of autumnal luxury, lay the scene through which he had passed from the little cottage in company with her whom he never more must see. Returning love shot one quick, deep sigh through his heart, and the flood of

all his former feeling rolled back over his spirit. He sank upon his seat in the tumult of an agonizing spirit.

The next morning he rode over with his father to the castle of the Duke of Walcheren. When they entered the great hall, they were informed by the butler that the Duke was in the armory, and that his daughter was alone in the front saloon.

"I will give you the pleasure of presenting yourself to her," said his father, the Baron, "while I seek the Duke—as you are expected, you will not need any announcement."

In picturing to himself the character and appearance of the person who was chosen to be his bride, the Count had conjured up a figure of mere deformity, a hard-featured, shrill-voiced, frigid, unsympathizing woman, whose simple aspect would be revolting to him. He was so desolate in feeling, that when his father left him he could almost have wept. The attendant opened the door of the saloon, and the Count went forth with as heavy a heart as ever a criminal walked to execution. In imagining the shape and countenance which his gaze would encounter, he had grown so nervous that he thought with horror of the first glance which he should cast upon this fearful being; and accordingly when he beheld dimly a female dress at the other end of the apartment, he cast his eyes upon the ground, and advanced towards her, absolutely destitute of courage enough to look up.

"Count, have you seen our friend Willie, to-day?" said a clear, airy voice, whose soft and gushing tones pierced to the ground of his heart.

He started and raised his eyes. Like the sun-light flashing over a wintry landscape, a thrill of joy ran through his spirit, for in all the lustre of her peerless beauty, the lady of his love was sitting before him.

"Oh! this is too delicious to be real. Are you indeed the daughter of the Duke?"

" His only daughter."

The young Count kneeled down and took her soft hand and pressed it to his lips, then raised his eyes and gazed on her with fervour and delight. He could not express the emotions which rendered him the happiest man on carth.

Need we linger on a scene like this? or paint the joy that ensued when duty was rewarded and innocence made happy? Need we tell of the frequent visits which they paid in after days to the cottage where they first had met, and of the dearness in which Willie was held by both? Of the days of gladness during which they wandered among the leafy hills, and reclined in the pleasant vallies—of the hours of ecstacy in which they gazed together on the setting sun, or from the castle turrets looked out upon the rising moon?

When virtue weaves the flowry chaplet of young affection, and the fire of mutual passion is kindled at the lamp of purity—

When love is an unerring light, And joy its own security-

then is the richest pleasure of humanity poured out—then is the most heavenly aspect of our life exhibited.

# Written for the Lady's Book.

# THOUGHTS IN DESPONDENCY.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

Ir all the seeming faults of men— All false suspicions which arise Should be as though they had not been, Our Earth would be a Paradise: But not an act can Goodness plan To bless a friend or aid mankind, So evil is the heart of man, But to its beauty we are blind.

There's no reproach so keenly felt
As that deem'd wholly undeserv'd;
A blow, thus struck, though lightly dealt,
Will madden, if the heart ne'er swerved.
What though the eye, the cheek, the lip,
Unchanged, seem dead—the soul the same?
The heart a bitter draught may sip.
And poison circle through the frame.

The sun, philosophers declare,
Is rayless 'bove Earth's atmosphere,\*
E'en so we seek to find a care,
When simply seen, each sight might cheer.
O Death itself were bliss, compared
With that deep sorrow which is ours,
When one with whom our life is shared,
Finds thorns where we had planted flowers.

The world and men have faults, by far
Too many now—why make them more
In striving every scene to mur
By adding a fictitious store?
Beware of foul Suspicion's sway—
That fiend with man alone hath scope;
Victorious, leads his soul astray,
And banishes his angel—Hope!

Content thyself—be free from care—
Nor heed the darts against thee hurled,
When mercenary men declare
Thou know'st but little of the world:
As thou art ignorant of this,
So wilt thou know of that the more,
That glorious world of endless bliss,
Which man may worthily adore.

We have a better nature!—God,
Within us and around us, guide
Where we may not repent we've trod,
When from this dust the soul shall glide.
Let us not judge, lest judgment come
To mark our haughtiness and sin,
Leaving us helpless, weak, and dumb,
When to thy heaven we'd enter in!

The sun appears a rayless orb of fire, in the midst of a black concave, beyond our atmosphere. The equal diffusion of the light over the globe, is owing to the refraction of the rays of the atmosphere and their reflection from other bodies.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE YOUNG ARTIST.

A STORY.

EUGGESTED BY MOUNT'S PICTURE OF "THE PAINTER'S STUDT," IN THE POSSESSION OF EDWARD L. CAREY, ESQ.
BY J. H. INGRAHAM, ESQ., AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE."

PART FIRST.

#### CHAPTER L

"There be stories tolden in pictures as well as in bokes, and a cunning paynter doth discourse with his pencil even as a ready wryter doth with his pen; and some do think he hath the greater honour and dignity, inasmuch as genins is more excelling in artes than in lettres." William Mervys.

THE old stage road from Philadelphia to Lancaster, within a league or little more of the latter place, descends abruptly into a narrow glen, through which, over a rocky bed, tumbles a wild and noisy brook. Gigantic trees line its rugged banks, and form above a leafy canopy, through which the noonday sun scarce penetrates, flecking the dark sward beneath with splashes of golden light, and gilding here and there a sparkling wave as it leaps upwards in its gambols. Across the stream is flung a rustic bridge, so old that from the huge gapes in its crazy joints, there grow, nourished by the dark, rich loam, with which time has filled them, long waving grass, shrubs, and even flourishing young trees; so that the passing traveller is scarcely less overshadowed in crossing the bridge than in the forests through which the road had hitherto wound. One of the rude beams of the structure, with an eye both to economy and strength, characteristic of those days when it was built, is morticed into the trunk of an aged sycamore, which flings broadly above it, its long, white, spectral arms, as if its protecting geni. At the foot of the tree, a narrow, rustic wheel-road turns off to the right, and following the bank disappears in the intricacies of the overhanging trees. Upon the bark of the sycamore, but so near the ground that a horseman would have to lean from his saddle to read it, is nailed a guideboard, fashioned like a man's hand, with the forefinger extended. From its worm-eaten corners, its weather-beaten face, and faintly visible characters, it doubtless was placed there by the founders of the bridge itself. With some difficulty the words, " To Eden" can be made out by the curious traveller who may chance in a summer's day to stop to refresh his horse and himself in the cool glade, ere he attempts the perilous passage of the little bridge before him.

### " To Eden."

This is all the passing traveller knows. Not a figure to mark the distance, nor the least trace of there ever having been any placed there, is visible to the nicest eye. "To Eden!" reads the stranger, and passes on his way; and the little finger-board which for the moment drew his attention and awakened a temporary curiosity is soon forgotten! But it shall not be so with ourselves, dear reader! We are a traveller, not of the highways but of the byways; the seeker out of snug rural nooks; a lover of shade rather than of sunshine; delighting more in the fragrance of flowers, and the green sward that clothes the hills and all the vallies round, than in the rocky

\* An excellent engraving of this production appears in " The Gift," for 1840.

turnpike and dusty thoroughfares; beholding more beauty in a majestic tree than in a stately tower; more harmony in the hum of a bee than in the buzz of the crowd; more beauty in a running rivulet than in the finest jet d'eau; more enjoyment in a ramble through a woodland path, than a dashing drive through Chestnut street; and, altogether, believing that true happiness is to be sought rather in the quiet corners of the world than amid the splendid pageantries of life, invested as they may be with all the blandishments of art. We will not now, therefore, cross the old bridge and travel along the turnpike; but, leaving the highway, turn short into the path at the foot of the tree, and follow its windings beside the brook, which, after twice leaping into a cascade of tumbling snow, and thrice spreading out into a miniature mere, without a ripple upon the mirror-like surface of its breast, dashes riotously through a narrow channel, and is lost amid the gloom of the deep set forests. But after a brief absence, if we continue our way, we shall see it issuing in a vale and expanding into a little lake of the most picturesque character, with a quiet hamlet of a few white cottages, clustered about a snowy spire, on one side, and a gentle slope of pasture land, sprinkled with herds on the other; while around rise hills with green luxuriant swells, either crested with noble forests or sweeping down to the shore, in lawns of the brightest verdure. This hamlet is " Eden!" the valley, which you perceive is not a mile in length, and in width scarce half as much, is called Eden Valley; and the lake, lively with geese and ducks, and children's adventurous barks, sent off with many a shout, from the village shore, is called " Eden Mere." Is it not all beautiful! so still, so quiet, so rural, so shut out from the world around it! How much we should have lost, had we crossed the old bridge and rode on to Lancaster, and yet we have wandered only a mile and a half from the high road; for, though the venerable guide-board is silent, this only is the distance of the lowly hamlet from the old sycamore. Indeed it is so near that the village children used always of a Saturday afternoon to follow the stream up to the bridge to fish; for there is beneath it, nigh one corner, a fine deep trout-hole, in which their dirty, naked feet, hanging over the timber ends, the holiday rogues would ply their hooks till they could no longer see their shadows in the black water below them; then, with their loaded baskets, they would start on a nimble race homeward, and as the twilight gathered the faster they ran; for there were familiar tales of woodland goblins, remembered then, that quickened their pace, lest night should overtake them ere they reached the school house; which, being the first building on the village skirts, in the direction of the bridge, was to them, safe ground. This schoolhouse was an ancient structure, having existed through three generations of village urchins, the grand child sitting at the same hacked and inky bench where his

grandfather had been first inducted into the mysteries of Dilworth.

It stood at the extremity of the village street, on an open green space, where several forest-oaks, suffered to remain, cast a shade upon its roof and the surrounding lawn, which, in summer, was their playground; the Mere, which was a stone's throw in front, being in winter, with its glassy bosom inviting the skater to his favorite pastime, substituted for it. school-house was a square wooden building, with a high Dutch roof, its low eves stretching on every side, far beyond the outer walls. It had four windows placed very high from the ground, one on each side of the house; and a single door facing the water. An irregular flat stone, well worn by little feet, was laid before it, and the grass, for many yards, around it, was trodden by the feet of three generations of urchins, till it had become nearly as hard and smooth as the door stone itself. Every thing about the school-house was characteristic. The narrow clapboards were covered with initials; and names only traditionally known in the village, were cut deep into the wood, with jack knives, some of them bearing date as far back as 1753; while here and there were curious hieroglyphics, that no man might tell the meaning of, but doubtless meant for good honest words and letters: there were to be seen, also, profiles of more or less merit; men, all legs and head; scrawls with lead pencils or red chalk on the smoother and whiter surfaces; names of favourite school girls, now grandmothers; caricatures of the several masters, and the usual display of obscene words, that show the corrupt state of the human heart even in its earliest existence—one and all characteristics of a village school-house.

Dominie Spankie, at the period of our stay, presided over the destinies of the three-score-and-ten urchins that constituted the juvenile population of the village of Eden; and this school house was the realm in which he had reigned for forty years; and scarce was there to be found a male inhabitant, under fifty years of age, in the village, whom, in his time, the Dominie had not had between his knees, inflicting upon him the healthful discipline of castigation. The Dominie had once been a soldier in the wars, having followed Braddock into the wilderness, and got much damage as he asseverated, by "the dread onslaught of the wild savages," losing two fingers of his right hand by the blow of a tomahawk and one of his eyes by an arrow: and it was pleasant of a Saturday evening to hear him, on the stoop of the quiet inn of Eden, relate his warlike exploits, using his ferule, which he never let out of his hand, save when sleeping, now as a musket, now as a broadsword, to aid in illustrating to his wondering listeners, the deeds he had seen and of which he had been a part. The Dominie was tall of stature, erect and military in his port; with a long and sinewy frame, marvellously spare of flesh. His hair was thick and gray, for he was waxing towards his sixtieth year, and being brushed desperately back from his forehead, bristled over his head after an exceedingly terrific manner. His long habit of command over a regiment of unruly breechlings, had settled a frown upon his shaggy brows; and, as nature had given him a sort of undereye-brow, his aspect, combined with his sightless orb, when the other was turned upon an offender, was awful to behold. The Dominie, indeed, governed by his eye alone; a look being found sufficient to paralyze the stoutest urchin that had the misfortune to incur his wrath. His long service as " master," had elevated him, in some sense, to the dignity of pater familias to the whole village; all the souls in which had been in their youth, under his especial eye; and from long habit he still felt disposed to look after the manners and affairs of his quondam pupils, and they themselves, from the same force of habit, to yield him reverence and obedience. So, what with the boys at school, and their fathers at home, the Dominie got to be, save the minister, the most important personage in Eden. By the good wives he was looked upon with a respect amounting to awe; and as he would frown upon them as well as upon their lords and their lords' pledges, when things went not to his liking, his looks made such an impression upon many of the more nervous portion of the woman-kind, that, (being a bachelor, the Dominie did little consider the times and seasons for administering reproof,) nearly every other male child, to the wonder and astonishment of the whole hamlet, came into the world marked with one eye, and a double pair of eyebrows, looking for all the world as like the Dominie's as one pea looks like another. But this belongs rather to the "Chronicles of the Hamlet of Eden," and to the Life and Acts of Dominie Spankie, (which have been carefully written, and peradventure, one day will see the light,) than to our story, to which what has yet been said is only pre-

## CHAPTER IL

One sultry Saturday forenoon, in August, about half an hour before closing the school, Dominie Spankie sat upon his throne, which was an arm-chair placed upon a platform, raised two steps above the floor. Before him, rising one behind the other, were the ranges of benches, filled with the boys, the biggest in the back seats, and the littlest, down to three years old and under, on the front forms, immediately beneath his terrible eye, and only separated from him by the area between his desk and their seats. huge fireplace on the right of his throne, was garnished with a young pine tree and other evergreens, and on the broken hearth before it, as the coolest spot was placed a stone pitcher of water, with a tin cup floating upon its surface. It was a very warm day; and scarcely did the light air that came in at the windows lift the leaves of the numerous open books, for every book was laid open before its owner, and the whole school, under the vigilant observance of the Dominie, appeared to be studious. Many of the younger boys, in truth, were hard at work, from fear of the birch, which was laid on the desk before their eyes, in terrorem; and buzz, buzz, buzz went their little lips for very life. Others held their books perpendicularly before their faces, and with one eye fixed desperately on the page, kept the other askance on the "master!" for the Dominie had a way, doubtless learned in his wars against "the savages," of flinging his oaken ferule through the air, like a tomahawk, so that it would unerringly light, (so true was his arm from long practice,) on the desk in front of any idler, without exactly hitting him on the head, but giving him a good start at the time, with a sure promise of a flagellation; for the flight of the ruler was sure to be followed in a voice, stern and loud,

"Bring me that ferule, young master!" when the instrument was duly put to its more legitimate use.

The boys had just come in from recess, when the Dominie cast his eye sternly over the schoolroom, to see if he could single out any unlucky juvenile inattentive to his task, his ferule balanced across the palm of his left hand, with the two fingers and thumb of the right, gently dallying with its extremity. Instantly every soul went to work, and lips moved mechanically in the sound of study, though, so far as what was repeated from the page before most of them, was understood, they might have been reading Chinese as well as the king's English. The Dominic wore spectacles, (a pair of massive iron ones,) that oddly reminded you of the crusading knights, or Don Quixote in armour, which combined with the obliquity of his vision, put the shrewdest boy at fault in guessing, when he happened to lift his face from the desk and look over the school, on which point exacily his gaze rested; each one, therefore, supposed himself as likely to be the victim as any of his fellows. so when the Dominie, from time to time, looked up, and gravely surveyed the array of boys, he always gazed upon a praiseworthy scene; when apparently satisfied at the diligent aspect of his schoolroom, he would ejaculate a gratified hem, and turn again to his task of ruling copy-books or setting copies for the ensuing week. Although so strict a disciplinarian, the Dominie, like most men, especially schoolinasters, had fallen into certain habits and methods, all of which were well understood by his more sagacious pupils, who governed themselves accordingly. of these habits was, while ruling copy books, always to lift his eye when he got to the bottom of the page, and in setting a copy, when he had given the finishing hair stroke to the line. So, calculating on these periodical inspections of the schoolroom, the elder and more observing boys, would cleverly manage to time their idle moments to tally with his busy ones; and by this politic arrangement much room was given for play and mischief making. The Dominie wrote very slowly, and with great method; for he prided himself greatly on the beauty of his penmanship, deeming the art of calligraphy as important to the schoolmaster as the knowledge of figures and other mysteries, invented to puzzle boys' brains.

On the afternoon in question, after having ruled a page for "fine hand," he looked up, as was his cusum, and chanced to descry an abortive attempt to suppress a laugh, on the faces of all the boys in the back forms, and of the best part of those on the econd row of desks. He paused, and his brow darkened; but willly pretending not to observe this unseemly merriment, well assured that the cause would soon show itself, he husbanded his wrath, and resolved patiently to wait until the treason was ripe. Therefore, he turned himself once more to his copy; and as in the alphabetical arrangement it should begin with D, he commenced penning his own euphonious name and designation, and both having great favour in his eye, he speedily lost the sense of the outrage that had been offered to his authority and magisterial presence, in the pride of exercising his penmanship on the flowing letters that compose Dominie Spankie, A. M. Scarcely had he terminated the serpentine flourish that indicated the initial of "Spankie," than a stifled burst of choking laughter, from some unlucky urchin, caused him to erect his ears and bend his brows; nevertheless he continued to write on: but scarce had he finished the final e, turning the tail thereof gracefully back, over the k, like a canopy,

than a suppressed titter from the a, b, c bench at his feet, caused him to start up, with a growl of astonishment and wrathful indignation. He glared about the schoolroom and beheld one universal grin on every visage, while the little tremblers at his feet kept up a tittering and giggling they in vain tried to suppress by stuffing their sponges and handkerchiefs into their mouths, two or three in the attempt, even forcing tears from their eyes; while fear of the Dominie's wrath, mingling with the cause of their mirth, caused other little wretches both to laugh and cry at one and the same moment.

Sounds so strange as laughter in the school-room, a place where a smiling, happy, and cheerful face, seems to be regarded by most "masters" as treasonable to their tyrannical rule, had never been heard before within those old walls. The Dominie was thunderstruck. He could scarcely believe that he heard what he did hear, saw what he did see! Boys daring to laugh in his presence! Grinning visages surrounded him on all sides! He shoved back his spectacles from his forehead, as was his wont at such times; lowered his thunder-cloud looking brows; balanced his ferule, preparatory to a cast, and began to squint horribly around in search of the ringleader. At this movement and disposition of his person, there burst one universal uncontrollable shout of laughter, from every juvenile throat, so long and so loud was it, that it was heard even in the midst of the village, to the infinite wonder and alarm of the adult pupils of Dominie Spankie, who could not divine the meaning of so strange a sound coming from such a source.

"It's the boys let out o' school," said one of a group of villagers gathered about the inn.

"Nay," said another, shaking his head, "'tis na twal o' the clock, an' the Doominie e'er stickes to the minnit o't. Tha lads be unco fay."

"Mercy me! what has come up o'er at the school house, ayond! D' ye not hear the childer, Maggy?" asked one gossip, seated knitting in the door of her neighbour across the way.

"Gracious, and 'deed do I! and it's a merry laugh the dears give. Where can the Dominie be away, and it's not noon," answered the other, giving a knowing look at the sun as she ended.

"Mony's the dee I've heard the skreel when the brecken were doon from that awa, but its the first time I heard laughter," said an old Scotch woman, stopping her wheel, and taking a pinch of snuff; "Fech! there's somethin' in it a' ye may depend! cummers!"

Suddenly Dominie Spankie recovered his voice and his presence of mind. "Silence!" he shouted, in a voice of thunder, bringing his ferule down on his desk and his foot on the floor, at the same time, with terrible emphasis. Instantly the merriment, save one or two faint notes from the smaller boys, ceased, and a portentous silence followed.

"What means this outrage upon my authority?—who caused this laughter?" he demanded, in a voice that made the little boys shake in their trowsers, and the larger ones look sufficiently sober. The only reply was a general direction of the eyes towards the red brick chimney, which protruded into the room, followed instantly by a suppressed titter from many of the boys, and a loud guffaw, in the back form, from a thick set, clownish lad, about sixteen years old, who almost suffocated himself with his fist to

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keep from giving vent to his cachinations. But they were suddenly checked by the "ruler," which whizzing through the air, glanced by his ear, and buried itself half an inch in the plastering of the wall behind him. The Dominie was foaming with rage, and could not even articulate the words commanding him to bring the ruler. The lad, however, from habit, took the instrument in his hand, and leaving his form descended the steep alley between the seats and the desk, and held it forth. For a few seconds the Dominie paced the floor, without taking it or noticing him; at length, having in some degree conquered his surprise at the events he had witnessed, he laid his hand on the boy's shoulder, with a gripe that caused him to roar with pain.

"Tell me, Davy Dow," he cried, in a voice that made the stoutest boy's heart quake, "who and what is the cause of this uproar? Tell me truly, or I will not leave a bone whole in your body!" and he shook him as if he would even then fulfil his threat.

" I didn't do it, master," said the boy as well as he could speak.

"What—do what? you scape gallows! do what? you wretched little villain!" shouted the Dominie, lifting him from his feet, and shaking him at arm's length.

"Make um laugh, sir. Haw, haw, haw!"

"He, he, he!" tittered the school.

"What! do I hear laughing again!" almost yelled the Dominie, and his eye followed that of the culprit, in the direction of the chimney.

Instantly a change came over his spirit. He beheld, affixed to the chimney, facing him and the whole school, what no man could mistake—an admirable, half-length likeness of himself, caricatured with surpassing skill. His spectacles were pictured, thrown up to the top of his forehead; his ruler was in his hand, as if in the act of being cast at some unruly boy, and he was represented in the act of frowning most terribly. It was the exact image of The likeness was ludicrously Dominie Spankie. correct, and he himself, even if he had never looked into a mirror, could not but have recognized it. He did recognize it, and saw at once what had excited the risible muscles of his slaves, (for what were pupils twenty years ago, but slaves, for six hours in the day!) and he trembled with passion. He turned slowly round, and as he did so, the titter, which, as he detected the caricature, had begun to revive, was suddenly suppressed. Every face encountered his dark looks, and a portentous silence filled the room, Each eye was fixed on his, and his, to all appearance, was fixed on those of each one. There was a long and portentous silence. At length he spoke.

"Davy Dow, you may return to your seat. Henry Irvine, come here!" The permission and command were both given in the calm tones of settled and resolute revenge.

The clown obeyed with alacrity; but as he passed the other on his way towards the desk, he whispered to him, "I'll be dom'd if he shall strike you, Henry!" The boy gave him a reproving, yet grateful glance, and said, "Hush, good Davy, I deserve it now."

The youth who was called, had left his seat with a fearless smile. With a firm, light tread, he descended the alley and stood before the Domainie. He was about sixteen years of age, with a high, white, forehead, about which brown hair clustered in the utmost profusion; his eyes were large, black, and

sparkling with genius. His face was strikingly handsome, his figure elegant, and his manners graceful. He was evidently far superior to his fellows in birth and mental culture, as well as in person.

Henry Irvine was, in the beautiful language of Scripture, "the only son of his mother, and she was a widow." His father had been the village pastor, until his death, a few years before, and his successor taking the parsonage, the widow, with scarce a pittance, (for country clergymen can seldom do more than make both ends meet,) retired to a lowly dwelling, the residence of a widow in humble life, but better circumstances than herself, who, for a trifling sum, rented her and her son, part of her tenement. But Henry soon lost his remaining parent, and to the widow Dow he looked up as to a second mother, and between himself and her son, though nature had given them minds of a different order there existed the ardent love of twin brothers. Davy was rough in person, and blunt in his manners, but he possessed a kind heart, and was capable of strong attachments: and, though a clown, had a breast full of generous feelings to counterbalance his want of refinement. The more cultivated and intellectual Henry, appreciated his warm attachment, though Davy's was an affection more like the shaggy Newfoundland entertains towards a beloved master, than that between two beings whom fortune, not nature, had placed on the same social level.

"Thee sha'n't be struck, Henry, I'll be dom'd if thee shall," were words that forcibly illustrated the nature and strength of the attachment of the faithful peasant. Dominie Spankie drew up his lengthy figure to its full longitude, and bent a withering look upon Henry, who met it with a steady and fearless bearing. There was a dead, expecting silence throughout the room. The humming of the flies that circled above the Dominie's head, was the only thing to be heard. At length he moved to his throne and seated himself with direful solemnity.

" Henry Irvine stand before me!"

He silently obeyed. "I need not ask," continued he, pointing to the caricature, " if that be thy handy work, for none else in this school hath that gift of the devil's art, save thyself. Confess and deny it not, stripling, that it was thyself who hast vilified thy preceptor; thy poter of learning and letters; the teacher of the humanities to a horde of gracelings like thyself; who hath inducted thee into Zenophon. taught thee the beauties of Cicero, and led thee not a little way into the Hebrew tongue. Say, is it not thou, ungrateful lad, that hast done this thing?" Here the indignant Dominie pointed with his ferule towards the painting, which looked so very like himself in his proper person, that he started at the wonderful likeness, and with his bony hands, stroked his long visage to ascertain, if indeed it was present with him and not in the chinney.

"I disdain a falsehood, sir," replied the boy; "I did do it."

"Ha! you confess, graceless," he cried, clutching his ferule tightly. "So, now will I make an ensample of thee to the whole school. Hold out your right hand!"

The boy, for a moment, held his breath, and compressed his lips as if collecting firmness to undergo the torture, and coolly extended his hand with the open palm upward. It was a soft, elegantly-shaped member, and seemed to quiver instinctively at the

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pain it was about to endure. The ferule of Dominie Spankie was an oaken slab, two feet in length, three inches wide, the thickness of a man's finger and full three pounds in weight. At one extremity it was made concave, like a spoon, for the purpose of raising blisters on the part it came in contact with. By long handling, this instrument of torture, (which is still in vogue in most American country schools,) was highly polished, and had become as hard and nearly as dark as ebony. When the offence was not of the first order, or the offender was young, the smooth end of the ferule was graciously used upon his palm; but when the punishment was to be great, the Dominie was seen to turn the ferule, end for end, and balance it in his fingers with a gratified look, and more than usual dexterity. There was a vein of cruelty, whether natural, or acquired by a long reign of tyranny, is uncertain, running through the Dominie's composition, and there is no doubt that he delighted in the shrieks of the little victims, and in the blisters and blood that followed his blows as truly as ever did a Spanish Inquisitor, in the sufferings of those that had fallen into his merciless grasp. Dominie Spankie screwed up his visage into a devilish expression of malignant triumph as he passed his fingers gently along the ferule, like an executioner feeling his whip, before inflicting the lash, then suddenly up went the heavy weapon, and the next instant it descended upon the hand, with that sharp, peculiar ringing rap, which all my male readers will remember, some, I doubt not, feelingly; while others will not only recognise the ruler in question, but also Dominie Spankie himself, or I have painted his portrait far less skilfully with the pen than the luckless Henry did with the pencil.

A second blow, after an interval long enough for the victim to feel the full smart of the pain of the first, fell upon the outstretched palm, now no longer white and soft, but glowing with inflammation. A third, a fourth, and fifth followed, till twelve most cruel and inhuman strokes had lacerated the hand. till both blood and water broke from it, and trickled through its fingers to the ground. The brave boy bore it like a martyr-a martyr he surely was to a system of education disgraceful even to a pagan people, and endurable only in a nation of serfs-yet a system upheld in a Christian land, by ignorant pedagogues and sustained and strengthened by the indifference and fears of parents. What right, moral, social, legal-yea, what right so ever had this man to punish and lacerate this boy? Interrogation crowds upon interrogation, all alike unanswerable. But this is no place to discuss the question, though a volume that would come home to the hearts and feelings of every parent might be written on the subject.

"Now the other hand!" said the implacable Dominie, after refreshing himself by drinking the dipper full of water, handed to him by one of the little boys. Not a groan had yet escaped the manly sufferer. He bore this species of bastinado with a fortitude that should have put to blush the savage cruelty that inflicted it. He held forth his left hand and it was in like manner blistered.

"Nay, I have not done with you, yet, sir," said the monster, taking a bunch of willow-rods down as the youth turned to go to his seat after the infliction of the last blow. "Take off your jacket."

Hitherto the whole school had looked on with trembling sympathy; one alone, Davy Dow, betraying

by his clenched fist, set teeth, and flushed face, his resentment at the cruelty inflicted upon his friend, for whom, had he not been forbidden by him, he would have done battle even with the Dominie. He now impulsively started to his feet, leaned forward over the desk, and shook his fists at him, shouting, "Dom thee, if thou touch 'um again, I'll knock thee doon, and be dom'd to thee, if thee 'rt the Dominie!"

Without speaking, Dominie Spankie advanced in three strides to the seat of this rebel, seized him by the collar with irresistible force, dragged him across the benches to his desk, and flung him upon the floor with such violence, that for a moment, he lay there stunned; then casting a glance of mingled threat and defiance over the school, he turned towards Henry Irvine, and repeated his command to take off his coat.

"Never, tyrant!" cried Henry, roused rather at his friend's treatment, than on account of his own injuries; "I have borne shame enough. My punishment has already exceeded my offence. I have submitted thus far to corporal chastisement, because it is in conformity to the vile discipline of schools, but I will bear no more, not even on my hand. My back, sir, never shall be bared to the cat! I am no slave, to be whipped with stripes. Custom has made a distinction between blows on the hand and those on the body, and I have hitherto submitted to the least degrading. But I shall do so no longer."

He stepped back as he spoke, and proudly folded his arms.

- "Strip, sir!" thundered the infuriated Dominie.
- "Never!" was the quiet and firm reply.
- "Then I will tear thy garments from thy shoulders, strip thee to the skin, and give thee a castigation that thy upstart pride will not stomach."

"Touch me at your peril," said the boy, in a determined tone as the Dominie advanced to seize him.

Heedless of the warning and never dreaming of resistance from a pupil, the furious pedagogue placed his hand upon the shoulder of the spirited lad, and instantly received a blow in the breast that between surprise and pain, caused him to start back. But, recovering himself, he made a second and more furious attempt to seize upon him, when a heavier and well directed blow on the side of the head, from Davy Dow, who had got to his feet, knocked him heavily against the chimney. Before he could recover himself, the gallant fellows followed up their success and inflicted upon his sacred person the soundest pummelling ever a magister of a village school received, and one certainly that was most richly deserved. The uproarious shouts of the tiny boys when they saw their master hors du combat; the cries of the terrified little ones; the mingled shouts and hurrahs, who can describe! The terrible ferule was broken in two; the bunch of rods scattered to the winds, by willing hands; and the school-room, save by a few chicken hearted urchins, who, by remaining, hoped to avert the Dominie's wrath when he should recover, was instantly deserted, and the disfranchised boys, half frantic with tremulous joy, were seen flying and shouting in every direction over the green.

[To be concluded.]

IF men praise your efforts, suspect their judgment; if they censure them, your own.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

What is the proper food for mankind?

Before proceeding to give observations respecting the preparation of meats, it may be best to settle the question whether these are proper food for rational beings. There is a respectable class of persons, some among the learned and eminent in our country, who vehemently denounce the practice of eating flesh, and insist that a pure vegetable diet is the proper one. We hold, on the contrary, that a mixed diet—bread, meats, vegetables, and fruits, is the only right regimen for the healthy; and for the following reasons:

In the first place, it is an established truth in physiology, that man is omnivorous\*—that is, constituted to eat almost every kind of food which, separately, nourishes other animals. His teeth and stomach are formed to digest and masticate flesh, fish, and all farinaceous and vegetable substances—he can eat and digest these even in a raw state, but it is necessary to perfect them for his nourishment in the most healthy manner, that they be prepared by cooking—that is, softened by the use of fire and water.

Such is the evidence of nature to the suitableness of a mixed diet for the human race. The appointments of the Creator correspond with the structure of man. At the first, indeed, he was limited: "Behold I have given you every herb bearing seed, which is upon the face of all the earth, and every tree in the which is the fruit of a tree yielding seed; to you it shall be for meat," was the language of God to Adam.

There is no intimation that any other diet was in use for nearly seventeen hundred years. But this vegetable food did not nourish and develope the human faculties. The physical propensities must have had an almost overwhelming dominion, and if the intellectual powers were developed, they must have been made subservient to the basest animal passions, for the whole earth was filled with violence, and men were utterly corrupt and wicked. The moral sentiments seem scarcely to have been felt or cultivated at all. And does not the same character, that is, the predominance of the physical over the intellectual and moral, mark even now, in a considerable degree, every nation where, either from climate, custom, or condition, the mass of the people are compelled to subsist chiefly on vegetable food?

When, after the destruction of the old world, Noah and his family came forth from the ark, and God assured him that, while the earth continued, the race should not be again plunged in such utter ruin, what new agent of human improvement and civilization was brought to the aid of mankind? We are told

\* Some determined advocates of the vegetable system maintain, that the teeth and stomach of the monkey correspond, in structure, very closely with that of man, yet it lives on fruits—therefore, if man followed nature, he would live on fruits and vegetables. But though the anatomical likeness between man and monkeys is striking, yet it is not complete; the difference may be, and doubtless is, precisely that which makes a difference of diet necessary to nourish and develope their dissimilar natures. Those who should live as the monkeys do, would most closely resemble them.

of none excepting a change in their diet;—the permission, or command rather, to Noah to use animal food. "Every moving thing that liveth shall be meat for you; even as the green herb have I given you all things. But flesh with the life thereof, which is the blood thereof, shall ye not eat."

Such was the Creator's arrangement, when he had determined that the character and condition of his rational creatures should go on improving, till the whole earth should be peopled, and all be filled with the knowledge of the Lord.

And here we may remark, that the wibe or nation which violates the express command of God, to separate the flesh from the blood, and not to use the latter, and eats raw meat, never improves in character or condition. In truth, the command includes the rudiments of cookery, the preparation of food by the aid of fire; and till this is the constant habit of the community, men are savages.

If it be asked why, when flesh, as a part of man's diet, was so necessary to his well being, was it not appointed him at the beginning?—Solve me this question—Why was the earth a progressive creation, which, as the researches of philosophers have conclusively proved, required thousands of ages to bring to its present state of mineral, vegetable, and animal perfection? The same answer is true for both—it was the purpose of God to show forth his power, wisdom, and goodness in a progressive, rather than an instantaneous perfecting of his works.

In this respect man is in harmony with the sphere he inhabits.

But one thing is certain; since the appointment of flesh as a part of man's diet, no instance is recorded of its having been prohibited by divine authority. Intoxicating drinks have been forbidden to certain individuals; but from the time of righteous Abraham, who dressed a calf the better to entertain his angel visiters, till the coming of John, "whose meat was locusts and wild honey," no servant of God has been confined to a vegetable diet. The prophet who was fed by his express command, had "bread and flesh" twice each day.

In strict accordance with this theory, which makes a portion of animal food necessary to develope and sustain the human constitution, in its most perfect state of physical, intellectual and moral strength and beauty, we know that now in every country, where a mixed diet is habitually used, as in the temperate climates, there the greatest improvement of the race is to be found; and the greatest energy of character. It is that portion of the human family, who have the means of obtaining this food at least once a day, who now hold dominion over the earth. Seventy thousand of the beef-fed British govern and control ninety millions of the rice eating natives of India.

In every nation on earth the rulers, the men of power, whether princes or priests, almost invariably use a portion of animal food. The people are often compelled, either from poverty or policy, to abstain. Whenever the time shall arrive, that every peasant in Europe is able to "put his pullet in the pot," even of a Sunday, a great improvement will have taken place in his character and condition; when he can have a

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Digitized by GOOST

portion of animal food, properly cooked, once each day, he will soon become a man.

In our own country, the beneficial effect of a generous diet, in developing and sustaining the energies of a whole nation is clearly evident. The severe and unremitting labours of every kind, which were requisite to subdue and obtain dominion of a wilderness world, could not have been done by a half starved, suffering people. A larger quantity and better quality of food were necessary here than would have supplied men in the old countries, where less action of body and mind are permitted.

Still, there is great danger of excess in all indulgences of the appetites, and even when a present benefit may be obtained, this danger should never be forgotten. The tendency in our country has been to excess in animal food. The advocates of the vegetable diet system had good cause for denouncing this excess, and the indiscriminate use of flesh. It was, and now is, frequently given to young children—infants, before they have teeth, which is a sin against nature, which often costs the life of the poor little sufferer—it is eaten too freely by the sedentary and delicate: and to make it worse still, it is eaten, often in a half-cooked state, and swallowed without sufficient chewing. All these things are wrong and ought to be reformed.

The proper manner of preparing meat, is to cook it till it is entirely separated from the blood. Christians should be as scrupulous in this respect, as the Jews were in regard to the prohibition respecting pork. Always remember that God has strictly forbidden man to eat blood!

As a general rule, animal food is more easily and speedily digested than vegetable food of any kind—and this it is which makes meats more heating and stimulating. The great essentials for the easy digestion of animal food are that the fibres be tender and fine grained.

Of the different sorts of butcher meat, pork is that of which the least quantity should be taken at a time. It requires longer to digest roasted pork than any other kind of meat.

Beef agrees well with most constitutions; it is cheapest in the autumn, but best in the winter season. Many have a distaste to mutton; but for those who relish it, it is a nutritious food and easy of digestion.

Lamb, veal, and fowls are delicate and healthy diet for the young and sedentary; and for all who find fat meats and those of coarse fibre do not agree with them.

The most economical way of cooking meat is to boil it, if the liquid be used for soup or broth, as it always ought to be.

Baking is one of the cheapest ways of dressing a dinner in small families, and several kinds of meat are excellent done in this way. Legs and loins of pork, legs of mutton and fillets of veal will bake to much advantage; especially if they be fat. Never bake a lean, thin piece, it will all shrivel away. Such pieces should always be boiled or made into soup. Pigs, geese, and the buttock of beef are all excellent baked. Meat always loses in weight by being cooked. In roasting the loss is greatest. It also costs more in fuel to roast than to boil—still there are many pieces of meat which seem made for roasting; and it would be almost wrong to cook them in any other way.

RULES FOR ROASTING.—No meat will roast well

that is not kept the exact length of time required to make it tender. Two days of warm weather are equal to a week of cold in rendering meat fit to roast,

Let the meat be well washed with salt and water, and dried. See that the spit is brightly clean.

The larger the joint the greater must be the distance from the fire. Twenty minutes of time to the pound of meat is the time usually allowed for roasting; fat meat takes longer than lean. Pork and veal require longer than any other kind of meat.

A radiant fire, due distance, and frequent basting, are all necessary.

RULES FOR BOILING.—Always put your meat, whether salt or fresh, in cold water, and allow a quart of water to every pound of meat. The slower it boils the better it will be.

How much good fuel is wasted, to say nothing of the hard labour cooks impose on themselves, and the injury to their health by heating over a great blaze, through this carelessness in making fires. In the country, especially, and often during summer, a fire is prepared nearly hot enough for Nebuchadnezzar's furnace, merely to boil the pot! Instead of hanging the boiler low, it seems the ambition of the housewife to elevate it as near the stars as possible. Three small sticks of wood, or two with chips, will boil a large dinner, and if the pot is hung very low, but little inconvenience will be felt from the fire. This, in hot weather, for those who are obliged to be in the kitchen, is a great comfort.

Be very careful when it begins to boil, to remove the scum, and continue to skim off all that rises.

When beef is very salt, (which it rarely will be if rightly cured,) it must be soaked for half an hour or more in lukewarm water, before it is put on to boil, when the water must be changed.

The Round is the best piece to boil—then the H-Bone. When you take the meat up, if any stray scum sticks to it, wash it off with a paste brush. Garnish the dishes with carrots and turnips. Boiled potatoes, carrots, turnips and greens, on separate plates, are good accompaniments.

If the beef weigh ten pounds it requires to boil, or rather simmer about three hours. In cold weather all meats need to be cooked a longer time than in warm weather. Always cook them till tender.

RULES FOR BROILING.—The inside of the sirloin makes the best steak, but all are cooked in the same manner. Cut the steaks about half an inch thick—do not beat them; it breaks the cells in which the gravy of the meat is contained and renders it drier and more tasteless.

Have the gridiron hot and the bars rubbed with suet—the fire clear and brisk; sprinkle a little salt over the fire, lay on the steaks, and turn them often. Keep a dish close to the fire, into which you must drain the gravy from the top of the steak as you lift it to turn. The gridiron should be set in a slanting direction on the coals, to prevent the fat from dropping into the fire and making a smoke. But should a smoke occur, take off the gridiron a moment, till it is over. With a good fire of coals, steaks will be thoroughly done in fifteen minutes. These are much healthier for delicate stomachs than rare done steaks.

When done, lay them in a hot plate, put a small slice of good butter on each piece—sprinkle a little salt, pour the gravy from the dish by the fire, and serve them hot as possible. Pickles and finely scraped horse-radish are served with them.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

## NIGHT, OH! THE NIGHT FOR ME.

A SONG.

WORDS BY JOHN S. DUSOLLE, NOW BEING SET TO MUSIC BY J. WATSON.

I LOVE not the care-footed hours
Of day, though they beautiful be;
For night, with its dew-drinking flowers,
Is lovelier far to me:
The earth then is hushed in its gladness,
And mirth, like a wild bird, goes free,
It hath no room in it for sadness—
So night, oh! the night for me!

The sunlight hath too much of brightness,
Its shadows too deeply are thrown;
Damp'ning the heart's timid lightness,
And dimming its musical tone:
The day is for toil, and for treason,
For wickedness wide as the sea—
But night is Love's own gifted season,
So night, oh! the night for me!

Written for the Lady's Book.

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TASTE.

#### BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Our taste declines with our merits," said a philosopher of other days. Is it so? In what points may it be admitted as a criterion of merit?

"Taste," says a fine writer, "is of all Nature's gifts, the most easily felt, yet the most difficult to define." Without attempting its metaphysical analysis, we will only notice some of its more common effects, as exhibited in our own sex. Its modifications, when visible in dress, furniture, or the arrangements of a household, seem often like an instinctive discernment of delicacy, propriety, or adaptation, which though not entitled to rank so high as the severe conclusions of an accurate judgment, are, in woman, neither unimportant attainments or trifling indexes of character. When manifested in graceful movement and manner, elegance of language, or correct appreciation of the fine arts, it serves as a sort of historical trait, proving either the influence of refined society, an accomplished education, or such means of improvement as are seldom accessible in solitude and obscurity. It aids in ascertaining the drama in which the individual has moved, or the use made of opportunities, or that inherent strength of the self-taught, which, vanquishing obstacles, seizes the fruits, without the usual labour of culture.

Taste, when drawn into strong sympathy with the beauties of nature, takes the form of an emotion, which extends to the verge of life, and has been seen glowing, even amid the icy atmosphere of death. Combined with a vivid imagination, it colours like a passion-tint, the whole of existence; and if surrounding scenes are devoid of its favourite objects, peoples for itself, a world of ideal beauty. Many instances might be adduced, where it has softened asperity of temper, and by refining sensibility, contributed to the growth of the affections.

Are we right then, in considering Taste, as the nice perception of intellect, ere it becomes perverted? the appetite which rejects gross aliment, and prefers delicate, or ethereal food? If so, it may be justly numbered among the indications of mental health.

The vulgar are not capable of its pleasures, the vicious have depraved its purity. The mercenary and the miser take pains to suppress it. Hoarded gold monopolizes their devotion. Milton, in pourtraying Mammon, says that before he fell from bliss, his eyes and thoughts

"Were always downward bent, admiring more The riches of Heaven's pavement, trodden gold, Than aught divine, or holy."

Dark passion and debasing crimes, destroy the fine edge of the soul, and eat into it, like a corroding canker. Assuming therefore, that a pure taste, is one of the tests of a healthful moral condition, we shall prize it, not only as a source of pleasure, but as an adjunct to virtue, an ally of religion. Shall we not then, seek to multiply the objects, which it is legitimate to admire? Shall we not familiarize our children, with the harmony of colour, the melody of sound, the symmetry of architecture, the delights of eloquence, and the charms of poetry? The fragrant flower, the whitening harvest, the umbrageous grove, the solemn mountain, the mighty cataract, are they not all teachers? or text-books, in the hand of the Great Teacher?

Err they not, therefore, who call Taste a meretricious appendage, which it is proper to decry, or praiseworthy to dispense with? The railroad machinery of a jarring world, bridging the abysses, and tunneling the rocks of political ambition, her steamboats rushing to the thousand marts of wealth, silence with their roaring funnels, its still, small voice. But let it be heard by those who meditate at eventide, when the rose closes its sweet lips, and the tired babe is lulled on the breast of its mother. Let it be a companion to those, who in the morning prime walk forth, amid the dewy fields, loving the beauty of the lily, which Omnipotence stooped to clothe, and from whose snowy petals, the Redeemer of man taught listening multitudes, the lesson of a living faith.

i**h.** Digitized by Google TRANSLATED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY W. J. WALTER.

## LE VALLON.

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#### PAR LAMARTINE,

Mon cœur, lassé de tout—même de l'esperance— N'ira plus de ses vœux importuner le sort: Prétez-moi seulement, vallons de mon enfance, Un asile d'un jour pour attendre la mort!

Voici l'etroit sentier de l'obscure vallée, Du fianc de oes coteaux pendent des bois epais, Qui, courbant sur mon front leur ombre entreméllée, Me couvrent tout entier de silence et de paix.

Là, deux ruisscaux cachés sous des ponts de verdure, Tracent en serpentant les contours du vallon; Ils mêlent un moment leur onde et leur murmure, Et non loin de leur source, il se perdent sans nom.

La cource de mes jeurs comme eux s'est écoulée, Elle a passé sans fuit, sans nom, et sans retour: Mais leur onde est limpide, et mon âme troublée N'aura pas réflechi les clartés d'un beau jour

La fraicheur de leur lits, l'ombre qui les couronne, M'enchainent tout le jour sur les bords des ruisseaux; Comme un enfant bercé par un chant monotone, Mon âme s'assoupit au murmure des eaux.

Ah! c'est là, qu' entouré d'un rampart de verdure, D'un horizon borné qui suffit à mes yeux, J'aime à fixer mes pas, et, seul dans la Nature, A n'entendre que l'onde, a ne voir que les cieux.

J'ai trop vu, trop senti, trop aimé, dans ma vie:— Je viens chercher vivant le calme du Léthe; Beaux lieux, soyez pour moi ces bords ou l'on oublie: L'oubli seul desormais est ma felicité!

Mon cœur est en repos, mon âme est en silence! Le bruit lontain du monde expire en arrivant, Comme un son éloigné qu' affoiblit la distance, A l'oreille incertaine apporté par le vent.

D'ici je vois la vie, à travers un nuage, S'evanouir pour moi dans l'ombre du passé; L'amour seul est resté: comme un grande image Survit seule au réveil dans un songe effacé.

Repose-toi, mon âme, en ce dernier asile, Ainsi qu'un voyageur qui, le cœur plein d'espoir, S'assied avant d'entrer aux portes de la ville, Et respire un moment l'air embaumé du soir.

Tes jours, sombres et courts comme des jours d'autômne, Declinent comme l'ombre au penchant des coteaux: L'amitie te trahit, la pitié t'abandonne, Et, seul, tu descends le sentier des tombeaux.

Mais la Nature est là qui t'invite et qui t'aime; Plonge-toi dans son sein qu'elle t'ouvre toujours: Qaand tout change pour toi, la Nature est la même, Et le même soleil se lève sur tes jours.

De lumière et d'ombrage elle t'entoure encore, Detâche ton amour du faux biens que tu perds: Adore ici l'echo qu' adorait Pythagore; Prête avec lui l'orcille aux célestes concerts.

Sais le jour dans le ciel, suis l'ombre sur la terre; Dans les plains de l'air vole avec l'aquilon; Avec les doux rayons de l'astre du mystère Glisse à travers les bois, dans l'ombre du vallon.

Diea, pour le concevoir, a fait l'intelligence Sous la nature enfin découvre son auteur: Une voix à l'esprit parle dans son silence, Qui n'a pas entendu cette voix dans son cœur? [Translation.]

#### THE VALLEY.

FROM THE FRENCH OF LAMARTINE.

HEART-SICK of all—of hope itself—no more
I weary fate with importuning breath:
Vales of my childhood! I from you implore
One day's asylum, and, then, welcome death!

Here is the narrow path, where oft I stray'd,
This glen from either hand its shelter throws,
That arching o'er my head in blended shade,
Envelopes me in silence and repose.

Half-hid in foliage, there two streamlets wending, Betray the source from which their wanderings came; Their waters and their voice a moment blending, Each takes its way, a rill without a name.

Like these, my course of life hath flow'd away, Without a name, and noiseless in ite roll: Limpid their wave, but, ah! no sun-bright day Was ever mirror'd on my troabled soul.

Amid their freshness, their deep shades among, Me has the live long day in magic bound; Like infant slumbering to some drowsy song, My soul is lull'd by waters murmuring round.

In verdant rampart cradled, there I see Horizon small, yet ample for my view! Alone with Nature, there I love to be, To hear the wave, and gaze on skies of blue.

Too much I've seen, and felt, and loved:—I fice To seek forgetfulness in seene like this; A present Lethe be these shores to me, Henceforth oblivion be my only bliss!

Hush'd is my heart, and silence wraps my soul! Earth's din expires, ere it can reach me here, As sounds, by distance soften'd, feebly roll, And, in the breeze, scarce wake the doubtful ear.

Here, as through clouds, I gaze on life, which seems To flit away into the gloomy past: Love only lingers; as, from vanish'd dreams One favourite image haunts us to the last.

Rest thee, my soul, in this thy last retreat, As doth the trav'ller, cheer'd by visions fair Of nearing home, who rests his weary feet, To breathe awhile the evening's balmy air.

My dim, brief days are fading on the view, Like yon hill-shadows deepening into gloom: Friendships betray, e'en pity leaves thee too, Alone to tread the pathway to the tomb.

But Nature gives her welcome and her love; Fly to her breast, still thine in good or ill: Though all should vary, she will changeless prove, And the same sun will rise upon thee still.

The light and shade her love will round thee pour;
Detach thy heart from vain things, prix'd too dear:
Adors her echo, like the sage of yore;
Like him, to heaven's own music lend thine ear.

On earth pursue the shade, in heaven, the day;
Th' serial plains go traverse with the gale;
Glide with the night star's soft mysterious ray
Through woods that crown the height, or shade the vale.

Man's spirit, guided by all-wise controul,
Can trace the Eternal Whole in every part:
A voice is in the silence of the soul,
Who has not heard it speaking in his beart?

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# SISTER THOU WAST MILD AND LOVELY.

Words selected from the Boston Academy's Collection of Church Music—Originally written on the occasion of the death of a young Lady, a member of Mount Vernon School, Boston.

## MUSIC COMPOSED BY WILLIAM NUTTING.





III.

Dearest sister, thou hast left us,

Here thy loss we deeply feel,

But, 'tis God that hath bereft us,

He can all thy sorrow heal.

IV.

Yet again we hope to meet thee,

When the day of life is fled,

Then, in Heaven, with joy to greet thee,

Where no farewell tear is shed.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### LOOKING ON THE BRIGHT SIDE.

#### BY WILLAM CUTTER.

"Our cheerful faith—that all which we behold Is fall of blessings."—Wordsworth.

"I count only the hours that shine."-Inscription on a sun dial at Florence.

I see a light in every thing—
I know not if it 's there,
Or if my pleased imagining
Makes every thing so fair;
And being no philosopher,
It matters not a whit,
Whether the beauty of the star
Resides in me or it.

So long as I enjoy the light,
And revel in its beam,
I care not if an anchorite
Can prove it all a dream;
So long as I can see a smile,
And feel it warm me too,
It answers just as well, the while,
As if it all were true.

I'd rather, like a humming bird,
Sip dew from flower to flower,
Although my hum were never heard
Beyond my own sweet bower—
Than gain the honours of all time
For being wondrous wise,
If, when a thing appears sublime,
I can't believe my eyes.

I'd rather be a butterfly,
And shine my little hour,
Although the scorn of every eye
That worships pride and power—
Than not, the little while I'm here,
Each passing sweet partake,
And feel that beauty may be dear
For dear, dear beauty's sake.

Then let thom reason and explais,
With faces long and sad,
How all that's bright is fulse and vain,
And all that's pleasing, bad—
In such refined philosophies
My soul can take no part;
They seem all fulsehood to my eyes,
All treason to my heart.;

And yet I do not quite forget
Earth's pleasures soon are past;
Or that its brightest day may set
In angry clouds at last;
But while it smiles, I must, I will
Reciprocate the glow—
Sufficient unto me the ills
That on life's surface grow.

Let them go deeper who prefer—
I envy not their bliss,
Nor is 't my business to aver
That they are wrong in this.
I only for myself ask leave
To take life as it comes;
And when all things around me grieve
I too will have the glooms.

"I only count the hours that shine"—
All others go for blanks—
At darkness I would ne'er repine,
But for the light give thanks.
"Tis thus the birds and flowers obey
Their instinct for the light,
Breathing out songs and sweets all day,
But hushed and closed at night.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## IMPORTANCE OF FEMALE EDUCATION.

THE superiority of one man over another depends entirely upon education. His colleague may possess wealth in a greater degree, and his name stand higher in society; but education counterbalances all these. The education of females is generally thought to be only of secondary importance. If there must be a difference, that of females ought to be superior; for the future usefulness and happiness of her children depend mostly upon the training of the infant mind. The father, necessarily engaged in business the greater part of the day, cannot exert the same influence over his children as the mother, who has had the sole care of tutoring their youthful minds, and is constantly with them. There are very few learned or good men, that cannot trace back the early impressions imprinted on their hearts while susceptible, by the voice of a kind and affectionate mother.

Within the last century great changes have occurred, particularly as regards the education of females. Then an intellectual woman was considered incompatible with the social affections and virtues, which give a charm to society. Frequently

persons who possessed intellectual greatness concealed it, to escape from the prejudices of the age. The fair sex were considered as a submissive, timid, amiable, and gentle race, guilty of a dreadful crime if they attempted to cultivate their minds, and were taught that ignorance was the only proof of purity. But these absurdities have in a great measure abated. An intellectual woman, now, is considered an ornament, rather than a disgrace to society.

Persons who nave acquired a good education need never suffer for the want of company, for the mind is inexhaustible in furnishing topics for conversation and thought; and they also have the pleasure of knowing that their happiness is in a great measure, at their command. Learning also throws a charm around piety.

It was generally a received opinion, that the intellect of man was far superior to that of woman; but this is not the case. Men enjoy greater opportunities of acquiring knowledge. The education of ladies is considered finished at the age of seventeen or eighteen, while that of gentlemen has but com-

menced; and they also have another advantage, by not having domestic duties to engross a considerable part of their time. Now we speak of the importance of attending to, and improving our advantages while young, merely from observation, but in after years it arises from dear bought experience.

Men no longer stand alone and unrivalled in the pursuit of knowledge, but have female companions in nearly every department of science. The sphere in which woman is destined to move is far different from that of man. What man is there that will acknowledge that he can be governed by his wife! and even if he did so, he would be held in the utmost contempt by his associates. Yet woman does exert an influence, not by force, but by persuasion in her secret retirement, she convinces and advises. Here then is her sphere of usefulness; but let her take one step out of the course, and she loses not only her self-respect and dignity, but that humility which characterises the lady.

The importance of paying a strict attention to study, cannot be too deeply impressed upon the minds of young persons. When harassed by care the occupation of the mind is a pleasant relief from bodily exertions. Old age would be spent in misery and usefulness, were it not for the mind being well stored with knowledge in younger days, which serves to lighten misfortunes, dispel the gloom of solitude, and serves as a pleasant amusement. On the contrary, one who has neglected to furnish his mind with useful learning, becomes troublesome and peevish to himself and others. He has no inexhaustible sources of reflection and amusement. Destitute of the resources of education, and not able to take part in the arduous enterprises of the world, he has no agreeable mode of employing himself.

These are only a few of the disadvantages arising from the neglect of privileges, and also of the advantages from a faithful attendance to duty.

E. E. E.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE WATERS OF LIFE.

BY JAMES MONTGOMERY, OF LONDON.

From thence, (Arnon in the wilderness.) they went to Beer; that is, the Well whereof the Lord spake unto Moses-Gather the people together, and I will give them water.

"Then Israel sang this song-Spring up, O Well! sing ye unto it.

"The Princes digged the Well, the Nobles of the People digged it, by the direction of the Lawgiver, with their staves. Numbers, xxi. 16-18.

Spring up, O Well! sweet Fountain! spring,
And fructify the desert sand;
Sing, ye that drink the waters, sing,
They dance along the smiling land,
With flowers adorn, with verdure dress,
The waste and howling wilderness.

Ho! every one that thirsts, draw nigh,
Painting with sickness, worn with toil;
Let him that hath no money, buy,
Buy milk and honey, wine and oil,
—Those fourfold streams of Paradise,
Priceless, because above all price.

Come to the pool, ye lame and blind! Ye lepers! to this Jordan come! Bight, strength, and healing, each may find;

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Approach the waves, ye deaf and dumb! Their joyful sound ye soon shall hear, And your own voice salute your ear.

In every form the waters run,
Rill, river, torrent, lake and sea;
Through every clime beneath the sun,
Free as the air, as daylight free,
Till earth's whole face the floods o'ersweep,
As occan's tides the channell'd deep.

As moved, with mighty wings outspread, God's Spirit o'er the formless void, So be that Spirit's influence shed To new-create a world destroy'd, Till all that died through Adam's fall Revive in Christ, who died for all.

#### SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.—THE HEARTY LADY.

In the dictionary, "hearty" is thus explained, "sincere, strong, vigorous, hale, durable." We agree with the lexicographer; for we have generally found that a hearty woman is "sincere" in her endeavours to make you comfortable; she is "strong" in her words of welcome; " vigorous" in her laugh; "hale" in her constitution; and "durable" in her kindness. After a few hours in her company you feel inclined to throw your arms around her neck, and press the kiss of kindred feeling on her buxom cheek. She laughs and jeers in the face of all the world's woes and misfortunes; consoles all and herself with- better luck next time," or "we shall all live till we die; kill us who dares." When any grief comes, or sad event occurs, all her sorrows are told in one sigh. Past days of anxiety and trouble are never reverted

to, but the present and the future are decked out in all the brightest colours she can adorn them with. Comfort seems the only word she knows the true meaning of. Her house is crammed full of furniture and little articles of elegance, of which she scarcely knows the use, or name, or worth; these are jumbled with others of no utility at all. On the chimneypiece may be seen old china jugs, perhaps two little Dutch dolls, made of the fashion of girl and boy, in dresses of canary seeds; beautiful Dresden figures, and china vases, a little basket made of pins, with shaded silk wound round them; card-racks, handscreens, and, perhaps, amid this medley stands a French musical clock. It's all one to her how they are put. "They're all very pretty," she says; and even the basket, and the small carraway children possess some interest with her, for "the girls made them." When you go to see her, even though it be for the first time, you are welcome to all the house affords, even the bricks and mortar you may take, if they belong to her, or you should choose to trouble yourself with them. She is the greatest enemy Lindley Murray ever had, but she laughs off all her mistakes with such a good-humoured face, that no one can be offended with her, except her fashionable, affected daughter, lately from school. She is a determined and decided foe to all the little forms of etiquette and ceremonies of society, and tells you, almost directly you are introduced, that you must not expect such things at her house.

She never cavils with her tradespeople for a halfpenny or a penny, but, good-temperedly, "supposes Mr. Jenkins must be right, for if he didn't know, who should?"

She keeps an excellent table, and cellar, and dresses in an outrageous fashion; every article is expensive, and of the best quality, but of all manner of colours, and all looking as though they had been thrown on her. She either has a great assemblage of flowers on her bonnet or else two or three feathers; she disdains "a paltry one;" and generally, when she goes out, exhibits "a real gold watch" at her side.

She is extremely fond of a pic-nic party; and, really, when any of her friends make up one, they seem to consider her an article not to be dispensed with, for she makes herself the spirit of the party by her good humour. She cannot tell what people have to do with pride; she never felt a proud sensation in her life. A play has great attractions for her—one where there is "something to laugh at;" not your lofty tragedy; no, give her a comedy or a laughable burletta. There you may often see her in the front

row of the boxes, adorned with a fine dress cap trying to look and behave dignified in order to comply with the earnest entreaties of her daughter. There she sits, almost suffocated by her violent endeavours to suppress her laughter, and occasionally stuffing her handkerchief into her mouth, and thereby nearly strangling herself, while her round fat face is deepening from crimson to purple, and the flowers in the dress-cap shake convulsively. She cannot contain herself any longer, and, at one of the comedian's looks, out comes a peal as merry and loud as ever sounded in that house.

She dreads "the dog days," for she suffers then so terribly from the heat. She will until her bonnet strings, if away from home, take off her gloves, and make a fan of her pocket-handkerchief; but nothing affords her relief. But she only laughs, and deplores her being so lusty, (she never says stout.) She is very fond of children, and craims them with sweetmeats till they are ill. She has a few choice exclamations, with which she expresses her astonishment, and which are peculiar to herself.

This natural curiosity may be found in any city or village in the country.

In appearance, the "hearty" is any thing but "a lady;" the expensive nature of her dress shows her to be pretty well off, or, as she says, "pretty well to do in the world." Her good heart and disposition make up for all deficiencies of elegance and polish. In person she is always very stout; the open stamp of good temper, and the happy look of ease, on her broad countenance, redeem her from being called ugly; her voice is merry, and seems never attuned for sounds of wretchedness or misery. Hoping every one of our readers may include one "hearty lady," if no more, within their circle of friends, we take of her our respectful leave.

Written for the Lady's Book.

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#### THE KIND NEIGHBOUR.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

An! can that funeral knell be thine,
Thou, at whose image kind,
The pictur'd scenes of earlier years
Come rushing o'er my mind?
Thy rural home, behind the trees,
Thy lawn, with roses drest,
And the bright eye and beaming smile,
That cheer'd each entering guest.

There, when our children, hand in hand,
Pursued their earnest play,
It drew our hearts more closely still,
To see their own so gay.
And hear their merry laughter ring
Around the evening hearth,
While the loud threat of winter's storm,
Broke not their hour of mith.

'Tis strange, that I should seek in vain,
That mansion, once so fair,
And find the spot where erst it stood,
All desolate and bare;
The very bank, on which so thick,
The wild, blue violets grew,
How passing strange, that from its place,
Even that has vanish'd too.

But thou, whatever change or cloud,
Deform'd this lower sky,
Hadst still a fountain in thy heart
Whose streams were never dry.
A fountain of perennial hope
That never cear'd to flow,
And give its sky-fed crystals forth,
To every child of woe.

Thy frequent visits to my couch,
If sickness paled my cheek,
And all thy sympathetic love
Which words are poor to speak.
How strong these recollections rise,
To wake the mournful tear,
For deeds like these, more precious grow,
With every waning year.

I cannot think that bitter grief
Would please thy happy soul,
Rais'd as thou art, to that blest world
Where tempests never roll.
So, may thy dearest and thy best,
The idols of thy prayer,
Walk steadfast in thy chosen path,
And joyful meet thee there.
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# EDITORS' TABLE.

WINTER, majestic, mind-compelling winter, with all his train of

"Vapours, and clouds, and storms,"

is here. He sways his sceptre with the severe grandeur and awful pomp of nature's conqueror, and yet, while she lies, as it were helpless, aye dead and in her white shroud at his feet, the warm ray of the blessed sun, which the clouds and frosts of winter cannot wholly obscure or repress, are penetrating her cold bosom; and ere long the vivifying breath of spring will recall her again to life, beauty, and joy, and the stern reign of the destroyer will be forgotten.

Is not this change typical of that which the glorious light of free institutions, and the mild but life-imparting influence of Christianity, are now working out in the world of mankind, so long chained in barren ignorance and the gloom of a hopeless lot, by the cold, withering selfishness of tyranny and superstition.

—— "A thousand cheerful omens give Hope of yet happier days whose dawn is nigh;"

the days when the spirit of brotherhood will bind the nations in peace and universal charity. Then, Winter will not be the season of desolation and misery to the poor and helpless; but of love and benevolence to the rich and powerful.

Now, the pleasures of the season, the bright fire, the cheerfal gathering of happy faces around it, the merry voices and laughter at the hospitable board, are scarcely enjoyed by one who reflects on the scenes of suffering, from the want of all these blessings, which are to be found in the same city, it may be in the same street with the prosperous. There is the picture of the desolate widow, laying on her last chip of wood, while her shivering children are crying for the bread which abe has not to give; the "houseless wanderer." the ship-wrecked sailor, whose life the tempest spared only, as it would seem, to bitterer sufferings than death—the cold contempt of his fellow men. Who that feels these sympathies with human suffering without the power to relieve it, but joins in the poet's earnest sentiment:

"Cold winter is come, and God help the poor!

I wish it were going away!"

But, if winter is the season for kindness and charity, it is also favourable to the cultivation of intellect, to reflection, and especially to the communiou of kindred minds. It is thus that intelligence is diffused and a literary taste is formed and refined. How important that this taste should be pure in its morality. Literature for the future, will be far more efficient than military renown, in giving the palm to nations. Let ours be thoroughly imbued with the genius of Christianity, and the elevating principles of the religion of Jesus, which disposes to charity and all good works, breathe through every page.

Surely, the literature which engages woman in its pursuits, should be twin sister of religion, assimilating her mind to the image of God's perfections, and thus fitting her for that happiness here which the good and virtuous only can enjoy, and for the pure blessedness of that world where no storms of winter or sorrows of poverty ever enter; but joy and gladness are eternal.

#### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

The People's Our Book, is the title of a neat looking miniature volume lately published in Boston, by Little and Brown. It is a translation from the work of a celebrated French writer and philosopher, Abbe de la Mennais, by Nathaniel Greene, who not long since gave the translation of the "History of Italy," and also several volumes from the German. These translations have all been distinguished for their correctness and elegance, and for the spirit as well as language of the original; the translator seems not only to have understood the literal meaning, but to have entered into the feelings,

the heart and soul as it were, of the author he was rendering. This is especially the case in the work before us—"The People's own Book." We hardly dare speak of this in the terms we think it deserves, lest those who have not read it, should think our commendation extravagant eulogy. It is, indeed, a wonderful BOOK.

The remark has well been made, "that the French people seem by nature, designed for Missionaries, and that should they become believers in the Gospel of Christ, their influence on the civilization, and religious and moral improvement of the world, would be most wonderful and effectual. The present era seems to be preparing the way for this great change. Cousin's Philosophy, which is now the received and popular system in France, is based on Christianity-Aime Martin's work on "Female Education," is not only deeply imbued with religious sentiment, but the principles of the system are decidedly and truly Christian, and now we have this "Book for the People," showing how the justice and charity, which the pure precepts and holy injunctions of the Saviour inculcate as the duty of men, should influence social life; and if cordially received and practised, how the improvement and happiness of mankind will be secured by this obedience to the spirit of the Gospel. England, with all its vaunted religion and morality, has produced no work on philosophy, education, or political rights and duties which would compare in excellence with those of French writers. Read the little book we have named at the head of this article, and you will not believe that the French can long be reproached with being a "nation of infi-

The Young Woman's Guide to Excellence. By Wm. A. Alcott. Boston: George W. Light. pp. 356.

Dr. Alcott has written many books, and with, we doubt not, the earnest desire to do good. The present work is of the same benevolent character with all that have preceded. Some peculiarities of sentiment the author always indulges in; such as insisting that people should go to bed at eight o'clock in the evening, and rise at four in the morning, all the world over; also that females should engage in "agriculture and horticulture," actually go out to work in the fields! This we hold to be a barbarous and absurd doctrine. The Creator did not assign this task to woman, nor did he endow her with strength for the performance. But putting these singular opinions out of the question, (and they will do little injury, their own absurdity will prevent their adoption,) there is much to commend in the spirit and principles of this book. Our sex ought to improve wonderfully, so much good advice is bestowed upon them. And we doubt not that Dr. Alcott's writings will have a beneficial effect on many minds-what better reward can he desire!

Women's Mission, is the title of a small book lately issued by Wm. Crosby, of Boston. It is a reprint from an English work, said to be written by an English lady, and is worthy of being studied by every woman who wishes to understand her duties as well as her rights. We shall give extracts in a future number.

Second Series of a Diary in America. 1 vol. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1840.

Capt. Marryat has, in this volume, outdone even himself. He has compiled all the vulgar gossip, stale anecdotes, and coarse jests which have, for years, been floating through the newspapers, and without much regard to coherence and none to trath, he has thrown together, and bestowed upon them, such as it is, the stamp of his authority! Marryat knows that in this country he is thoroughly despised, and he has striven to revenge himself by the grossest calumnies. Amid much that is false, he has, however, now and then a gleam of honesty; and his remarks on drinking are certainly a pretty fair commentary on the practices of too many of our people. On this subject, no one could be better qualified to pronounce than the gallant Captain, as during his tour through the States, as he calls them, he was more distinguished for his bibulous propensities than any other.

Voices of the Night. By Henry Wordsworth Longfellow.

These pure gems of thought can hardly be overrated. The author will take his place among the most gifted of the poets of America. There has never appeared a more perfect specimen of thoughts that breathe the soul of poetry, than is exhibited in the "Psalm of Life." It should be treasured in the heart's core of every young man.

The following is from one of the most beautiful of the poems, entitled

#### A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell us not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real—Life is earnest,
And the grave is not its goal,
Dust thou art—to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow, Is our destined end or way; But to act, that each to-morrow Find us farther than to-day.

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footsteps on the sands of time:

Footsteps, that perhaps another, Sailing o'er life's solemn main, A forlorn and shipwrecked brother, Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing, With a heart for any fate; Still achieving, still pursuing, Learn to labour and to wait.

Preferment, or My Uncle, the Earl. By Mrs. Gore. 2 vols. 1840. New York: Harper & Brothers.

Mrs. Gore is one of the best lady novel-writers of the day. She generally draws her pictures from real objects; and her sketches are light, and racy, and agreeable. In this, her latest production, she has introduced numerous characteristic scenes, and much sprightly description; and interwoven with these qualities, a story of sufficient interest to awaken and keep alive the attention of the reader.

Letters from the Old World. By a Lady of New York. 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1840.

A number of these letters were originally published in the "American" newspaper of New York, and at the time attraction on much attention, that the writer has been induced to collect and publish the whole series. The two volumes now printed, contain letters descriptive of Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, and Greece, which, in due time, will be followed by others from Northern, Central, Eastern, and Southern Europe. The letters are written with great case of manner, and embody much curious and valuable information.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The story sent us from Charleston, although excellent, can not be published in our Book. Nothing having the slightest appearance of indelicacy, shall ever be admitted into the Lady's Book.

Will our exchange papers oblige us by not so freely lending their numbers. Really this is not correct.

Auld Robin Gray seems to be a favourite with our authors.

Mrs. Parsons and Mrs. Embury both refer to it as being a
favourite air.

Those persons favouring us with poetical contributions, are requested to keep copies, as we cannot promise to return the originals.

General Morris has favoured the world with another of his charming effusions, "Where Hudson's Wave"—Music by J. P. Knight.

We find it impossible to give, as we hinted last month, a number composed entirely of contributions from Gentlemen, although we have enough on hand for two numbers. The Ladies must be heard, and they always claim precedence.

Our friend, Mr. Chandler, in noticing a late number of our Book, mentions what may be considered a profitable speculation. "A friend of ours cut out the Fashions lately, and sold them for as much as the whole number cost him, and then had his females improved to the amount of a whole year's subscription by the interesting contents." Some such trade must be carried on, by others than the person referred to, if we may judge from the numerous places where we perceive our Fashions the most conspicuous object in the window.

#### CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

UNDERSS MANTLES are of a woollen material, dark ground, either plaided or spotted. The material is of a soft, fine, and warm kind, is styled-double flannel. They are made loose in the back, with a pelerine set on full, and sleeves which descend over the hand. They are a very convenient and comfortable snvelope.

CAPL—The most novel are of twile Sylphide, the caul is very low; the trimming of the front passes in a plain band across the forehead, and is disposed very full at the sides; a good many are ornamented with ribbons only. Some are decorated with a knot of ribbon on one side of the caul, and a small tuft of field flowers intermingled with the lace on the opposite side of the front.

JEWELLERY.—The bracelets serpents are the most in vogue; they are beautifully and richly wrought. A very pretty ornament for the throat is composed of a band of black velvet about an inch broad; it is fastened at the throat by a hutton of gold or precious stones; the ends of the velvet are crossed, and descend a little on the neck. The same kind of ornament formed of a single row of gold chain, in the centre of which is a knot of gold with two short ends, to which gold acorns are suspended, are also in very great favour.

BONNET SYLPHIDE. - Such is the name given to a cap just introduced for social parties; it is one of the prettiest and most elegant of the head dresses adopted for them, simple, but yet rich; it is composed of lace mingled with roses; the lace falls upon the checks in large coquilles, among which are mingled roses of five different shades of red. From the description of this cap, one would be tempted to think it too voluminous; such, however is not the case; on the contrary, we consider it as one of the prettiest that has appeared; there is something singularly graceful and original in the arrangement of the boquet, and the manner in which the flowers are disposed near the face. Upon the whole, few head dresses are so generally becoming. Another cap, much less dressy, but pretty, and well adapted for matrons, is a bonnet turbon of figured tulle, mingled with blue chemille, which partly follows the folds, and partly crosses among them in different places.

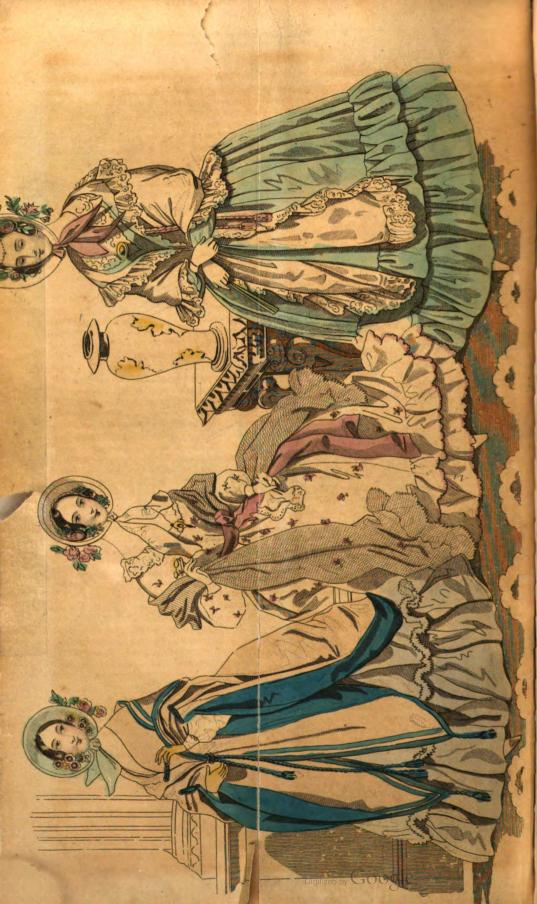
#### DESCRIPTION OF PASHIONS.

Fig. 1. Dress of shot silk, border trimmed with two flounces, low and light corsage, Bishop sleeves, pointed cape, with trimming to correspond with the skirt. Hat with feathers.

Fig. 2. Morning neglige—cambric dress, open in front, to display the under dress, which is of the same material, trimmed with two flounces, to correspond with the front of the robe, which is fluted. The cap is of tulle or fine muslin, trimming of the same material, with lappets. A riband goes round the crown, with a knot at the side.

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# L A D Y'S B O O K.

MARCH, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### WINTER'S FETE.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

I work, and every lordling of the grove Was clad in diamonds, and the lowliest shrub Did wear its crest of brilliants gallantly. The swelling hillocks, with their woven vines, The far-seen forest, and the broken hedge, Yea, every thicket gleam'd in bright array. As for some gorgeous fete of fairy-land. -Hol-jewel-keeper of the hoary north, Whence hast thou all these treasures?-Why the mines Of rich Golconda, since the world was young, Would fail to furnish such a glorious show. The queen, who to her coronation comes, With half a realm's exchequer on her head, Dazzleth the shouting crowd. But all the queens, Who since old Egypt's buried dynasty, Have here and there, amid the mists of time, Lifted their tiny sceptres, all the throng Of peeresses, who at some birth-night flaunt, Might boast no moiety of the gems thy hand So lavishly hath strewn o'er this old tree, Fast by my window .-Every noteless spray,

Even the coarse sumach, and the bramble-bush,
Do sport their diadems, as if, forsooth,
Our plain republic, in a single night
Put forth such growth of aristocracy
That no plebeian in the land was left
Uncoroneted. Broider'd frost-work wraps
Yon stunted pear-tree, whose ne'er ripen'd frait,
Acid and bitter, every truant-boy
Blam'd, with set teeth. Lol while I speak, its crown
Kindleth in bossy crimson, and a stream
Of Tyrian purple, blent with emerald spark
Floats round its rugged arms:—while here and there,
Gleams out a living sapphire, 'mid a knot
Of trembling rubies, whose exquisite ray
O'erpowers the astonish'd sight.

One arctic queen,
For one ice-palace, rear'd with fearful toil,
And soon dissolving, scrupled not to pay
Her vassal's life—and emperors of old
Have drain'd their coffers for the people's gaze,
Though but a single amphitbeatre
Compressed the count. But they whose potent of

Compress'd the crowd. But thou, whose potent wand Digitized by

Call'd forth such grand enchantment, swift as thought, And silent as a vision, and canst spread Its wondrous beauty to each gazing eye Nor be the poorer, thou art scorn'd and bann'd, 'Mid all thy beauty. Summer scantly sheds A few brief dew-drops, for the sun to dry, And wins loud praise from every piping swain For the proud fête.

Yet, certes, in these days, When Wealth is so esteem'd, that he who boasts The longest purse, is sure the wisest man, Winter, who thus affords to sprinkle gems Mile after mile, on all the landscape round, And decks his new-made peers in richer robes Than monarch ever gave, deserves more thanks Than to be called rude churl, and miser old.—I tell thee he's a friend—and Love, who sits So quiet in the corner, whispering long In beauty's ear, by the bright evening fire, Shall join my verdict. Yes, the King of Storms, So long decried, hath revenue more rich, Than sparkling diamonds.

Look within thy heart, When the poor shiver in their snow-wreath'd cell, Or the sad orphan mourns; and if thou find An answering pity, and a fervent deed Done in Christ's name, doubt not to be an heir Of that true wealth, which Winter hoardeth up, To buy the soul a mansion with the blest.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### "MARION:"

#### A TALE OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

"How severe you are, dear Mamma, upon poor Harry;" said Charlotte Ramsay, as the door closed upon the retreating form of her brother. "Harry's susceptibility to beauty, is so excessive, and his imagination so vivid, that I pity, more than condemn, his exaggerated boyish enthusiasm."

"I do not condemn you, my love, for feeling thus, towards your brother, and I, also, pity him; but it is my duty, as his only parent, to endeavour to prune his faults, and to teach him to control the great and prominent weaknesses of his character. I would wish my son to be guided more by his reason than his senses, and the youth who raves for hours and repeats a thousand foolish things, because he has been smiled upon by a pair of bright eyes, that have nothing to recommend them but their brightness, will be very apt, one day to stake all his earthly happiness, upon no better promise, than mere external beauty affords."

"But, Mamma," said Charlotte, looking timidly up from her work, "from your remarks, one would be induced to believe that you thought beauty and good sense, incompatible with each other."

"No, not at all, my love! I do not think the combination by any means rare, and as far as regards temper and disposition, the odds are all in favour of beauty. The ill favoured, and consequently, neglected, are those in whom we should look to find the evil propensities of our nature most strongly developed. When the world turns our sympathies back upon us, it is not unnatural that they should become embittered and curdle. I do not undervalue beauty,

but I complain, where, as in your brother's case, a pretty face is made an excuse—an apology for the absence of every quality of mind and heart. Alas! I have seen too many instances of ill assorted marriages, too many fine minds wedded to folly and dullness, not to fear such a fate for my boy, who, with all his faults, possesses feelings and intellect, deserving a better fate!"

Mrs. Ramsay threw herself back in her chair, and covering her face with her hand, sighed deeply. A few moments of silence elapsed, when Emma, a blooming girl of fifteen, stealing to her mother's side, and taking her hand whispered, "has any thing pained you, dear mamma, that you are so sad?"

"No, my love, no! the subject upon which your sister and myself have just been speaking, called to my mind, in all its freshness, the history of one, whose fate illustrates my remarks. Alas! could we but know the secret history of those we meet in every day life, how much of good and evil, how much heroism, romance and self devotion should we find, that in a tale of fiction, we would deem but fanciful visions of the imagination?"

"Can you not tell us, dear mamma, the history you allude to," said Emma, nestling close to her mother's side. "I am sure I would rather listen to you than read the most interesting novel."

Mrs. Ramsay kissed the cheek of her own lovely daughter, and smiled assent. Emma drew a cushion and seated herself at her mother's feet, while her sister, who appeared some three or four years older than herself, bent her head over her work, in silent

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attention; her dark clustering curls, falling over and shading a countenance that would have made the forune, of a "Book of Beauty."

It was a cold and stormy night, the rain and sleet beat against the closed shutters of the snug drawing room, occupied by our little group, giving promise of an evening uninterrupted by visitors. The fire burnt cheerfully in the grate, the astral lamp shed its bright, though mellowed light, upon the table round which they sat, and Mrs. Ramsay, shading her face from its rays, commenced a tale which she thought might convey a salutary lesson to her children.

"At the age of nineteen, Marion Grantley became an orphan! She had several brothers, all of whom were much older than herself, but no sister. Her brothers were married and had large families, and when, at the death of her parents, it became Marion's part to select her future home, she accepted the urgent invitation of her aunt, a younger sister of her mother, to whom Marion had always been greatly attached, and who was also her god-mother.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson lived all the year, from choice, in the country, at a handsome seat, in the neighbourhood of a populous village, not very remote from Philadelphia. Mr. Benson was wealthy, but had no children; Marion's decision in their favor, was therefore, a source of congratulation to the worthy pair. Marion was what the world calls plain and uninteresting, with a sallow complexion, mexpressive mouth, and a nose that bid defiance to all symmetry; her only redeeming features, being a pair of intelligent dark eyes, and a profusion of glossy, dark brown hair. Her figure, also, was clumsy, and an exaggerated sense of her personal defects, added awkwardness and shyness to the list.

It is a fallacious observation, that gracefulness and beauty of mind and imagination, extend their influence to the body. Byron, whose personal defect, it is admitted, on all sides, was but very slight, was so influenced by his sense of it, as to be painfully awkward; and "the poet of the heart," as he has been somewhere aptly called, was sadly deficient in the "poetry of motion."

But with regard to Marion, whatever was wanting in the casket was amply outweighed by the jewels within, and if they were little known or valued, a pure heart and unruffled sweetness of disposition prevented their rusting or corroding from inaction.

Marion had been, from her earliest years, a shy though observant child. She was never seen without a book in her hand, and all information that came to her, either by eye or ear, fell upon a thirsty soil. As she grew in years her intellect strengthened; and when those around her, wondered that she did not seek the society of companions of her own age, they did not see, or rather, could not discern, that a want of ungeniality had driven her to lean upon her own resources.

Marion, in consequence, grew up, little understood or appreciated. She was warm hearted, affectionate, and generous, with a subdued enthusiasm, and latent sensibility, that like a healthful and ever changing current, kept her feelings from stagnating: while her shrinking timidity and reserve, added to her want of personal attractions, concealed, entirely, from observation, qualities of mind and heart, that, had she been endowed by nature with beauty and its consequent self-confidence, might have made her a brilliant and influential member of society. As it was, with

an intellect of no common grasp, and feelings and capabilities, little known to herself, she retired to the country, deeply mourning her late melancholy be-reavement, but thankful that she had a quiet place of refuge, with those whom she loved and respected.

Marion inherited, at her father's death, a handsome fortune, and in the society of her two kind relatives she lived a contented life; indulging her own quiet pursuits, and feeling no desire to wander from the cheerful and happy home she had chosen.

It was about a year after she had removed to Mrs. Benson's, when Mr. Benson received a letter from his half brother, Charles Elton, a captain in the army, informing him that his health had suffered so severely, from the unhealthiness of the climate, at the remote post where he was stationed, that he had applied for and obtained a furlough to enable him to return home, for his restoration. He added, that he should set off immediately, travel by easy stages and hoped soon to be with them.

Although distressed at the account which he had received of his brother's health, the announcement of this intended visit was a source of extreme gratication to Mr. Benson. Charles was his only near relation, and though much younger than himself, Mr. Benson was warmly attached to him.

A few weeks of anxious expectation passed slowly by, and the looked for guest arrived: but so changed, so broken down and miserable, that his brother scarcely recognized him! His tall and manly form was attenuated and bent with weakness; and so feeble and exhausted was he, by the fatigues of his long journey, that he was unable to descend from the carriage, without assistance. The kind hearted Mr. Benson could, with difficulty, restrain his tears, on beholding the wreck before him. He whom he had parted with, three years before, in the very bloom and flower of manhood, was now but a shadow of his former self; and as he wrung his hand, he exclaimed with emotion, "My dear Charles, why leave this so long-why deceive me so cruelly as to your real situation ?"

Elton smiled, and assured his brother that he alarmed himself unnecessarily. "I am only fatigued by my journey," he added, "and a little of my good sister's nursing will soon set me up again."

Charles Elton was the son of Mr. Benson's mother by a second marriage. His parents died when he was very young, leaving him dependent upon the bounty of his elder brother, who had inherited a large fortune from his paternal grandfather. Mr. Benson performed the part of an indulgent parent to him, and finding him bent upon entering the army, he procured for him an appointment to the "Military Academy." After graduating with high honour, at West Point, Charles entered the army as a lieutenant, and had but lately received promotion. Banished as he had been for three years, to a distant post in the far wilderness, exposed to an insalubrious climate, and all the privations of a half savage life, his health became impaired, and after several ineffectual efforts to be relieved from duty, he returned home, another victim to a thankless and ill requited service.

To all but Marion the announcement of Elton's intended visit had been a source of pleasure. She, alone, lamented his coming. Her early recollections of him as a handsome, gay young man, whom she had met at her father's table, were not calculated to make her look forward with composure, to this inter-

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ruption of their quiet life; and, like all persons governed by that demon "mauvaise honte," she dreaded the constant presence of a stranger.

But when he came, so different from what she had expected, her fears vanished! How could she stand in awe of one so helpless? She could feel for him nothing but the deepest commiseration, as he lay day after day stretched upon a sofa, too wretched to observe her, or notice any thing that was going on. Insensibly she glided into the office of chief nurse; for with many duties to perform, that engrossed much of her time, Mrs. Benson would beg Marion to sit with Charles, see that he had his different medicines at the proper hours, and that he took the required nourishment; and, as he gained strength, he would himself beg her to read to, or play for him.

If any one had told Marion, a month before, that she would have forgotten her nature so far as to become the almost constant companion of one whose coming she had so dreaded; that she would have overcome her timidity sufficiently to read to him, and even play and sing for him, she would not have believed it! But so insensibly had it all come about, so unwittingly had her gentle nature led her to attempt to alleviate the ills which it pained her to see, that she was utterly unconscious of the change; and in ministering to his wants, when he was helpless and dependent, she came to replying to his remarks, first uttered in listless apathy, and afterwards, as health began to dawn, with the animation of returning life.

A quiet smile was often called up in the face of Mr. Benson, on entering the cheerful sunny breakfast room, where the invalid was generally to be found, reclining upon a singularly comfortable and capacious old sofa, to see Marion, quite unconscious, buried in the recesses of an easy chair, drawn up alongside of the sofa, reading some amusing or instructive book, aloud, for the benefit of the invalid; or, at times, but this was when strength and health began to visit him, with the book half shut, and resting on her knee, listening intently to his remarks and criticisms; or, as it would often happen, digressing from the subject, with recollections and illustrations of persons and things he had himself witnessed. Elton was a man of literary tastes and habits, which, grafted upon the well disciplined education he had received at the national academy, had added to his scientific acquirements a fund of varied information.

This accidental domestication with one so different from all she had been accustomed to, opened to Marion a source of new delight! Thoughts, feelings, and sentiments, to which she had heretofore found no answering tone, except in books, now experienced a ready sympathy. She was happier than she had ever been before, and no intrusive self-inquiry ever startled her into analyzing her own feelings. It may seem unnatural that Marion should have so far forgotten her accustomed shyness, as she appeared on this occasion to have done. But it must be recollected that it was under unusual circumstances. Had Charles Elton appeared at Mr. Benson's the lively, handsome, agreeable Captain Elton her imagination had painted him, he might probably have died in utter ignorance of the sound of her voice; but, coming as he did, her fears were all disarmed, and from the listlessness of ill health, their intercourse partook of the subdued nature of her character.

If Marion had been a handsome girl, it is most

probable their intimacy would never have assumed the quiet, passive form, it had done, for Elton was an enthusiastic admirer of beauty; but satisfied of Marion's want of personal attraction, his gallantry was not called forth, and he accepted her good offices, with simple gratitude—appreciating in her, nevertheless, as every man of sensibility must do, the unselfish and beautiful spirit of woman, in the hour of pain and sickness. Thinking of her only, as an intelligent, rather reserved good young woman, if, at moments, some sudden burst of enthusiasm, or remark that evinced intellect and observation of uncommon depth, escaped her, it was noticed with a feeling of pity, that one so endowed, should be so unfortunately plain.

Shrinking from observation as she did, their intercourse as far as regards Marion, was singularly apart from self; and seated always in a position to be out of the range of his gaze, where she could see and not be seen, she passed many of those hours, which coloured all her after life.

As the season advanced, and the cheerful spring settled into summer weather, Elton was able to leave the house, and wander about with the inspiration of returning health. But Marion's 'occupation was gone'—and as she returned to her former habits, she often checked a sigh of regret, at what with the plausibility of self delusion, she called, the termination of her useful labours.

Marion was not one of those romantic young ladies, who make it a business to afficher their exuberant sensibility, on all around. She had never vowed an eternal friendship, in her life, and knew nothing of the jargon of sympathetic souls. But, in the pure recesses of her heart, there lurked that sweet and natural impulse which the Great Being has placed in all his creatures, that, like the young vine casting forth its tendrils, saks for something to cling to, something to lean upon; and unknown to herself, the last few weeks had entwined round every fibre of her heart, the image of one, who thought not of her! who valued her not!

As every day confirmed the health of Charles, Marion's usual awkwardness and reserve returned; and he would often rally her, upon the want of interest in her patient—for with the subtle selfishness of man, he missed with a feeling of discomfort, the constant devotion of the woman he so far undervalued, and felt the absence of that stimulus which a mind congenial to his own had produced.

It was now the latter part of June, and the weather had become very hot. At this period of the year, families residing in the country, from some mysterious cause, generally find their town friends uncommonly demonstrative in their friendship; and as Mrs. Benson's handsome establishment, commodious house, and rather superior style of living, presented unusual attractions, she never was without a supply of friends, whose periodic attacks of affection, exhibited themselves in the shape of a long visit.

Mr. Benson's residence was situated not half a mile from a broad river, a fine canal and a much travelled railroad; and as an ingenuous old lady once observed to her: "You could not, my dear ma'm, be more delightfully fixed—for no matter how sick your friends may be, or how many children they may happen to have, they can always get to you with little or no trouble, and very slight expense."

Mrs. Benson accordingly received a letter from one

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of her oldest (summer) friends, announcing, as she had done for years, her intended visit; but not altogether in the same terms as formerly.

Mrs. Wendal was a widow, in rather straitened circumstances, and being childless, she had heretofore come, unlike most misfortunes, singly! But this time she informed Mrs. Benson, it would not be the An only brother, who had resided all his life at the South, had died, and left his daughter to her care: and urged by her strong friendship for Mrs. Benson, (and a little of the thermometer) she was desirous of presenting to her, her precious charge. The Thompsons, the Joneses, and the Smiths, she added, had all pressed her to join their several parties, to the different watering places; but she could not be so ungrateful to her dear Mrs. Benson, (nor, she might have added, so forgetful of her purse,) as to think of presenting her sweet Amelia to the world, before she had become acquainted with her Aunt's oldest friends,

Mrs. Wendal was a shrewd woman, and manœuvred all her plans with an ingenuity, that, exerted in a better cause, would have done her credit.

"Do not go out, my dear Charles," said Mrs. Benson, one afternoon, seeing Captain Elton about to leave the room, with his hat in his hand. "I expect Mrs. Wendal in this afternoon's boat, which must soon arrive, and I want you to stay and assist me to welcome her?"

In the course of half an hour, a hack rattled up the avenue, and Mrs. Wendal's sharp visage was

seen peeping from the window.

" How are you, my dear friend?" she exclaimed. embracing Mrs. Benson, who had stepped out into the piazza to meet her. "My dear Mr. Benson, so glad to see you-Amelia, my love, Mr. and Mrs. Benson-Oh! such a tedious passage-full three hours I assure you-landing in such a bustle! waiters so insolent! baggage in such confusion! backmen so exorbitant! My dear sir, do settle with that fellow for me? Three quarters," she added, lowering her voice, and bending towards Mr. Benson; "I made the bargain before we started, a quarter a piece for Amelia and myself, and a quarter for the trunks and bandboxes.-My dear Miss Grantley," advancing into the parlor and keeping up her running fire, "how are you?-looking charmingly, really-a little thin, eh! have brought you a young companion to cheer you up."

"Captain Elton," said Mrs. Benson, seeing her friend brought to a stand by this unlooked for appa-

rition. " Mrs. Wendal, Charles."

"My dear Captain Elton, delighted to see you— Haven't seen you since you were a boy—knew your parents very well—charming woman your mother— Amelia, where are you, my love? My niece, Miss Arden, Captain Elton; Amelia, Miss Grantley—dear me, how fatigued I am! and how hot it is!"—and she continued her senseless chattering, as if she alone possessed the exclusive patent for the use of her tongue; whilst Mrs. Benson, all unmindful of her, gave orders for some refreshments for her guests.

It must not be supposed, that all this time, Miss Arden was unnoticed. There was one happy circumstance attending Mrs. Wendal's infirmity of speech: it was of very little importance whether you listened or not; replies, indeed, being but idle interruptions.

As Miss Arden threw aside her large travelling

bonnet and veil, Marion gazed at her, and thought she had never seen any thing so perfectly beautiful. Her figure was small and sylph-like, her complexion dazzlingly fair, and her teeth like ivory; a pair of liquid blue eyes, and a profusion of golden hair, completed a picture, which resembled more the dream of a poet than a creature of this every day world!

And what did Captain Elton think? That we cannot say. One fact, however, has been ascertained,

he forgot all about his intended walk!

When girls of similar age, standing, and pursuits, are domesticated beneath the same roof, it follows, almost always, as a matter of course, that some degree of intimacy should spring up between them; but this was not the case with Marion and Miss Arden. A fortnight had elapsed since the arrival of Mrs. Wendal, yet Marion and their younger guest, were as much strangers to each other, as on the first day of their arrival. Marion, from the natural kindliness and warmth of her heart, as well as from a feeling of hospitality, made every advance to Miss Arden which her shy nature allowed; but all in vain. A vacant and artificial smile, a cold dissenting "thank you, Miss Grantley," was all the reply she received to her repeated offers of service; and she finally gave up all idea of aiding in her amusement, or of receiving a return. Smooth, cold. and quite as impenetrable as marble, she was ever the same; no impulse appeared to quicken into gaiety, no feeling to depress into sadness, the even current of her mind. With some interminable piece of work, ever in her hand, she would sit listening and replying to her aunt, in a manner, that, did it not spring from evident inclination, would have appeared like the most exemplary patience.

One member alone, of the little circle, possessed the power of calling forth, in her, the slightest approach towards animation. For Captain Elton there was always a ready smile, and his presence was always required to arouse her from her state of frozen apathy. For him, alone, did she ever touch the piano, for him alone was the endless work ever laid aside; and no day was too damp, no evening too dewy, if Captain Elton suggested a walk; while poor Marion, who had tried in vain to infect her with her passion for the open air, had never been able to

tempt her beyond the garden gate.

Whether Captain Elton was unconscious or not, of the magical effect of his presence, we cannot say. Perhaps he was, for love is professedly blind; and Captain Elton, there could no longer be any doubt of it, was deeply in love with Miss Arden. His health could not now be considered an excuse for remaining always at home; yet he was ever there. Society, his profession, all the varied claims upon his time and attention, were entirely forgotten in his devotion to this beautiful vision, which had so lately dawned upon him.

Mr. and Mrs. Benson had never been in so ungracious a mood; never had felt themselves so thoroughly uncomfortable, as at present. The one because he had taken an unconquerable aversion to their beautiful guest; the other, because Miss Arden was interfering with one of her dearest and most cherished plans. Mr. Benson bluntly informed Charles, that he thought a trip to the Virginia Springs indispensably necessary to the perfect restoration of his health, and urged him to go; while Mrs. Benson warmly echoed her husband's opinion, and took the

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opportunity of Miss Arden's absence from the room, to draw a comparison between her musical talents and those of Marion, not at all to the compliment of the former, as may be supposed.

And what did Marion think of the events around her? Poor Marion, it would be hard to tell. With a very natural cowardice, she strove not to think about it. She suppressed every sigh that arose for the past, checked every impatient wish that pictured to her the departure of their guests, and the return to the calm enjoyment of their quiet home, once more. She blamed herself for not seeing virtues, where she could only detect coldness of heart, and vanity: and for a want of charity, in thinking Miss Arden narrow minded, selfish, and ill-tempered. "I dare say I shall like her better bye and bye," sighed she—"she does not care for my society now, Captain Elton is so lively and agreeable."

Mrs. Wendal was the only one of the party, who appeared entirely unmoved by some unusual feelings. She talked as incessantly as ever—more uninterruptedly, certainly; and if you did accidentally catch her keen little eyes glancing over her spectacles now and then, at Captain Elton and Amelia, it certainly could mean nothing; for how could any one talk so energetically on one subject, and have their mind engrossed by another?

Several uncomfortable weeks passed by, when one evening, Mr. Benson entering alone into the parlour where the family were assembled for tea, begged Marion to make tea; her aunt, he said, felt indisposed, and begged to be excused.

Marion took her aunt's place at the tea table, and began its duties, impressed unconsciously with the restraint which seemed to have fallen on all. Even Mrs. Wendal, after a few ineffectual attempts to carry on a conversation, was mute. Mr. Benson ate his toast in silence, and soon left the room. Captain Elton was so distrait, that he forgot even the little courtesies so habitual to him; while Miss Arden played with her spoon, and was evidently trying, industriously, to decipher the figure in the damask table cloth.

So soon as this uncomfortable meal was over, Marion arose to go to her aunt; but as she passed through the hall to go up stairs, Captain Elton, who was standing at an open door leading to the garden, called to her: "Will you take a turn in the garden with me, Miss Grantley?" he said—"I have something to say to you, and will not detain you long."

Marion acquiesced, and accompanied him to the garden. They walked some distance from the house in silence. At length Marion turned to him an inquiring look, which he answered by saying,

"My sister has a head-ache, I believe."

"I do not know," replied Marion; "I have not seen her, and was going to her when you spoke to me. I was not aware of her indisposition, until Mr. Benson mentioned it at tea."

"You have a great deal of influence over my sister, Miss Grantley; I believe—that is—I mean, my sister speaks to you very unreservedly on all subjects."

Marion, at a loss to know what could be the aim of a conversation thus opened, hesitated in her reply, when Captain Elton, in a hurried voice, continued:

"You must think my conduct very strange, Miss Grantley, very strange; but I hope you will make every allowance for me, I am very uncomfortably situated-I want a friend, and knowing the disinterested kindness of your nature, I have thrown myself upon you for aid. My brother," he pursued, in a more agitated voice, "is unkind, ungenerous; I have never known him so before! God knows how truly I love and revere him! But he should not expect me to sacrifice all my earthly happiness to his prejudices. I would do any thing in the world to gratify him, make any sacrifice but this! Yes! I am sure it is nothing but idle, unfounded prejudice, that has warped his better judgment so entirely. You will think me wild, Marion, I fear; but I know you are a kind friend. Will you speak to my sister for me, and beg her influence with my brother? If you plead my cause, I know you will succeed with her, and my brother too; indeed, Edward has great reliance on your judgment."

Marion was bewildered. She could not comprehend the scene at all; and without understanding exactly why, she felt agitated, and as they approached the house, she became anxious to go in, but she could not do so without making some reply, and in a hurried manner said:

"I should be very happy to serve you, Captain Elton, if it were in my power to do so; but I am sure you require no advocate with my aunt. See her yourself, and whatever the matter may be in which you desire her good offices, I am sure she will and you quite as readily, as if you confided it to me."

"Oh! no, no, indeed you are mistaken. I begged to speak with her but for a moment, this evening, and she excused herself. I am sure she has taken up my brother's prejudices against Amelia. Indeed, my dear Marion, to speak candidly, I fear Mrs. Wendal may insist upon Amelia's breaking our engagement when she discovers my brother and sister's repugnance to it, and I depend upon you to soften their feelings towards her."

It was fortunate for Marion, that at this moment Mrs. Wendal stepped off the piazza, and joined them. Without making any reply, she entered the house, and with trembling steps proceeded mechanically to her aunt's room.

"Marion, my child, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Benson, as she gazed upon the deathlike face of her niece.

Marion replied not, but stood staring wildly around her, pressing her hand to her forehead, in an attitude of bewilderment!

"What is the matter, Marion?—speak!" said Mrs. Benson, rising from the sofa, in alarm. "Has any thing happened to my husband; to Charles?" But ere she reached the spot where she stood, Marion fell senseless on the floor.

With great presence of mind Mrs. Benson rang for a servant, lifted her upon the sofa, and after cautiously questioning the woman, dismissed her; seating herself by Marion, whose senses were in a short time restored.

What occurred in the conversation that followed, we cannot say. Painful it was, no doubt! The deep and stifled sobs which burst forth at intervals, spoke of sorrow and distress, while the low murmuring voice that rose in tenderness above all, told of sympathy and consolation.

When Mrs. Benson had prevailed upon Marion to retire to bed, she sat by her till she fell asleep; then softly leaving the room, she sought her husband.

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For some time they conversed together, after which Mrs. Benson proceeded to Mrs. Wendal's apartment. A few minutes sufficed to execute her errand. "Circumstances," she said, "of a private nature, rendered it necessary that Mr. Benson and herself should depart immediately for the north, and it was not in her power to extend her hospitality to Mrs. Wendal and Miss Arden, any farther at present.

Accordingly, at an early hour on the succeeding morning, Mr. and Mrs. Benson, and Marion departed for the north, avoiding any farther leave taking of their guests, and without any explanation whatever with Captain Elton.

It is not my purpose, my dears, said Mrs. Ramsay, to follow step by step, Marion's career; but to set before you only those prominent events in her life, which will best illustrate her character and humble history. I have but badly described Marion, if it could be supposed that she was one who would permit herself to give way to idle sorrow or regrets. The truth, once revealed to her, she set steadily to

work to subdue feelings, which from that painful moment she knew to be unavailing. The instant which flashed upon her the knowledge of her unfortunate attachment, tolled also its knell; and though there were moments, when memory bringing up all the past, would sweep away the efforts of days, still she struggled on, and for the sake of those kind friends who watching over, seemed also to rest upon her, as the chief solace of their lives, she entered into all the amusements and schemes which their active affection suggested for her diversion, during their journey. And at the expiration of three months, returned to her home tranquil and cheerful, if not

Nor did she suffer that tranquillity to be disturbed by the intelligence received a short time after their return, from Captain Elton, announcing his speedy marriage with Miss Arden; but strove, though with a vain endeavour, to induce Mr. Benson to be present at the ceremony.

(To be concluded.)

Written for the Lady's Book.

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#### MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET, AUTHOR OF "CHARACTER OF SCHILLER," ETC.

#### MARCO VISCONTI.

Marco Visconti, in merit, succeeds to Manzoni's novel. The author of this tale, GROSSI, has been long favourably known to the Italian public, by his poetical romances—Ildegonda and I Lombardi alla prima Crocciata. The success of his novel was, in some degree, owing to his previous reputation, though its ments are alone sufficient to secure popularity. The period to which his story refers, is the fourteenth century, during the struggles occasioned by the rival factions of the Guelphs and the Ghibellines, and the schism in the church. Pope John XXII., had excommunicated Matteo Visconti, the father of Marco, and laid Milan under an interdict. Louis of Bavaria who had given offence to the Pope, by assistance rendered to the sovereign of Milan, had been also visited by excommunication; but having descended mto Italy, and caused himself to be crowned at Rome. he, in his turn, solemnly pronounced sentence of deposition against Pope John, and appointed Nicholas V. his successor. Of course, the Ghibelline party, at the head of which was the lord of Milan, declared for the Antipope, who removed the interdict from the city and territory. But the remote parts of the country exhibited reluctance to change their faith, and refused to open their churches to the ministers of the new pontiff. Retaining their allegiance to the Visconti, they yet were unwilling to acknowledge any other spiritual sovereign than John XXII. inhabitants of Limorta, a small district on the lake of Como, were among the adherents to the ancient cause. This district was a feudal territory of the monastery of St. Ambrose; the then Abbot had appointed a rude and unprincipled man, one Pelagrua, as his factor, at Limonta, who pretended to discover from some old deeds, that the Limontese were not vascals merely, but serfs of the monastery. The

spirited inhabitants refuse submission to this claim; and as there is a lack of sufficient evidence on either side, it is determined at Bellano, where the cause is judged, that the question shall be decided "by judgment of God," after the manner of that superstitious age. The trial by combat is chosen; the champion of the monastery selected, and Lupo, son to the falconer of the Count di Balzo, volunteers in the cause of the people. The day of trial arrives; and the question of liberty or slavery for the Limontese is decided by the complete victory of their champion. At the same time the other characters of the tale are introduced; the Count di Balzo, his wife Ermelinda, and their daughter Bice or Beatrice; with the young Cavalier Ottorino Visconti, the kinsman and adherent of Marco, who soon becomes enamoured of the beautiful heiress of the Castle di Balzo.

New disturbances among the Limontese, and the prospect of severe revenge on the Abbot's part, for their contempt of his orders, and disregard of the dignity of his agent, render a residence in the vicinity dangerous; and the Count and his family are invited by Marco Visconti to take up their abode in Milan. There, the chief, who had in youth been a lover of Ermelinda, falls in love with her daughter Bice; and jealousy leads him to treat Ottorino, her betrothed, with a harshness that deeply wounds the young Cavalier. Discovering the hopelessness of his passion. in a paroxysm of rage he not only forbids the Count to receive Ottorino as his guest, but employs an agent to prevent the marriage. Marco departs for Lucca; his unprincipled kinsman, Lodrisio, finds out the secret marriage of Bice and her lover; and aware of the passion of his lord for the maiden, hopes to obtain influence over him by getting her into his power. For this purpose, he, in concert with Pela-

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grua, decoys the young couple by means of a pretended letter from Marco, into his castles; imprisons Ottorino at Castel Leprio, and detains Bice and her handmaiden at Rosate, a strong hold under the charge of Pelagrua. Ermelinda, who believes Visconti guilty of the abduction of her daugghter, contrives to have a letter sent to him, through the agency of Lupo, to Florence, appealing to his feelings for a mother's anguish, and imploring the restoration of her child.

Marco's indignation at the fraud practised in his name, knows no bounds. He hastens to Milan; thence to Rosate; but his good resolutions are too late. The unhappy girl is found insensible in a vault of the castle, where she had wandered in endeavouring to escape. She is, indeed, restored to the arms of her parents and her husband; but expires in a few hours. Marco seeks revenge on Lodrisio, the guilty author of this deed of villany, but is betrayed by him into the power of Azzo Visconti, who is exasperated against him by false accusations. In the castle of Azzo he is basely murdered. Ottorino departs for Palestine. Bice is buried at Limonta, where her parents continue to reside.

This is a sketch of the domestic incidents of the story; others are interwoven, highly graphic and interesting, which give us a vivid picture of those times; such as the tumult before the church in Mouza; the spirited account of Lupo's deliverance of his fellow townsmen from the soldiers of the monastery; the scene of his imprisonment and reprieve, and the attempt of the Germans, aided by Lodrisio's treason, to surprise the city of Milan. The episode of Michel the waterman, and his son, who is drowned in a shipwreck of the Count's family on the rocks of Como, is deeply touching.

We translate the following description of the combat between Lupo and the champion of the

"The two combatants placed themselves opposite each other; one at each extremity of the lists. Both wore leathern breeches, tight from the waist to the ancle, and terminated by red buskins; the shoulders and arms were naked. Each had, in the left hand, a wooden shield, squared at the ends, slightly hollowed in the middle; and in the right, a massive and knotty oaken club.

"Ramengo de Casale was, apparently, about thirty five years of age, robust, with broad chest and shoulders; stout necked, with short and brawny arms, his hair red, thick and rough. Lupo, more gracefully proportioned, was full a head taller, handsomer, and more agile than his opponent; but his more symmetrical limbs were far from promising the strength of the other's herculean frame.

"Silence prevailed throughout the concourse; the spectators farthest from the field were mounted on chairs, and benches, and tables; the balconies and roofs were crowded with human beings. Every eye was fixed on the two champions; every heart beat. The feelings of the majority were enlisted on the side of Lupo, partly from the justice of the cause he was to vindicate, partly from the sympathy which his well proportioned figure and fine animated countenance awakened at first sight. The young Limontesse, who stood with his back towards the church, lifted his eyes to the palace of the archbishop, and seeing the Count, Ottorino, and Bice, saluted them with a slight inclination of the head, then looking

down, he turned a moment to his father who stood behind him; his glance seemed to say, 'Leave all to me, and have no fears.'

"The trumpet gave the last signal, and the combatants advanced with measured and cautious steps, each covering his head with the shield, and waving his weapon threateningly in the air. When they reached the centre of the lists, Ramengo took his stand; placing one foot in advance of the other, and inclining somewhat to the right, he fixed himself firmly to await the assault. Lupo began to tempt him with various feints, moving rapidly around him; but he, expert in the science, and resolved to let his adversary waste his strength in the attack, did no more than wheel round, describing the circumference of a circle with his right foot, of which circle his left was the axis. Thus he warded off successfully, now with his club, now with his shield, every blow of Lupo, with an ease and dexterity, with an air of composure and tranquillity which astonished the spectators. But when Lupo in hurling a blow at him, left his side uncovered, seizing the moment, he brought him such a back stroke as would have demolished his ribs, had not the young man suddenly leaped backward with the agility of a cat. The weapon grazed his skin, and whirled round with a whizzing noise that sounded to the heart of poor Ambrose, who became pale as death.

"The multitude who took part with the Limontese drew an unfavourable augury from the incident,. and began to tremble for their favourite. But Lupo infuriated by the danger he had escaped, and burning with shame, returned to the assault with greater vigour than ever, so that Ramengo, sorely pressed in front, was compelled to give way, and could no longer preserve in his defence, his former measured coolness; so rapid was the tempest of blows, so violent the force with which his opponent rushed upon him. Yet so crafty was the champion of the monastery, and so dextrous his management, that he was able once more to avail himself of a false movement of his antagonist, and bring him another blow that broke his shield in the midst. Lupo felt his hand benumbed, and the shield giving way; throwing the now useless implement on the ground, he grasped the club in both hands as in desperation, and swinging it high above his head, with his whole strength brought down a tremendous blow on the head of his adversary. Ramengo was prompt to interpose his shield, but the massive weapon descended with such furious force that the shield itself struck his head; he was completely stunned; he heard a rushing in his cars, his sight failed him; his knees shook under him; he tottered, and then fell backwards on the ground, to all appearance lifeless. But, whether by an instinctive movement, or by chance, he fell upon his left side, resting on his arm, while his head leaned on the shield, without touching the sand.

"The father of Lupo had done nothing all this time, but accompany with eye and countenance, with his whole body and his whole soul, every movement of his son. Now, drawing his head between his shoulders, he contracted his whole bulk, and writhed himself into various attitudes, as if to shun a blow directed at him; now planting his foot on the ground, and grasping with all his force the railing against which he leaned, he raised himself upright, as if to give greater force to a blow which his son aimed at his adversary. When at last he saw Ramengo

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stretched on the earth, he lifted his eyes to heaven, and gazed round him with a bewildered air.

"At the instant burst forth shouts like peals of thunder; and the half deafened Ambrose was enabled to exult in the triumph of his son. 'Long live Lupo! long live the falconer's son! long live the Limontese!' was heard from every quarter."

The description of a patrician combat, in another portion of the book, must be placed beside the above. The tournay is given in honour of Azzo Visconti, nephew to Marco, and hereditary lord of Milan. The

following is a sketch of this individual.

"When he was seen approaching, there arose here and there cries of Vina Azzo! Long live the Imperial Vicar! the sovereign of Milan!" but the shouts were feebly uttered; an indistinct murmuring drowned the voices, and at length rang out clearly the cry, Vina Marco!" so that Luchino (one of the prince's uncles) after glancing impatiently round, whispered in his nephew's ear, "Tis well for us we have lodged him in season!"

The Imperial Vicar wore a rich and ample robe of embroidered damask, fastened in front with golden buttons. A band of ermine, three fingers in width, encircled his forehead, bordering a black zeudado, broidered with silver stars, two ends of which hung on either side as low as the ear, while the remainder fell behind over the shoulder; a fashion courtly and becoming, and which set off to advantage the natural fairness of his complexion.

"Naturally gentle and affable, Azzo at that time was more ostentatious of gentleness and courtesy, to gain the affections of the multitude, whom he well knew to be not too partial to him. He leaned half over the railing to reply to the salutations of the barons, and the cavaliers near him; waved his hand, or bowed even to the mean artizan, or peasant damsel, who proffered a sign of homage; condescension being a species of hire which costs little to the great, and is often valued most highly by inferiors."

The account of a joust, or combat of lance against lance, follows. Ottorino is the hero of the incident.

"The joust began; many cavaliers presented themselves, and touched, some one, some another of the shields, exposed on the tops of numerous spears planted in the ground near the pavilion of the combutants. Many contests succeeded; but they were not signalized by a blow; some made false hits with the lance; some lost the stirrup of either foot; some fell backwards in the saddle; and two lances only were shivered. Ottorino had not been summoned into the lists, since after his achievements on the day preceding, none were anxious to measure strength with him.

" The exhibition had already lasted two hours, and became so uninteresting that the spectators wearied, and began first to murmur, then to complain more loudly, and at last to vent their dissatisfaction in execrations against the cavaliers who had so little consideration as to be unwilling to be slaughtered for their amusement. To quiet this tumult, two heralds appeared to give notice that the joust would be ended, to make room for a bigordo, by which was meant the assault of a wooden bulwark or castle; a favourite spectacle in those times. But while the herald was pronouncing the usual formula for ending the challenge, the sound of a horn was heard in the adjoining wood. The people clapped their hands in token that they would await the arrival of the new comer; and after the silence of a few moments, a tall cavalier

was seen to ride into the lists, his visor lowered, his figure sheathed in steel, without ornament, pennon, or badge of any kind. He rode a huge charger of Puglia, black as jet, save a white star in the middle of his forehead.

"The warrior who had appeared thus suddenly, carried at his saddle bow a shield, polished like the rest of his armour, affording no token by which its owner could be recognised; there followed him a squire, bearing another shield covered with black—indicative of melancholy without joy. He left his master at the extremity of the lists, nearest the wood, and crossed the arena to carry the covered shield to the tent of the judges, pitched on the opposite side. The judges were sworn never, in any case, to reveal the secret of the champion who wished to remain unknown; but they were bound by law to inspect his arms, and decide whether he merited the honour of being permitted to measure himself with the knightly challengers.

"Meanwhile the unquiet and curious, yet pleasureable expectation of the multitude, was manifested by a general whispering. When the squire entered the pavilion of the judges, the noise ceased, and the deep silence of intense curiosity prevailed. In a few moments, the judges came out with the shield of the unknown, covered with black as before; placed it on a spear which they fixed in the ground, and bending the knee before it, made sign to a herald, who cried

"'The field is open to the cavalier!'

"The unknown, to whom license was thus given, rode slowly across the ground, towards the combatants' tent, and stopping before the shield of Ottorino, instead of touching it with the lance, as usual, pulled it down to the ground; then fixed it again upon the spear, but in a reversed position; that being the greatest insult that could be offered a knight, and the signal of a challenge a tutto transito, or as we say, a challenge to mortal combat.

"There was a slight tumult among the crowd, beholding this action, for they well knew what was its import. Some tried to guess who was the challenger, and the cause of his mortal hatred; the veterans suggested that the Vicar should not have permitted the defiance to be given; the youths cried out that it would have been an indignity to oppose it. Many feared for Ottorino; some who wished him success, rejoiced at the opportunity for his winning new laurels; others envious of his glory secretly exulted at the danger impending over him; and hoped for the abasement of the pride which offended them; while the greater number without aversion, without partiality, prepared to enjoy the spectacle, which was to make amends for the former dullness of the sport.

"But how was it meanwhile with poor Bice? At the opening of the joust, when the competitors presented themselves, one by one, to touch the shields, trembling for the honour and for the peril of her beloved, she now wished, now feared that some one might challenge Ottorino; reassured by the sight of so many bloodless conflicts, she panted to behold a proof of his valour, and timidly anticipated his triumph, the praises of the dames and knights, and the silent and ill-dissembled wonder of her father. When she heard the blast of the horn, and saw the strange cavalier, overcome by a secret presentiment, she trembled from head to foot. While the terrible stranger rode over the ground, approaching the tent

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of the combatants, she watched him in affright, like the child who sees slowly advancing in the darkness the phantom of his fears; every step of his seemed to take away a portion of her life. When he reached the extremity of the lists, she was breathless with suspense; the sound of the shield flung on the ground smote to the very depths of her heart, and for a moment took away the light from her eyes.

"The Count, who perceived her emotion, thought to remove her from the too exciting scene, and took her arm to assist her in rising; but the maiden, to whom the prospect of awaiting at a distance and with fearful forebodings, the termination of the strife, seemed more insupportable than witnessing it with her own eyes, determined to remain.

" Knowest thou who is the challenged?' said the Count, sternly.

"'I know; it is Ottorino,' replied the young girl, resolutely. She had summoned all her faculties to enable her to speak with firmness.

"But the weapons'-insisted the father-the defiance'-

"'The weapons are sharpened and deadly,' answered Bice, in a resolute, though despairing tone; 'the challenge is mortal; I have seen all; but I will not move from this spot.'

"In the meantime Ottorino came out of the tent in complete panoply of steel from head to foot, advanced to his war horse, which Lupo held, and in spite of the weight of his armour, placing one hand on the saddle bow, he sprang into his seat with a single leap. The judges took two sharp lances, the steel heads fitted on heavy green oak, and having examined accurately, and compared their length, weight, and the quality of the wood and iron, as well as the other implements of warfare, supplied the two combatants, signing to them that they should ride round the arena.

"The champions, proceeding abreast, began their progress in front of the balconies and the railing, each followed by his squire. The unknown in his impervious armour, moderated with an easy air of non chalance, the excitement of his majestic steed, that, infuriated by the applause of the multitude, pranced and leaped as he went, covering the bridle with foam. The rider meanwhile sat firmly in the saddle, with a mien of self-possession and hauteur, full of grace and majesty withal. Lupo, who followed at a few paces' distance, could not but admire his breadth of shoulder, and finely proportioned limbs, with the bold carriage of his head and person; nor failed he to entertain some apprehensions for his young master. Noticing his armour more accurately, he observed that the morion had its front piece nailed, and knew it for the same which had been purchased the day before of the old man in the chesnut coloured pilgrim's gown.

"Ottorino galloped beside his adversary; his raised visor suffered his dark locks to escape and cluster over a brow open and full of youthful daring. He backed a handsome jennet of the Andalusian breed; not robust and terrible like the charger of his opponent, but full of fire, active, and promptly obedient to the hand, the voice, I had almost said the thought of his master; he managed him with great dexterity, causing him in his course to rear and leap, and perform many agile feats, as if he had set out on a sportive trial of skill; a carousel rather than a mortal combat.

"When they passed under the gallery of the Count di Balzo, Ottorino courteously saluted both father and daughter; but the former scarce noticed the civility, and Bice herself only answered by a timid and furtive glance. Some power of fascination fettered her eyes to the figure of the unknown cavalier, whose iron headed spear, sharp and brilliantly polished, she gazed on with fearful earnestness, and seemed to feet its cold point already in her heart. The stranger, who had turned neither to one side nor the other, likewise slightly bowed his head in passing them.

"Having passed round the circle, according to the old phrase, the earth and air were equally div.ded between the two combatants; that is, they were placed opposite each other, both equally distant from the centre of the lists, so that the advantage or disadvantage of the sun's rays was equally shared by them. The immense crowd that thronged the space without the barriers, the multitudes mounted on the benches and rude scaffolding behind them, and further off, upon the trees of the neighbouring wood, and the terraces of the few houses adjoining, watched them in silence; every heart beat with impatience or envy, with excitement or terror; the signal for assault was about to be given, when a sudden incident overturned the tranquillity of the assembly, and came nigh to overwhelming the already tottering power of Azzo, the vicar,

"Lupo, who stood behind his patron, deceived by an accidental motion of Azzo's hand, which he understood as the signal given for the trumpets to sound the assault, cried out with a loud voice, which, mid the silence, pierced with steel-like keenness the ears of every one present, " Viva Marco Visconti!" It was the battle cry of his master, who on hearing it, flung his steel covered hand aloft, shouting in his turn, 'Viva Marco Visconti!' Neither he nor his opponent moved an inch, for the trumpet had not yet sounded; but the myriad spectators, who were in secret so strongly attached to that chief, suspecting that some conspiracy was on foot, and believing that cry the signal to discover his partisans, in some insurrection against the authority of the Vicar, joined it, and in an instant a thousand and a thousand voices answered with one accord from every quarter. There was a general movement, and a gathering together, a questioning and replying; many grasped their weapons, and looked around in expectation of seeing some banner, some chief under whom to range themselves. If Marco had then shown himself to the people, the blow might have been struck; the few guards of the Vicar drew frightened within their palisades; and there was a moment in which even Azzo and his two uncles gave themselves up for lost.

"In the height of the tumult, when the cry was loudest and most fierce, the unknown, who had not moved from his post, was seen to lift his hand to his morion, as if about to raise his visor, forgetful at the instant that it was nailed; but the motion was only momentary, and as it seemed involuntary; for his arm quickly dropped, and resting his closed hand on his iron cuisse, he remained immovable, looking from his barred helmet on the scene of confusion.

"Meanwhile the heralds were running to and fro, the kings-at-arms and pursuivants shouting over the field, endeavouring to restore order among the people, and clear the ground; gradually the storm began to abate, subsided into a murmur, and soon all was again silent. The fierce youths who had been eager

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for the fray, the timid who sought to withdraw themselves from the tumult, and the curious, more importunate and more numerous than all, returned to their places, some indignant, some laughing, some demanding the meaning of the uproar. Quiet at length restored, the trumpet sounded the signal, and the two combatants rushed against each other, their shields covering the breast and the head as far as the eves.

"The stranger knight, who apparently intended to distinguish the first tilt with a feat of skill, instead of plunging spurs into his steed, and meeting his foe in full career, held his destrier at a measured gallop, and at the shock presented his shield sideways to his adversary, who rushed upon him with such force that the lance slipped along the polished surface of the steel without inflicting a blow, and flew past him grazing his side; while the unknown directing his aim to the azure scarf which Ottorino had that day bound over his armour, pierced it with his lance, and as he swept past, succeeded in tearing it completely away.

"So dextrous a feat could not be appreciated by the spectators; thinking it a matter of accident, they began to murmur at what they esteemed a false blow. But the champions each regained his proper post, and wheeling their horses quickly round, returned to the charge with greater vigour and fury. This time the strange cavalier spurred his charger to his utmost speed, pressing his flank so forcibly that the noble animal fairly gasped for breath. They met in the centre of the lists; Ottorino's lance shivered upon the shield of his adversary, who wavered not a second in his seat; his weapon entered the young man's visor, and bore him to the ground about a lance's length from his horse, which feeling himself suddenly disburdened, stopped at once, and turned his head backward, as if expecting his master to remount him. But the youth lay stretched on the ground without sign of life. Lupo sprang to him, tremblingly opened his visor, and saw the gore streaming from his nostrils and mouth. He called two sergeants, and taking off his helmet they bore him towards the tent; his limbs hung down helplessly, and his head swung about at every step, inclining backwards, with his long hair floating and dabbled in blood.

" In a few moments a herald came from the pavilion, and proclaimed—' He is alive!' Then the victor, who with an earnest motion of his head, still shrouded in steel, had followed his wounded adversary to the entrance of the tent, and kept his eyes fixed there till the appearance of the herald, flung his hand upwards and rose in his saddle with a gesture that indicated joy at the announcement, threw away his lance, gave his destrier the spur, and hastily galloped from the field, disappearing in the adjoining wood. His squire, taking the covered shield from the spear on which it was hung, followed him. When the lance he had thrown away was picked up the steel head was found broken; some thought it broken in the encounter, but others who had observed the stranger, at the cry of his opponent previous to the first thrust, 'Viva Marco Visconti!' had seen him fix his lance leverlike between two planks, and then lift it abstractedly, thus causing the fracture. opinion was general that if the lance had been firm, the force of the blow would have driven it quite through the visor and the head of the vanquished

This may serve as a specimen, though not the most

favourable, of the graphic powers of our author. His pictures of the ceremonies and manners of the times are strongly drawn, without being too minute. story is better managed than that of I Promessi Sposi, for it abounds in incident, and the events succeed each other naturally, contributing to the developement of the plot, as well as to the illustration of individual character. The dialogue is generally natural and spirited. In character the work is rich; and this imparts a freshness and adds interest to the narrative. Marco is finely portrayed; bold and generous, but haughty, selfish, and ambitious, his actions arise from various motives, and are frequently inconsistent with each other. His disappointments awaken our sympathy, notwithstanding his self-willed disregard of the feelings of others; and the readiness with which he accuses himself, and repents him of the evil his unbridled passions have caused, inclines us to pity and forgive his faults. Even in the depths of his remorse and self-humiliation he preserves our respect. In the plenitude of his triumph, in the full tide of conquest, his exultation is turned to bitterness by the reflection of the misery his victory has wrought. Thus after the conquest of Lucca-

"The hour was late; and having dismissed the council and the nobility of his new court, Visconti walked through a vast saloon of the Palazzo del Comune, a few months since tenanted by his famous friend Castruccio Castrucani. Looking from a gothic window that overlooked the square, he discerned towers, domes and battlements brilliantly illuminated; below a huge bonfire filled the aquare with lurid radiance, and he saw the crowd in busy motion, or gorging themselves with food, while they shouted and sang songs in praise of their new lord. In the distance the curved hills were also glowing with bonfires; and every where was heard the chime of bells ringing a merry peal.

"Marco stood a few moments contemplating this spectacle, like a bridegroom who at the nuptial feast gazes on the charms of his youthful bride; then turning from the casement, his eyes fell on a portrait of Castruccio hanging above the chimney-piece. At this sight joy was banished from his bosom; his imagination was disenchanted; flinging himself on a seat, he fell into a reverie, his gaze still fixed on the picture of his deceased friend.

"At Rome'-said he-when full of life and renown, he was the Emperor's right hand, when all the Guelph cities, when King Robert and the Pope trembled at his name-when I was proud of being named his friend-and hoped through his means to obtain the sovereignty of Milan, should some sage have announced to him the future, should he have said-Castruccio Castrucani, in a few months thy career shall end, thy life shall be cut short-even in the flower of thy days-in the vigor of thy power he would not have been startled; frail is human life! And the great man knew himself mortal! But if the prediction had run thus-the man who stands beside thee—on whom thou seekest to bestow dominion in his own country-he who has aided thee, as far as his power reached, to climb to thy present height-who honors and loves thee more than a brother-even he shall ere long be lord over thy city-thy dwelling shall be his-he shall obtain thy inheritance, and thy wife and sons shall wander fugitives from land to land, seeking the asylum that shall be denied them! Oh! what anguish would

have riven that haughty heart! And I, what should I have said? Away—who would reason of the future! How miserable and short sighted is man! A city illustrious and powerful falls of itself in my lap; while the object for which I have striven so many years eludes me like a phantom! Am I not like one of those fevered dreamers, who toil vainly for the alchemist's gold, yet find in their search some wondrous secret of nature, of which they had never dreamed before?"

Ottorino is a high minded and generous youth, devotedly attached to his kinsman and protector, Marco; who, even in the midst of his jealous hate, acknowledges him too noble for any act of deceit. The Count is a selfish, vacillating coward; his mean and truckling spirit is unworthy to be yoked to a

being so noble minded and lofty as Ermelinda. Her character, full of matronly dignity and sweetness, is exquisitely drawn; she is superior in interest to her daughter Bice, who, with all her ingenuousness and devoted affection, is rather insipid to our taste. This must be the case with heroines who are purely passive. Lupo is in many respects the hero of the book, and is admirable as a portraiture. He is more strongly individualised than the others, and moreover performs more feats than all of them together. His aid is required and ready on every emergency. Yet his exploits cannot be branded with the charge of improbability—the fault that disfigures so many Italian novels. His agency is always well introduced, and without apparent effort. The inferior characters are uniformly sustained with truth and effect.

# Written for the Lady's Book.

#### 'TIS MY WIFE AND INFANT BOY.

THERE'S a tie I may not sever,
Though fond pleasures pass away;
And a spell which binds me closer,
In affliction's darkest day:
Though the cries of wo surround me,
Or the laugh of festive joy,
O! that spell doth still enchant me;
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

Yes! the smiling world deceives us.
And its mirth is oft unkind;
And its gilded pleasure leaves us,
Not a lasting joy behind:
But though oft it hath deceived me,
Now it can no more decoy,
For a halo shines around me—
"Tis my wife and infant boy.

There are scenes of wild commotion,
There is many a tender theme,
There are thrills of deep emotion,
Felt in fancy's pictur'd dream.

But a dearer spell enchains me;
A spell of rapturous joy,
Draws its silken chords around me,
"Tis my wife and infant boy.

Once the sound of mirth could charm me,
With its wild enchanting strain,
But it never more can harm me,
Or its sounds enchant again:
For a sweeter tie doth bind me,
And my happier thoughts employ,
(More the world could never give me,)
'Tis my wife and infant boy.

Yet the minstrel's harp I cherish, And I love to hear its strain, And I would not have it perish No, nor seek the ear in vain: But when its wild notes thrill me, And inspire my heart with joy, O! I wish for no one near me, But my wife and infant boy.

H. K. J.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### TO MISS CHRISTIANA ———, OF PHILADELPHIA, ON HER BIRTH-DAY.

BY W. J. WALTER.

CHRISTIANA, time flies fast, See! thy nineteenth year is past; Hours, and days, and months roll on, Ere we think, our youth is gone: Though the part seem but a span, ah! Thou'rt woman now, my Christiana.

Then, since girlish days are past, And grave years are come at last, Learn to weigh their worth, and prize What the giddy throng despise: Learn the future how to scan; ah! This is wisdom, Christiana.

Kindest friends unite to-day
For thy future weal to pray,
Wishing happy birth-days many
On thy head; nor, oh! may any
Evils come thy peace to ban; ah!
Shield from them our Christiana.

Manners winning, graces sweet, In thy soft deportment meet; And deep feeling may we spy In that dark expressive eye; Never may its glances scan a Traitorous heart to Christiana!

Take the wishes kind that part From a true and faithful heart; From a heart that loves thee dearly, Wishing thee all good sincerely; Yes, may blessings drop like manna, On thy head, dear Christiana!

When thrice nineteen years have past O'er thy head, oh! may the last Find thee cheerful, laughing, gay, As we see thee here to day: Bright as flows the Susquehanna, Flow thy days, sweet Christiana!

One warm wish before I part— Mayst thou find a faithful heart; One to bless thy future life, Making thee his happy wife. So I end as I began, a Happy birth-day, Christiana!

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### WHERE ARE THE DEAD?

WHERE are the dead? what sphere,
Far, far removed from this,
Receives the spirits cherished here,
To their abodes of bliss?
We know that they have passed away,
No human power could bid them stay;
No human love the forms could save,
That rest within the dreary grave.

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We gaze upon the west,
When night is stealing oo,
And thoughts come crowding in the breast,
Of friends, for ever gone.
We turn us to the darkening sky,
As if 'twere given to mortal eye—
To pierce its shades, and show us where
The souls of the departed are:

But from their far off homes
They send no answering voice,
No kindly word of greeting comes,
To make our hearts rejoice:
No blessing from that distant shore,
From whence the lost return no more;
Silence and darkness seem to be,
The emblems of futurity.

But no—the friends we loved,
The hidden from our eyes,
Are not in spirit far removed.
To worlds beyond the skies—
The homes where they were want to dwell,
The pleasant paths they loved so well,
Each hallowed spot to childhood dear,
Gives back their voices—they are near,

They're near, the fair, the young,
Whose brief life of delight,
Like mists which o'er the mountains hung,
Have faded out of sight;
The valley where their bounding feet
Scattered the dew from flowrets sweet,
Will seem to bloom more bright and fair,
If we but think they still are there.

They're near, the cherished friends,
The tried, the proved of years,
With whom our mem'ry closely blends,
Long vanished smiles and tears:
No more we wander side by side,
Where summer streams in music glide;
But to our souls soft whispers come,
And consecrate their spirits' home.

They come to us in dreams—
In the still hours of night,
And o'er our waking souls there beams,
A calm and holy light.
Soft voices murmur pleasantly—
Remembrances of days gone by—
And breathings soft as music's tone,
Tell us—that we are not alone.

Why mourn then for the dead?
Why weep o'er severed ties?
The veil of flesh around us spread
Conceals them from our eyes—
The distant heaven we seek in vain,
Where parted friends shall meet again;
The mear, oh brightly will it dawn,
When that dark veil shall be withdrawn.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### A MOTHER'S LOVE.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

There is a religion in all deep love, but the love of a MOTHER is the veil of softer light between the heart and the heavenly Father.—Coleridge.

A MOTHER'S LOVE; —Oh! who can know
The depth of love a mother feels,
When bending in devotion low
For her beloved ones she kneels!
For them, 'th Eternal mercy seat
For choicest blessings she doth move:
None can e'ur fully estimate—
Pearl past all price!—A MOTHER'S LOVE!

A MOTHER'S LOVE!—Oh! never, sure
Did sweeter, or more holy feeling—
A flame from earthly dross so pure,
On this our sinful earth find dwelling;
A coin so free from base alloy:
A love so near to that above;
Angels might covet to enjoy
A pious MOTHER'S tender LOVE!

A MOTHER'S LOVE!—Oh! not while we In health, and strength, and spirits dwell, Do we the deep intensity
Of a fond mother's kindness feel!
But when disease hath laid us low,
'Tis then its richest depths we prove;
And ne'er till then, we fully know,
The value of a MOTHER'S LOVE!

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Oh! who hath then the power, like her,
Our every agony to soothe?
Whose hand, like hers, to minister
To every want?—the pillow smooth,
Wipe the cold sweat from off the brow;
The suffering form most gently move:
A thousand tendernesses show
The kindness of A MOTHER'S LOVE!

A MOTHER'S LOVE!—Alas! how oft,
"A Mother's love" do we forget;
Her gentle warnings, kind and soft,
By us with pride or anger met:
Oh! did we feel how truly she
Doth thus her best affection prove,
We should in each reproof but see
A watchful MOTHER'S kindest LOVE!

A MOTHER'S LOVE!—Oh! thou hast lost
That first, best guardian of thy youth,
Hast never had thy memory cross'd
By her sweet tones of love and truth?
Her spirit hast thou never dreamed
Yet hovering all thy steps above?
Oh! then how blest a thing hath seemed
A guardian ANGEL-MOTHER'S LOVE!

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### PAPERS ON THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS.

#### THE TATLER.

#### BY A. STEVENS, A. M.

PERHAPS a better service could not be done to the cause of literature, than would be a more general introduction of the old British Essayists to the reading community. There are few well furnished libraries destitute of one or more of these most interesting writers, but among the vast mass, who deserve the multitudinous products of the modern press, the number is exceedingly small who know any thing of the immense literary treasures which their writings contain. The most entertaining pictures of life and manners found in our modern novels, are combined in them with the sterling wit, varied learning and accomplished style of our elder writers.

The most illustrious names of English literature have given interest to these works. Addison, Steele, Johnson, Berkely, Swift, Chesterfield and Colman are indebted, not a little, to them for their celebrity. The period through which they extend and the vices of which they represent, is one of the most interesting in the history of English society and literature. They are most generally conducted too on a plan of concert among the contributors, and with an assumption of fictitious characters, which impart the highest dramatic interest. Some of the best drawn characters in our literature are found in them. In fine, a greater fund of wit, sprightly sentiment, learned allusion, literary learning and elegant diction is not to be met with perhaps in any language. Miss Hannah More has remarked, that "To hardly any species of composition has the British public been more signally indebted than to these periodical essays, and perhaps it was only from the British press that such publications could issue." She devotes an excellent chapter to them in her plan for the Education of a Princess.

The aim of these writers, as expressed by one of them, was to "bring philosophy out of the closets and libraries, the schools and colleges, to dwell in clubs and assemblies, at tea-tables and coffee-houses." Under this guise, a still nobler purpose was contemplated, especially by the most celebrated of the Essayists. It was an age of open irreligion and, the profligacy, of manners which marked the times of the Second Charles, was still common. Ignorance combined with literary affectation, prevailed among the higher classes, and corruption, undisguised, among the lower. While the Essayists aimed at the ridicule of the prevalent faults of manners, they studied also the improvement of morals and the vindication of religion. Addison's exquisite essays on the Imagination, Wit, English Tragedy, the Opera, and his criticisms on Milton's Paradise Lost, were designed to correct the literary taste of the times; Milton had sunk into comparative obscurity, until these beautiful He has also frequently articles were published. introduced some of the most profound subjects of religious meditation, but so adorned with enlightened illustration and elegance of style as to rank among the most entertaining papers from his pen. Among such may be enumerated the articles on "Eternity," "Various Opinions of the Future State," "The Present Life Preparatory to Eternity," "The Nature

of Man," "Meditation on Death," "The Ways of Providence," "The Idea of the Supreme Being," "Devotion—Enthusiasm," &c. Bishop Berkely attacked with his polished satire and logic the scepticism of the age. Steele painted with admirable accuracy its corrupt manners, and Johnson steadily wielded his Herculean club against all the immorality and irreligion of both high places and low places.

We think not with a writer,\* for whose fine intellect we entertain the liveliest admiration, that the popular opinion has erred in awarding to Addison the highest standing among the periodical Essayists. Steele, it may be admitted, excels him in the ready perception of the weak points of human nature, and the off-hand and ludicrous exposure of them, but he makes no approach to him in literary taste and critical skill. They are both excellent in their respective qualities. They are fit subjects for a contrast, but not for a comparison. They have but few traits in common; the peculiar excellences of Addison are unquestionably, however, of a superior class to those which belonged to Steele. Steele excelled in the conception of dramatic character, but Addison in finishing it-Roger de Coverly is an instance. Most certainly the art of painting is of higher excellence than that of drawing. Steele was a man of the world, an adept in the knowledge and description of its follies and vices. He was at home in society, and ready in conversation; a colloquial sprightliness distinguishes his style, and gives ease and piquancy to his essays. Addison, though in the beau monde, was not at home there, his world was his study, his observations penetrated deeper than Steele's. were not confined to the surface of life, but reached the inner man, and borrowed beauty and frequently sublimity from the fine literary topics and great moral truths upon which he delighted to dwell. He is represented as ungraceful in conversation, his style has ease, even felicity, but it is not the conversational ease of Steele; it is classical, elaborated, yet it has ease-the facility which is acquired by hard study and toilful practice, like the use of nice instruments by the experienced artizan. They both have humour, but who has ever denied Addison's superiority in this respect? where indeed, in the English language, can be found more refined and elegant humour than Addison's?

It has justly been remarked, that Addison seemed providentially raised up and endowed with his peculiar genius in the minute discrimination of matters of taste, morals and manners, in order to meet the necessities of his times in these respects. His Spectators have become classical as standards of style. His exquisite taste has given a fascination to every paragraph. His moral sentiments were delicate and have impressed almost every page of his Spectators.

His dramatic power is not the least attraction in these accomplished Essays. His characters are not paintings or statues, gazed at by the observer as specimens of art—they live and move before us—they

Digitized by See Hazlitt's Lectures.

converse with us. Who has not felt the reality of Sir Roger de Coverly's character? What can exceed the individuality and truth of the Fox Hunter, or Will Wimble? How exactly are the shades of character, the alternations of temper, the follies of life, the affectations of learning, and the fallacies of scepticism, delineated throughout the whole series of these attractive papers! What literary taste cannot reliah the rich "feast of fat things" spread out in this exhaustless banquet!

These entertaining writings vary much in their character. The Tatler is a most interesting picture of the society of its day; it is the best representation extant of the social and domestic peculiarities of the time of Queen Anne. Its vices, its follies its gallantries, its pastimes, its literature, its drama, its conversation, its costume, its private and its public life are all exhibited-not described merely, but acted out with the vivacity of life. We are carried back by an irresistible illusion, to the days of our old anglo-saxon ancestors, and converse with them in their periwigs and hooped petticoats. There is a sociability and pleasantry in the manners of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., which puts us in such good humour that we yield ourselves up passively to the impression of his conversation-in the language of another, "the reader is admitted behind the curtains, and sits down with the writer in his gown and slippers."

The Spectator assumes a higher dignity. We live in a literary household, and converse with men of intellect and classic humour, yet pass once and anon into the gay world to criticise, smile, and not unfrequently laugh at its whims and its follies. The fine dramatic character, the elegant critique, Attic style, polished satire, and humour that ever cheers, but never fatigues by excess, form our entertainment here.

In the Guardian we meet with the gravity which befits more important topics, and in the Rambler it becomes serious if not solemn. The moral dissertation, the dignified rebuke of error, the pointed admonition of vice, the sober discussion of manners and literature, conducted in the stately style of "the great moralist," form perhaps a very suitable counterpart to the preceding writers, in this department of our literature.

The Tatler was the first of the British Essavists. its first number was issued April 23, 1709. Steele, Addison, and Swift were the chief contributors; Steele, however, was the ostensible conductor. He was accurately acquainted with the lights and shades of life. He was a native of Dublin, but educated at the famous old Charter House School, in London. Addison was his fellow student. His inclination led him to the army, and he first became an author by writing the Christian Hero while an ensign. first publication which disclosed the true character of his genius, as a wit and satirist, was his Funeral, or Grief a-la-mode, a comedy, written while bearing a Captain's commission. These writings introduced him to the attention of the gay world, and all his subsequent works show that he was no careless observer of its vices and follies. The stores of his observations are spread out in the pages of the Tatler, with a vivacity, a spiritedness of satire, and a profuse variety which render it one of the most entertaining pictures of the fashionable world that has ever been painted.

The Tatler is distinguished from the Spectator,

Guardian, Rambler, and Idler, by confining its satire to the more superficial follies of society; though the moral dignity and elaborate elegance of the latter works are not to be found in its pages, yet for sprightliness of remark, satirical humour, and versatile power of observation, it is unequalled by any of them. The object of the Tatler is expressed in the first volume. "The state of conversation and business in this town, having been long perplexed with pretenders in both kinds in order to open men's eyes against such abuses, it appeared no unprofitable undertaking to publish a paper which should observe upon the manners of the pleasurable as well as the busy part of mankind. The general purpose of this paper is to expose the false arts of life, to pull off the disguises of cunning, vanity, and affectation, and to recommend a general simplicity in our dress, our discourse, and our behaviour."

Something of a dramatic arrangement is adopted in the composition of the Tatler, which, perhaps, first suggested the idea of the fictitious literary clubs, under which most subsequent periodicals of the kind were published. Steele assumes the name of Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq., and the "lean hectic" appearance, the good humour, and wise advice of an old man are present to the reader's mind throughout the work. The old gentleman has a number of relatives who send him their opinions; he is an adept in astrology, and therefore capable of holding the secretly wicked in terrorem, has a demon as sagacious as was that of Socrates, who encourages him when he desponds over the follies of the world, and, fleet as

#### "The swift-winged arrows of light,"

visits all lands and retirements to bring him reports. Steele has given a dramatic interest to Hotels and Coffee-houses. It is in these Essays that we first meet with the venerated names of White's, Will's, the Grecian, and St. James's Coffee-houses. At these houses Bickerstaff meets his friends, observes the manners of "the town," receives his correspondents over a dish of coffee, and reads and discusses their communications, preparatory to publication. All remarks on gallantry and pleasure are dated from White's Chocolate-house; those on poetry and the drama from Will's Coffee-house; learning and science from the Grecian, and foreign and domestic news from St. James's Coffee-house; while miscellaneous observations are dated from "my own apartment."

The extensive supervision which Bickerstaff assumed over the manners of the town, necessarily led to the introduction of many scenes not suitable to the fastidious taste of later times. We will not even say that he is excusable from the charge of vulgarity in many cases. Yet the salutary effect of his writings is said to have been remarkable. A contemporary writer observes, "It is incredible to conceive the influence they have had on the town; how many thousand follies they have either quite banished, or given a very great check to; how much countenance they have added to both virtue and religion; how many people they have rendered happy by showing that it was their own fault if they were not so; and lastly, how entirely they have convinced our fops and young fellows of the value and advantages of learning."

A foreign writer asserts that the Tatler, Spectator, and Guardian—the three periodicals to which Steele and Addison were the principal contributors, have been reprinted as often, perhaps, as any books in our

The Tatler was originally published on half a sheet. Each number consisted of two pages, and nearly one fourth was filled with advertisements. The price was one penny. The work was published three times a week, and reached 271 numbers. The last is dated January 1711. The advertisements and notices of foreign and domestic news, gave the Tatler somewhat the character of a common newspaper. Its original papers on morals and criticism alone distinguished it from the half sheets of news which were then common. In most of the reprints, these only have been retained. Perhaps no data can be afforded to the student of English manners, more The refined humour interesting than these articles. of Addison distinguishes the communications to the Tatler which are from his pen. Its later numbers manifest a greater boldness of writing and elevation of feeling than are found in the preceding ones. It is curious to observe the policy with which its writers accommodated themselves to the public by thus assuming a lenient tone in the outset, and becoming more pungent as their popularity increased.

The success of the Tatler was incredible-it seemed indeed to produce a mania for periodical publication among the literary pretenders of the time. Gay, the poet, observes humorously, "The expiration of Bickerstaff's lucubrations was attended with much the same consequences as the death of Melibæus' ox in Virgil; as the latter engendered swarms of bees; the former immediately produced whole swarms of

satirical scribblers.

"One of these authors calls himself the Growler, and assured us, that, to make amends for Mr. Steele's silence, he was resolved to growl at us weekly, as long as we should think fit to give him any encouragement. Another gentleman with more modesty calls his paper the Whisperer; and a third, to please the ladies, christened his the Tell Tale. At the same time, came out several Tatlers, each of which with equal truth and wit assured us that he was the genuine Isaac Bickerstaff, Esq. They seemed, indeed, at first to think that what was only the garnish of the former Tatlers was that which recommended them, and not those substantial entertainments which they every where abound in.

"Accordingly they were continually talking of their maid, night caps, spectacles, and Charles Lillie. However, there were now and then some faint endeavours at humour and sparks of wit, which the town, for want of better entertainment, was content to hunt after through a heap of impertinencies; but even these are become at present wholly invisible, and quite swallowed up in the blaze of the Spectator."

On discontinuing the Tatler, Steele commenced with Addison the Spectator. Many of the most interesting papers of the latter were from his pen. He wrote the second paper, in which the Literary Club, which is admirably maintained throughout the We are perhaps chiefly indebted work, is described. to Steele for the dramatis persona of the work. The interesting conception of Sir Roger de Coverly, usually ascribed to Addison, was actually Steele's. The perfectness and fine humour of this character attracted the attention of Addison, and won his sympathies as strongly as if the good-hearted knight were in actual existence, and among his dearest

Hence he was a favourite personage in some of Addison's best papers; and it is said that he contrived to introduce the premature death of the amiable old man, because Steele began to represent him in bad scenes, which, to Addison's refined taste, detracted from the beautiful morale of the character.

At the conclusion of the seventh volume of the Spectator, Steele commenced with Addison the Guardian. The first paper appeared March 12, 1712. Steele projected it without the assistance of Addison. A quarrel with the publisher stopped its publication, but it was immediately followed by the " Englishman," which was in fact but a continuation of the Guardian, modified in its character by assuming a more Steele introduces it by free discussion of politics. observing that he had "purchased the lion," inkstand, and paper, and all other goods of Nestor Ironsides, Esq., (the fictitious character of Steele,) who has thought fit to write no more himself, but has given me full liberty to report any large expressions or maxims which may tend to the instruction of mankind, and the service of his country." He then remarks with much humour, that Nestor had exhorted him to turn patriot, a hint of the political course he intended to pursue. He soon plunged into the vortex of political contest, and dropped the fine literary humour which has rendered his other works immortal, while the Englishman is scarcely known. Libellous paragraphs in this paper led to his expulsion from the House of Commons, where he had a seat at the

His next attempt was entitled the Lona. It was devoted to domestic manners like the Tatler. Forty papers were published; some first rate articles were from the pen of Addison. Nine papers of another periodical called the Reader, were published by him before the Lona closed. The Town Talk followed. It is a series of letters to a lady, and supposed to have been addressed to his wife, then in the country. Some of its passages are exceptionable for their indelicacy. The Tea Table was his next attempt, but it was short-lived, extending only to three numbers.

The Plebeian was the next in appearance. It was got up in opposition to an aristocratic bill in Parliament. With this publication is connected the painful event of a quarrel between Steele and Addison. The latter started the Old Whig, in opposition to the Plebeian; personal allusions soon followed, and these fast friends in some of the best literary labours of that age, went to their graves enemies. Johnson truly remarks that such a controversy was "Bellum plusquam civile." Every reader must regret that these two friends, after spending so many years in confidence, endearment, and fellowship of study, should part in acrimonious opposition. His last important work as an essayist, was the Theatre, which manifested much of the tact of the Tatler, and was exceedingly popular. It contained many statements of his private life, and was devoured with avidity. Steele at last became paralytic and returned to his seat at Llangunnei, in South Wales, where he died in 1729.

A gilt lion-headed letter box kept at one of the London coffee bouses.

There is this paradox in pride—it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE YOUNG ARTIST.

#### A STORY.

SUGGESTED BY MOUNT'S PICTURE OF "THE PAINTER'S STUDY," IN THE POSSESSION OF EDWARD L CAREY, ESQ.

#### BY J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF "LAFITTE."

[Concluded from p. 85.]

#### CHAPTER III.

On the opposite side of the mere of Eden, half a mile from the village, was situated a gentleman's seat, with its lawns and gardens extending quite to the water. It was called "Rosemont," and was the residence of Colonel Odlin, who had distinguished himself in the, then, recent war of the revolution, and now with fresh military honours, an ample fortune, and an only daughter, had retired to this lovely spot. He was proud and haughty, and educated his daughter in aristocratic seclusion; but nevertheless occasionally permitted her to visit Eden, and once a month attend the village church. Mary Elizabeth Odlin was a sweet, delicate girl with soft black eyes of the identical rich colour of her auburn hair, which at every motion of her head, reflected a sunny hue of gold. Her complexion was unsullied as snow, and so transparent was the skin of her hands, temples, and round white neck, that the veins could be followed by the blue tints underneath. She was scarcely sixteen, a little below the middle height, with a round full figure, light and agile in its motion as the pet fawn that accompanied her in all her walks. She had a lively spirit, a gentle temper, a musical laugh, and a smile so sweet and expressive of her happyheartedness, that one could not look upon, without feeling an interest in her; few saw without loving her. I forgot to say, too, that she sang with great simplicity and taste, several gentle songs; had an exquisite hand and the most loveable little foot in the world. Somehow or other it chanced, that Henry Irvine and she had once met, the year before, and from that period, young as they both were, a silent, unspoken, but increasing mutual passion, sprung up in their hearts.

At sunset of the day on which the events just related transpired, Mary was seated in a little favourite bower, at the foot of the garden, that looked upon the water, and from which was a view of the village, spread out before her like a picture, when she descried a boat, containing two persons, put off from the opposite side of the lake, and rapidly approach the spot where she was seated. A glance at the form of the individual in the stern told her it was none other than Henry; while in the broad shoulders and shazgy bare head of the oarsman, she could not fail to recognize his inseparable companion, Davy Dow. Scarce had the boat touched the snowy beach, ere Mary, who flew to meet it, was in the arms of Henry. They walked together silently for a few moments, beneath the water-oaks that overhung the winding shore, when, after they had retired a little apart from observation, Henry, who, to Mary's surprise, had remained moody as well as silent, and wholly forgetful of his usual lightness of spirits, stopped suddenly, and impressively said to her:

" Mary, I have come to bid you good-bye."

- "Henry!" was the exclamation that escaped her lips at this announcement.
  - "It is true. I leave Eden with the dawn."
  - " Whither?"
- "To seek my fortune—and, in after years, to return, if you will then have proved true to me, to claim you, dare I say it, as my bride!"

He warmly pressed her to his heart as he spoke, and looked anxiously into her face for a reply.

For a moment, the gentle girl remained silent. The suddenness of the announcement had stunned her, and she was incapable of speaking. At length, recovering her usual manner, she said playfully:

- "You say so but to try my affection, Henry. If this is all you wish, although I ought not to humour you, I will frankly tell you, that my love, young as we both are, shall never meet with a change."
  - " Your father?"
  - " With his approval, always, Henry."

"But the wealthy Colonel Odlin will never approve the love of a poor lad, unknown to birth or fortune."

- "He will ever seek the happiness of his only child, Henry; and my happiness never will be sacrificed even to his own pride of birth and fortune."
- "Yet thrice he has forbidden me to speak to you, and have you forgotten, Mary, when he so rudely thrust me one side, at the church door, when I offered to assist you in descending from the carriage?"
- "Speak not of this now—'twas a hasty act. I wish to learn what you mean by saying you have come to bid me farewell?"
- "It needs no explanation. I have struck the master a blow, and the whole village is risen against me. Even my good foster-mother, if I may call her such, has forbidden me the shelter of her roof, until I have asked the tyrant's pardon."

"And you will not?"

"And I will not."

- "I am very sorry this has chanced! You have been imprudent and over-hasty, I fear, Henry. Your temper is too quick to take fire at every spark that comes in contact with it. What could have provoked you to so rash a thing! Sacrilege would scarce have been a greater crime in the eyes of the villagers."
- "He bade me take off—but no, I will not speak it," he said, blushing with mingled shame and indignation, "let it suffice, Mary, that he insulted me and I struck him."
- "That 'a did, Miss Mary," said Davy, who had approached them unperceived, "an' I hit un a dig i' the ribs, too, that knock'd the wind oot o' the body on un. Young Measter Henry was right, and had he no' licked the Measter, I fegs! I'd a felt mighty like lickin' Henry myself, savin' your presence, Miss Mary; and so I came to tell yees yer father is coming doon the walk, and mightn't altogether—you know, Master Henry—" here Davy completed his intelli-

gence with a wink and a hieroglyphical screwing up of his face that was easily interpreted by the lovers.

"I must leave you, dearest," said Henry, quickly. "Go and shove off the boat, Davy. Farewell, Mary, dear Mary," he would have said more, but the fullness of his heart impeded utterance.

"Whither do you go, Henry?" she asked, lifting

her face, wet with tears, from his shoulder.

"To Philadelphia, to carve out my own fortunes to accomplish something, dearest girl, to make me worthy of you. Will you love me while I am absent?"

"Love you, Henry dearest! how can you doubt me?"

"Will you promise, then, to wait for me seven years? If you do not hear from me then either for good or for evil, you shall then be free.

"I promise to be yours and none other's, while life lasts," she replied earnestly.

"I ask it only for seven years. Will you promise?"

" I promise," she said, fervently and affectionately.

"God bless you, then, Mary! I shall have something to cheer my exile. I shall not return until Colonel Odlin, haughty as he is, shall take me by the hand with pride, and in that hand place the trembling little member I now clasp in it. Adieu, adieu, dearest. When you next hear from me it will be with honour. Only be true to me."

"Do you see those twin stars, just appearing in the evening sky?—they shall be emblems of our love. Look at them often, when absent far from me, and doubt it not!"

A hasty embrace—a passionate kiss—the first he had ever placed upon her sweet mouth, and they had parted. The boat containing the fading figure of Henry shot rapidly across the lake, while Mary turning to meet her parent, joined him before he reached the bottom of the avenue, or had descried them, and returned with him silently and sadly towards the house.

#### CHAPTER IV.

It was known throughout the village, long before the close of the succeeding day, that Henry Irvine had suddenly and secretly departed from his native place, no one knew whither; and thereupon great was the triumph of Dominie Spankie and his adherents. It would occupy more space than we have allowed ourselves in the compass of this sketch, to recount the adventures of the high spirited boy ere he fairly entered the path by which he was to travel onward to fortune, fame, and felicity. He arrived in Philadelphia pennyless and friendless, without definite aim or object, resting his hopes of success solely on the confused, but too frequently erroneous notion, common with the country lads of his native state, that there and there alone could he make his fortune. Aside from his own peculiar case, far better, indeed, would it have been now for thousands of such if they had staid at home to till the soil or labour at the bench of the mechanic.

With a small pack lashed to his back, a staff in his hand, and his garments travel-worn and dusty, he entered the city by the Schuylkill bridge, an hour before sunset of the third day after his departure from Eden; and after winding through several streets, he found himself lounging down the great thoroughfare of Chestnut street, staring at the numerous gay signs

and novel sights that every where met his rustic gaze; the while diligently pondering in his mind which of the countless means of livelihood in which he saw the citizens engaged, he should select, and make the first step towards the accomplishment of his high objects. As he gazed into the dazzling windows of a jeweller's shop, he thought he should like to be a jeweller; but he thought of Col. Odlin, and shook his head. "He will never give his daughter to a mechanic!" was his mental language. "Yet why should he not?" was the question that irresistibly forced itself upon his ingenuous mind. "Should I not still be Henry Irvine, whether I were a mechanic or a merchant?" He could not answer his own query; and being puzzled by the nice distinctions that society has formed, he turned from the showy window and continued his walk. "Shall I be a storekeeper?" he inquired, as he observed the well dressed young men that were selling silks and muslins across mahogany counters to beautiful women. He watched them with an observing air, a few seconds, and then turning away, said, "No, I feel within me that I am destined for a more manly and a far higher destiny, than I see this to be."

Thus, in turn, every pursuit offered itself, for the passing moment, to his choice, and each, in turn, as it was presented, was mentally rejected. At length, a small, unassuming sign, caught his attention, on which he read, in gilded characters, "R. Peale, Portrait Painter." The last words arrested his eye, and he repeated them aloud, while a glow of surprise and pleasure lighted up his fine countenance. After surveying the sign fixedly a few seconds, as if his glance were fascinated, he struck the end of his staff energetically upon the pavement, and exclaimed, "I will become a painter!"

"Will you, my lad," said a pleasant voice, near him.

He looked up with surprise, and saw a middle-aged gentleman, with a gold-headed cane in his hand, and a benevolent, yet highly intellectual countenance, standing in the door and gazing on him with that friendly air and look of interest which is so readily translated and appreciated by a stranger among strangers. Henry blushed on finding himself so particularly the object of attention, and stammered something, he knew not what, in his confusion; but instantly recovering himself, encouraged by the kind manner of the gentleman, he repeated, with modest firmness,

"Yes, sir, I would like to become a painter."

"Come into my studio, then. Perhaps you would be pleased to look at some of the paintings there."

"With the greatest pleasure in the world, sir," said Henry, while his face beamed with gratitude and delight.

He then quickly followed him into an upper room, which was lined on every side with dark green cloth; and he observed that the only light it received came in through the top of a single window, which to subdue its strength, and properly temper it, was covered with fine white tissue paper, notwithstanding the softened character of the light and the smallness of the aperture, it did not escape him that it was so managed as far better to show what was in the room, than the glare of noonday from many windows could do. The apartment was hung round with pictures, more in number than Henry before believed were in the whole world put together; and, for a few moments

Digitized by GOOST

after entering, he remained silent, with mingled wonder and astonishment. A new creation seemed to have broke upon him. He at first looked about wholly bewildered. Gradually, he at length grew familiarized with the acene, and wandered from picture to picture with that reverent delight which true genius, in such a situation, alone can experience. The benevolent painter watched him, with a gratified smile on his benign countenance; and after enjoying for some time, the unsophisticated rapture of the rustic youth, a thought seemed suddenly to strike him; for going to a corner of the room, he drew from a pile of dusty paintings an old piece of canvass, on which was painted an unfinished head of St. John by Michael Angelo, and, as if by accident, placed it in the range of his vision. Henry glanced at the old painting, an instant, and was about to pass on to a fresh and brilliant picture, by a modern artist, when something in the head arrested his attention. He stopped and gazed upon it steadily for a few seconds, and with increasing wonder; and, while he looked, his eye lighted up with the fire of enthusiasm-the blood leaped to his temples-his breath came and went quick, and finally, clasping his hands together, he bent forward before it, in the involuntary attitude of adoration; then, as if gradually overcome by the presence of the spirit of genius, he slowly dropped upon one knee, and said in tones of awe,

" It is the work of God and not of man."

The painter, awed by the wonderful impression the head had made upon the boy, struck by the extraordinary language he had given utterance to, and affected by the sublimity of the whole scene, gazed upon him for a moment with wonder and admiration; then springing forward, he caught him in his embrace, and burst into tears. "The Spirit of God is in the child," he cried, "and Heaven has directed thy wandering footsteps hither. Hence-forward we part not till the pupil shall have excelled the master."

# PART SECOND.

Seven years had nearly passed away since the departure of Henry Irvine from his native village, when one morning, at the breakfast table, Colonel Odlin, as was his custom, opened his newspaper, the old "Philadelphia Gazette," which came to him in those days, regularly once a week, and prepared leisurely to discuss it over his coffee; an Epicurean method of breakfasting, to which retired old gentlemen, particularly if they have been in the army, are much given. Mary, his blooming daughter, sat opposite, presiding over the coffee-urn. She was now m the ripeness of her beauty; and in her lovely face and form, all that the bud had promised was realized. She had continued to cherish her young love for Henry, absence serving to strengthen rather than diminish it; yet, from the evening he had parted with her on the shore of the little lake, she had received from him no intelligence whatever. But, with a true woman's constancy and hope, measuring his love by her own, she felt assured that wherever he was, he continued faithful, and would, within the time he had promised, return to claim her hand.

"I wonder who this young American painter can be, who makes so much noise in the world," said Colonel Odlin, pushing back his spectacles and laying down the paper beside him, while he drank his coffee. "I scarcely, of late, take up a newspaper that I do not find an eulogium on this young artist. Really, I am proud of my country, girl," he continued, with animation; "we shall yet, believe me, give lessons to England both in the arts and literature as well as we have already done in arms."

The attention of Mary was immediately awakened; for all mystery connected with young aspirants for fame, had an interest for her. Her thoughts, moreover, were at that moment, running on her absent lover and his probable career, and the words of her father, indifferent as they would have been to an ordinary listener, instantly roused her curiosity.

"Do you mean that extraordinary genius, who is now in England?" she asked, with assumed careless-

"Who else, child? I am proud of him, and his country should be proud of him. She should welcome him when he returns with open arms! What class of men reflect such glory on an age and country as painters! They are the pet children of genius, and their pathway, above that of all other men, is heavenward, and honour and glory encompass them in their upward flight, like a shining cloud. Listen to this, and see if it does not cause your American blood to mount to your brow with national pride!" and settling his glasses to suit his vision, the ardent old soldier read aloud from the Gazette, the following paragraph:

"We learn with very great pleasure that Peale's celebrated pupil, whose brilliant career we have often had occasion to allude to in our columns, has at length left Rome, where by the force of genius alone (for to birth and parentage we learn he owes nothing, both being alike involved in obscurity,) he has held rank with nobles and princes, and from all classes received the homage due to his commanding talents. The London paper from which we obtain our information, also says, that it having been his intention to return somewhat leisurely from Italy to the United States, he has taken England in his way, where, his fame having preceded him, he has drawn from their Majesties the most flattering personal attention. At their command, he has consented to delay his departure for America, until he has taken portraits, not only of their Majesties, but of the whole royal family. The Duke of Sussex and the Earl of Wellesley, both sat to him in Rome, some months since, of whom he has taken most extraordinary likenesses, the truth of which is only surpassed by the spirit and beauty of the execution. These will be, in a few days, placed in the royal gallery. We congratulate this distinguished young painter's countrymen on the possession of an artist of such high merit, and console ourselves that genius belongs to no land nor realm; but, inasmuch as its empire is over the intellect, so is its dwelling place only limited by the boundaries that confine the immortal mind.' We learn that it is his intention to return to America as soon as he shall have fulfilled his present engagements to their majesties."

"There, my daughter, is a man whom men should delight to honour. The title genius has given him is a far nobler one than the noblest the patent of a king can confer."

Mary assented in her heart to these sentiments of her father, but did not open her lips, for her thoughts were busy, her ideas confused—her hopes, feelings, wishes, all in commotion. His name, strangely enough, was not given in the paper, and the impression singularly and unaccountably forced itself, each moment increasing in strength upon her mind, that the young painter was the exiled Henry. At length as thought built itself on thought it almost reached positive conviction in her mind. "If you hear of me, it will be with honour!" She remembered these parting words, and also called to mind that talent for sketching which had been the cause of their separation. "Oh, if it should indeed, be Henry!" and the ambition of her love which would give its object no inferior station among men, whispered her to cherish the hope.

#### CHAPTER II.

Three months elapsed after the breakfast scene, described in the last chapter, about dusk, one Sabbath evening, two persons might have been seen in close conference beside the hedge under the window of the humble cottage of the Widow Dow. The figure of one was partly concealed by the foliage, but a close veil and a large shawl thrown across the shoulders as if for disguise, betrayed it to be a female. Through all her attempts at concealment, however, there shone a certain feminine grace, which, with a particularly neat foot, and a half visible snowy hand betrayed her rank to be above that of a village maiden. Her companion was a stout, good-looking young countryman, in the plain and homespun garb of a ploughman.

"It is my wish, Davy," said she, as if enforcing some request, " and it is for his sake, too, that it is to be done."

"Yes, Miss Mary; but it may not turn out to be young Measter Henry, after all," responded Davy Dow, whom the lapse of seven years had little changed, save in stature and breadth of shoulders.

"I know that it is he, Davy," said Mary Odlin, with confidence; "the newspaper that came this morning, after stating that this distinguished painter had returned to Philadelphia and taken a studio in Chestnut street, describes, in one short paragraph his personal appearance, and it is just that of Henry as my fancy would paint him as being. My heart tells me that none but himself could have sat for the picture. You must go, Davy."

"Well, Miss Mary, I love Measter Harry, thof I ha'n't seen un for seven years, as much as I did the day I holped him thrash the Dominie. You must make all right with old meather here, if I go, Miss Mary, and I'm off; and, I fegs, if Measter Henry be doon to the city, I'll hunt him out, and give him the letter and ring; and I don't know which will make him most glad to see me or get a letter from you. I'm most sartain both on us coming together 'll go nigh on to upset him."

"You are the kind, obliging, good creature I ever thought you were, Davy. Be speedy, and only be successful, and I will not only reward you well, but do all in my power to forward your suit with my maid Bessy.

"He, ge, ge! you knows it, Miss Mary, do ye? Well, it's truth; I does love un, and if ye can only make her say yes, some Sunday night, when I pops the question, it 'ill be all the reward I want for going. So I'll be up and off by the dawn, and thoff its a pretty smart chance of a road, I'll make Snowy pace it in less than two days."

" Don't be imprudent, Davy, mind, and see that no one knows your business nor from whom you are going. Steal away before day break, and I will take care that Dame Dow be made easy in your absence. Here is silver to defray your expenses. Do not forget now, on your arrival in the city, to visit, as I before told you, every painter's room until you discover him. His face you cannot have forgotten, and seven years will have altered it little save by the addition of manly graces. Now, Heaven speed thee and give thee success in thy errand!" She retreated, as she spoke, hastily, down the green lane, at the end of which is a rustic bridge, that crosses the stream before it empties itself into the mere, by which she reached Rosemont again, without detection.

The ensuing morning, at day break, our Mercury, Davy Dow, stole from his rude bed to the stable, and speedily saddled a diminutive, bob-tailed, crow-black pony, of no particular breed, which he had perversely christened Snowball or Snowy. He then placed across his back a pair of saddle-bags, well filled with meat, bread, apples, and dough-nuts, and mounting him, after he had carefully secured the stable-door, he was soon trotting briskly past the school-house, where Dominie Spankie still continued to reign more terrible than ever; and just as the sun began to flush the eastern skies, he turned into the turnpike at the spot where the venerable finger-board points back to Eden, and, at a vigorous pace, pursued his way towards the metropolis.

#### CHAPTER III.

The third day after the departure of Davy, on his Quixotic expedition, the several artists of Philadelphia were thrown into amusing consternation by the apparition of a clownish young countryman, wearing a homespun frock, and hob-nail shoes, and carrying a small cart-whip, deliberately stalking into their studios, and, without casting a glance upon the works of around, approaching and looking them as closely in the countenance as they themselves had ever done sitters; and then, with a negative shake of the head, quictly disappearing without having spoken a word.

Early in the afternoon of the same day, a certain young painter of that city was seated in his studio, which, though a plain green room, and containing but few pictures for display, was situated in the most fashionable part of the town. His head was covered with a crimson Turkish cap; a gorgeous oriental dressing gown enveloped his manly and elegant person, and his feet were thrust into Indian slippers, richly embroidered with bead-work. He had just dismissed a fair sitter, and was still seated before his easel, contemplating the beautiful pictures that had risen beneath the magical touches of his pencil. While thus occupied, the door opened softly, and first the head, and then the shoulders, of a countryman, were thrust in. The owner of these, after taking a survey of the room, then advanced his whole body, and slowly approached the artist, as if to obtain a sight of his features, which were hidden by the canvass before him, and which he was so intently studying as to be unconscious of the presence of an intruder. The countryman, who was Davy Dow, in proper person, at length, by thrusting his head over the top of the canvass, got sight of the painter's face. It was shaded to the eyes by the drooping fold of his velvet cap, and partly covered by his right palm and fore-finger, on which his cheek thoughtfully leaned.

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Davy looked hard and scrutinizingly, but the singularity of his costume, with the attitude, defeated his scrutiny. But he was not to be foiled in his object. and it occurred to him that there was something in the shape of the symmetrical and gentlemanly hand that reminded him of his foster-brother-for the expression of the hand-so to express that which all have noticed, is the last to change. In his anxiety to get a better view of the face, he struck his foot against a limb of the easel. The artist started, and looking up, beheld, to his infinite surprise, the broad visage of Davy staring down upon him over the top of the picture. The instant Davy saw his face, browned and manly, yet about the forehead and eyes almost transparent with intellect, the lip darkened by a moustache, and the face classically oval, with parted hair, flowing to the shoulders, from beneath his cap, he started in his turn. In it his duller vision saw no trace of the fair boy that shared his sports in childhood.

"Dang it, he be a Turk and no Christian!" he ejaculated, after surveying him a few seconds; being bewildered by the picturesque costume as well as confused by the stern, inquiring look that sought his.

"What, sir?" demanded the artist, not comprehending Davy's words.

"Nothing, your worship. It is of no sort o' consequence—a bit o' a mistake, sir—into the wrong shop, sir—no offence, I hope, sir!" and thus speaking, Davy bowed himself backwards as far as the door, and then made his escape from the room with extraordinary precipitation.

The artist gave a few moments' thought to the oddity of the interruption, and then taking up his pencil, began to work upon the picture, touching and adding grace to each feature, and blending in the higher parts of expression from memory. These touches were more delicate and truthful than those which he had mechanically copied from the face of the sitter; for fancy and taste combined with the resuless spirit of creating the beautiful, will then always insensibly guide the artist's pencil, and mingle themselves with his colours. After a while, he stopped abruptly, and spoke half aloud, his mind having evidently dwelt on the recent circumstance while his pencil moved over his canvass.

"Certainly, I have seen that broad, honest face before. Where can I have encountered its owner?" He seemed to be recalling the past for a moment, and then shook his head sorrowfully:

"Ah, gentle Mary! I wonder if you have continued true to me! Two days longer this picture will detain me here, and I will then know in person. In disguise will I revisit my native village, and from her own lips, myself unknown to her, draw the evidence of her truth or unfaithfulness!—How strange it is that the face of this clown should bring Eden so vividly to memory. I have, at length, gained a name, Colonel Odlin need not be ashamed to acknowledge. I know his passion and taste for the fine arts. I trust much to this for success, if Mary should have proven true. I wonder if she has altered much!" As he spoke, he rose, and removing the canvass from the easel, replaced it by a half-finished portrait, the original of which could not be mistaken.

"How like her as she was when we last met!" he said, contemplating with a lover's gaze, the fair resemblance of Mary Odlin. "Perhaps she is much altered now, but it is only to be still lovelier." He

continued to gaze awhile longer on the picture which he had sketched, of Mary in the bloom of sweet sixteen as she was pictured on his memory, and then, rising, threw aside his gown and cap, replaced them with a coat and hat, and after another passionate glance at the portrait, replaced it by the one he had removed, and descended to the street. As he passed out of the door to the pavement, he saw his late visiter, standing with his face close to his sign, which he was spelling over and over again, with great care, HENRY, PORTRAIT AND HISTORICAL PAINTER."

"That's half o' the name, and no mistake. It may be him and it mayn't be! but dang me if he didn't look like a Turk up there. But the chap I see might not ha' been the painter. "Henry!—
HENRY! I wonder if he ha'n't got no pitcher to his handle! Henry what? May be its Mr. Henry. Gad! I'll go in again, after I have been round to the Indian Queen tavern, and got a snack, for its nigh on to three o'clock, and I ha'n't had no dinner yet. If it's Mr. Henry, 'ta'n't Master Henry, that's all. But its so pesky near it, I'll give another trial. For none o' the other painters look any more like Henry than my old grandmother."

There was something in the tones and manner of the speaker, that arrested the painter's attention. He involuntarily stopped and was about to address him, when Davy strode away beyond his reach, and doubtless, very soon afterwards was regaling himself at the inn, with bread, cheese, and dough-nuts. Two hours afterwards, on returning to his room, which, as most artists are wont to do, he had left unlocked, he discovered, seated in his chair before the easel, and gazing with looks of surprise and gratification upon the sitter's portrait he had replaced there, no less a person than his former rustic visiter. He surveyed him a moment with a smile, and then approaching him, slapped him good humouredly on the back, and said:

"You seem to be fond of paintings, my good friend!"

"Noa, measter, not particularly," said Davy, quietly looking up from the canvass; "Ise ony waitin' here for the painter."

The voice and face of the speaker brought back to the artist his boyhood. He scanned his features with eager curiosity, as if he sought to trace there familiar lines. But the tan of the sun and the scasons, combined with a heavy beard, defeated his scrutiny. Davy, in his turn, stared at the painter, his face alternately lighting up with hope, and clouding with doubt, as at one moment he thought he detected a resemblance, which, the next instant, was replaced by an expression altogether strange to him. On the part of the young painter, conviction grew to certainty, that an old companion of boyhood stood before him: but, as if prompted by a sudden thought, which suggested a plan for the better confirmation of his suspicions, he removed the picture from the easel, and silently, with a half smile, replaced it by one covered by a cloth, which hitherto had stood against the wall, and then said:

"I was about to ask your name, my good friend; for your face reminds me most forcibly, of one I knew in my boyhood; but I choose to satisfy myself by means of my art. Look at this picture," he added, removing the cover; "if you recognize it, I think I shall not be at a loss to call you by name without asking it. Stand here before it!"

Davy took the position he pointed out, and had no sooner fastened his eyes upon the canvass, than they seemed to start from their sockets with mingled surprise and bodily fear. He stepped back, again advanced, and then bent his face closer to it as if scarcely believing his eyes for wonder; finally, he stooped down before it, with both hands, from one of which stuck out the handle of his inseparable cart whip, resting on his thighs, and gazed upon it until a broad smile of amusing recognition, illumined his ruddy visage. Near him, with his pencil extended in one hand, and his palette elevated in the other, stood the painter, watching every expression in his face, and enjoying in triumph, the anticipated success of his art. \*

All at once, Davy drew back, and doubling his massy fist, said, while he shook it at the canvass, "If thee beest no' Dominie Spankie, thee beest the de'il!" Then turning and looking at the amused artist, he added, "There be but one could do that, and if thee beest not Measter Henry.—"

"Then," interrupted Henry, smiling, "thou art not Davy Dow."

"Odds butters! Bessy's mine, Bessy's mine!" he cried, capering round the studio. "Give us thee hand, Menster Henry! Dod! it's thyself, after all, then! How thee hast shot up; and the tan has made thee brown as a hazle-nut; and what with that whisker on your upper lip, I'd barely know'd thee, but for the Dôminie, here. I know'd nobody could ha' done him but you. Well, it's odd; the old chap's picture should ha' made you go off, at first, and then be the means o' making me find you again."

The two friends cordially shook hands, and Henry passed one of the pleasantest hours since his exile in reviving old associations with the communicative Davy. That Mary formed the burden of the numerous questions he put to his foster-brother, need not be told. At length, Davy began to feel in the capacious pockets of his frock as if suddenly recollecting that he had not delivered all his message. "Dang it, Measter Henry, what with talking but the Dominie, and the gals, and the old women, I'd loike to a forgot! Here's a bit of a letter and a round gold ring for ye!"

Henry seized them with eagerness, while a heightened colour betrayed the state of his heart. He kissed the silent token, and placed it on his finger, and then tore open the letter. It contained but a single word:

" Come.

" MARY."

"I obey!" he exclaimed. "How do you go back, Davy?"

"On Snowy. He's at the tavern, and if you'll ride him, Measter Henry, I'll foot it along side, bad as I feel to get back to Eden to see Bessy."

"No, thank you, good Davy. I will take the stage. You can return at once, and bear this seal to her, and—"

"To Bessy?"

"To Bessy! No, you ninny-to Mary."

He gave, as he spoke to Davy, a small signet, in which was cut the motto, "My heart is with you." "Tell her that in three days I shall be at Rosemont." In a few minutes afterwards, Davy took his leave, and by sunrise the next morning, was several miles

\* Vide Mount's Picture.

on his way to Eden, the image of Bessy filling his thoughts and adding speed to his progress.

#### CHAPTER IV.

THE day after Davy's secret departure, on his search for Henry, whom he so happily discovered, Colonel Odlin received a letter relating to some financial matters, that required his presence for a few days in the city. He immediately left Rosemont, accompanied by his daughter, and arrived the evening of the day on which Davy left, without having met him on the road. Instead of going to the Indian Queen, then the most respectable inn, (not hotel,) of the town, they drove directly to the residence of an old friend who had recently been united to a very lovely woman, and lived in much style in Walnut street. The portrait on which Henry was at work when Davy first entered his studio, was that of Mrs. Astley. It chanced to be the subject of conversation the next morning at the breakfast table, and the highest encomiums were passed by the Dr. and Mrs. Astley, not only upon it as a likeness and work of art, but upon the painter.

"Who is he?" asked Colonel Odlin, with interest.

"The American Angelo."

"What, the celebrated young American painter, who has recently been received with such distinction in England?"

"The same," replied Dr. Astley. "It is but a few weeks since he returned to this country; and it is only at the request of several of our most emment citizens, and even of General Washington, who is to sit to him, that he has consented to remain with us a few days; being, as he is, very anxious to visit his native village, somewhere in the interior of the state. You must see him, and get your head taken off," added the doctor, laughing.

"I will accompany you and the ladies to his rooms, this morning, before I go to the bank. I have great curiosity to form his acquaintance. His country

should be proud of him."

"Aye, indeed, should they," responded the Doctor; but look at my fair friend, Mary! Her face glows with something like pride in him already. Why, girl, you will fall in love with him at sight! He is not a bad favoured young gentleman, by any means. Who knows, Colonel, what may happen? A man who has raised himself to be the associate of the princes and nobles of Europe, simply by the aid of his genius, may be a match for any woman.

"I should be honoured by such a son-in-law," said Colonel Odlin, smiling, and looking towards Mary. She felt confused and distressed, why, she scarcly knew; and felt relieved when the party rose from the table. She was not sure that the painter was Henry. She dared not ask of Dr. Astley his name; still, her love would not let her doubt, and so she

believed.

#### CHAPTER V.

HENRY IRVINE was seated in his studio that morning, busily at work. On the easel before him stood a piece of canvass, on which he had been painting for several hours, with the animated and glowing countenance of one whose soul was lost in his subject. The door opened, and the party from Dr. Astley's entered. Observing him so deeply absorbed in his task, they did not interrupt him, but lounged through the room, inspecting the creations of his

pencil, and admiring some pictures of the old masters of painting which he had brought with him from Italy, leaving him to discover their presence at his leisure. Mary Odlin leaned upon the arm of Dr. Astley as they traversed the room, but from a singular feeling, easily understood but difficult to analyze, she dared not turn her eyes towards the artist. A single glance she knew would satisfy her if it was Henry: but she felt it might also crush at once the hopes she had so fondly cherished. She trembled at hastening the denouement, and chose rather to nourish the delusion, if delusion it was, to the latest moment, than risk the chance of final disappointment. She feared, too, if it should prove to be Henry, to meet his eye before so many, and that her emotion at the discovery should be observed.

As they slowly made the tour of the apartment, Mrs. Astley, whose curiosity was awakened to know whether it could be her own picture that so closely engaged the whole mind of the handsome young artist as to render him unconscious of their presence, crossed the room in such a direction, that by slightly bending forward, she could discover the subject on the canvass. Her eye had scarcely glanced at it, when she uttered an exclamation of surprise and delight, and cried, "The living image of Mary Odlin, as I knew her when she was scarce sixteen!"

The painter started with surprise, blushed, stammered out a few incoherent words of apology for not being before aware of their presence, and hastily turned the canvass to the easel-but not before Colonel Odlin had seen and recognized an admirable portrait of his daughter, just as she was merging into womanhood. Mary heard the words of Mrs. Astley, and her heart told her that the limner could be none other than Henry! She raised her eyes-it was Henry! She uttered a cry of delight, and would have fallen with joy, had not the young artist, who at the same instant recognized her, flown and caught her in his arms. The moment she felt his arms around her, she quickly recovered herself with maidenly shame, and buried her blushing, happy face in ber hands!

"What means this?" inquired Colonel Odlin, bewildered by the scene, wholly at a loss to account for his daughter's emotions, and puzzling himself with conjectures how her portrait came to be on the painter's easel.

"Cupid has something to do in it, Colonel, I will wager," said Dr. Astley, with a mischievous glance at Mary. "Did I not tell you, fair lady, it would be love at first sight!"

"It is something more," said Colonel Odlin; " will you do us the kindness to explain, sir?" he added,

addressing Henry.

- "Cheerfully, sir," said Henry, taking a hand of Mary, which she willingly resigned to him. "In early youth your lovely daughter was beloved by me, and I had reason to hope my love was reciprocated. But my birth is humble, and also were my fortunes. That I might make myself worthy of her, seven years ago I left my native village, to seek my fortune, and strive to win a name, in the lustre of which, whispered my youthful ambition, my lowly one should be lost. For that purpose, I assumed only my christened name, with the determination to resume my paternal one only when I could with honour confer it on her, who was the guiding star of my career. Seven years we promised to be true to each other, trusting to better fortunes, at the expiration of that period, to reward our loves. It is just seven years to-day, sir, since we parted, on the shore of Eden Mere."
- "In Henry, the painter," exclaimed Colonel Odlin, with astonishment, "I then behold—"
- "Henry Irvine," replied the young Artist, bowing with modest pride.
- "Take her, young man. She is fairly won. Yours is a patent of nobility derived from Heaven, and sealed with the signet of a Divinity. Nor are you so lowly by birth. Your father, though a poor clergyman, was a gentleman and a scholar!"

As he spoke, he took the hand of the happy Mary and placed it himself in that of her lover, embraced them both, and in an affectionate and fervent manner bade "God bless them!"

"Amen!" fervently responded Dr. Astley.

A few weeks afterwards, the village of Eden was beside itself, with merry-makings in honour of the marriages of Henry Irvine with Mary Odlin, and of Davy Dow with Bessy Blodget.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### MY EARLY DAYS.

BY PHERMOC.

My early days! my early days!
How sweetly sad your gentle beaming,
As o'er the heart ye shed your rays,
And sense and soul are wrapped in dreaming!
Ay! dreaming of the things that were—
The loved, the beautiful—all vanished!
The times when free from thought and care,
All sorrow from the mind was banished.

My early days! how ye are fied!
And love and joy and hope are ended!
All! all! are buried with the dead,
Or are with more than sorrow blended!

Ye scenes that were my young delight!
All! all! but ye are changed, or perished!
Ye only have not suffered blight,
Of all the things my youth hath cherished!

O give me back my early days!
I would again be loved and loving—
I would again in childhood's ways
Be freely, gaily, lightly moving.
O give me back my early days!
And were it mine, a royul treasure,
Or wreath of Fame from poet-lays,
I'd give it all for their past pleasure.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# YI' BEAUTY AND THE WAVE.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON, OF LONDON.

BEAUTY sat tracing with sportive finger, Names, on the ocean's sand one day; Watching how long each wave would linger, Ere it had washed the print away.

First, Hope's she sketch'd—the wave just kiss'd it, Then sauk to ocean's breast again, As half regretful to have miss'd it, And with the maid let hope remain.

Next, FRIENDSHIP's name, so fond yet fleeting, The maiden on the sand enshrin'd, The wave flow'd on-but soon regreating, No trace of Friendship left behind.

Love's then appear'd, 'twas deeply graven On that frail page, by Beauty's hand; The wave return'd; ah! silly maiden, Love's vows were ever writ on sand.

When one by one, each name had perish'd, Beauty grew wearied of her play; Finding that all most priz'd and cherish'd, Some passing wave will sweep away!

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### WINTER EVENING AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

BY MRS. SARAH J. HALE.

"The storm increases, I think," said Charles Howard, as he approached the window and put back the curtains.—"It is dark, too, as Erebus. Your mentor will hardly fulfil his promise of visiting you this evening, cousin Ellen."

"Oh, he is not a fair weather knight—he never minds such trifles as a wet jacket," said Ellen Marvin, looking up from her book of autographs, which she was busily arranging—"He will come."

"I hope not," said her mother, in a somewhat peevish tone, as she uncovered her spacious workbasket, which seemed filled with stockings. "I do declare we have not had a quiet evening by ourselves this fortnight; and my mending is all gone behindhand. I must darn these stockings, let who will come in."

"You need not mind the school master," said Ellen. "He will never know the difference between darning and embroidering."

"If he did, he would vastly prefer the darning, as an accomplishment or occupation for ladies," observed Charles Howard.

"And so would every sensible man, I am sure," said Mrs. Marvin, adjusting her glasses, and beginning her evening's work with a very placid smile,

"Pray do not disparage the taste of my friend," said Ellen to her cousin. "I think, Charles, you have never done justice to the talents of the schoolmaster."

"I beg your pardon, Ellen, but really I believe I rate his abilities higher than you do, higher even than he does himself. He is sometimes a little too fond of obtruding his book learning, he thinks too much of his own scholarship; but he does not appreciate what I consider evidence of much higher talent, his suggestive powers of mind. His conversation is always, to me, interesting on that account, even when he advances propositions that I think a little preposterous—don't frown, Ellen—you know he is, at times, very singular in his ideas."

" Very original, you should say, cousin Charles."

"Well, well, we will not differ about the term, Ellen—though I must say he is singularly original, which implies that he has genius, you know, and ought to be esteemed a compliment. But even in his most singular notions, there is always method and thought, which redeem them from mere odd whims, and incite reflection in his hearers. His theory about autographs has dwelt on my mind, and aroused some curious speculations. I should like to hear him again on the subject."

"Indeed!" exclaimed Ellen, laughing, "I am rejoiced to find you a convert at last. You will now admit that the arrangement and knowledge of autographs should be called a study."

"No—not quite so dignified a name, cousin Ellen—but an amusement, an intellectual one for a winter evening, we will call it; and if you will allow me to join you"—

"A philosopher wish to be amused!" said Ellen, looking very grave. "I am astonished."

"Which shows you are no philosopher," said the schoolmaster. During the conversation he had entered unperceived, except by Mrs. Marvin, who now expressed great fear lest he should take cold from walking through the storm. But he protested that not a drop of rain had touched him; his umbrella and over-shoes had been a complete defence. "A cold," said he, " is usually the effect of fear. Now, I always arm myself against the elements before I venture to battle with them, so that I may not be afia.d—and I never take cold."

"I wish our young ladies would imitate your example," said Mrs. Marvin.

"I wish they would," replied the schoolmaster, so far as the over-shoes are concerned. And now, Ellen," he continued, seating himself beside her, and laying his hand on her book of autographs—"I said you were not a philosopher, because if you were, you would be astonished at nothing. And as for amusements, why, the wiser people grow the more fond they become of promoting innocent pleasures; and

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the better a man is the more he delights in seeing people happy. I could give you a long catalogue of the pursuits in which philosophers have sought amusement, none more dignified than this of studying autographs; so pray let us see your new trea-

sures. You wrote me that you had some precious ones."

" Are not these bright names?" said Ellen.

"Let me see," replied the schoolmaster-"Ah,

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Yes—Miss Sedgwick is my particular favourite, a writer who always both pleases and instructs. I am glad to see her name in your collection."

"She is certainly one of our most popular writers," said Charles Howard.

"Yes, I always read her stories first in every new Annual," said Ellen.

"I wish you would read her 'Means and Ends' more thoroughly," said Mrs. Marvin; "I do believe you skipped full half the pages, Ellen."

"I dare say she did, aunt; all the moralizing and advice," said Charles.

"No, no, you wrong my taste," said Ellen. "I only looked it through to learn its character; I intend to study it thoroughly when I have time."

"As every young lady should," observed the schoolmaster. "Miss Sedgwick has usually been very happy in her choice of subjects, for her shorter stories, particularly. And she has been most fortunate in another respect—her mind harmonizes with the age in which she lives, and the institutions under which she was educated. Her heart loves freedom, and rejoices in the happiness of every human being. This philanthropy is one of the most predominate characteristics of her writings."

"Do you see indications of this in her chirography?" inquired Charles Howard.

"It is not one of those qualities which would thus display itself," said the schoolmaster. "I told you that the moral and reasoning powers were not shown in the handwriting. But the pen that has described and immortalized so many American scenes, should be free, flowing, and graceful; and so it is."

"What do you say of this other specimen—Harnet Martineau?—It looks dashed off boldly," said the student.

"It does so," replied the schoolmaster. "And from what I know of the lady by her writings, and the short acquaintance I had with her, I think that assurance, or what is usually termed self-esteem, is a powerful propensity in her mind. But there is much to excuse this. She was, for a long time, cut off from social enjoyments by her deafness; her studies, which were her pleasures, were solitary. This naturally induced much self-reliance. Then her success,

n her first literary efforts, was very flattering. It is ot strange she should be a little vain."

"What do you think of her works on America?"

"That they contain much valuable truth, but their pretension makes them ridiculous. Miss Martineau has not a philosophic mind. She is an acute observer of the actual world around her; often describes scenery with a glowing pen, and sketches character very happily. But she cannot deal with abstract subjects; her reflective powers are not of a sufficiently comprehensive grasp, nor has she the spirit of patient investigation required to search out and compare before judging. She writes as though her mind was always made up, and she felt herself infallible. She would make a very efficient pope, but she is not a philosopher."

"I heard that Lord Durham had lately, or since his return from Canada, presented her with a massive gold inkstand, of very costly workmanship, as a token of his respect for the benefit which one of her little stories had wrought among the manufacturing operatives," said Charles Howard.

"Yes, it was 'The Manchester Strike,' "said Ellen. "So I was told by Mrs. ——, who saw the inkstand and Lord Durham's letter, which was very complimentary to Miss Martineau. I wish some of our rich men would show as generous encouragement to American writers."

"There were several exquisite gems among the earlier productions of Miss M.," observed the school-master; "but I like her last work, 'Deerbrook,' best of all."

"I am glad to hear you say so," exclaimed Ellen.
"I think it is a charming story; it makes common life seem so full of incident, and humble virtue and goodness so beautiful. I thought, when I read it, that I should never wish to read another novel of high life."

"You have understood its true excellence, Ellen," said the schoolmaster, regarding her with a very complimentary smile. "I did not give you credit for so much discernment."

"Ellen should be a profound critic of novels," said Charles Howard. "She is deeply read in that

popular lore, which, in truth, seems now the vehicle of communicating most kinds of knowledge, and the chief agent for enforcing all moral instruction."

"In this respect the world has returned to its simplicity of childhood," observed the schoolmaster. "Stories and fables, either in verse or prose, are always the first, as they are the best, methods of teaching the young and ignorant."

"And certainly wiser methods than the learned philosophers and schoolmen in the age of folios, employed," said Charles Howard. "There was the celebrated Thomas Aquinas, who wrote seventeen folio volumes, and occupied more than a thousand pages in disquisitions about angels and spirits. Why, Moore's 'Loves of the Angels,' and 'Undine,' would be much more rational, as well as entertaining, for any scholar of this nineteenth century to study, than the works of the learned saint."

"Doubtless," returned the schoolmaster, "I believe there is nothing stultifies the intellect more completely than poring over words which convey no

meaning to the mind. In such case, the understanding is of no more use than are the eyes when we are groping in a dark cavern. The first requisite of a good writer is, to have a meaning—the second, to make that meaning understood by the reader. Miss Sedgwick's works are always of this popular character; she has a meaning, and she makes it clear. The other lady, Miss Martineau fails of this, at times, in her stories, when she attempts to philosophize; and in her laboured disquisitions on politics, laws, governments, &c. she is often very confused: Still, I believe she desires to do good, and let us hope that, for the future, she will show more selfknowledge by choosing subjects within the compass of her powers, as she has in 'Deerbrook.' But I see, Ellen, you have another autograph to show me." "I have, sir-these two very precious ones, which I am sure will be new to you and to every body."

"Oh! let me see,

- Many Thanks for your ofen, but Lwik not trouble you - Believine Jonesen July M. noelly 102

And

I trust that I may soon have an opportunity you, and go Grand sincerely

wife and daughter of the bard whose name will

association with genius, and probably will recall more never die. These are autographs, interesting from of the history of the poet, than would the handwriting of the noble lord himself. His own life was a more wild "Romaunt" than any he ever framed."

"Do you not think these autographs—the writing, I mean—very similar?" inquired Ellen.

"Certainly," said the schoolmaster.

- "And do you infer that the mother and daughter are therefore very similar in character?" asked Charles Howard.
- "No—it rather proves the influence of maternal instruction," replied the schoolmaster. "The docile disposition of the daughter may be inferred, who has thus caught and imitated her mother's manner of writing—but nothing more."

"I have heard that lady King is a most charming and loveable woman," said Ellen, warmly.

"For my part, I admire lady Byron," said Mrs. Marvin. "She has been so careful to educate her daughter, and is said to be very charitable; and then she was very discreet in never saying any thing against her husband. I think she is a woman of pure principles."

"Her silence respecting her husband's faults always struck me as wrong and unjust," said Charles Howard. "She ought, at least, to have let him know the reasons that decided her to abandon him."

- "I am of your opinion," said the schoolmaster. "As the sanctity of the marriage covenant, according to the Christian formula, is the foundation of all our social institutions which elevate woman, and insure her moral influence and mental equality with man, it is of the highest moment that she should guard the temple of Hymen as zealously as the priestesses of old did the sacred fire. It will be death to her happiness should the conjugal tie become weakened and easily dissolved. The woman who finds herself compelled to forego the vow she has voluntarily made to love and honour her husband, should give her reasons to him and the public; and good and sufficient reasons they should be, too, or she cannot be justified. In this respect, lady By-ron was greatly in fault. Nothing but her youth, and the influence which her family, her mother in particular, is said to have had over her, can excuse her. Nor do I believe she can feel at peace with herself on this subject."
- "But her husband was so vile!" said Mrs. Marvin. "Only think of his career in Venice, and of the countess Guicciola."
- "Yes—and who can tell how much of that evil course was the result of the circumstances which his wife's leaving him produced? Had she borne with his waywardness of temper, and remained by his side, where her place was, during that season of perplexity in his affairs, which his marriage with her had contributed to increase, who knows but she might have saved him from those excesses entirely? Certaily he would have been less reckless; the presence of his child would have restrained him like that of an angel, for he had a heart to feel the deep and holy charm of childhood," said the schoolmaster.

" Is thy face like thy mother's, my fair child!
Ada! sole daughter of my house and heart?"

repeated Ellen. "Oh, how often I have wished that Lord Byron could have seen his wife and daughter before he died! I am sure that every thing would have been forgiven, and Ada would then have been permitted to cherish her father's memory. She cannot help being proud of his genius."

"I have been told by those who boast of intimacy with lady Byron, that Ada has never been permitted to read her father's productions," said Charles Howard. "Indeed, they say, she hardly knows any thing respecting him. I never doubted that lady Byron felt she had good cause for leaving her husband; perhaps she had—all I contend for is, that she should have communicated to him her accusations; and not have left it in the power of envy, suspicion, and hatred to blacken his character at will. For all the excesses to which this injustice drove him, she is, in my opinion, answerable."

"He need not have done wrong because he was wronged," said Mrs. Marvin. "The conduct of his wife could not have injured him long in the eyes of the world, if he had not confirmed her ill opinion of his temper and principles by his course of life."

"I think that his errors were more the effect of maternal misgovernment," said the schoolmaster, "than any other single cause. He somewhere remarks of himself, that

\_\_\_\_ Untaught in youth my heart to tame, My springs of life were poisoned.

It was even so. From his cradle, self-love had been fostered in him, and it is not strange that this predominated. It was this self-love which, like Promethean fire, called into life, and strength, and beauty, his wonderful genius. But self-love, though it may incite to great deeds, never yet made people good or happy. It is the preference of the social principle to the selfish—the loving our neighbour as ourselves, which makes us a comfort to others, and capable of enjoying comfort. Disinterestedness is the first of human qualities which should be held up for example to the young, and as charity is an ingredient in the virtue of disinterestedness, we must exercise it in judging of such an one as Byron, whose early education was so wretchedly defective."

" I wish his wife had taken this into her account," said Ellen.

You forget that she was an only child, and also indulged; though probably much more judiciously educated," said Charles Howard.

"There was one cause of their incompatibility of temper," said the schoolmaster—"they were both only children. I hope Ada has not married an only child—at any rate, we have reason to believe that she was a good daughter, and that lady Byron has been a good mother. Let us hope that their future lot will be fair as their chirography. I shall feel an interest in their happiness from this acquaintance with their hand-writing, which I never felt before. You may note this, Ellen, among the good effects of our evening amusements, that they encourage and cultivate the social principle—whatever pursuit does this, innocently, is good."

"I wish we had more innocent amusementa," said Charles Howard. "Life, in our country, is a continued scene of bustle and business; a man, who intends to be respectable, must hardly leave his work except it be to vote at an election, or to eat a public dinner."

"But we ladies have none of this public eating and voting to trouble us," said Ellen; "and I am determined, for one, to have some new amusements for the long winter evenings.

- "What will they be, cousin Ellen?" inquired Charles.
- "Oh, story-telling, to be sure; what else can we do?"
- "Will you play Scheherazade, Ellen?" said the schoolmaster.

"No, no—I intend to be the Sultan or the Sister, I have not yet concluded which, and compel you and Charles to tell stories for my amusement. So pray be ready for our next evening's entertainment," said Ellen.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE DISAPPOINTED MANŒUVRER.

BY MISS S. HOLLAND.

CHAPTER I.

IT was on a bright, balmy summer morning, that Henry Mourton sat by one of the open windows of his mother's drawing room; and viewed with delighted eye, the varied and beautiful prospect which extended itself before him. It was the scene of his nativity that he looked upon! But Henry Mourton had been a wanderer in other lands; and years had passed over him, since he had been thus domesticated in the home of his childhood, and he looked on distant tower and stream, and lawn, and wooded hill, not only with admiration but with affection. For did not the stream that sparkled for a moment in front of the extensive lawn, and then stole away into the pleasing solitudes of the park that bordered it, remind him of the days of his careless childhood, that had been given to dreaming, or listless wanderings on its banks? Was there not a history attached to each hill, and aged oak, that recalled the memory of other days? Mourton felt that it was so, and as he thus gave his mind to the memories of the past, and his eye to the familiar beauties of the landscape, he sighed,

" For he had looked on death since he saw them last!"

And the pleasure which he might have felt on finding himself at his return in possession of immense wealth, was imbittered by the remembrance, that it was the death of a beloved parent that had made him master of the lofty halls of Mourton, and the steward of an over-grown fortune.

Henry Mourton was descended from one of the oldest, richest, and most aristocratic families in Maryland; and being trained from childhood, in all the luxurious habits that belong to affluence, taught to value wealth as the only good, and birth and name before virtue, and moral rectitude, there was nothing saved him from being just as disagreeable, arrogant, and presumptuous, as young gentlemen thus circumstanced are generally found to be, but

That struggled thro', and sanctified the whole."

And strange as it may seem, that a being thus circumstanced, and encompassed with all the appliances of wealth, and pride of lineage, having first drawn the vital air within the dull atmosphere of Baltimore, should be possessed of so strange an inmate as an imaginative soul!—yet so it was—that one of those unaccountable accidents, that sometimes occur in the higher circles, gave to this young gentleman a superior understanding, a pure and elevated tone of thought and feeling, and a love of ro-

mance and adventure, which often caused his sayings and doings, to be the subject of animadversion and criticism amidst the aristocratic circle to which he belonged. And it was the same spirit, that soon after he had attained to the age of twenty-one, induced him to abandon the soft luxuries of home, and the endearments of devoted friends, to visit foreign climes.

He had been a wanderer for some years—had beheld all that was wonderful in the old world, and revelled in all that was calculated to charm such an imagination, and give food for fancy and speculation.

He had read "The Last Days of Pompeii" within sight of the awful mountain of Vesuvius, and tracing the footsteps of Byron, he had read the cantos of "Childe Harold" amid the classic ruins, where that inimitable poet had caught the strain of inspiration. But not like the wanderer who, after arriving at the Nile, exclaimed, "Is this all?"—he felt that his cup of enjoyment was full, that his mind was enriched with images never to be forgotten; and that he was more than compensated for his way-faring. And he is now in his native halls again. The soft breath of the season, redolent with varied sweets, fans the clustering curls from his manly brow; and yielding to the fascinations of the hour, he realizes how delightful it is after so long a sojourn in a land of strangers, to find himself once more at his loved home, in the presence of that mother and sister, to whom his heart clung in the tenderest and purest affection.

But his fair sister has witnessed his musings; and fearing, as on former occasions, if longer indulged, a shade of sadness might mingle with his dream, she recalled him to a sense of her presence by reminding him that the present was a most auspicious time to read James' new novel.

"Come," she playfully said, whilst at the same time she handed him the volume, "let me hear a gentleman of the most approved school of the present day, read of the doings of this "Gentleman of the old school."

"Most cheerfully, dear Helen," replied Mourton, extending his hand for the book; "and I shall feel myself quite in luck, that you should be ready to listen; otherwise, I might possibly have been betrayed into the selfishness of bearing it off to some place where I could enjoy it alone."

Helen had now prepared her work, and seated herself in the attitude of a willing listener. Mrs. Mourton, too, having arranged all the domestic concerns that were wont to come under her cognizance in her well ordered and splendid household, now seated herself with that most unobtrusive of all work, her knitting; and for the pleasure of hearing

her son's voice, gave a delighted ear to the commencement of that charming novel.

The well trained servants moved without bustle or confusion about their appointed tasks, and there seemed not a sound, nor sight, nor claim, to interrupt the pleasure of the spell-bound reader, or divide the attention of the gratified listener; and thus the tale went on, until Mourton had proceeded as far as where the wayfarers in the wrecked coach were fain to accept the hospitality of "the gentleman of the old school" during the thunder-storm, when their sense of security and quiet was suddenly broken in upon by the faint clang which proceeded from the closing of the park gate. Mourton would fain have cheated himself with the hope that the sound might have been caused by some accidental opening of the gate, or at least some errand boy, whose claims could easily be settled by the housekeeper; but the clatter of horses' feet, and the undeniable grating of wheels on the graveled way, banished the delusion, and announced the near approach of some unwelcome interruption.

Mourton closed his book and looked from the window, but hastily retreating from the place he had occupied, he exclaimed, with a look in which consternation and disappointment were blended,

- "Good heavens, Helen! as I live it is Miss Crafts and Miss Angelica Crafts!"
  - " Miss Crafts! of all the world," echoed Helen.
  - "Miss Crafts!" almost groaned Mrs. Mourton.
- "This is too vexatious," said Helen—" what shall we do, mamma?—can we not be from home?"
- "I fear not," said Mrs. Mourton—" they are already at the door—it is too late."
- "Not too late for me," exclaimed Mourton, who had been meditating a flight from the moment he discovered who were to be their visitors; and snatching up his hat and the book he had abandoned, in the first moment of his alarm, he threw up the opposite window, and sprang from it to the ground. His exit in that way was too unexpected, and too suddenly made for Helen to intercept; but she flew after him to the window and entreated him to return, and not to be so cruel as to leave her unaided to bear the "heat and burden of the day."

Mourton was half ashamed of his ignominious flight, when he knew his presence was so important; but as he stood for a moment irresolute, the sound of Miss Angelica Crafts' voice confirmed him, and gently disengaging himself from his sister's hold, he entreated her not to make him a captive.

"You know, Helen," he said, "that the shadows of evening will witness their return, and with my present feelings, I think it is quite uncertain that I should live through the day. So be generous for once, dear Helen, and let me escape. I cannot sand the onset, but on my honour, I will be in at the death."

Mourton's look of entreaty was more powerful than his words, and Helen gave up the contest; but as she moved from the window where her brother had vanished, she murmured,

"It will indeed be the death of all enjoyment for this day," and she walked forth to meet the Misses Crafts, half angry with her brother, for leaving her in the hour of need and sore trial, and half gad that these ladies should be disappointed in the only object of their malapropos interruption.

Now, as the reader has a right to know why the

Misses Crafts were of all others the most unwelcome at Mourton Hall, whilst these ladies are descending from the carriage, and poor Helen is calling up a smile to greet them with, (which must be allowed, in spite of her efforts, was a faint one,) we will just in a confidential sort of way, as it were, give the reader such an introduction to the leading points, or particular traits of their character, as shall teach him what to expect from them as the story advances.

We begin then, with Miss Tabitha Crafts, because she was the oldest, and claimed the dignified relationship of aunt to Miss Angelica Crafts; and we also begin with one of her favourite expressions, that she and her family had always been "at the top of the tree." Her father, the celebrated Anthony Crafts, had been one of the most distinguished men in Bal timore; and Miss Tabitha Crafts consoled herselt with the thought, that the reflection of his fame would be sufficient to shed a peculiar glory around her pathway. Upon this foundation, she expected to build the superstructure of her own fame; and she could see no reason why it should not be as bright, as lasting, and as worthy to claim honourable distinction, as though she had built on her own praiseworthy, noble, or high-toned achievements.

Her father had been, in some measure, the father of his country; all his patriotic deeds had been of revolutionary memory, and she gloried in the remembrance that she had been his favourite child;-that the mantle of his superior mind had fallen particularly on her. Early in life she had been wooed, and won by Mr. Christopher Cricket, a gentleman of well established worth and high standing; and the time was appointed for their union, when death, one of the unfailing enemies to true love, relentlessly bore him off only a few days before their nuptials were to have been solemnized; and as no one stepped in to dry her sorrows by offering to supply his place, as was the case with the maiden in the "Spectre bride-groom," she found herself " on the bleak shore alone" at the age of forty-five, and glad to accept a place in her brother's family as care-taker to his children, which place had been left vacant by the death of a second wife, who had left him the charge of two little boys, and a life estate in a considerable fortune. Our heroine, the fair Angelica, was the offspring of this former marriage, and at the death of her father would be portionless, with the exception of what she expected to receive at her aunt's death, from her small patrimony.

Notwithstanding her high descent, the circumstance of her having but little fortune herself, made her a zealous worshipper of the great; and at the same time that she fastened like an incubus on the shoulders of the rich and influential, she would fain have passed as "The Lady Bountiful" of the poor, from whom, however, she exacted heavy tithes for the light of her countenance and seeming patronage. She was complete mistress of her brother's purse, for sooth to say, this second Anthony Crafts was nothing more than clay in the hands of this accomplished potter; and in her expenditures for his family, she exhibited a striking contrast of parsimony and profusion. She would give any amount for luxuries for the table, but when once in her possession, and safe under her lock and key, she would almost as willingly have parted with her heart's blood, as to be obliged to give any of these good things to the rapacious jaws of some country clown, or witness the

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demolition of any valued article by any one but such as were accustomed to such things, and knew their value; and even then, she has been known to resort to considerable manœuvring to save a little particularly good old Madeira, or to rescue a few bottles of equally estimable porter, from the merciless corkscrew. And as fate would have it, at the very time she was expecting to establish a character of genuine, generous hospitality, either from the treachery of servants, or some slight faux pas of her own, the traits we have been attempting to describe, became thoroughly known.

But Miss Crafts professed to have many other amiable traits; she had many strings to her bow. She professed to be all that was gentle and lady-like, all that was honest and true; in fact she had tact and taste euough to know exactly what kind of character to profess, but inasmuch as most persons are willing to admit the old adage, that "actions speak louder than words," unfortunately a character totally different from her professed one, became established.

She prided herself particularly on the judicious manner in which she had caused her niece to be reared and educated, and next to the miniature of Mr. Christopher Cricket, which she always wore by way of showing others that she had once been the chosen of his heart, the fair Angelica was the object of her admiration; and she would have been astonished beyond measure had she been assured that any one could have differed from her in awarding her the palm for all the graces and excellencies that had ever been enshrined within a mortal form. How could she be other than perfect, for she had taken the sole charge of maturing her accomplishments, from the time she was sixteen, which most unfortunately for Miss Angelica had been a good many years ago. How could she be other than amiable, for Mr. Christopher Cricket had said but a short time before his death, that she resembled her aunt in her disposition? But Miss Angelica must sit for her own likeness, and we will try to give, if not a flattered, at least a correct one. To begin then, we must say that Miss Angelica Crafts had arrived at precisely that stage of existence when young ladies profess to be no particular age, or, as was said of Corinne, "when young ladies have become extremely doubtful of the power of their charms;" and we might be safe in saying, too, that she had no particular character. For from the time she first made her appearance as a graduate from the nursery, she had tried on, and worn till she found each in its turn unavailing, all the characters that had ever been her lot to study, in the most approved novels. In her first setting out, she chose the romp, illustrated by one of the "Nine Miss Simmons;" and though she acted that to perfection, as it was not a popular character she threw it off, for the tender, trembling, sensitive sentimentalist-she would be a "Matilda," and for some time she was never seen but with "a soft sadness on her brow;" but not being supported by a pair of lovers, she never could act that most delightful part of her character, when

#### "The maid her lovers sat between, With open brow, and equal mien."

She grew tired, therefore, and threw it aside without having ascertained what her success might have been; and came out all at once in a riding dress and jockey cap, mounted on the most spirited of her father's coach horses, as a new and splendid edition of

" Diana Vernon." She professed to have utterly forgotten the use of her needle, and could have leaped a five rail fence, had there been any in her way, with as much ease as she had formerly adjusted her sewing. In short, she was doing admirably in this character, when she suddenly recollected that it was absolutely necessary, in order to her sustaining it with eclat, that some one would be willing to take the part of Mr. Osbaldistone. No one appearing, however, after a sufficient advertisement, the character of "Di Vernon" was abandoned, the cap and habit were thrown by, and the old coach horse was allowed to trot quietly beside his companion in harness for the rest of his days. But the character in which we shall present her to the reader, and which was assumed for a more definite purpose, was that of a blue, or rather a blue-belle; as she had an idea that a happy combination of the two, with a little manœuvring, might be effected.

Miss Angelica's personal appearance was rather common-place, her figure was tall and lathy, being equally without claims to the voluptuous swell of the Hebe, or the delicate and fragile graces of the sylph; her features were not destitute of beauty, however, and her face might have been called expressive: that is, it sympathized in all her various metamorphoses, and was grave or gay, timid or bold, as the occasion required. But all that she was, and all that she wanted to be, were now directed to one aim, one end. Though utterly incapable of estimating the high-toned mind of Henry Mourton, it did not require a great deal of profound investigation to discover that he was very handsome, very popular, and very rich. The consequence of which was that she soon became very much in love, and very anxious to become Mrs. Mourton. Indeed, the resolve to capture his heart, had been fixed before he left the country; and the hope, though sometimes dim and distant, was never banished from the horizon of her future prospects, that he would on his return from "sunny climes," however remiss he had formerly been in fulfilling sundry non-essentials in her favourite song, allow her to adopt this last line-

## "And then he said he loved."

But now that he had returned, she renewed the attack with double determination of purpose; every thing she did, every new air she assumed, was with reference to him. Mourton, however, fully aware of her flattering preference, tried to keep out of her way, but she had a singular instinct that enabled her to discover his "whereabouts;" and to all the little parties that were given to him on his return, Miss Angelica Crafts and her aunt were sure accidentally to come, and where Miss Tabitha Crafts generally had the happiness of killing "two birds with one stone;" that is, she had the pleasure of seeing her niece wearing her pretty dress, and pretty ornaments, and prettiest looks, receiving with that kind of dignity and grace which should by right belong to a lady of her pretensions, the attentions which by much good generalship, she had contrived to extort from Mourton; and in the next place, and which as the scene changed, she might, perhaps, with the same propriety, use the three degrees of comparison, she had a chance of regaling herself with the good, better, and best things that had been prepared for the invited guests. For candour obliges us to say, that Miss Tabitha Crafts was not entirely indifferent to

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such things, and she discussed the relative claims of the positive, comparative, and superlative, when thus presented to her, with great ability; and enjoyed them with a keener zest, inasmuch as her own table rarely afforded her such tempting viands as she met with in the various rounds she was tempted to take, to oblige her charming niece. But enough, and more than enough the reader will think, if the Misses Crafts have been kept waiting, whilst their characters, as well as names have been announced; but we insist upon it that these ladies have not been detained longer by the journalist, than many fashionable ladies would have kept them waiting for a much less worthy reason, and that the reader has no proper right to complain.

#### CHAPTER IL

Mrs. and Miss Mourton received the Misses Crafts with as much cordiality as the occasion required, and told as many polite falsehoods as polite ladies are wont to do, when thus demanded, and Miss Tabitha Crafts, with her usual dignity and self-importance, swept into the room, and Miss Angelica, with her usual elegance and unusual langour, followed her. Miss Crafts, with a slow and lady-like move-ment, threw back her long veil, and made some remarkably appropriate remark on the weather, and Miss Angelica, who had sunk into an easy chair, and a reverie, at one and the same time, said that she had been so absorbed during their ride, that she scarcely knew what kind of weather it was.

"The morning is warm," said Mrs. Mourton,

"will you not lay off your bonnets."

"Thank you," said Miss Crafts, "but it would not be worth while; Angelica, my love, you know you have letters to write this morning; you must not forget that poor Mr. B. will not publish his pamphlet 'On the Analyzation of Mist,' until you give him your itess of what would be the most appropriate engravmg of fegs, for a frontis-piece."

"Really, aunt," said the fair Angelica, "I wish you would not mention that book again, I cannot see what assistance I can give him, and it actually.

gives me the vapours to think of it."

"Well, Angelica, you are too bad," said Miss Crafts, but she could not help laughing at her wit; indeed all the ladies laughed, but Angelica, and she looked rather sorry that she had been betrayed into indulging her wit at the expense of poor Mr. B., and declared she was quite ashamed of herself.

Next came a pause in which all the ladies seemed to be thinking what they should say. sooth to say, Miss Crafts was rather thinking of what she would like to hear Mrs. Mourton say; she longed to hear her declare that she could not part with them that day; she wanted to see her ring the bell, and order the servant to have the carriage put away, but no such entreaty greeted her ear-no such movement towards the bell was made.

Miss Angelica's thoughts ran on the probabilities of her seeing Mourton, and the kind of united manœuvring on the part of herself and her aunt, to procure an invitation to stay till he came—he would of course dine at home, and something must be done immediately; as she came to this resolve, her bonnet began to feel very heavy and disagreeable, and as a preparatory measure, it was untied and thrown back.

Mrs. Mourton, as was expected, saw the move-

ment, and insisted that the bonnet should be laid aside. Miss Angelica consented just for a few minutes to relinquish it, and Miss Crafts, with but small persuasion, was prevailed on to follow her example.

"But you know, Angelica," began Miss Crafts, when the ceremony of unbonneting was concluded, "you know that your pa will dine out to-day, and when Maria has given Coriolanus and Henry Clay their dinners and sent them to school, she will be quite at a loss to know what to get for us, so we must not make our stay too long."

"If all will have dined but yourselves," replied Mrs. Mourton, who thought for some time, before she could bring herself to accept the hint, "why cannot you remain where you are, and partake of a

family dinner with us?"

"Indeed, dear Mrs. Mourton," said Miss Angelica, "it would be certainly very delightful to enjoy the charms of the country, and the pleasure of your truly intellectual society at the same time. But, dear aunt, did you peep into my study before we left? I do think I ran off on hearing that the carriage had been waiting so long, without putting away any of my books and papers; and you know what I was writing at the time. Oh! we must go, I would not have it seen for the world!"

" Is it not possible, my dear," said the aunt, " that you locked your study door, when you came away?"

"Barely possible," sighed Miss Angelica, "so I will not insist on your returning for an hour or two. Even should the door be open it is scarcely likely that in so short a time, any vagrant foot will venture in that sacred haunt, as Byron says."

Mrs. Mourton now saw what was to be the fate of the day, she therefore left the room, and seeking the housekeeper, gave her orders for dinner, and also ordered Miss Crafts' coachman to put up his horses. When she returned to the drawingroom, she found Miss Crafts was very composedly stitching a pair of cuffs for Henry Clay, which by the merest chance in the world she had thrown into her reticule; Miss Angelica Crafts sat with her eye fixed most intently on the landscape, and her fair hand, which held a golden pencil, rested on as fair a sheet of paper, in readiness to impress its virgin page with the results of a labour which for some time deeply engaged her mind; and poor Helen was enduring, with what grace she could, her chagrin and disappointment.

Meantime Henry Mourton was making the best of his way to the margin of the very streamlet that he had, but a short time before, viewed with such delighted eye from the drawingroom window; nor did he abate his pace until, like the stag that had escaped " far from hound and hunter's ken," he found himself embosomed and screened from all possible observation by the thickly woven foliage of the trees that overhung its margin; and throwing himself on a mossy bank, at the foot of a widely spreading tree, he found that literally "cold dews and wild flowers" were prepared to complete the picture between him and the hunted quarry; and thus, after sundry plausible reasonings and arguments to convince himself that he had not betrayed selfishness in thus betaking himself to flight, he once more opened the volume, and abandoned himself wholly to its fascinations.

His enjoyment then had been full and uninterrupted for more than an hour, when his attention was attracted by the merry prattle of children, which

seemed to proceed from beyond a little covert just before him. He eagerly listened; for in the almost infantile voice of the prattler, he thought he heard the sound of a name that thrilled to his heart; for Henry Mourton, however insensible he might be to the charms of Miss Angelica Crafts, had early

The power of grace—the magic of a name!"

The book was now as joyfully abandoned as it had been before closed with regret, and springing from the bank whereon he had reposed, he with a hasty but stealthy step, approached the spot from whence the sounds proceeded. A few steps brought him round the turn of an angle formed by a projecting bank, whose summit was crowned by an old beech, so bowed by the attraction of the stream, that its pendant branches almost swept the ground, and formed a verdant enclosure, which from its coolness, its seclusion, and its shade, might well have been chosen as a fitting haunt for the "guardian naiad of the stream."

And never did fancy present to the day-dream of the poet a lovelier vision; never did there glow on the painter's canvass, a finer form, or fairer face, than that which so unexpectedly met the eye of the delighted Mourton, who instantly parting the boughs that partially screened her, bent on one knee before her, and had possessed himself of the exquisitely beautiful hand that rested on the bank, ere the startled maiden was conscious who had, with such slight ceremony, intruded into her sanctuary.

But the book she had been reading was involuntarily closed, and a blush of the deepest dye mantled her cheek as she discovered the intruder to be Mourton; recollecting herself, however, she made a slight effort to release her hand which was not a successful one, and a still fainter essay, to express her surprise at his unexpected presence.

"I understand it all," cried the lover in a tone of meproach, as her half articulated accents died away. "You wish me to know that my presence here is unwelcome, and that had you thought of the possibility of meeting me, this rural bower would not have tempted you, not even for the pleasure of being pioneer to these fair children, whom my presence seems to have alarmed and displeased even more than their conductress—for they have fled."

"Their conductress is neither displeased nor alarmed," replied the maiden, "nor does she regret this accidental meeting; but, by design, Mr. Mourton, we must not meet again. Do not look so reproachfully, but listen and forgive. I grieved to disappoint you yesterday, but it was impossible to give you the meeting you asked."

"And this from you?" cried Mourton, "this cold determination to cast from you the heart that loves you? him to whom some brief months past, you plighted your faith that through weal or wo, through joy or sorrow, you would still be mine?"

"And might I not with equal justice ask," she said, " if this reproach comes from him who is but too sensible of the depth of my affection, but too well assured, of the reality of those sad circumstances that have compelled me, at the sacrifice of all my heart treasured, to act as I have done. When we parted at Florence, last summer, if a sense of my own inferiority to one whom I so much admired and loved,

occurred to me, I was at least consoled by the conviction, that in worldly advantages I was his equal. That consolation exists no longer; I am a bankrupt in fortune, and abandoned by my father, whose unratural desertion is not more mysterious than the suction disappearance of his wealth. But thus it is, and his child whom he cruelly abandoned in a strange land, has no other dependance than her own exertions, for bread, and—"

"And under those circumstances," interrupted Mourton, whilst he gently passed his arm around her waist, and drew her towards him, "there is only the greater necessity for your fulfilling the vows that were then made, for your giving me an immediate right to protect you. Consent now to be mine, and you shall find father, lover, all, in him who cannot resign you—who can never love another."

"Mourton!" said the maiden, and the blood again mantled her cheek as she spoke, "would your mother, think you, willingly see the pride of her house, her only son, united to a woman with whose former position in life she is unacquainted—whose present one is—that of—is such as to exclude her from the circle in which he moves? your looks confess that she could not—that you could not ask her to make the sacrifice. You must think of me no more, Mr. Morton!" She continued, as she released herself from his hold, "you must think of me no more, for the hour will never come when I would voluntarily disappoint the hopes of your mother, or enter your family unworthily."

"You misinterpret my looks, loved one," cried Henry Mourton, "my mother knows not of our situation, of my attachment, but when I tell her of all my love, of all your worth and trusting confidence, well do I know that she will not destroy the hopes and happiness of her son by withholding her consent to our union."

At that moment, and before there was time for a reply, an approaching step was heard, and a liveried servant made his appearance, with his mistress's compliments to the young lady, and with an injunction that she should immediately return with the young misses. Mourton coloured deeply at the tone of command that breathed in this message, and felt very much like knocking the man down; and the fair girl, in much confusion, instantly prepared to obey The two little girls who had fled to the mandate. some distance on Mourton's approach, now joined their young protectress, each eagerly claiming a hand The servant, after expressing his message, and casting an insolently inquiring glance on Mourton, retraced his steps, and she, after bidding him a hasty good morning, was moving after him, when Mourton, too much afflicted at the idea of parting with her thus, after a moment's delay, pursued, and taking her hand, he spoke for some time in a low, hurried tone, but with much apparent earnestness and excitement. The head of the listener was bent, and her handkerchief was pressed to her eyes, but she must have spoken words of hope, for he kissed her hand with apparent rapture, and turned from her with a countsnance radiant with joy.

But whilst this scene was passing, the morning was wearing away heavily enough at Mourton Hall, the Misses Crafts' hour of stay had already been protracted to two, Angelica began to fear she should not see Mourton, and her aunt was equally nervous, and anxious at the thoughts of losing her dinner.

Something, however, was faintly murmured by Miss Angelica, about scattered papers, and literary confusion, and the necessity of hastening home, and, was as faintly acceded to by Miss Crafts, when the door opened, and Mourton walked into the room. The effect of his presence on Miss Angelica was electrical; she started, she blushed, "she looked up to speak and she looked down to sigh," and finally went off under the high pressure of happy excitement, into a deep blue stream of literary conversation. Tabitha Crafts, too, was delighted, home was forgotten; and Mortoun, too, was happy, and partly from the exuberance of spirits, and partly for amusement, he complimented both aunt and niece, until Helen looked at him with astonishment, and observed, that he must have met with some wonderfully pleasant adventure in his morning's ramble, to have inspired him with such unwonted spirits.

"I have, indeed," cried Morton, "Don Quixotte himself never encountered a happier, or acquitted himself more chivalrously;" but recollecting himself, he said, "why does my sister imagine that any thing more is wanting to inspire me, than the presence of these fair lades."

Miss Angelica half sighed, and tried to receive the compliment with a tincture of literary gravity, but in spite of her, a certain peculiar smile that would come on occasions of triumph, played round her lips with winning sweetness, and parting those pretty lips, she said,

- "I have just purchased a copy of Don Quixotte, Mr. Mourton; do you not think that every young lady should read Don Quixotte?"
- "On my word," said Morton, something puzzled,
  "I scarcely know what to say, but should think it
  would depend altogether on the young lady's taste—
  or—"
- "Oh!" interrupted the aunt, "Angelica reads every thing, it might truly be said of her, that her mind comprehends the vast as well as the minute."
- "Have you read Cooper's last novel?" asked Mourton, as he opened a volume of "Homeward Bound!" and looked over its pages, for the purpose of hiding a very mischievous smile.
- "I have just ordered Robinson to send it to me, and shall read it to-morrow," said Miss Angelica, "I am told it is one of Cooper's most pathetic and touching works."
- "You will find it truly touching," said Mourton, still contending with the aforesaid mischievous smile.
- "Angelica!" said Miss Tabitha Crafts, "you have tropped your handkerchief."

And it became Mourton's office to restore to the fair Angelica an elaborately worked, deeply trimmed, sweetly scented pocket handkerchief.

- "Angelica is so careless," said her aunt, as she saw the handkerchief presented with becoming gallantry, "I really have to scold her sometimes, when I find her watch left on the dressing table, her jewel casket unlocked, her gloves and handkerchief left in the alcove, and she, lost in a book!"
- "Now, my dear aunt," remonstrated Miss Angelica, "what a picture are you giving Mr. Mourton of a literary lady!—Mr. Mourton, you must not believe her—you must not indeed."
- "Very well, my love," cried Miss Crafts, " let Mr. Mourton come and judge for himself."
- "That I certainly shall," cried Mourton; " and if I should find in bower or hall, a fairy glove, or hand-

kerchief of exquisite finish, I shall certainly make prizes of them to keep as proofs of her carelessness, or until she shall redeem them by establishing a character of praiseworthy attention to order."

Miss Angelica pouted out her pretty lip, and would have thrown her handkerchief in his face, had it been in keeping with her present character; and Miss Tabitha Crafts thought that he might keep them, as pledges of her willingness to follow them, with all her other possessions, whenever he should require her, but she contented herself with saying,

"Angelica's things are all of the best quality, she ought to take care of them; gracious knows they cost money enough. How much do you think Mr. Mourton, that embroidered scarf of Angelica's cost?"

Mr. Mourton was in a "category," not knowing the price of such things, he was fearful of not naming a sum of sufficient magnitude, but just as he had progressed as far as, "upon my word, madam," a summons to dinner put an end to his difficulties, and he gladly offered his arm to Miss Angelica, and led the way to the dining room.

The dinner was fine, the cooking was faultless, and, if possible, the contentment of the aunt increased as she beheld the array of fish and fowl, and soup, interspersed with all kinds of vegetable productions, and as she entered on the business of the table, her smile became more sunny, had more the appearance of coming from the heart.

Henry Mourton, by way of acquitting himself like a gallant host, insisted on each of the ladies pledging him in a glass of wine. Miss Crafts was nothing loth, for to say sooth, she had always been accustomed to good wine—her father, according to her own account, had always been the importer of his own wines.

When he called on Miss Angelica, she raised the glass as gracefully to her lips, and touched its spark-ling brim with as much gravity, and again replaced it on the table with as much solemnity, as though she had been fresh from the tuition of Mrs. Tarran.

"Angelica, your left ear-ring is unclasped!" said the aunt, as she placed her glass on the table.

Angelica, of course, placed her fair hand on the left ear-ring, and, of course, all witnessed the graceful motion, and the glittering gem.

"Do the ladies of Europe," asked Miss Angelica, wear many ornaments?"

Mourton had drank his third glass of wine, and he felt quite like saying any civil thing that might be required of him, fixing his eyes, therefore, on Miss Angelica, as he replied, he said,

- is always more given to the beauty of the wearer, than to the quantity or quality of her ornaments; and had not Miss Crafts noticed that your ear-ring was unclasped, I should not have observed that you wore them, though I see now, that they are particularly brilliant.
- "A lucky hit," thought the aunt, "such little opportunities of doing good must not be lost;" and Miss Angelica blushed, and smiled, and sighed, and looked down, and faultered out something about the flattery of men. Mrs. Mourton looked grave. Helen declared her brother was nothing but a flatterer. Morton bowed in acquiescence, and drank his fourth glass, and Miss Tabitha Crafts, flushed with victory, thought she would make another attack.
  - "Do you not think Angelica has grown larger?"

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she asked, "I thought when you left the country she was too small—has not her figure changed since then?"

"Oh, very much, indeed, madam; three years have wrought many changes, but here," he said, looking from the aunt to the niece, "I may say with Waldgrave, that

"The changing hand of time I may not blame, With one it hath but shed more mellowed grace,"

and bowing to Angelica as he spoke-

"And kers, of beauty perfected the frame."

Mrs. Mourton now made rather an impatient movement to quit the table. Helen looked reprovingly, but the procurer of this gallant speech was melted to honey, with delight, and sweetly smiling, she followed it up by saying,

"Angelica! my love, you have dropt your glove."

Angelica stooped to pick it up, but Mourton was
too smart for her, he eagerly caught it, and placing
it in his bosom, drew her arm in his, and proceeded
to the drawing room.

Mrs. Mourton stepped aside, to give Miss Crafts the precedence in the line of march, but that lady without noticing the movement, placed her arm in that of Mrs. Mourton, and said, with a conscious giggle,

" I suppose we may escort each other."

"What a charming prospect!" exclaimed Miss Angelica as she seated herself by one of the open windows, "how decidedly pastoral, and classic. I should ask no greater happiness than to wander with my book and pencil, through those delightful groves; it is a perfect Arcadia."

This speech was directed to Helen and her eye to Mourton, who begged that she would lose no time in becoming a wood-nymph, and taking immediate possession of the park she so much admired.

"And, I suppose," said the aunt, "that Mr. Mourton would become an Adonis."

"Mr. Mourton," he gaily returned, "would be whatever Miss Angelica would choose to make him."

This declaration was quite too much for the sensitive Angelica, she became agitated and confused; in maidenly modesty her eye sought the floor, and in the delightful tumult of hopes and fears that succeeded, the very thought of a blue was abandoned—nature triumphed, the blue faded into indistuncness, and a most delicious "rosy red," love's proper hue, usurped its place.

Home, of course, was not now to be thought of for a moment; time passed on cheerily with all; and even Helen was too much amused with Miss Angelica's manœuvring, to remember the chagrin of the morning.

The hour for tea arrived, and Miss Crafts who had played the part of second to her niece, in the drama of literature, now entered into a discussion of the rival claims of bread and butter, with as much ability and animation, and perhaps more, than she had a few hours before, adjusted those of Scott and Byron.

Mrs. Mourton's cake was always so good, she was tempted to eat too much, and then her butter was so fresh, so different from what she could get in town, how charming it was to make one's own butter, such a treat. Miss Crafts was pressed to help herself, and soon after, she had the felicity of hearing

Mrs. Mourton order the dairy maid to pack up her last churning, and send it to Miss Crafts' carriage. Similar good management at the dinner table, had compelled Mrs. Mourton to order a basket of fine vegetables to the same depot, and that nothing might be lost, she helped herself to a large slice of cake as she was leaving the table, and as she put it in her reticule, she said,

"I have made very free with your cake, Mrs. Mourton, but I promised little Henry Clay, I would bring him a slice of Mrs. Mourton's cake. The dear little fellow has taken such a fancy to you, Mrs. Mourton, that he said to me the other morning, 'Aunt Tabitha,' says he, 'I wish you would allow me to leave Clay off of my name, and call me Henry Mourton;' so, I suppose," she continued, smiling and looking towards Mourton, that he will be Henry Mourton after this; my brother always lets his children choose for themselves." Henry Mourton bowed, and Mrs. Mourton declared that she felt highly complimented, and by way of some slight return, insisted that she should take every remaining scrap of cake in the basket.

But, as in the midst of life there is death, so in the midst of enjoyment comes the parting hour; and very much like death it felt to the fair Angelica, to leave this fair Arcadia, Adonis and all, and be whirled right back to the dark, hot, unsentimental city. But hope, the brightest star that illumines the path of existence, now shone full upon her, and in the long vista of coming years, she saw in its bright beams nothing but happiness.

Miss Tabitha, too, was happy; the end of her visit was accomplished. Every thing had resulted satisfactorily. Mourton had been all that she could ask, in his attention to her fair niece. Mrs. Mourton had promptly taken her hints, in regard to the sundries she had had the happiness of seeing conveyed to her carriage: victory had evidently crowned the efforts of both aunt and niece, in their own estimation, and when they arrived at their own door, the aunt was in a state of serene satisfaction, the niece in joyful excitement and happy anticipations.

[To be concluded.]

It is a wonderful thing that so many, and they not reckoned absurd, shall entertain those with whom they converse, by giving them the history of their pains, and aches; and imagine such narrations their quota of the conversation. This is, of all other, the meanest help to discourse, and a man must not think at all, or think himself very insignificant, when he finds an account of his headach answered by another's asking what news in the last mail.

The more widely knowledge is spread, the more will they be prized whose happy lot it is to extend its bounds by discovering new truths, to multiply its uses by inventing new modes of applying it in practice. Real knowledge never promoted either turbulence or unbelief; but its progress is the forerunner of liberality and enlightened toleration. Whose dreads these, let him tremble; for he may be well assured that their day is at length come, and must put to sudden flight the evil spirits of tyranny and persecution which haunted the long night now gone down the sky.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# FETE AT THE COUNT F-S.

BY A. A. HARWOOD.

In a former visit to Lisbon, during the brief reign of Don Miguel, a spacious palace standing opposite to the residence of our hospitable consul, was pointed out to us, as the property of the Baron Onobleman whose liberality and taste had excited among all the foreign residents the liveliest interest in his fate, as well as in the preservation of his immense estates. At that time he was living with his family in the strictest retirement, and his superb palaces and elegant quintas, were held by his English and other foreign friends, to prevent their being entirely ruined. His numerous retinue of servants were in like manner divided among them. We now found the palace with its window blinds thrown back, looking as gay as a widow who has doffed her weeds; and the contrast was so striking between its present gladsome appearance, and its former triste aspect, that I fancied a latent sympathy between the mansion and its lord, and regarded its air of cheerfulness as a good omen of the Baron's restoration to prosperity. I was glad, upon inquiry, to find my conjecture true, to say nothing of the enjoyment of the national gratification of having made a good guess. The friend to whom my query was addressed, moreover informed me that a splendid fète was shortly to take place in honour of the birth day of the Countess, and kindly offered to enable me to be present on the occasion. Although the invitations were modestly expressed, a tomar cha, to take tea, it was truly a magnificent affair; but before I relate what I saw, the reader will perhaps be glad to know so much of the Count's character and history as will give zest to the description.

His father, the old Baron O-, died immensely rich, while his son was yet in his minority; and his relatives, upon the score of his youth, endeavoured to get the management of the estates into their own hands; and obtained at first, from Don John, (Don Pedro's father,) a decree to that effect. The young Baron, whose habits and tastes were expensive, and who perhaps entertained doubts of the disinterestedness of his guardians, by the skilful management of about fifty thousand dollars, which he contrived to borrow from his friends, and which he expended in liberal douceurs among those who possessed the ear of the old king, succeeded in getting the edict repealed, and in obtaining a final decision in his own favour. About the same time he married the present Countess; and being passionately fond of music and the kindred arts, and moreover a lover of fine horses and field sports, he devoted himself to the gratification of his taste in these particulars, and to the improvement of his ample estates. His political views, as we have seen, banished him from the enjoyment of his favourite pursuits, while Don Miguel was in power; but he bore his privations philosophically, and with the attachment so natural to man, even towards material objects, the progressive improvement of which he has been accustomed to watch with interest, he always expressed more anxiety about his quinta than any thing else, and used frequently to exclaim, " If they will only spare my trees!"

Donna Maria's accession to the throne brought

him again into possession of his estates, and at liberty to resume his pursuits; and in consideration of a timely loan of about six hundred thousand dollars, at a time when Don Pedro's resources were well nigh drained by the expenses of the war, he was made a Count, and received with his new title a grant of the tobacco monopoly for twelve years. This privilege is farmed out for stated periods. At present it adds to the Count's otherwise enormous income about one hundred and thirty thousand dollars a year, and at the next auction may even command a higher sum; besides which, he is enabled to provide for many of his friends and connexions, by obtaining lucrative situations for them in this extensive establishment.

On the evening of the fête we left Lisbon between eight and nine o'clock, and after an agreeable ride of about four miles from the suburbs, arrived at Laranjerias. The outskirts of the city presented a melancholy memorial of the horrors of civil war. Whole rows of houses in ruins, blackened with smoke, and in many places pierced by shot, marked the spot where the adherents of Don Miguel made their last unavailing stand. Beyond this dreary foreground the moon shone as we passed, full upon the valley of Alcantara, and exhibited to the best advantage, the bold and graceful arches of its famous aqueduct. Strikingly in contrast with this sombre picture was the gay scene which offered itself on our arrival at Laranjerias. There, at the end of a long train of volantes freighted with happy guests, we were detained just long enough in waiting our turn to enter the court yard, to observe that we were in front of a spacious palace, opposite to which the company was alighting, before the portico of a neat temple in the Egyptian style, with here and there a slight deviation in the ornamental detail, indicating its peculiar dedication to Thalia and Terpsichore.

The calm silvery effect of the moonbeams shed from above upon the colonnade of pure white-marble, and upon the sober meditative features of the couchant sphynxes which flanked the steps of the vestibule, opposed to the garish light flashing to and fro from the torches of a multitude of attendants, might have afforded a hint to an artist, or a theme for a moralist; but the "time and tide" of pleasure wait neither for painter nor philosopher, and had any such been of our company he would doubtless have kept on, as we did, with the gay crowd, nothing daunted by the

# "HIC MORES CASTIGANT HOMINUM"

inscribed upon the entablature. The Count welcomed his guests at the head of a short marble staircase ornamented with flowers; and a few paces further on we made our bow to the Countess, who was receiving the congratulations of her friends at the head of a fine salle a danser, where the elite of the land, noble and gentle, glittering with crosses and decorations, were gallopading away so gaily that it was difficult to realize that we were in the midst of an assembly, composed for the most part of persons, who, two or three years back had been either immured in dungeons or were exiles in a foreign land. At the sides of the room, elevated seats were arranged

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for the comfort of the lookers on and non-combatants; and in the intervals between the dances a bevy of servitors bearing salvers of lemonade and ices, and ample trays heaped with bonbons, navigated through the press with a dexterity and discretion which would have done honour even to Philadelphia's 'Social Fabius'—Bogle.

Among the distinguished guests were three of the young Queen's ex-ministers. Field marshal the Duke of Terceira, commander-in-chief of the army; the Marquis of Saldanha, also a field marshal and late minister of war; and the Marquis of Carvalho, late chief of the department of finance. These noblemen but a short time since stood so high in the general favour, that it was supposed nothing could shake their popularity or abate their influence; and yet, having lately ordered several colonels of regiments, who had influenced the votes of their troops during the elections, to be put upon the half-pay list, a popular commotion ensued, the result of which was, that the Queen, yielding to the importunity of the army, which called loudly for the restoration of the fractious officers, the ministry, to preserve its dignity and consistency, was forced to resign.

The Duke of Terceira, formerly Count Villaflor, and the Marquis of Saldanha, both served in the peninsular war; the former, I was told, as aid to the Duke of Wellington; he also bore a very distinguished part in the late domestic struggle, during which he defeated the Miguelite forces in several battles, had the honour of making his triumphal entry into Lisbon upon its evacuation by the Duke of Cadaval, and was connected with the Marquis of Saldanha in the convention of Evoramonte, where Don Miguel engaged to quit Portugal, and to cease to interfere in its affairs. Don Pedro rewarded the Count's services by the rank of Field Marshal and the title of Duke; he is also styled Cousin by the royal family, his wife's brother having espoused the Queen's aunt, so that he has attained the highest dignity which a subject, not of the blood royal, can enjoy. The Duchess was with him; a very dignified aristocratic looking dame, with rather more than an ordinary share of beauty. The Infanta was there too; she is the youngest sister of Don Pedro, who married the Marquis of Loule. Not to repeat any of the illnatured things the world says of her, I will merely observe, that she is a tall dark eyed person, of a good figure, and dances con amore. There were many other ladies in the assembly of rather striking appearance; one in particular, a slight fairy looking bride, with light hair and fair complexion, reminded me of the style of beauty of my own peerless countrywomen; but having been some ten years a Benedict, and more than twenty a navigator, I may plead these circumstances, I hope, in excuse for having derived more pleasure in seeing the Duchess of Palmella, a lineal descendant of Vasco Da Gama. It is hardly a century since the proud family to which this lady belongs, refused to accept any title of nobility from their sovereign, esteeming the honour of bearing the name of this great navigator, a greater distinction than any in the gift of the crown.

From the ball room we strolled into a neat saloon, furnished with goodly stuffed chairs for the ennuyée; tables and cards for the lovers of écarté, and a cheerful coal fire for the comfort of all. The Count has been at the expense of having the entire suite of rooms brilliantly lighted with gas. About ten o'clock, the

play being announced, the dancing ceased, and the company passed through doors opening conveniently from the ball room and saloon, into a larger division of the building, elegantly fitted up as a theatre. It was sufficiently spacious to accommodate the whole party comfortably, amounting, I should think, to some three or four hundred persons. The ladies took their places in a tier of seats arranged on the plan of the ancient theatres, without partitions, and elevated, one above the other, so as to display the charms and diamonds of its fair occupants to the best advantage; while the gentlemen who were not fortunate enough to find room in this glittering circle, found less enviable, though not less convenient places, in the pit. A splendid glass chandelier, suspended from the centre of the frescoed dome, diffused throughout the apartment a blaze of light, which was again reflected from numerous oval mirrors, ranged at the back of the audience. Dramatic entertainment being one of the Count's hobbies, he is at unwearied pains to make his private theatricals as complete as possible. His retainers are carefully instructed in music; and the corps of amateurs composed of his family and acquaintance seem to be as ambitious to entertain the audience, as a regular band of Thespians, whose bread depended upon their success in pleasing. The performances were introduced by an overture from the orchestra, in the execution of which the most practised ear could not detect a fault; and then we had a French vaudeville, in which all the children of the Count, from the eldest, a young lady of sixteen, down to the youngest, of eight or nine years, took'a part, and certainly acquitted themselves surprisingly. The Count's only son, a boy of twelve or thirteen, but from his small size looking much younger, astonished us not a little by his perfect self-possession. He performed the young militaire, with wonderful ease and gaiety, sang his song with spirit, and in a tavern scene cracked his bottle like a veteran. It is impossible to describe the truly French air with which he repeated the only sentence I can call to mind of his part. "J'ai voyagè joliment, mais les pays êtrangèrs ne me plaisent pas; L'Italie est trop chaud; la Russie est trop froide; l'Angleterre est trop triste: enfin je suis toujours Français;" then followed the song, at the end of which, putting down the enormous tumbler which he had been replenishing and tossing off industriously at every pause, with rather too much emphasis, we discovered that a smaller one had been placed within it, so that a spoonful of wine filled the space between the two, giving the larger one the appearance of being regularly filled and emptied. The love scene which followed between him and his little sister was laughable enough. Amusing as it was, however, one could hardly help feeling that the boldness of manner and love of applause which children cannot fail to acquire by their engagements in such performances, were any thing but desirable: but I shall not attempt to enlarge upon opinions, which in a state of society like that of America, wisely encouraging greater severity of manner, will meet with general concurrence, especially as my object is rather description than criticism. I cannot help remarking, however, that it is in gay and splendid scenes like these, that we are compelled to feel that the millions for which millions sigh, with whatsoever charm of splendour and refined ease they invest their envied possessors, rarely contribute to endow them with

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those sterling qualities which so frequently lead men of obscure origin and scanty means, to independence, high attainment, and well earned fame. But to return to the play. After the vaudeville, the audience betook themselves to the ball-room again, to give time to the amateurs to dress for the ballet, and reassembled as soon as it was announced. The Count performed the buffo in this pantomime with all the style and success of an old stager. In giving a scene or two from it. I will premise that the reader must not look closely into the plot, my intention being simply to give an idea of the character of the entertainment. As usual, we had the pantaloon father, the rich and poor lover, the latter, not according to the common course of things in real life, the favoured swain. The buffo, (our Count,) is a poor poet, who enters dressed in a suit of threadbare sables, seeking, with his forlom Cara Sposa, rest and refreshment. They find all the doors of the village in which the scene opens, closed upon them. Many modes of raising the wind are proposed, among which, the favourite one with the minstrel, is the sale of his "Last Lay," a folio which protrudes half a yard from his pocket. raises a smile from his famished wife; but no supper. At length, as they are about turning away in despair, a sign over the door of the baronial mansion announces that lodging and food are provided. gratis. Here the poet and his wife are hospitably received by the lord of the castle; who, it appears, is a magician and the rejected lover of Miss Columbine, whom he keeps spell bound in a chamber. The ordinary means of security are not neglected, however, and the poet is armed with a pistol, and placed as sentinel in an adjoining apartment, dramatice the Haunted Chamber. Here, to his great delight, he finds a couch and side table with refreshmenta. After a hearty game of knife and fork, he sinks back into an arm chair and falls asleep; the chair spins round like a top, and precipitates him into the middle of the floor; he wakes in amazement, but finding his seat in its usual position, supposes he had been dreaming from overtaxed digestion, and stretches himself upon the sofa; here he is terrified by a lugubrious sound, which proceeds from it at each attempt he makes to compose himself. In the midst of his trepidation at this new cause of alarm, he perceives a comfortable seat with a table and writing materials, and resolves to spend the remainder of the night in giving the finishing touch to his poem. At the first dip of the pen, the inkstand moves slowly and mystenously from one side of the table to the other. Now the table descends gradually as he is absorbed in meditation, until he is near pitching upon his nose; he rubs his eyes for a moment and all is right again; but anon, as he recommences his labors, ' his eye in fine frenzy rolling,' the legs of the chair lengthen by degrees, until his head nearly reaches the ceiling! A gigantic arm thrusts itself from the wall and seizes him, the chair sinks, and he is left suspended by the hair! At length he extricates himself, and falls to the round and in his agitation discharges his pistol! The room is darkened, the landscapes on the panelling of the wainscot change into hideous portraits, with rolling goggle eyes, a secret door opens with a spring, and Columbine appears enchanted at being disenchanted. The magician is discomfitted without the aid of bell book and candle, and the scene changes to a beautiful Gothic hall, filled with lords and ladies magnificently dressed. Among other

transformations, is that of the starved poet and his wife, who turn out to be the rightful proprietors of They open the ball by dancing the minuet de la cour in a burlesque style, in which toes are trodden on, and many other gaucheries are committed; the dexterous use of the 'light fantastic toe,' not being apparently included among the fairy gifts, or rather restorations of the occasion. The scene closed after a grand dance by the whole corps de ballet, in which the noble and gentle amateurs performed a variety of graceful and intricate figures, to my fancy, in better taste than the imitations of the spinning dervishes we see at the regular opera. The curtain fell amidst bursts of applause, which continued until the troupe, with the Count at their head, made their appearance, to acknowledge the compliment. Two or three hung back out of modesty; but the audience was clamorous and succeeded at last in bringing them forward, calling them by name, and greeting them when they appeared, just as the sovereign people treat their favourites at home. company returned to the ball room; and our party, highly delighted with the splendor and novelty of the scene, to Lisbon, there to suffer one of the vicissitudes which all maritime flesh at least 'is heir to.' We had taken the precaution to bespeak lodgings, knowing the impossibility of getting a boat to take us off to the ship at so late an hour as that fixed upon for our return; but on arriving at the miserable inn, and after groping our way up the filthy staircase, we succeeded, it is true, in rousing the porter, who came to the wicket, with which the jail-like doors of their country are provided; but all our efforts, entreaties and more potent arguments for admission were answered only by a dogged nao from this Cerberus, which he grunted forth at each new appeal to his hospitality like an overfed porker disturbed from his puddle. short, he was too stupid to make out who we were, or what we wanted, though he had been told to expect us; and we were obliged to accept of the offer of a civilian of the party, to make the most of his bed room in a distant part of the city, or endure the terrible alternative to tired men of perambulating the unodorous streets until daylight, with the risk of encountering the diversa pericula noctis: as formidable in Lisbon now, as in Rome, in the days of \*Juvenal. A bed of tolerably comfortable dimensions occupied the better half of the chamber of our bachelor friend; and the chambermaid who ushered us in shook her fat sides in undisguised glee as she cast the light of her dip and that of her equally greasy countenance, full upon five candidates for the narrow accommodation; all en grande tenue! Sancho says "there is a remedy for every thing but death;" and ours lay clearly in conforming to circumstances with the best possible grace. Two only could repose in extenso; and as soon as it was decided who the happy men should be, the others resigned themselves to the perpendicularities of an uneasy chair. It was of no use however, and a smothered chuckle would ever and anon disturb the snorers on the bed, as the sufferers contrasted the scene with the brilliant one they had left a few hours before at Laranjerias.

\* See Satire, 3d vol. 249. "Respice nunc alia," &c.

The firmest friendships have been formed in mutual adversity, as iron is most strongly united by the fiercest flame.

# THE WITHERED ROSE BUD.

# A Ballad.

THE POETRY, BY J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

THE MUSIC, BY JOSEPH PHILIP KNIGHT.





And now, though its leaflets are gone to decay,
And mournfully drooping its stem,
And tints from the rainbow are fading away,
"Twill still be of roses the gem.
Like its fragrance still ling'ring, fond mem'ry the while,
Will couple this blossom with thee,
And soothe, by recalling the look and the smile,
That came with the rose-bud to me.
And soothe, by recalling the look and the smile,
That came with the rose-bud to me.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

## TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING.

BY T. S. ARTHUR, EDITOR OF THE "BALTIMORE ATHENÆUM."

"What is the matter now, my dear?" said Mr. Thompson to his wife, as he came in at the usual dinner hour. Mrs. Thompson was seated on the sofa, in a state of profound depression of spirits; and to have judged from her manner, and the expression of her countenance, it would have been a reasonable conclusion to have thought, that some great calamity had made her a visitation.

"The matter did you say?" responded Mrs. Thompson, after a brief pause; "Why the matter is, Sally, the cook, has been drunk all the morning, and there is no show of dinner, as I can see; for Betty, the maid, is as awkward and clumsy as if she had never been in a kitchen.

"These everlasting servants again!" grumbled forth Mr. Thompson, and picking up a newspaper, he threw himself into the great rocking chair, and commenced reading and rocking with determined patience.

"O dear me! I'm sick and tired of housekeeping!" sighed out Mrs. Thompson, for the hundred and fortieth time; and then gathering herself up with an effort, she went out into the kitchen to see what was the prospect for dinner.

Betty was cross as she could be; because, you perceive, Betty was chambermaid, a grade above the kitchen; and of course to be called back into the kitchen was to degrade her in a very serious manner.

- "Well, Betty, how soon shall we have dinner?"
- "Can't tell, ma'am."
- "But, Betty, Mr. Thompson has come home."
- "Can't help that, ma'am."
- "Why, Betty! haven't you got them potatoes on yet? I declare, you are the slowest creature I ever saw."
- "I don't see, Mrs. Thompson," said Betty, in quite a passion, "that I am any creature at all. Ladies where I live always treat me with respect, Mrs. Thompson, and I'll be respected. If my motions don't suit you, ma'am, why, you can just move about the dinner yourself. It's not my place any how." And so, in a great rage, Betty swept by her mistress, and retired to her chambers, where she went quietly to work at regulating them, leaving Mrs. Thompson to get dinner herself, if she could. That "if," however, was a sad impediment in Mrs. Thompson's way. She looked about her in Mrs. Thompson's way. She looked about her in husband of the poor prospect there was for dinner.

"Well, my dear, is dinner almost ready; I am as hungry as a bear?"

This was too much for Mrs. Thompson.

"No, it is not ready; and there is a poor enough prospect, I can tell you! Betty has gone up stairs in a huff, and, to save my life, I couldn't get the dinner, even if I had a notion to try, which I am sure I have not.—There! that baby has waked up, I declare! And there comes Jane and William from school."

The screams of the baby, which Betty had contrived, out of spiteful feelings, to wake up, and the impatient voices of the hungry children, just from school, completed the overthrow of Mrs. Thompson's little remaining patience; and she swept off up stairs fully bent on pouring out her excited feelings on Betty, who liked her place, just as well as she liked to rule her mistress.

"I can tell you what, my lady,"—began Mra. Thompson, who, when once excited, had no small share of determination; a fact to which Betty was no stranger—" if dinner is not ready in fifteen minutes by that time piece, I will turn you out of the house before the next half hour."

Her manner and voice told Betty plainly enough that the time had come for her to give way. In fifteen minutes the dinner bell rung; and, to judge from the way the dinner was cooked and put upon the table, one might rationally enough conclude that Betty was not quite so great a stranger to the kitchen as she pretended.

The dinner passed in silence, and after it was over, Mr. Thompson hurried off to his store, glad to escape the unpleasant sphere which pervaded his own dwelling. At night Mrs. Thompson had recovered but little from the effects consequent upon the excitement of the morning. She passed most of the evening reading a new publication, entirely indisposed to converse with her hubansd, or to take any notice of her children. The babe was asleep in the chamber above, under the care of Betty, who had grown wonderfully obliging since dinner time. The two eldest children were conning over their lessons, and Mr. Thompson was consoling himself with his cigar and newspaper.

The hour for retiring came, and all went off to bed in cheerless silence. On the next morning the thickest of the cloud had passed away, and Mrs. Thompson was almost herself again; a pleasant and agreeable woman, though with no energy of mind, and few resources indeed for a housekeeper. dinner time, the cook having, in her repentant mood, done her very best, and Betty having been smarter and more obliging than usual, Mrs. Thompson was in her very best state of mind. Mr. Thompson, whose mood was always a reflection of his wife's, felt quite pleasant; and the children were as happy and lively as crickets. That evening Mr. Jones and his lady called in to sit an hour or two. The two gentlemen discussed the affairs of the nation, and smoked cigars, until the lady visiting should close her evening's interview with the lady visited.

Far be it from us to speak lightly, however, of the subjects which occupy so much of the conversation of lady visiters who are blessed with the cares of families. Their little world is the domestic circle, and in it, of course, are concentered all their interests and affections.

Mrs. Jones had no children, and from motives of economy and convenience, as she said, her husband and herself had broken up housekeeping and gone to

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boarding. As is usual on such occasions, the troubles of housekeeping were discussed, and among the rest those arising from servants.

"There is where I am a little ahead of you, Mrs. Thompson," said Mrs. Jones. "I am my own servant in my own chamber, and there ends the matter. After I have made my bed in the morning, I can sit down pleasantly enough and chat with my husband until the breakfast bell rings. And after breakfast I can do what I please until dinner time; and the same until supper. No seeing after servants, and studying about what I shall have for dinner. wouldn't keep house again for a pretty premium."

"And sick and tired enough of it I am, that I can tell you. But Mr. Thompson won't hear to our breaking up housekeeping. If he had all the trouble of it as I have, he'd be glad enough to

escape."

44 I never knew what it was to enjoy life," continued Mrs. Jones, " until we sold off our things and went to boarding. I was in hot water all the while about something. Don't you find your servants very wasteful?-I never had one who did not waste and break more than her wages came to."

" Why, the fact is, Mrs. Jones, there is scarcely a day that a cup, a plate, or a tumbler is not broken. There! didn't you hear that crash in the kitchen. Something else has gone. If I were to go out there, now, and ask Sally what she had broken, and how she came to break it, she would have the sulks all day to-morrow, which would cost me more unpleasant feelings than the plate or dish is worth."

"Why don't you break up and go to boarding then, Mrs. Thompson? You would be a thousand

times better contented."

"The fact is, Mrs. Jones, I shall have to worry Mr. Thompson into it. I can approach him in one tender place, and that is on the score of economy. Times are hard enough they say—though I never pay attention to these complaints of the men; it is always hard times whenever you say money to them; and if I can convince him that several hundred dollars can be saved by breaking up, he will be in a fair way to be conquered."

"You will never regret it, Mrs. Thompson. It is living a dog's life to keep house."

"A dog's life, Mrs. Jones? Aye! you are right there."

- "You can save at least five hundred dollars in the year by boarding; and that is a pretty sum nowa-davs."
- "Do you hear that Mr. Thompson," said his wife, calling his attention to the remark, triumphantly: "Mrs. Jones says that we might save at least five hundred dollars from our present expense if we were boarding."
- " And be six hundred dollars worse off in comfort than we are now."
- "There you are mistaken, Mr. Thompson," said Mrs. Jones, coming up to the attack in aid of her friend. "We have tried housekeeping and we have tried boarding; the latter, besides being a great deal cheaper, is in every way more pleasant.
- " It may be so for you, Mrs. Jones, but with our three children, and, to help take care of them, a servant, we would find boarding a very unpleasant change from a comfortable house in which we can do as we please."
  - "Why, I am sure we do just as we please," said

Mrs. Jones. "We come when we please, and we go when we please. And in boarding houses, every one is at home; for while he pays for it, the house he lives in is his home, whether he be keeping house or boarding."

"You may find it tolerable with no children," said Mr. Thompson, "but with three and a nurse, let me tell you, that you would find it approaching too near to the intolerable. While a single man, I had boarding to my heart's content; and I find housekeeping, with all its little troubles, far better."

"You may call them little troubles, Mr. Thompson," spoke up his wife with spirit, "but if you had all the battles to fight with the servants, and the care of the whole house, you would sing quite another song, or I'm much mistaken. What do you say Mr. Jones," continued Mrs. Thompson, appealing to the hitherto silent companion of her lady visiter. "Let us have your opinion about the matter. I am sure you prefer boarding to housekeeping.

"Why, as to that," replied Mr. Jones, in a very deliberate manner, seeming all the while to be casting about in his mind for words to convey his own thoughts, that should not at the same time compromise his wife's opinion too much-u we are comfortably enough off now. Our landlady is a fine woman, and quite attentive to the wants of her boarders. It costs us less to board, as there are but two of us, than it did to keep house; but not such a great deal as would seem at first sight. If it was not that Emily likes it so much better, I should prefer, I think, to be in a house of my own. But it is so much easier for her, that it would be wrong in me to prefer my own comfort to her's. We had such a trying time with servants, that I am reluctant to subject her again to the same perplexities and inconveniences."

" If your family was as large as ours," said Mr. Thompson, bringing him at once to the point, "would you like to board under any consideration?"

"As you corner me so closely, I must beg respectfully to differ with the ladies, and say that I should think housekeeping, with a family of children, in every way preferable to boarding."

"Well, I'm for boarding, I can tell you," said Mrs. Thompson, half laughing and half serious; "and whenever Mr. Thompson says the word, I shall be ready at a week's notice,"

"I don't intend being ready for a long time to come-I think never."

"We shall see," was the laughing reply of Mrs. Thompson.

The gentlemen, after a brief pause, resumed their grave deliberations on the affairs of the government, and the ladies put their heads together again, and went on in their comparison of the evils and benefits of housekeeping and boarding. After that evening, Mrs. Thompson talked more and more about boarding; and at last, after worrying her good man beyond the points of endurance, he reluctantly consented to break up.

"You will have an auction, I suppose," said Mrs. Thompson, after the main point was gained.

" I shall have no such thing."

"Why what in the world will you do with our parlour and kitchen furniture, and a hundred other things which we will have no more use for?"

- Store them away, of course," was the prompt reply. Digitized by Google

- "Why we shall have no more use for them, you know, and storage will only be a useless expense. I think you had better have an auction, which will be a regular clearing out at once. I am sure I don't want the trouble of packing up every thing."
  - " I'll take all that trouble."
- "But what in the world, Mr. Thompson, do you want to store them for? We shall have no farther use for them."
- "Its a mere notion of mine, my dear, and one that will have to be gratified."
- "Well do as you please. You men are a queer set."

The next business to do was to find a suitable boarding house. This was considered an easy matter enough in the distance, but rather difficult when the actual experiment was tried. The first application was at one of the hotels, as it was voted that in a tavern they would be more alone than in a boarding house. The price asked, however, put all ideas of a hotel out of their heads. For Mr. and Mrs. Thompson, their two eldest children, (the youngest was but a babe) and a servant, with a parlour and two chambers; the terms were forty dollars a week. Both Mr. Thompson and his wife looked blank enough when the polite landlord of the gave his smiling answer. Application was next made at a fashionable boarding house; the landlady, after some hesitation at the idea of taking a whole family into her house, finally agreed to take them all, and furnish them a private parlour and two chambers for thirty dollars a week. This was over fifteen hundred dollars a year; more than it cost them to keep house, pay the wages of two servants, and buy all their clothes.

Mrs. Thompson, however, when she once got an idea in her head never gave it up; and although Mr. Thompson, after the landlady's answer, relinquished the search himself, his better half was not to be so easily foiled. The lady at whose house Mrs. Jones boarded, could not take any more, as all her rooms were occupied; so she said. Though the fact was, Mrs. Jones had hinted to her, that, may be, Mrs. Thompson's whole family would not make the house too pleasant; as she had not the best government in the world over her children.

As a last resort, Mrs. Thompson finding no place that would suit them, the following advertisement was inserted in a morning paper.

"Wanted, genteel boarding for a small family in a pleasant boarding house, or private family; not more than fifteen minutes' walk from the Post office. Address A. B., with real name and address."

This was the very thing. The house was accordingly taken, and in the course of a few weeks, busi-

Still this was a small thing, and Mrs. Thompson wondered that she should ever think of it. Mr. Thompson and the children did not feel the same reasons for putting the best face upon every thing, that Mrs. Thompson did. He felt trammelled all the while, and took little enjoyment at his meals. The cooking was by no means to his taste, and the supply of food was often meagre and of a poor quality. The children missed the freedom of their own house; and their mother found it indispensably necessary to order extras, in the way of bread and butter, pies, cakes, &c. every day for their gratifica-The charge for these extras came in at the end of the first month in the shape of a bill amounting to twenty dollars. This bill occasioned the following touch of not very pleasant humour between the parties most concerned.

"I want twenty dollars, my dear," said Mrs. Thompson, in her blandest manner. Now it so happened, that Mr. Thompson had been run hard that day, and had come home in no very lively mood in consequence. After meeting all the demands upon him through the day, his cash account at evening showed a very small balance. He felt discouraged in mind and depressed in spirits; the more especially as on the next day he had a large note to meet. What added still more to unsettle his feelings was the fact that at the supper table one of the boarders, a loquacious, shallow brained fellow, who annoyed him almost every day with his tittle-tattle, forced him to talk about matters and things that did not possess, in his view, the most remote interest.

" It will be impossible for me to let you have it now," was the brief reply of Mr. Thompson to his wife's request.

"But my dear, I must have it now. Mrs. has sent in her bill for extras, and says she wants the amount badly."

"The bill for what, did you say?"

- "The bill for extras, The children must have something between meals, and it is a rule in all boarding houses to charge for whatever is eaten away from the table."
  - " Humph!"
- " I don't see any thing unreasonable in it, Mr. Thompson!"
- "Well, I do, then. If we pay for our eating, I suppose we ought to have as much as we want."
- "Of course at the table, but there ends the matter. Our extras were mostly pies, cakes, etc., and

Mrs. —— of course could not be expected to furnish these between meals for nothing."

" And when were twenty dollars worth eaten, pray?"

"Why every day we have extras. And you know that after the children go to bed at night you always ask for something, and that Betty brings in a pie, or a cold cut of fowl and bread and butter, or some cake."

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"Yes, I know it; and it seems, have to pay well for my knowledge. This is cheap boarding with a vengeance. Extras at the rate of only two hundred and forty dollars a year! And then not even allowed to eat your meals in peace. I'm sick and tired of the chatter of that addle headed Simpkins, and have wished him a thousand times at the north pole. I have had no comfort of my life since I passed the threshold of my own door."

"You are in a strange mood to night, Mr. Thompson."

"Not stranger than usual; I only speak out plain. We have been boarding now about a month, and I have not enjoyed myself for a single day in that time, nor saved a dollar of expense. The children are not half so cheerful and contented as they were; and even Betty looks jaded out. What in the world can you find so hard for her to do?"

"Why you know that Mrs. —— does not charge any thing for her board. Betty helps her occasionally in the kitchen, when I don't want her."

"You mean, I expect, that Betty helps you when Mrs. —— does not want her."

Mrs. Thompson was silent. That last cut was too severe.

"The fact is," continued Mr. Thompson, who had got fairly started in his fault finding course, "things don't go on to my satisfaction at all in this house. Mrs. - I believe does as well as she knows how; but that is not saying much. These lazy daughters of her's put me out of all patience. They monopolize the choice tit-bits of the table, and instead of doing every thing in their power to contribute to the comfort of the boarders, add much to their inconvenience. And then in a boarding house you are thrown into all sorts of company. Mrs. too, looks so distressed one half of her time, that I lose much of the enjoyment of the table left me from other unpleasant causes. If we saved any thing worth talking about, by boarding, I could put up with it; but I don't see, so far, that there is any great advantage in it on the score of economy."

Mrs. Thompson thought it prudent to make no reply to her husband, who, after grumbling for half an hour or so, went off to bed.

Three months had scarcely passed away, before Mrs. Thompson became thoroughly dissatisfied with her boarding house, and proposed a change. Any change Mr. Thompson thought would be advantageous; so after searching for nearly a month for another place, boarding was taken in an old established house at twenty-five dollars a week for servant and all. Here things, from long habit, and strict attention to order, went on smoothly enough. For the first week or two both Mr. and Mrs. Thompson felt pretty much at ease, and the latter began to feel something of exultation at having at last demonstrated the advantages of boarding over housekeeping. The children, however, about this time began to complain of their grievances. They had to come to the second table, with several other masters and

misses, children of parents who were also boarding for comfort and economy's sake. William was especially loud in his complaints of the overbearing tempers of one or two boys who eat at the table; and the greediness of others who picked up every nice thing for their own gratification. To satisfy the children, there was the same call for extras as at the other boarding house, and of course a corresponding charge. Mr. Thompson was nothing loth in the evening to take his share of the extra good things, nor of course did his wife deny herself. The consequence was, that at the end of the first quarter when the bill of extras was sent in, it amounted to seventy-five dollars.

While brooding, in no pleasant temper over this bill, one day after dinner, he was roused from his reverie by a loud noise and a confusion of voices and cries in the dining room. Among the voices he distinctly heard that of his son William. It was high and passionate. He ran down stairs, and on entering the dining room, found William struggling with another boy, a little larger than himself, the latter with a face almost black with passion. He had reached to the table for a knife just as Mr. Thompson entered, and was just in the act of dashing the blade into the side of his son, as Mr. Thompson struck his arm a violent blow, which threw the knife from his hand across the room.

At the moment when Mr. Thompson struck the arm, the father of the boy entered, also attracted by the noise, and seeing only the blow, and not understanding the reason, without asking a question, picked up a chair, and knocked Mr. Thompson down.

Mr. Thompson was not the man to take such a salutation very meekly. Springing to his feet, he had his assailant by the throat in a moment. The other as quickly drew a knife, and but for the instant interference of others who had arrived at the scene of disorder, something serious would have been the consequence. The parties were separated, and after mutual explanations and inquiries, it was agreed on both sides to drop the matter.

It appeared that some dispute had arisen between William and the other boy, in consequence of one of them having helped himself too liberally to a favorite but scanty dish. Both lads were high tempered, and a quarrel soon ensued, which terminated as just mentioned.

Mrs. Thompson was dreadfully alarmed when she ascertained the danger which both her husband and son had just escaped. William had to be taken to the first table with his father, as the boys still maintained towards each other the most belligerent attitude. And Jane had her meals sent to her mother's room, as she complained so bitterly of the hoggishness of the children at the second table, and said she never got half enough to eat.

Two or three days passed in this way, when one evening Mrs. Thompson proposed to get another boarding house.

"I have been looking out for one," replied her husband, "and have to-day obtained a place that I think will suit us. Day after to-morrow we will move our things, and the day after go there ourselves."

"Indeed! then I'm delighted. I am afraid to stay here. That boy threatens to kill William, and William I find carries a knife in his pocket. I took it out to night after he went to bed. See here, what a long one!"

"A Spanish knife, as I live!" said Mr. Thompson, springing the blade with a sharp click. "We can't get away from here too soon."

\*\* Whereabouts is the house, and who keeps it?" asked Mrs. Thompson.

"It is in ——street, and is kept by a very good lady, who will give all needful attention to our comfort. I am sure you will be pleased with her."

" No doubt of it."

On the third day after this conversation, after the furniture of their chambers and parlor had been removed, a carriage drove up to the door for Mrs. Thompson and the children, who were soon dashing off in a pleasant humour at the idea of the change. In a few minutes the carriage drew up at a pleasant two story house, in the door of which stood Mr. Thompson, waiting to receive them. He had not looked so smiling and pleasant for many months.

"Welcome home again, my dear!" he said, as his wife tripped lightly up the steps, followed by Betty with the infant, and William and Jane close in the rear.

"How is this?" exclaimed Mrs. Thompson, looking around her, as she entered the parlors. "These

are all my own things! Husband, what does all this mean?"

"Oh we are home again, ain't we pa? do say quick!" cried Jane, hardly able to contain herself. "O I'm so glad! I'm so glad! ain't you William?"

"Indeed and I am that, I can tell you."

"And I am glad, too, dear husband!" said Mrs. Thompson, leaning her head upon the shoulder of her husband, while the tears started in her eyes. "There is no place like our own home, and silly enough was I to want to leave it."

"And I am glad too," chimed in Betty. "I'd a never staid with you this long, hadn't I been all along in hopes that it would come back to this at

last."

Mr. Thompson never heard any thing more about boarding; and to make home a pleasanter place for her husband, as well as for herself and children, his wife made herself thoroughly acquainted with all the particulars and duties of housekeeping. After this she found little trouble with servants, who are not half so independent, when they find that their mistress knows as much about culinary and household affairs as they do.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# SELF-EDUCATING TEACHERS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

In our great extent of territory, where so many teachers are required, it is necessary that some should be employed, who have not only been the sole architects of their own education, but are also painfully sensible of its incompleteness. It has been sometimes asserted that those alone, who have enjoyed high intellectual advantages, should aspire to the honour of instructing others. Filled as we are, with respect for the possessors of profound learning, and with pity, bordering on contempt, for the smatterers, who, assuming to be oracles, "understand neither what they say, nor whereof they affirm," it is impossible to look without deep interest, on that large class of industrious teachers, who gather around them the children of the peaceful villages, and secluded districts of our land. There is fraud in pretending to be an adept in sciences of which we are ignorant, a fraud which the more discriminating members of a school are quick to discover and prompt to reveal.

Still, there is no reason why a teacher may not pursue, as a sort of companion with her pupils, some study which she may not have had opportunity previously to acquire. She must, indeed, keep in advance, and by more thorough research, be able, in a great measure, to obviate their difficulties, or satisfy their inquiries. She must put herself at their head, like the lawgiver of the chosen people, who was in all respects their leader, though the region they explored was new to both.

Yet, this liberty of supplying the defects of education, after the important office of a teacher is assumed, by no means applies to the rudiments of knowledge. These should be thoroughly committed, and combined with tact in imparting them, by every one who is ambitious of becoming a guide to the young mind. No female should be placed at the head of any school, however small in number, or obscure in locality, who is not well qualified to instruct in reading, orthography, writing, common needlework, and arithmetic. These attainments, however humble in the eye of many, are the substratum of all correct education, and much time and attention should be devoted to them. The teacher who thoroughly imparts these to the pupils under her care, and at the same time earnestly employs her intervals of leisure in acquiring higher branches of knowledge, performs a good work, both for others and for herself. Advancing in a sort of companionship with those entrusted to her charge, will not her sympathy with them be more entire?—her appreciation of the obstacles which they must encounter, more clear and correct?-her forbearance more deep-seated and enduring?

But, the whole of education is not the requisition of lessons, or the hearing of recitations. Moral training, the implantation of right opinions, principles and habits, are now conceded to be among its most important objects. For this part of her vocation, it is possible that the self-educating teacher may have derived some positive advantages. Let us inquire how those restricted circumstances, which obstruct the acquisition of the higher studies and accomplishments, may yet have a favourable influence on the formation of character.

Turn to the common scenery of life. Enter the school-room. Why does that boy deface his books, or waste his pens and pencils? Why are his volumes alternately his sport and his footstool? Is it not because he knows that his parents are able to purchase more? Why does he wander over their pages with a desultory glance, or the scowl of discontent? Have the luxuries of wealth enervated his mind, and made him count application a drudgery? Why does the boy at his side use with such economy his scanty

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writing materials, and so carefully return his books to their place, when his task is finished? Perhaps he has been taught their value, by the difficulty of obtaining them. Why does he pursue his studies with unremitting zeal, and a cheerful countenance? Because he considers it a privilege to be permitted to acquire knowledge, and his studies are but a recreation from severer labours. His mind finds sweetness in the aliment that gives it strength, while his companion, like a prisoner, is anxious only to escape from durance. One, in toiling for knowledge, feels himself the indebted party; the other, if he applies his mind, imagines that he has conferred a favour on parent or teacher, which entitles him to commendation or reward. This diversity of motive necessarily produces diversity in trains of thought, habits of mind, and results of action. Who will have the advantage? If industry and application are of immense value throughout life, can that state of fortune be accounted an unmixed evil, which aids their implantation by the strong hand of necessity?

The mother, in humble life, all whose energies are in action for the comfort of her family, tells her daughter that when she has discharged her part of the necessary work that devolves upon her, she shall have time to study her lesson. Does not the diligence which she puts forth in her household labour, give zest to the interval which she thus earns for her book? Has it not a tendency to assist her in the great science of the valuation of time? which we sometimes neglect to learn, until time is ours no longer, and we depart to return no more. Do not the obedience and patience thus called into exercise, aid the growth of that self-control, without which no person has a right to undertake the instruction of others? Is not the daughter of aristocracy, whose attention is so divided between a multitude of studies and accomplishments that she is almost of necessity superficial, or desultory, more in danger of irritability, ennui, or nervous disorganization, those formidable foes to the success and well being of teachers?

Why is yonder student at the University, lounging in the fashionable walks, displaying an expensive costurne, or contracting unnecessary debts? Why is he late at prayers, listless at recitations, satisfied only in the resorts of folly, vanity, or dissipation? Why does he return home, in love with indolence, tinctured with extravagance, or involved in debt? Was it because he felt that his parents were rich, and believed wealth to be a substitute both for science, and virtue? Why does a youth from the same neighbourhood, perhaps, his inferior in talents, maintain the first standing in his class, and win the highest honours of the institution? What quickens his love of knowledge, brightens his brow with intelligence, and incites him to mark every hour with diligence, every day with duty? What enables him to bear privation with a noble hardiness of soul, to "scorn delights, and live laborious days?" Is it not the consciousness that by his own exertions, he must stand or fall? Thus excited to perseverance, he ascertains the extent of his own powers, brightens them by exercise, and entrusts them "to the usurer," that the Giver at his coming, may receive his own: while the indolent mind, weakened by indulgence, views knowledge as an "austere man," and committing its talent to the earth, finds its harvest to be the mildew and decay of its own powers.

Where a taste for high literature exists, and the

means of attaining it are not wholly precluded, mediocrity of fortune, has been often found favourable to its acquisition. Would Johnson have attained his proud eminence in the realm of mind, without the prompting of necessity? Did he not express fervent gratitude, that the shaft of adversity had been appointed to rouse him from the slumbers of indolence? Is it probable that mankind would have been delighted with the eloquence of his "Prince of Abyssinia," if affluence had enabled him to discharge the mournful debt of his mother's obsequies? Did not the classic Beattie trace his ardour in literary pursuit, and his premature proficiency, back to the stimulus of his bursary at Aberdeen? and refer some of the most exquisite stanzas in his "Minstrel," to that period of seclusion and poverty, when he toiled as a village school-master and precentor, at the foot of the Grampian Mountains? Would the Ayrshire ploughman's "wild bird of heaven," have displayed such changeful plumage, or attained such fitful, and fearless compass of tone, had it been caged, and pampered with luxury?

May we not affirm that mediocrity of fortune, is favourable to virtue? Do not habits of self-denial. and self-control lead to moderated desires, and foster that contentment which is the secret of happiness? A well regulated mind, by accustoming itself to privation and sacrifice, is aided lightly to esteem selfish gratifications, and to cultivate those disinterested affections, which are among the elements of piety. Will not he, whose narrow possessions are the fruit of his own industry, be qualified to understand their intrinsic value, and inclined to avoid the vices by which they are scattered to the winds? It would seem as if he might skilfully graduate his expenses to his income, and studiously keep his spirit unhumbled by the embarrassments of debt, and unchilled by dread at the face of a creditor. Rational economy, while it supplies the means of rendering every man his due, is the basis of true charity. fuse expenditure is no friend to compassion, and how can he have a right to be liberal, whose undischarged debts are rankling in his conscience? Is not the sweet, inward voice of charity overpowered by the "cry of the labourers whose wages are kept back?" while he whose industry has satisfied the claims of justice, may make glad the hearts of others, while his own reproaches him not.

What so effectually teaches sympathy for our fellow creatures as having borne some share in the evils that they endure? Who with a warmer overflowing of heart, would impart bread to the hungry, or a garment to the shivering poor, than the man who had at some period of his life, felt their need, or learned their value, by the labour of acquiring them? The old song says feelingly,

"Tis the poor man alone, When he hears the poor moan, Of his morsel, a morsel will give."

In such gifts, however humble, there is more true charity than in the costly donations of pride, listening to hear itself applauded. Not the gifts which the rich man cast into the treasury, but the two mites of the self-denying, won the favouring notice of those pure eyes that read the heart. The spirit which has well endured trial and privation, must have a peculiar class of sympathies, with which those who have been enervated by luxury, intermeddle not; as the ancient

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Israelites were incited to pity the stranger, by the keen remembrance of their own sorrows, in the house of bondage. If the happiness of any condition be computed by its tendencies to promote usefulness, by the energies which it awakens, the virtues and sympathies which it is adapted to cherish; many, who have been inclined to consider restricted circumstances as an evil, will doubtless, in making up the account of life, bless that Almighty Disposer, who shielded them from the temptations, and enervating influences of wealth. "We bring not innocence into the world with us," said the great Milton, "but rather impurity; that which purifies us is trial, and trial is by that, which is contrary."

Since the discipline of overcoming obstacles, arms the mind with energy and the soul with patience, it would seem an admirable preparation for those who are to instruct the young. The perseverance which they have themselves exercised, they will be apt to teach. That sense of the value of time, which has been forced upon them by adverse circumstances, will more urgently excite those under their care, to gather up its golden fragments, and save even the dust, which it scatters from its swift pinions on their resistless rush to eternity.

We, of course, make a distinction between self-educating and self-educated teachers; for the first does not necessarily imply the last, nor the last the first. For the self-educating, these remarks are principally intended; for those, who by regular study, make advances in knowledge, for the sake of others,

and in some measure, in their company. These keep alive within themselves, that habit of constant improvement, which the maxims of philosophers have so long toiled to impress upon the young. "He is the most perfect man," says the learned Bacon, " who is the most susceptible of help, improvement, impression, alteration." Self-educating teachers are a living example to their pupils, of the unresting progression which they require of them. They have no opportunity to settle upon their lees. The stagnstion of purpose, which sometimes steals over those, who have been flattered for greater attainments, is unknown to them. Their intellect constantly awake to ascend the tree of knowledge scatters more diligently of its fruits to those who stand beneath. Probably, its own exertions preserve in it a freshness and vigour, which may enkindle them to new activity.

"Constant rotation of the unwearied wheel That Nature rides upon, maintains her health, Her beauty, her fertility."

Perhaps some analogy to this happy result may be traced in the mind, whose consciousness of the boundless regions of knowledge yet untravelled, prompts to unresting effort, and to profound humility. And may the large class of self-educating teachers, who bear as their motto—"not as though we had already attained, either were already perfect,"—be cheered by the smile of the country, to whom their faithful labours are so invaluable.

# Written for the Lady's Book.

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# LINES TO MY DAUGHTER MARY.

DEAR Mary, 'tis a father weaves,
A chaplet for thy infant years;
A fabric of the Sybil leaves,
Of grief and joy, of hopes and fears,

Thy life may wear a chequer'd hue,
Though lighted now with glittering hope;
And clouds may float across the view,
To dim thy smiling horoscope.

Yet gaze thou on—though faint and far, Through lashes oft with weeping wet, Upon that mildly beaming star, On virtue's forehead firmly set.

Deceitful friends will glad thine eyes, While fortune smiles, or beauties bloom; But soon, like gilded butterflies, They vanish at th' approaching gloom.

Then choose, my daughter from the few,
To be thy fond companions here,
Whose hearts are simple, pure and true,
To innocence and virtue dear.

A mother's love no waning knows, In weal or woe 'tis ever true; And like the sun at even' close, Still shining on though hid from view—

Oh, garner well her angel words,
As pinions to thy spirit given,
To bear it up as flight of birds,
To rost its weary feet in heaven.

A. M. N

# ALMSGIVING.

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The effect of charities which have only for their object the temporary relief of physical suffering, has a direct tendency to foster idleness and dependence. When the poor find they can have their necessities supplied by asking, they will soon leave off working. And they will bring their children up in the same habits. We were informed by a highly respectable lady, member of the "Fragment Society," that there

were now depending on the charity of that Society paupers of the third generation—grandchildren of those who first received the bounty of the excellent ladies who established the charity. Thus we, republicans, who refuse to tolerate hereditary honours of nobility, encourage the establishment of hereditary pauperism.

# EDITORS' TABLE.

#### POSTAGES.

"The comparative rates of postage, on different descriptions of periodicals, seem to have been established in a perfectly arbitrary manner. We are at a loss to conceive why a magazine sheetsshould be subjected to a greater tax than that of a newspaper. We have not room to enlarge upon the subject, at present, as we could wish; but we hope that the attention of the publishers of magazines may be excited upon this point, and that concert of action secured, by which the necessary application to Congress may be made, may result in the remission of the extra rates now charged. There is no doubt that a memorial upon the subject would be favourably acted upon by that body."

The above, from The Ladies' Companion, meets our views precisely: but there is another point, still more unjust. When the law regulating postages was made, newspapers were quite small affairs; now they are immense. The postage on them is not increased, but the postage on periodicals is. That is, they are not allowed to enlarge, without additional postage being charged.

We are pleased to see that other magazines besides our own publish long stories. An article in the Court and Ladies' Magazine, for December, has a Tale entitled Edward III., and Countess of Salisbury, occupying sixty pages and not completed. We could publish it in forty.

A HINT.—Our Book would arrive much earlier at each place of destination, if our time was not so much occupied in placing bills within the Books.

In no Magazine, but this, either English or American, have we seen noticed, the astonishing resemblance between Dumas' Paul Jones and Bulwer's Sea Captain.

The annexed are pleasant, and such are often received:
"Dover, Del.

"Inclosed is \$3, the amount of my present year's subscription. Be so good as to send a receipt in the next number. My first is dated in 1833, and I think, as time advances with steady steps, so do your efforts increase to please. The January number has pleased me much, and I sincerely hope that

you may always meet with that patronage—that substantial kind which is so justly your due."

"Sumpterville, Alabama.—I cannot close this letter without expressing my warm admiration for your continued exertions to please the numerous readers of the Lady's Book, and the sincere pleasure I have had in its perusal, during the past year, for which you have my hearty thanks and cooperating wishes, for its still more extensive circulation and perusal, as a justly merited reward for your endeavours to please; also, for adding to, and forming a correct standard in literary taste and virtuous emulation."

Our kind friends of the Inquirer and Courier, and Saturday Evening Post, are finding fault with some persons in Georgia, for appropriating our well earned name. It certainly shows a lack of invention on the part of the Georgia gentleman; but it will only stimulate us to make our Book, if possible, still more worthy of perusal by the fair readers of the south.

# NEW MUSICAL INSTRUMENT.

It is always with satisfaction that we record advances made in the fine arts, but the feeling is heightened when we perceive ourselves indebted for them to native talent. We feel more particularly called upon to notice the new Musical Instrument in question, because it appears more exclusively adapted to those amateurs, for whose tastes we cater—the Ladies. It is the invention of Mr. Coleman, the well known professor on the Accordion, and he has given it the appropriate name of the Harmonic Lute.

It is, in fact, a new modification and adaptation of the

accordion, an instrument which has for some time been known among us, and admired for the richness of its tone, and its susceptibility of varied expression in the hand of a skilful performer. But an objection existed against it, and particularly on the part of the ladies, and that was its want of dignity, both in the method of holding and inflating it, which was any thing but graceful. These defects have yielded to the talent, musical as well as mechanical, of Mr. Coleman. He has inclosed his apparatus in the body of a graceful lute, which imparts to the tone great dopth and mellowness, and the compass by far exceeds that of the simple accordion. On the face of the instrument is a double key-board, perfectly easy of management by the right hand. Of these key-boards, the lower is an echo-stop, of peculiar beauty; the singular sweetness of which makes us realize those lines of old Herrick:

"The magic touch of music doth most wound The soul, when it doth rather sigh than sound."

The left hand, rising and falling with a graceful motion, supplies the instrument with air, and, at the same time, commands four strings or stops, which form the lute. These stops produce the varied modifications of the tremolo, the shake and the swell. And yet, with all these capabilities, the instrument is no larger than the common guitar—quite as light and easy in the handling, and far more elegant, not to say striking, in its appearance. In performance, it rests, like the guitar, on the knee, or may be appended by a riband, round the neck; in either way, it is well calculated to call forth a display of grace and elegance of execution. We augur every success to this ingenious and native invention.

# EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Marian; or, a Young Maid's Fortune. By Mrs. S. C. Hall. Harpers, New York: Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Another delightful work from the pen of Mrs. Hall. It gives us pleasure to praise this lady. Her writings, like those in our own Book, are remarkable for their moral and healthy tone. Who does not remember Uncle Horace, and that sweetest of stories—The Bannow Post Man. Her tales, illustrative of the manners of her countrymen, are among her best efforts.

Marian is full of humour and point—the dialogue sparkles with wit, and the interest of the book ceases not a moment from the first page to the last.

Romance of Travel, or Tales of Five Lands. By N. P. Willis. S. Colman: 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Mr. Willis is one of our most agreeable writers. His style is lively and sparkling, and he aketches both scenes and characters with a great deal of skill. The present collection contains several very exquisite novelettes.

The Factory Boy. By Mrs. Trollope. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This work does not deserve the praises bestowed upon it. It is coarse and extravagant; without much pathos or ability of any kind.

Harpers' Family Library, No. LXXXVI., to XCII. New York, 1840.

These six volumes contain Tytler's Universal History, with an addition, bringing it down to the death of George III., by Rev. Dr. Nares. The valuable work of Professor Tytler has long been known to the public as a well digested, clear, and instructive performance, in which the narrative, arrangement and reflections are alike deserving of encomium. In presenting this work through the medium of the Family Library, the Harpers have done an acceptable service to the reading public, especially as it is now rendered complete by the addition of the volume prepared by Dr. Nares. It is for sale at Carey & Hart's.

#### Memoirs and Reminiscences of the French Revolution. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

This is another added to the thousand works already written on the same inexhaustible theme. It is lively, pleasant, and anecdotal; full of spirited descriptions both of persons and events; and containing, along with a great deal that is familiar to every body, much that is quite new. Madame Tussaud, the author, was an artist of great celebrity in her day, and she seems to have possessed peculiar facilities for gathering the kind of information most likely to be of interest. The book abounds in interesting skotches.

# The Letter Bag of the Great Western. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

This Book purports to be a series of letters written by persons on hoard the Great Western, including passengers, &c., in characteristic style. It was written by the ingenious author of Sam Slick, and contains much of the humour and satire which mark that excellent production. Some passages of the present publication are rather broad.

#### The Fright. 2 vols. Carey & Hart, 1840.

Nan Darrell and the Squire, made for the writer of these volumes a reputation which her present efforts will not discredit. It is the best novel of the season but one, is an agreeable work, and will be generally admired.

# Trials of the Heart. 2 vols. Carey & Hart.

This is another good book by a lady. It comprises a series of well written tales, in illustration of the affections.

# DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1—A perfectly unique cloak, and more particularly adapted for the month of March, which, although a spring month, is apt sometimes to be very bleak. It is a garment holding a position betwixt and between—the remnant of winter and commencement of spring. It is of cream coloured cashmere, or silk lined with blue satin, bordered with a rouleau of the same, trimmed with blue silk cords and tassels of the same. Hat open shape, interior trimmed with morning glories, and exterior to suit the fancy.

Fig. 2.—Dress of white cambric, figured with sprigs, trimmed with two flowers, edges worked with worsted to match the sprigs. Also, waist ribbon to match black lace scarf. Hat of white satin, trimmed with flowers.

Fig. 3.—Walking or Carriage Costume.—Dress of gros de Naples, the fashion of the season, ornamented with two very deep flounces; the lower one the deepest. Corsage half-high, with a flat collar, attached in front with a large brooch; long cloak mantelet of organdi, lined with pale pink or blue taffetas, and trimmed entirely round with very deep white lace. It may be tied in front with a pink silk cord and tassels to correspond with the lining. Hat of paille de riz, trimmed with pink; underneath the front is a garniture of full-blown ruses. The hair is in bands, as far as the temples, the ends braided, and falling low at each side of the face (see plate.) A gold feronmiers crosses the brow and encircles the head.

#### CHIT CHAT OF PASHIONS.

Description of Rich Dresses lately worn at an entertainment in London.

Countess of Wemyss and March—A magnificent train of sapplire blue broche en d'or, lined with white satin, surrounded with a garniture of blue satin, intermixed with gold lama, and bordered with a handsome blonde; bodice and sleeves of blue broche en d'or to correspond, ornamented with an elegant blonde en suite; stomacher of white satin and gold broche; petticoat of rich white satin, superbly embroidered en tablier. Head dress, a plume of ostrich feathers, magnificent lappets of gold blonde; ornaments, diamonds and amethysts.

Baroness L. Rothschild-A Court dress, composed of a rich

white watered silk, trimmed, en tablier, with silver blonde revert; train of rich pink brocade, with silver bouquets, and lined with white satin; body and sleeves richly trimmed with silver blonde. Head dress, plume of feathers, silver blonde lapoets, and diamonds.

Lady Lucy Clive—Manteau of rich pink and white brocaded satin, lined with white satin, and trimmed round with a wide frill of blonde, headed with a rouleau of satin, under a pufing of net; corsage of the same, handsomely trimmed with blonde net and riband; a very rich white satin petticoat, tastefully festooned, en tablier, with tulle and riband. Head dress, feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, a profusion of diamonds.

Countess of Mexborough.—Dress of rich lilac and fawncoloured satis, trimmed with festoons of deep blonde; train to correspond, lined with lilac satin, and superbly trimmed with festoons of blonde, the whole of British manufacture. Head dress, plume of white feathers, diamonds, and amethyst.

Aprons are in very great vogue; in our April Fashions we will give a beautiful one. The majority of those worn are of plaided taffetas, trimmed either with black fringe or black lace, they are also made in mousseline de lain, a plain ground embroidered in coloured silks with bouquets of flowers. Where an apron is worn in meglige, it is frequently of plain gray silk, with a narrow embroidery in rose colour, on a plain blue ground. Some are also seen of muslin, trimmed with lace, and lined with rose or blue saranet.

Gold pencils suspended to the neck, with a fine gold chain, are now much worn.

The Figures in this number, and those that will be published in the next, comprise the whole variety of Spring fathions. There will be in all fourteen figures. Publishing as we do, fashions every month, coloured and plain, it gives our subscribers an advantage for variety which is not furnished by any other publication.

PARASOLAFOR OPEN CARRIAGES.—They are perfectly calcultured for that purpose, of a very small size, and with folding sticks, so that they may be used to shade the face as a fan; they are composed of pout de soie. Some are trimmed with fringes; others have an embroidered border.

SPRING SHAWLS.—Those of China crape are expected to be the most in favour this summer; they are, without dispute, the most elegant of all the fancy shawls that have appeared for some years. They are embroidered in superb patterns of quite a novel kind; instead of being figured in the loom, they are embroidered in silk, and without any wrong side.

RUNO HABITS.—The corsages differ, for though they are always tight, some are made buttoned from top to bottom, and others with large lapels; frilled shirts are indispensable with these latter; the jackets are short and not very full, the skirt is of the usual width and length, and the sleeves tight. The cloth that these habits are composed of must be of a very slight kind, either black or blue. Habits made with the corsage closed down the front have it fastened, and buttons placed at regular distances, through which the high shirt is seen; it is plaited like that of a man's, and trimmed with lace. The sleeve is tight, and the jacket very long. These habits may be made in casimier, or in double merino. Some also are made with the skirt composed of either of these materials, and the corsage of velvet.

# NEW RECEIPT TO MAKE LAVENDER WATER AND LAVENDER VINEGAR.

Take two ounces of fresh lavender spikes, put them into a wide mouthed bottle, which must be well stopped, and pour upon them a quart of spirits of wine at thirty-two degrees. Let them steep a month, and then filter through filtering paper. Dried lavender does not answer so well as the fresh-

Lavender Vinegar.—Take three pounds of fresh lavender spikes, let them steep during one month in four quarts of strong vinegar; filter through paper.

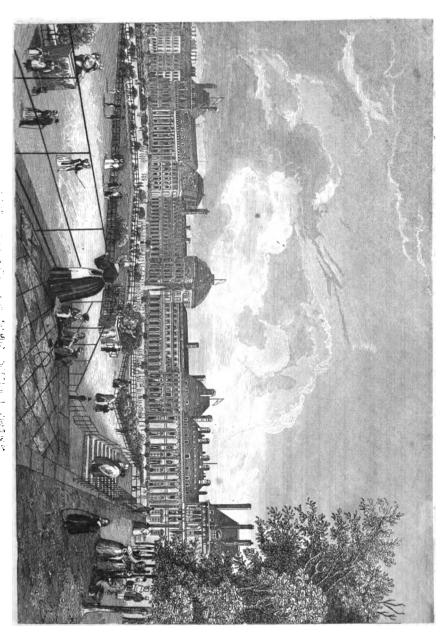
They are both delightfully refreshing for the toilette, is warm weather. Rosemary vinegar is made in the sam way, and is also very agreeable.

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# L A D Y'S B O O K.

APRIL, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE SABBATH.

# BY ALEXANDER H. EVERETT.

Or all the subjects that can be presented to the contemplation of the people at large, Religion is the one in which they take the deepest interest. Of all the occupations in which they can be engaged, religious exercises are those which habitually produce in their minds the strongest excitement. If it were the object of a lawgiver, independently of any other consideration of expediency and duty, merely to provide the people with the means of agreeable occupation and amusement for a day of rest, he could not do it so well, if at all, in any other way, as by instructing them to devote it to religion.

Religion reveals to us the secret of our higher and better nature, lifts us above the common offices of daily life, into communion with the sublime Spirit, whose word created and whose incomprehensible emence infuses and sustains the universe. It teaches us that we are not, as the bare theories of a detestable sophistry would represent us, merely a different order of the same race of beings with the brutes that surround us, destined like them to pass an ephemeral life, and then sink into nothing, but that we possess within us the germ of a heavenly nature, for which death is only the opening of a new form of existence, and which will develope its faculties hereafter through countless ages of happiness or misery, accordingly as the opportunities for improvement afforded here have been improved or neglected.

Religion expands the intellect by familiarizing us with the most interesting questions in the philosophy of morals and mind. It enlarges the heart by repressing the selfish and encouraging the social and benevolent feelings. It checks our pride in prosperity and our depression in adversity, by impressing upon us the trifling importance of all our present interests when compared with those which belong to us as candidates for a higher state of existence. It consoles us under the agony of parting from those we love, by the reflection that we shall meet them

again in scenes of permanent happiness. In a word, it changes the universe from a chaos of confusion and misery, to a grand and beautiful creation, the fit residence and temple of the high and holy One that inhabiteth eternity.

It is not in nature for those who believe these sublime truths to hear about them or think of them without the strongest excitement. What is there is on the most absorbing affairs, the most exquisite entertainments, that can ever claim in this respect to come into competition with them? What is there, for example, in the fable of the most highly wrought and beautifully written romance, which can be compared, for deep and absorbing interest, with the splendid history of creation and redemption, of which the record is the Bible, the scene the universe, the time eternity, God, superior beings, and ourselves the sub-Who ever complained of not being excited by the proceedings in a case at law, in which his property or life were at issue? In the case which is argued every Sabbath in the courts of God, there is more at stake than any earthly property or mortal life, our share in the inheritance of a better world, our happiness or misery throughout all eternity.

The mightiest minds of every age and country have exhausted the resources of language in expressing the delight with which they habitually dwell upon this subject. "I would rather," says Lord Bacon, "believe all the fables of the Talmud and the Alcoranthan that this universal Frame is without a Mind." Schilles in his beautiful Hymn to Pleasure, represents her banner as waving on the sun-bright rock of Religion: with the monarch minstrel of Scripture, the being of God is a motive for general exultation and jubilec. "The Lord reigneth: let the earth rejoice." He does not consider it a tiresome and gloomy employment of time to attend public worship. "I was glad when they said unto me, let us go up to the house of the Lord: my soul longeth, yea, fainteth for

the courts of the Lord: my heart and my flesh cry out for the living God."

Will it be said that these are the high aspirations of superior minds, improved by every accidental advantage, but that they are above the comprehension of the mass of the people, who can only be excited and amused by objects and pleasures of a purely sensual character? Those who entertain this opinion do great injustice to the mass of the people, and have formed a very inadequate conception of the dignity and elevation of the human character, even in its lowest estate. To all who have reflected on the science of government, and arrived at just conclusions, it is known that religion is the chief element which consolidates and holds together the fabric of society. In a great many countries, it is the force ostensibly and formally employed for this purpose: in others, as with us, it operates indirectly: but how would it produce the effect in either way, if the mass of the people were indifferent to it? It was said by Gibbon that the introduction of Christianity was one of the principal causes of the decline of the Roman empire. This was wholly false in fact; and sounder thinkers, reasoning on a directly opposite view of the subject, have agreed that the civilizing and consolidating influence of Christianity on the rude minds of the barbarian invaders of that empire, was the chief cause which formed the new political creations that grew up out of its ruins. "The kingdom of France," Montesquieu, "was the work of the bishops," and we know that with the Pope at their head, they governed Europe for several centuries. In all this there was much abuse, but the very extent of the abuse proves the strength of the principle. If the mass of the people are indifferent to religion, how happened it that the whole civilized world was thrown into convulsions for a hundred and fifty years by the religious divisions of the Reformation, convulsions of which the great political revolutions of our own day, are among the indirect results?

Or, to look more nearly at our own people, and the common experience of daily life, what are the books that circulate most widely through all the classes of the community? We know that where the popular works on any other subject are sold by thousands, those that treat of religion are sold by tens and hundreds of thousands. Would this be the case if the people did not feel a deep interest in the subject? It will perhaps be said that this difference is in part the effect of exertion. There are Bible Societies, Tract Societies, Missionary Societies, which are all busy in distributing religious books, and this is the reason why they circulate so widely. But why are there no such associations for the distribution of books on history, politics, and the other branches of useful knowledge? There is evidently no other reason excepting that the people take a much deeper interest in religion than they do in any of these subjects, interesting and important as they certainly are.

Is it said that public devotional exercises are regarded by the people as gloomy or tiresome? How happens it then that in each of our large cities forty or fifty churches are regularly crowded every Sabbath twice, and often three or four times in the same day? I had the pleasure, not long since, of attending an evening lecture in one of the largest churches in Boston, where every seat up to the top of the pulpit stairs was occupied, and every alley filled with persons standing, all listening with breathless interest to a

sermon a full hour long. There were probably very few of this audience who had not attended church twice before on the same day, and not one who was under any obligation or compulsion to attend at all. In the less thickly settled parts of this country where the means of assisting in the public exercises of religion are not supplied in the usual way, the inhabitants of a considerable extent of territory collect together from time to time, and hold a permanent assembly of several days for this purpose, under the name of a camp-meeting. Is it probable that crowds of people would congregate from distances of therty, forty, or perhaps a hundred miles, and engage by the week together in devotional exercises, if they felt no interest and took no pleasure in them? I mean not to commend in every respect the order or the results of these meetings; but I say that they strongly evince the deep hold which the subject takes of the public mind.

Facts like these sufficiently prove that it is not considered by the public as a gloomy and tiresome employment of the Sabbath to devote it to religious exercises. Where the attention is deeply, without being painfully engaged, the frame of mind is for the time agreeable; and I am far from being certain that any thing would be gained, even on the score of cheerfulness, by substituting a different method of observing the Sabbath, from that which is generally in use in this country. It has been my fortune to witness the celebration of this sacred festival in some of the capitals of Europe, where the greater part of it is regularly devoted to public sports, and where the theatres are open twice as long as on any other day of the week. I have seen the French peasants dancing under the trees on Sunday afternoons, in their holiday dresses; and I can say with perfect truth, that I know no place in which the return of the Sabbath is welcomed with so much interest, and the occupations it brings with it, pursued with so much cheerfulness as in the metropolis of the Pilgrims, where it is wholly devoted to religion. Let any one walk the streets of Boston on a fine Sabbath morning, when the bells are all ringing and the whole population of both sexes in their best attire, repairing to their respective places of worship, and if the scene do not produce upon his mind a more pleasing impression than the tumult of a bull-fight, or the noisy mirth of a rustic dance, I can only say that his mental constitution is different from mine.

## ADVICE TO INSTRUCTERS OF YOUTH.

THE preceptors of youth, of either sex, ought, however, to be again and again admonished of the importance of the task which they have undertaken, and also of its difficulty.

It is their duty to be patient with the dull, and steady with the froward—to encourage the timid, and repress the insolent—fully to employ the minds of their pupils, without overburdening them—to awaken their fear, without exciting their dislike—to communicate the stores of knowledge according to the capacity of the learner, and to enforce obedience by the strictness of discipline. Above all, it is their bounden duty to be ever on the watch, and to check the first beginnings of vice. For valuable as knowledge may be, virtue is infinitely more valuable; and worse than useless are these mental accomplishments, which are accompanied by deprayity of heart.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE PRISON SABBATH-SCHOOL.

BY MRS. ELIZABETH C. STEDMAN.

In the Auburn prison, N. Y., a Sunday-School is conducted by the Students of the Theological Seminary, in that place.

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And trembled as the yielding bolts threw back its massive door:

There had I seen the convict bow'd before his daily task, And mark'd his stolen glance, that seem'd for pity's tear to

Nor did it ask in vain the tear, for ah! what feeling eye Could see so much of human woe-of sin, and yet be dry? And as I turn'd again to breathe blest freedom's purer air, For the poor criminal, my heart sent up its silent prayer.

Again I sought the prison walls-'twas on a Sabbath morn, When the bright sun did nature's face with holy smiles adom.

When the free birds their matin songs were offering to the skies,

And prayers of saints, " like incense sweet," seem'd on the air

For I had seen the convict's toil, and now would see him

Upon the day which was alike, for free and captive blest; Would hear his voice, in contrite tones, of peace and pardon speak,

Whose tongue the Sabbath-bell had loosed, held silent through the week.

Within those guarded walls, where law inflicts the iron rod, I found a spot that bore the sign, of "Holiness to God!" And there were met in clean attire, the sinner of gray bairs.

And the aggressor, whose young brow, Cain's brand so early bears.

THRICE in the busy week, my steps had trod the prison But now, the Christian's prayer, which not by bolts nor bare is bound.

> Ascended in the prisoner's cause, and heavenly audience found; Till many an eye, unused to weep, by infamy long seal'd, Touch'd by those kind, imploring tones, the glistening tear

reveal'd.

But when the prayer had ceased, that band of brothers in one CRUSA

Each, to his class of convict-souls, explain'd Jehovah's laws; Told how the eye of Purity, beholds the sinful heart,

And of the Lamb, whose cleansing blood can life and hope impart.

I mark'd the eyes, which guilt and shame had bent towards the ground,

With an inquiring gaze light up, at blest Salvation's sound-That Christ doth ope the prison doors-by him the captive's

And that when HE gives liberty, the soul is "free indeed!"

The harden'd heart seem'd melting 'neath the beams of grace divine,

And in the darkest mind some rays of heavenly light did shine: They turn'd away-full many a soul with gratitude to swell, And each with Heaven's own Book—a lamp, to cheer his lonely cell.

The creaking hinges moved once more, the iron bolts flew back.

My free and buoyant step again was on the homeward track; And from my inmost soul, I pray'd that blessings might descend

On those, whose pious hearts were stirr'd to be the prisoners' friend.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE DISAPPOINTED MANŒUVRER.

BY MISS S, HOLLAND.

[Concluded from p. 130.] CHAPTER III.

Miss Angelica Crafts arose with the earliest waking of the young day, and had just enough recollection of her character of blue, to dress herself in something of Arcadian style, and repair to the little arbour that was covered with luxuriant hop vines, and where with book in hand she went to taste the beauties of morn; or if such were her destiny, to be in a state of preparation for a surprise from Henry Mourton.

But alas! such was not to be her happy expenence, the only surprise she was fated to endure, was that occasioned by a summons to breakfast, which in fact would have been no surprise at all, had not her reverie been too deep-too delightful, to allow her to give her attention to the flight of time. The day past, however, and Mourton came not. Miss Angelica knew that something must have happened to prevent him, therefore she sympathized with him,

as much as she regretted his absence. But when several days passed without his indicating, by a visit, any particular desire for her society, both the Misses Crafts felt disappointed and surprised. And when days had grown into weeks, hope darkened into doubts and fears, and these misgivings begat new manœuvrings, plans and stratagems to induce Mourton to surrender and fulfil the hopes his own flattering words had awakened. But still all would not do-Angelica was in despair—and even the worthy aunt was something crest fallen. Nevertheless she was not the person to despair at the first dawn of adverse fortune; she saw that much might be done, and it only remained for her to decide on what would be the safest, surest means to produce the desired effect, for this able politician to commence her task. After an hour's consultation then with her niece on ways and means, they came to the conclusion that much might be achieved by getting up a splendid party-in which Mourton would not only see how well Angelica could acquit herself as queen of the festival,

but he should see the kind of people they could assemble on such an occasion-he should see that their associates were like themselves, "at the top of the tree." They concluded, indeed, to have the whole affair managed in such a way, and attended with such circumstances of style and show, as should impress him at once with Angelica's peculiar qualifications and taste, in arranging such affairs; exhibiting thus her ability to manage such an establishment as he would be likely to own, and show him at the same time that she was surrounded by all the appointments of wealth and fashion in her father's house-short lived wealth 'tis true, but Mourton was not necessarily to know that. And Miss Angelica smiled as all these arrangements were made, and was just enough of a heroine to exclaim aloud when her aunt left the room.

"My plan must be successful! Mourton will marry of course, and where could he find a more devoted heart than mine, or one who has the same chances of winning him? In my case nothing shall be left undone, and I know of none that would be at all likely to rival me—none of superior claims." The thought of her being older than Mourton would intrude on her, but this thought did not find its way into her soliloquy.

The next day was employed by Miss Angelica in making a list of all that it would be proper and expedient to invite to this contemplated party, that was to outdo any thing these worthy coadjutors had ever attempted on any former occasion.

To make sure of the Mourtons, Miss Angelica had warned them of what was in embryo, and had received the delightful assurance that they might certainly be counted on—and sure of them, there was nothing left to fear, and their measures were accordingly taken with all becoming despatch. Miss Angelica wrote diligently at her list of names, and her aunt looked over her shoulder and struck out, or added to the list as she thought best.

Miss Sandbanks was summoned to aid both in council and combat, and from being a young lady of no pretensions, was a vast favorite with both these ladies. Miss Angelica could do nothing without consulting Miss Sandbanks; and Miss Sandbanks as on this occasion she assisted in remembering and writing the names of those that were to be bidden, wrote the name of Laura Bennet, and when she had done so, she said,

"Of course, Angelica, you will invite Miss Bennet with the Newmans."

"Of course I shall do no such thing," cried Miss Angelica. "I have no idea of feeding her vanity, by giving her a chance of showing off her airs here; she thinks rather too much of herself, and is too conceited already."

"No, indeed," cried the aunt, reddening at the very thought, "I have not forgotten how she behaved at Mrs. Catchim's party, where she continued to keep Mr. Mourton by her side all the evening, and where she even refused to dance, that she might the more effectually play off her airs with him. Indeed her behaviour on that night was enough to disgust him, and Mrs. Catchim says she has no doubt of its having done so, and that is what she gets by her assurance."

"She is welcome to all the influence she possesses with Mr. Mourton," cried Miss Angelica, with a look of ineffible dignity; "but the fact is, Miss Sandbanks, Laura Bennet is a girl I never could bear,

she has so many airs, and is so vain of her little beauty, and presumes so much upon what she has been, that she is positively diagusting. If she thinks that I owe her anything for those cuffs she worked for me, I can invite her sometime when we have no company; but I certainly do not wish the Mourtons to think that she is one that I consider on an equality with myself—they know her situation as well as we do, and would judge of us accordingly."

"That they certainly would," said the aunt, "you will not find Helen Mourton inviting her, I'll engage, for all she followed her about so the other night, and would not be satisfied only as she was holding Helen's hand." Miss Sandbanks agreed with the ladies exactly—wondered she should have been so stupid as to think of inviting her, and hastened to atone for her mistake by expunging her name.

The most beautiful note paper was now procured, with seals of every rare device and fashion, and the invitations were forthwith despatched in the most elegant little lady-like hand imaginable. When the returns came in, the ladies found that they were to have a large party. Scarcely any regrets, and this circumstance only gave them fresh animation and pleasure, as they wished the Mourtons to see that they could not only get up a splendid party, but a squeeze. Amongst the first acceptances on elegant perfumed paper, came Mourton's and Helen's; 80 far all was well. But oh! the painfully pleasing task of preparing for a large party—the endless variety that must be collected—the buying, the begging, and the borrowing-the confectioners, upholsters and waiters—the mantuamakers, milliners, and hair dressers that must be called into requisition. But these ladies were accustomed to these things in all their perplexing varieties, especially the begging and borrowing part of the business. Indeed, Miss Tabitha Crafts generally contrived it in such a way, that there was not a guest invited who did not remotely or immediately contribute to the feast; and insooth her parties might mostly be classed under the head of pic-nics, when each of her guests is expected to furnish his quota to the entertainment.

As every thing was to be on the scale of superior splendour, of course Miss Angelica's dress must be in keeping; her aunt, therefore, after some conference with Miss Sandbanks, who, as we before observed, was as a sort of adjunct or consulting assistant, it was concluded that Miss Angelica should go to Mrs. Broadpattern, and order an embroidered white satin, full trimmed with point lace. Broadpattern, who was very kind and obliging, stopped every thing to have it ready at the appointed time; and sure enough at the right time the dress came home in a bandbox of Mrs. Broadpattern's, and pinned to the towel that was laid over it, was that ladies' bill, for forty-six dollars! "Tis true the bill rather exceeded what Miss Tabitha Crafts had expected; but then the dress was certainly magnificent, and it might be the means of procuring the necessity of a wedding-dress; under that view of the subject, the expense was not to be thought of; neither did either of these ladies think it at all worth while to count the cost of a splendid new set of ornaments. Mr. Anthony Crafts was not in town, and could not be consulted—they could not be dispensed with, and Mr. Anthony Crafts might pay for them when he could. Aunt Tabitha thought it was not so much that Angelica enjoyed of her stepmother's fortune, that she should be denied this indulgence.

But now, through the dint of the most praiseworthy industry and exertion, all things pertaining to the party were completed. To be sure Miss Tabitha had some failures, and disappointments, and vexation in her department, as who that gives parties has not; but they were trifling to what some encounter, and nothing in sooth happened amiss that could not in some measure be retrieved. With Angelica all was happy promise. The important day dawned, and it was as charming a day as ever smiled on a festival, and the three graces were as smiling as the day. The middle of the afternoon found them in such a state of mature readiness, that they repaired to the same room to talk over the achievement they had performed, and to consult still more touching the arrangements of sundry important matters that it would be premature to meddle with till the party began.

When that subject was concluded, which, contrary to what most writers would pretend, took up much more time than it has taken the writer of these pages to transcribe, the important subject of Miss Angelica's dress was taken up, and Miss Tabitha and Miss Sandbanks undertook the interesting task of presiding over the toilet, and never did she look either in her own or in their estimation half so irresistible—never had she anticipated such fatal consequences from the combination of her dress and beauty-every ornament that she put on-every ringlet, where reposed a cupid in ambush, and withal, the winning sweetness that was put on to match with the other appendages, were intended to make one compound solvent for the heart of Mourton. Indeed she felt a confidence of success—she viewed "the living Hector as the dead," took "one long lingering look" at her mirror before descending to the drawing-rooms; and came to the conclusion she would act the belle on that occasion, unaided by the Mue.

Her aunt was no less sanguine, she knew that much time and money had been expended, and she looked forward confidently to a handsome return; and when she saw the finishing touch put to Angelica's dress, and saw how much her beauty was enhanced by such unwonted splendour, though she did not exclaim with Mrs. Kilcorban, "Lord help the men to-night," she certainly thought "Lord help Henry Mourton;" and she felt so happy and satisfied with the result of all her efforts, that she could not forbear giving Miss Sandbanks a word of encouragement; she told her she looked very well, and there was no knowing but that she might catch a beau Indeed from the jaunty style in which her own dress was arranged, it did not seem altogether impossible but that Miss Tabitha might have had some lingering thought of the kind herself.

But now all was joyous excitement and motion, the oxthodox hour had come, the drawing-room which had been closely shut and dark during the day to exclude the flies, were now thrown open to admit warms of lovely fluttering creatures who had at least this advantage above the flies—of their having been bedden to sip the sweets from which the former were excluded. Miss Angelica had now taken her stand in the middle of the front drawing-room, supported by Miss Sandbanks as a sort of delicate toad eater.

Miss Tabitha, as was her wont on such occasions,

had put on a look, which admirably partook of the benevolent and sentimental, arranged the miniature of Mr. Cricket, so as to exhibit as much of the gold case as possible, and seated herself on a corner of the sofa, in an attitude of serene expectation, most beautiful to behold. The guests were now arriving, and the rooms were one blaze of light; their muslin curtains fell in graceful folds over the open windows, which sufficiently screened those within from observation, without excluding the grateful breeze. faster and thicker came the members of the party, and Miss Angelica and Miss Sandbanks could scarcely recover from one sweeping graceful courtesy, before a fresh arrival called upon them for a new edition; and in a short time Miss Tabitha's elegant drawingrooms were one mingled glittering ottar of rose and musk-giving mass. And as the rush of many waters grows louder as we approach nearer, or as the voice of the tempest whose roar at first is faint, when heard amidst the distant pines, but which increases in power and terrifying sound as it sweeps through the neighbouring forest, or bends to its will the tree that shelters our door-so was the voice of that mixed assembly; at first a low and irresolute hum or half whisper, till gaining confidence as it gained numbers, it broke on the ear in one loud uproar, one ceaseless din to which the confusion of Babel would have doubtless been a low breathed harmony.

The Mourton's were the last to arrive; Miss Tabitha saw the carriage from the window, from which she had been on the watch for the last half hour, and telegraphed the same to her neice, who instantly hastened into the hall to meet and welcome them. She had decided on a certain peculiar naivette of manner and style of greeting, which was to be perfectly irresistible; but she had no sooner entered than she became very natural and very pale, for Helen Mourton leaned on the arm of young Howard, instead of her brother; and scarcely knowing what she did, she flew past them without greeting of any kind, to the door, to assure herself at once that he was there.

"My brother is not there," said Helen, something piqued at her own reception, and fully aware of Miss Angelica's solicitude.

"Not here!" she exclaimed, "but surely he is coming?"

"I am sorry to say that he will not have that pleasure," said Helen, who was really alarmed at Miss Angelica's consternation and dismay. "And will he not come at all?" she asked, with that tone of anxious solicitude that one might be expected to betray in asking a question, the solution of which would be life or death.

"He has found much to his own disappointment, it would be impossible for him to come at all this evening; but here is his apology," she continued, as she handed her a beautiful little pink perfumed billet. doux. As a drowning man would catch at a straw, so did poor Angelica catch at the faint hope this afforded her, and leaving Helen and young Howard to find their way or not to the drawing-rooms, she walked under the light of the lamp to read it. But at this, to them most embarrassing crisis, Miss Tabitha Crafts came to the rescue. She seemed delighted to see them, wondered they had waited so long, and was just leading the way to the parlour, when she discovered that Mourton was not of the party; and before poor Helen was permitted to approach an inch

nearer the festal scene, she was obliged to go through pretty much such a cross-examination as she had been subjected to by Miss Angelica. Miss Tabitha, of course, displayed more self command on the occasion, yet it was easy to discover that she was not the less deeply mortified and disappointed, but however she might guard her lips, she could not "turn the trouble of her countenance upon herself;" and when she again joined the party, every one was sensible of the cloud that rested on her brow. It was too dark, too heavy for a ray of sunshine to penetrate.

Meantime Angelica left to herself, could more fully comprehend Mourton's note, which, with the greatest agitation, and with the blending and mingling of such passions and feelings, as it would be impossible to describe, she read as follows:

# " To Miss Angelica Crafts.

"Henry Mourton regrets that an event, which at another time he should have hailed with unmingled pleasure, has debarred him from the happiness of making one of your delightful party. To you, however, who will be surrounded by the fair and gay, the absence of one of so little importance as the writer of this note, can be of but trifling moment; yet he must confess that he has just selfishness enough, to wish that Miss C. should have a choice in his presence.

'And bleet though ye be amid the gay cheer, 'Some kind voice would whisper, I wish he were here.'

Yours, truly,

H. MOURTON.

Mourton Hall, June 9th, 1839."

Poor Angelica was almost as much perplexed at this note, as she was distressed and chagrined at Mourton's absence. "What can he mean?" she asked herself, "a pleasureable circumstance detains him, and yet he wishes me to regret his absence; that would be well—cruel—unkind Mourton—you have given me too fatal a cause to regret your absence."

As she thus spoke she crushed the ill-omened note in her trembling hand, and turned to join the company, when, as she did so, she caught a sight of her own radiant form in the hall mirror, and she sickened and grew pale as she reflected that she was shining to no purpose, in at least one tenth part of her father's income. But she made a violent effort to look proud and unconcerned; she remembered too, that Howard was present, and before she had fixed on Mourton, she had cherished the hope that he might be brought over—it was a sickly one, however, and it died entirely, just as Mourton returned to the country.

"If that hope can revive," she murmured, as she walked towards the scene of action—" it shall be cherished; if Howard has a heart, this night shall be the proof"—and she walked towards the spot where he stood, having made up her mind to try what could be done with him, and at the same time to let Helen Mourton see that she was not utterly undone on account of her brother's absence.

"Miss Sandbanks," said a servant who had beekoned that lady out of the room, "Miss Crafts says that the loaf-cake, that is dressed with orange flowers, is not to be cut 'pon no account; and she wants you to have the champaigne bottles tooken out of the ice and sont back in the cellar agin."

Miss Prattle was standing near the door, and be-

fore the evening was over, every one in the room knew that the cake dressed with orange flowers, and the champaigne, were prohibited. "That piece of information," whispered some impudent wag to a lady, "was the first course."

Meantime the party went on, and very soon more substantial refreshments made their appearance; but the party was very large, and as Miss Sandbanks saw the trays rapidly becoming empty, and the cake baskets exhibiting nothing but crumbs, she dispatched one of the waiters to inform Miss Tabitha Crafts that a fresh supply was wanted; but she looked in vain for the return of either mistress or man.

The merriment did not abate as the evening advanced. Regular relays of refreshments of every kind came in at proper intervals; and though not answering exactly in quantity to the demand, yet still it did very well. As the night was too warm for dancing, promenading, singing, and playing formed sufficient variety—every one seemed pleased, and the party appeared to conclude as happily as it began. The parting words were spoken, the parting courtesies were made; and before two o'clock the house was reduced to a state of quiet, if not repose.

#### CHAPTER IV.

BEFORE retiring to bed that night the three ladies were again found in the same chamber, for the purpose of talking over the events of the evening. But, with what different hopes and feelings was this council held! On entering the room, Miss Angelica threw herself into a chair, and the feelings she had so painfully repressed during the evening, she attempted not now to control; and she burst into a passionate flood of tears. Miss Tabitha, who had possessed herself of Mourton's note, was reading it with a countenance which plainly told that every word was like gall and bitterness; and Miss Sandbanks stood in hopeless amazement. She felt as though there was nothing for her to do, for it was a subject that would neither admit of condolence nor flattery. But as Miss Tabitha would occasionally read portions of the note aloud, she caught enough to know that it was some happy event he seemed to have in anticipation; that they considered " the unkindest cut of all;" and as Miss Tabitha concluded and asked her niece, as she had done a number of times during its perusal, what that part could mean, Miss Sandbanks recollected with much satisfaction that she could solve the mystery. She therefore related a conversation that she had heard pass between Miss Mourton and another young lady, where Miss Mourton stated that a most unexpected circumstance connected with his intended trip to Ningara, had prevented him from keeping his engagement.

"For Niagara!" almost shricked Angelica. "Can it be possible that he is actually going without announcing his intentions; what earthly reasons can he have for secrecy. It cannot be true—you have misunderstood, Miss Sandbanks."

Miss Sandbanks had the courage to insist upon it that she had heard correctly, and that she had also understood from Miss Mourton that she was to be of the party.

"Party!" exclaimed both ladies in a breath.
"Then they have made up a party," continued Miss
Angelica, "without paying me the compliment of
even acquainting me with their plans."

Angelica ceased, for her voice was choked with emotion.

"Don't be distressed," cried Miss Tabitha, "I can arrange things for you yet. I know that it has not been an intentional slight—merely an oversight that I can set to rights. I will just intimate to them your wish and intention of visiting the Falls, and they will of course be delighted for you to make one of the party."

"Make one of the party indeed!" thought Miss Angelica—"that is not just the ground I expected to

stand on with Henry Mourton."

But without giving utterance to these thoughts she merely sighed deeply, and said that it would now be out of her power, on pecuniary considerations. She had been so expensive lately, that she knew her father would not be willing for her to incur further expense; indeed she was alarmed when she thought of what immense bills he would have to pay.

"Don't be distressed at that my love," said the kind aunt; " your father does not often trouble himself to inquire for what purpose money is wanting. He knows well, that I always spend it for the good of the family, and if he can command it I shall have it; and if he cannot, thank providence I have enough of my own. So cheer up my love, you shall see that I know how to manage such things. Poor Mr. Cricket has often and often said that he was thankful that he had plenty of money, as he knew of no one who knew so well how to spend it properly." Here the good lady sighed, and drawing the miniature from where it nestled in her belt, she gazed on it with as much softened sorrow in her look, as it might be reasonable to suppose a smart little smirking countenance, a turned up nose, and short well powdered hair, bristling in a half circle round a low forehead, would inspire.

The sigh was echoed by the fair Angelica, who intended it to be divided between sympathy for her aunt's sorrowful reminiscences, and her own unhappy fate. Miss Sandbanks sighed out of compliment to both ladies, and the council was dissolved for the night.

When Miss Tabitha Crafts arose on the following morning, it was indeed to behold a scene of "confusion worse confounded." All of course was disarray, defaced furniture, soiled carpets, faded garlands, unwashed glasses, smoking lamps and scattered fragments of the feast, met the troubled eye of the mistress at every turn. And she felt perhaps, more keenly than she had ever done, the heartlessness of adjusting such disorder. She had no longer the stimulant of hope; nothing left to expect. This state and condition of things is what might be termed the after-piece of parties, and like all other afterpieces is seldom relished. Miss Tabitha had in the first place to give her attention to the despatching to their proper destination the sundries she had borrowed from her neighbours, but to her great vexation a number of expensive articles had been either broken or purloined, and she would of course be obliged to replace them. And there was not a parcel that she returned through the day, that was not in part sent back to her as mismatched; some did not get the right number, some did not get their own. Her man was sent to the confectioner's with a glass-stand which had been borrowed to hold the cake that was fated not to be cut-he returned after staying half the morning, saying that some one had run against

him in the street, and by that means it fell on the pavement and was broken to pieces; he had gone to the confectioner's and related the circumstance, but he said it must be paid for, and had sent his bill.

Miss Tabitha nervously caught at the bill, and to her consternation read the sum total of seventy-six dollars; the items were cake, creams and fruits, wound up with the unfortunate glass-stand charged at five dollars. Poor Miss Tabitha could not be expected to bear this with patience, she exclaimed against the confectioner for his extortion and dishonesty, railed at her man for his carelessness, and though she did not give utterance to the last, she most bitterly lamented having been betrayed into such unwarrantable expense and folly; and really dreaded the idea of such bills being seen by her brother.

Miss Angelica had risen with a nervous head-ache, and listlessly sauntered through the rooms with Miss Sandbanks, listening to the recital of her aunt's various misfortunes and vexations; but the report from the confectioner was the drop too much, and completely out of heart and hope she went to bed, more mortified and annoyed than she had ever felt in her life before.

When dinner was over, Miss Tabitha ordered her man to saddle one of the coach-horses, and await her orders. Miss Angelica, with whom her aunt had held a long private conference an hour or two before, now made her appearance with a sealed letter, which was to be despatched to Mrs. Mourton. The loaf of forbidden cake was then demanded of Miss Sandbanks, which was accordingly produced. But alas! for the unfortunate Miss Sandbanks, when it was uncovered, behold to her unutterable consternation it exhibited a horrible gap on one side, besides sundry indications of where the scalping knife had been at work on the icing; in fact it was a perfect ruin-a mere fragment of itself. Miss Tabitha, almost petrified with horror and amazement, looked at Miss Sandbanks in speechless dismay. Miss Sandbanks looked at the cake, as though she expected from the yawning cavern in its side, a voice would issue to proclaim her innocence of any knowledge of the depredation, or any carelessness on her part; but the cake only spoke for itself, and she was obliged to do the same. Miss Tabitha Crafts did not, in so many words, charge Miss Sandbanks with the demolition of the cake, but she could in no wise conceal her extreme chagrin and displeasure. And some weeks afterwards, it was whispered amongst Miss Tabitha Crafts' friends that she had sustained many severe losses through Miss Sandbanks' carelessness; and the story of the cake found its way amongst them, with sundry able embellishments and variations.

But to return to Miss Tabitha Crafts, who as soon as she had regained sufficient composure, took all from the mutilated fragment that could be cut into a decent shape, and causing it to be wrapped in one of her handsomest damask towels, sent it with Angelica's letter and her compliments, to Mrs. Mourton, and ordered him to wait for an answer. Just at dark he returned; the three ladies were seated together in the drawing-room, the letter was given to the trembling hand of the agitated Angelica, and lights were ordered to be brought immediately. Before they came, however, poor Angelica had time to feel some of the alternations of hope and fear. She held in her hand the letter that might decide her

fate. It might be, it was probably a letter from Mourton—perhaps a declaration. Nay, it could scarcely be less, after the note she had received and the letter she had written. She almost gasped for breath, as this idea seemed to wear a form of certainty; and agitation and suspense had just reached their climax as the lights came, and with the only smile that had brightened her face since the ill fated party, she prepared to read the letter which ran as follows, and was from Mrs. Mourton.

"My Dear Angelica :- I am truly sorry that your application to visit the Falls under my son's escort had not been earlier made; doubtless it would have enhanced his happiness had you been included in their little party. But they left Mourton Hall this morning for the first line of cars. I am also very sorry to tell you that I fear poor Henry has been too precipitate in doing that, which if it should eventuate unfortunately, will leave him plenty of time for re-To be brief then, I must tell you that he was married at five o'clock this morning to Laura Bennet!-though not in rebellion, certainly not with my full approbation; and as the event will be the town talk in perhaps every exaggerated form, I thought I would take this opportunity of making you acquainted with the particulars, and trust to your kindness and friendship for giving the true version of the affair to those who may have had an erroneous detail.

Of course you knew that Colonel Bennet, though dissipated and unworthy of the care of so lovely a child as Laura, was nevertheless included in the aristocracy of Baltimore, and at one time maintained the character of a gentleman of high consideration. He disappeared, however, some six or eight years ago from Baltimore, and no one seemed to know to what portion of the earth he had directed his steps. Last summer when my son was in Florence, he most unexpectedly met with him. Mr. Bennet recognized Henry immediately, and invited him to his house, where he was living in great splendour; and where, after he found the treasure it contained, my poor boy often felt disposed to go. In this way he became acquainted with Laura; but I do not pretend to tell you all his romantic nonsense about it, suffice to say, that before Henry left Florence they were engaged. He left her with the understanding, that they were to meet again at that place when he should have finished his travels, where they were to be united, and return immediately to America. During his wandering, or at least for a long time they continued to correspond, when at length her letters were discontinued. In great anxiety Henry hastened to Florence, but found on reaching there that Bennet and his daughter had gone, no one knew where. All he could learn was that Bennet had staked his last dollar at the gaming table-had lost, and having old scores that he was unable to cancel, he made a precipitate retreat. He tried in vain to discover their location, and it was not till some time after his return that he learned that she had sought a refuge in the family of Mr. Newman, and was occupying the place of governess. Henry immediately wrote to her, and she answered his letter, but would not suffer him to visit her; and it is but due to that young lady to say, that situated as she was, she behaved with great propriety and dignity. And it was only owing to accident that Henry learned that she was suffering greater indignities at Mr. Newman's than such a situation would naturally

expose her to. He was deeply wounded and stung at that knowledge; and when he told me with tears of what he had discovered, though I could not approve, I could not break his heart by withholding my consent. The cause of his immediate union, however, was owing to some speech of Miss Bitters about her not being among the invited guests at your party; and though we knew why you should very properly withhold an invitation, it seems that Miss Bitters had formed a very erroneous estimate of your feelings towards the unprotected girl, and did not scruple to declare before the assembled household, that she was not such a person as you would choose to associate with. Though Henry felt well assured that such were not your feelings, he was so wounded and mortified that she should be in a situation subject to such remarks, that he entreated and obtained my consent for an immediate union. Mrs. Howard hearing of the treatment she had been subjected to. and the cruel remarks of Miss Bitters, kindly invited her to take refuge at her house, where they were married this morning at five o'clock; and unaccustomed as I am to early rising, I contrived to be there in time to witness the ceremony. And when I saw the lovely, young, confiding creature plighting her lasting faith with my dear boy, I could scarcely wait till the ceremony was concluded to take her in my arms, and tell her I would be her mother. Helen is almost as much in love with her as Henry; I am not sure that Mr. Howard does not think her heart almost too much divided. He is one of the bridal party, of course. They will probably be absent a month, and when they return I suppose Mourton Hall will once more present a scene of festivity.

"Please present my kind compliments to your good aunt, and many thanks for the cake; it was very nice indeed. Helen told me you had a delightful party; but your parties are always such. I hope you will take compassion on my solitude, and make me an early visit.

Yours, truly,

E. MOURTON."

Byron says,

"There is a grief that cannot feel,
That leaves a wound that will not heal."

If such a thing can be, such was the case with our heroine. Confounded, bewildered, and overwhelmed, it was long ere she could comprehend or read this death blow—this fatal letter. But she did not suffer it to drop from her hand, or utter any of those unguarded expressions that heroines, on such occasions, are wont. She could not, however, control the current of her blood, which fled to its lurking place with startling rapidity, leaving her agitated countenance as wan as death.

Miss Tabitha divined the cause of such unwonted agitation too well to question, and Miss Sandbanks knew her case too well to seem to notice aught unusual.

That night Angelica was a long time closeted with her aunt, where there was much low toned conversation and some weeping. But it was only when she had gained the solitude of her own chamber, that a sense of her cruel disappointment came over her like a flood; and as she lingered by her lonely window, she gave free thought to all the little circumstances that were calculated to cherish hope—the many efforts she had made to please, that seemed

at the time successful—the toil, the manoguring, the sacrifices that had been hers, to always present herself before him in the most alluring garb and manner. She would have skipped the party in summing up the catalogue of her failures, but Bancho's ghost never rose with more appalling distinctness before the horfor stricken eyes of Macbeth, than every annoying circumstance of that hated party pressed itself upon her. And then, oh galling thought! after she had done all this and more, that the last woman in the world that she would have chosen for a rival, had at the very moment when she thought him secure. plucked him as it were out of her hand. Laura Bennet was her aversion-the "Mordecai in the king's gate" that had always annoyed her; but now, oh horrid thought, this impertinent upstart-this poor dependent, this very nursery maid, had supplanted her in the affections of the richest, the handsomest, and the most admired young man in Baltimore. And that too with the consent of his family. Nor did she fail to remember that she had been herself the very cause of driving him into the step; had she invited Miss Bennet to that unfortunate party, the catastrophe might possibly have been averted until something could have been thought of. There was madness in this reflection, and she wrung her hands in agony. Nor was her mortification lessened by the reflection that Mourton must have been aware of her feelings and designs, and that his mother must have known of her hatred to Laura Bennet on that account, But poor Angelica had not yet endured the extent of her

mortification; every body knew of her predilection for Mourton, for in her weakness and vanity she had boasted of his attentions. And Miss Tabitha had more than once declared that she thought it would be a match; at least she should do nothing to prevent it.

It takes as much good management to meet all the circumstances of a defeat properly, as to gain a victory: and Miss Angelica dreaded with cause that as all the world would be calling that had been invited to the party, she would have difficulty enough in: acting her part so as to escape suspicion. But she had to congratulate herself when the day was over, that she had managed the affair so as to prevent her chagrin from being known. She introduced the subject herself, and aunt Tabitha, who was ready to aid and abet her, sighed and said that she pitied poor Mrs. Mourton. Angelica declared she had long known it-Miss Tabitha gave an assenting nod, and said they had both been in the confidence of the Mourtons, and hoped for their sakes that it would turn out a happy marriage. Angelica smiled sweetly. and said Laura Bennet was a lovely girl; and their company listened and believed what they chose.

The bridal party are still absent, and Miss Angelica looks upon their return as the "ne plus ultra" of all her misfortunes. The intimacy, which for another purpose she forced upon them, will now oblige her to call on the bride when she returns; and she sees even in the extremity of her vexation, that she cannot avoid giving Mourton another party!

# Written for the Lady's Book.

#### "I WEEP NOT."

#### BY MRS. AMELIA B. WELBY.

I weer not as I wept,
When first they laid thee low,
My sorrow all too deep is kept
To melt like common woe;
Nor do my lips e'er part
With whispers of thy name,
But thou art shrin'd in this hush'd heart
And that is all the same.

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I could be happy now,
Had memory flown with thee,
But I still hear a whisper low
And memory will not flee;
A whisper that doth tell
Of thee, and thee alone,
A memory like the ocean-shell,
For ever making moan.

For how can I forget
Thise eye of softest brown,
With its pale lid just touched with jet
And always drooping down;
And thy sweet form of grace
That went to rest too soon,
And the turning up of thy young face
Beneath the placid moon.

I sometimes think thy hand
Is on my forehead prest,
And almost feel thy tresses fann'd
Across my beating breast,

And eatch the sunny flow
Of thy mantle on the air,
And turn to see if it is so,
Alas! thou art not there.

And I wander out alone
Beside the singing rills
When nothing but the wind's low tone
Comes stealing down the hills;
And while along the deep
The moonbeams softly shine
My silent soul goes forth to keep
Its blessed tryste with thine.

I weep not, though thou'rt laid
In such a lone, dark place,
Thou who didst live without a shade
To cloud thy sweet young face;
For now thy spirit sings
Where seraph ones have trod
Veiling their faces 'neath their wings
Around the throne of God.

Thy faults were slight and few
As human faults could be
And thy virtues were as many, too,
As gems beneath the sea;
And thy thoughts did heavenward roam
Until, like links of gold,
They drew thee up to thy blue home,
Within the Saviour's fold.

[We are sure our readers will peruse with pleasure, these exquisite lines of Mrs. Welby, a young poetess, who having scarcely completed her nineteenth year, warms the veteran writers to look to their laurels. We give the warm band of fellowship to our gifted sieter, and to the vigorous literature of the broad, green West.]

#### DOMESTIC ECONOMY.

#### No. III.

#### BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

The old saying is a true one, that "a man can thrive no better than his wife will let him." We do not mean by this that the woman is to work and slave to earn money. Such evidently was not the intention of the Creator. He has not endowed her with physical strength to perform labours necessary to a successful prosecution of agriculture, or any of the more rugged and severe mechanical occupations.

The province of the man, then, is to find the means—it is the duty of woman to use these means in such a manner as will secure the best interests and the purest enjoyments of the household with which she stands connected. It is usually in the failure of her part alone, that the prospects of her family can be utterly blighted, and the whole happiness of domestic life marred and destroyed. And not only in domestic life is the moral effect of woman's character and conduct thus influential, but the prosperity and greatness of the nation are equally dependent on her. Lest we should be thought to overrate the importance of the duties assigned by Providence to our own sex, we will quote the sentiments of an intelligent English writer.

"In treating of the relative importance of the duties of the two sexes, in home life, or domestic economy, there is one consideration involved in the condition of woman, which ought never to be lost sight of: namely, that it depends upon woman whether man shall enter upon the duties of life, as man, duly prepared both in capacity and in habits for the performance of them.

"We do not in the mean time allude to the physiological fact that the talents of children are always more analogous to those of the mother than those of the father. There are few facts on this very extensive and interesting question better established by direct evidence, or to which there are fewer instances of exception; but as this is a result of nature, just as much as the fact of maternity itself, no argument can be drawn from it bearing on the conduct of woman in the performance of her domestic duties; though it does contain a very palpable hint to the other sex, who, to take the most favourable view of the case, may be rewarded with a foolish family, by allowing interest or any other unwise motive to betray them into wedlock with a feeble minded partner.

"Feeble minded or not, however, the mother has the formation of the minds of the children, in that early age when impressions are most easily made, and obliterated with the greatest difficulty; and though the heavy vice in this matter consists in leaving the formation of the children's minds to hirelings, yet with the great bulk of society, the mother herself must be accountable for the mischief, if any is done.

"This forming of the minds of children in that early stage of their existence, which, in nine cases out of every ten, determines their quality, character, and usefulness, through the whole period of life, is the most sacred duty which devolves upon the sex; and if they neglect this, or perform it in an improper manner, the character of the whole of society is lowered to the same extent. Compared with this duty, there is really not one of the labours or occupations

of the other sex which is of any thing like equal importance; and no after education can repair injury if it is done here, neither can any adverse circumstances in after life altogether destroy the advantages which result from the early bias given to the mind by the judicious attention of a really good mother; and did females, who stand to society in that high and honourable but most responsible relation, duly consider how much of the weal or the woe of society rests upon them, their feeling of maternal pride in the most faithful and effective discharge of their invaluable matrimonial duties, would be as vigorous and as incessant as we find the natural impulse of maternal attachment—an impulse which does not give way even when the duty is neglected, or improperly performed, but which, like all sources of great good, becomes by perversion a source of equally great evil."

Now one most important part of domestic economy is to understand the nature of the different kinds of food, the best manner of preparation, and the suitableness of each kind to different constitutions and ages. Much of the ill temper and most of the ill health of children arise from over feeding them, or allowing them unsuitable diet. But we shall refer to this subject more at large in a future number.

In our last, we gave our reasons for recommending a portion of animal food as necessary for human subsistence. We now suggest that to make food assimilate most easily with the constitution, it should be prepared in a palatable manner as well as of good materials. Food of every description is wholesome and digestible in proportion as it approaches nearer to the state of complete digestion, or in other words, to that state termed *chyme*, whence the chyle or milky juice, that afterwards forms blood, is absorbed and conveyed to the heart.

Now nothing is further from this state than raw meat and vegetables. Fire is therefore necessary to soften them, and begin the process which the stomach must carry on and perfect. *Pork*, veal, and all young meats, when not thoroughly done, are nearly poisonous to the delicate stomach; nor can half raw beef and mutton be eaten without serious injury to the digestive powers. And vegetables, when only half done, tend greatly to derange the stomach.

In short, the great secret of good cookery, except in roasting and broiling, is the application of a slow fire, and the judicious use of butter, flour, and seasoning. The perfection of good roasting lies in dressing the whole joint thoroughly, without drying up the juices of any part of it. The secret of good broiling is to do it quick and thoroughly, but not scorch. But in boiling you must never hurry the process, let it simmer as gently as it would in the stew-pan.

In flavouring, nice attention should be paid to the quantity. The French use but little of a kind, and are particular to blend their flavours. Every family who has a garden spot, can easily cultivate the herbs, &c., required for seasoning—horse radish, onions, celery, mustard, capsicum, (red pepper,) summer savoury, sage, mint, &c. These, if rightly prepared, will be sufficient for all common culinary purposes; a little care and observation will enable the house-

keeper to flavour her meats, gravies, and vegetables in the best manner. Never give high seasoned food to children at any time.

We add a few of the best receipts for preparing and mingling condiments.

The common condiments, salt, pepper, spices, &c., are well known. A few receipts for mingling and preparing these, will now be given.

Mixed Spices and Seasonings .- Dry and pound fine one ounce of black pepper, of nutmeg, ginger, and cinnamon, half an ounce each, and a dozen cloves. Mix and bottle the whole together; use for flavouring force meats and gravies.

Seasonings for White Sauce, Fricasees and Ragouts .- White pepper, nutmeg, mace, and lemon peel,

pounded together.

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Powder of Fine Herbs, for flavouring Soups and Sauces, when fresh herbs cannot be obtained. Take dried parsley two ounces; of lemon-thyme, summersavoury, sweet marjoram and basil, one ounce each; dried lemon-peel one ounce. These must be dried thoroughly, pounded fine, the powder mixed, sifted, and bottled. You can add celery seeds if liked.

Horse-radish Powder,-In the beginning of winter, slice horse-radish, and dry it slowly before the fire.

When dry, pound and bottle.

Mushroom Powder.-Peel large, fleshy, button mushrooms, and cut off the stems; spread them on plates and dry them in a slow oven. When thoroughly dry, pound them with a little cayenne and mace; bottle, and keep the powder in a dry place. A teaspoonful of this powder will give the mushroom flavour to a tureen of soup, or to sauce for poultry, hashes, &cc.

All these powdered seasonings must be kept closely corked.

Household Vinegars .- Vinegar is an article perpetually wanted in a family, and to buy it is expensive. The good housekeeper should prepare her own.

Sugar Vinegar .- To every gallon of water put two pounds of coarse brown sugar. Boil and skim this. Put it to cool in a clean tub; when about lukewarm, add a slice of bread soaked in fresh yeast. Barrel it in a week, and set it in the sun in summer or by the fire in winter, for six months, without stopping the bung-hole; but cover it with thin canvas or an inverted bottle to keep out the flies.

Cider Vinegar.—Put a pound of white sugar to a gallon of cider, and, shaking them well together, let them ferment for four months; a strong and well

coloured vinegar will be the result.

Flavoured Vinegars. These are cheap and agreeable additions to sauces, hashes, &c. Infuse a hundred red chilies, fresh gathered, into a quart of good vinegar; let them stand ten days, shaking the bottle every day. A half ounce of cayenne will answer the same purpose. This is good in melted butter for fish sauce, &c.

Celery Vinegar.-Pound a half ounce of celery seed, and steep it for ten days in a quart of vinegar; strain and bottle it.

Horse-radish Vinegar.-Pour a quart of strong vinegar, boiling hot, on three ounces of scraped horse-radish and a teaspoonful of pounded black pepper, and half the quantity of cayenne. stand four days, tightly covered, then strain, and put it in the cruet for use. It is good on cold roast beef, and excellent in the gravy for chops, steaks, &c.

Cucumber Vinegar.—Pare and slice ten large

cucumbers, and steep them in three pints of the best vinegar for a few days. Strain and bottle it.

Pickles are very indigestible things, and ought rarely to be eaten. They are chiefly valuable in cookery, as affording flavoured vinegar for seasonings. The above receipts of flavoured vinegars, will render pickles, for this purpose, unnecessary,

Mustard is best when freshly made. Mix by degrees the best ground mustard and a little fine salt;

rub these a long time till perfectly smooth.

Mild Mustard.—Mix as above, but use milk instead of water, and sugar instead of salt.

Catsups.—Mushroom is most esteemed; but the difficulty in our country of obtaining the right kind of plant, (some are poisonous,) renders a receipt of little consequence. It is better to buy this catsup at the shops.

Tomato Catsup.—This is a very good and healthy flavour for meats, sauces, &c. Take two quarts of skinned tomatas, two table spoonfuls of salt, two of black pepper, and two of ground mustard; also one spoonful of alspice, and four pods of red pepper. Mix and rub these well together, and stew them alowly, in a pint of vinegar, for three hours. Then strain the liquor through a sieve, and simmer down to one quart of catsup. Put this in bottles, and cork tightly.

Walnut Catsup.—Thoroughly bruise one hundred and twenty young walnuts; put to them three quarters of a pound of fine salt and a quart of vinegar; stir them every day for a fortnight; then strain; squeeze the liquor from them through a cloth; add to this one ounce of whole black pepper, forty cloves, half an ounce of nutmeg bruised, half an ounce of ginger, and a few blades of mace. Boil the whole for half an hour; strain and bottle it for use.

The following article, which we cut from the Hesperian, and by them is credited to a "Foreign paper," possesses so much interest for our fair readers, that we are induced to give it a place in their Book.]

### DOMESTIC GREENHOUSES.

A PLAN has lately been discovered for keeping green plants in a fresh and lively growing state, in all seasons and climates, with a very small degree of trouble. As it must be quite new to many of our readers, though well known to professional horticulturists and men of science, I shall try to describe it, from a recollection of seeing it in operation in London in the autumn of last year. It is, I suppose, generally understood that greenhouse plants, among which may be numbered many flowering tender herbs, will not grow in the open air in a town, or even in a carefully kept room. The smoky or otherwise impure atmosphere, either kills them outright, or causes them to languish, so that at the best they are poor stunted things. But, besides being deprived of pure air, the plants are not properly and regularly Watering only now and then does not suit all kinds of plants; many require to live in an atmosphere from which moisture can at all times be drawn. In short, by the common artificial methods, it is often impossible to imitate the process of nature so effectually as to keep a number of pet flowers and shrubs about our dwelling in a state of health and beauty.

The new and improved method consists simply in

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the use of a glass case for the plants. The case may be the size of a room or of a box-it is all one. The top and sides of the case are of glass frames; the bottom contains earth in which the plants grow: the whole is kept closed, except at short intervals, when a small door is opened for any necessary purpose. The case may be placed in a room at a window full in the sun's light, or if the enclosure be large, like a greenhouse, it may be situated out of doors. The plants being set in the usual manner, the earth saturated to a certain extent with water, and the case closed. Nature now takes upon itself the entire management of the process. When the sun shines on the case, the moisture rises in a natural evaporation from the earth, and hangs in condensed globules on the inside of the glass. When the cold of evening ensues, the moisture descends, and is absorbed by the plants and by the earth. Thus alternately rising and descending, the moisture in the case keeps up a proper and regular system of irrigation, whereby the plants are sustained in a state of great freshness and beauty. I am not aware that there is any precise method followed for admitting fresh air into the case, and am inclined to believe that this is accomplished only by the casual opening of the small door, or by slight crevices in the frame work.

A gentleman, residing in the eastern and most confined part of London, has brought the growth of plants by those very simple means to an extraordinary degree of perfection. In one of his front rooms he has a case, about the size of a bird cage, in which there grow a variety of plants, native and exotic, in the most lively state of health and freshness; and in a small back court he has erected a series of sheds, enclosed, and framed with glass on top and front, in

which a prodigious variety of plants are seen growing in an equally healthy condition. On being conducted into one of these enclosed outhouses, I was struck with admiration at the freshness and greenness of the vegetation. From the ground grew tall exous. and from jutting stones, resembling rock-work, there depended mosses and creeping plants of divers kinds in a state of as luxuriant vegetation as if they had sprung among the cliffs which overhang a highland lake. Yet all this was in one of the smokiest parts of London, in a confined back court, where a breath of fresh air could not at any season be reasonably expected, and where certainly the same plants could not grow in the open air, notwithstanding every care which might be bestowed upon them. What a triumph is this over local circumstances! Here is a gentleman of taste, who, though placed in a situation the most untoward, has it in his power, at the meres trifle of expense, to cultivate at least one of the branches of the delightful science of botany, and at all times enjoy the contemplation of some of nature's most beautiful works.

A special advantage of this mode of plant culture, consists in its applicability to the transportation of certain growing vegetables to distant countries. It has hitherto been difficult to keep plants alive on shipboard, in consequence of the great quantity of fresh water which they require. The expenditure of water, for instance, in taking plants from Great Britain to New South Wales, is so considerable as to be a complete bar to their exportation. This obstacle to the diffusion of plants no longer exists. By the above described method, growing plants are carried safely round the world, without requiring a drop of additional water during the voyage.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THOU ART INDEED LIGHT-HEARTED.

BY JOHN S. DUSOLLE.

THOU art indeed light-hearted!
Wild and capricious, as a child at play;
Or as the wind-breath, which thy curls has parted,
Leaving its kiss-print on thy cheek to stay.

Thou art all life—all motion—
Like to that bird of golden plumaged wing,\*
Sans foot, sans resting: thou art like the ocean
A gay and giddy—most inconstant thing!

And yet the sea hath quiet!
"Tis not all storms! It hath a sometime low,
A heaving calmness, sicklier than the riot
Which fills the coral depths with sounds of wee.

The bird, all beauty, winging
Like to a meteor spark, its flight along.
Though with its breath the wanton air be ringing,
Its life is not all sunshine nor all song!

It hath a different hour—

An hour when light and loveliness are gone:

When from the night touch shrinks the timid flower,

Dropping its hurt leaves faintly, one by one.

The wind too, that rejoiceth
Up in its sky-path, where the eaglets roam,

Or that with words the misty foam-top voiceth, Filling the voyager with dreams of home:

The wind, too, hath a season
Of hushed and dim, but terrible repose;
When the thick clouds coze tears; when panics seize on
The very earth, which quivers as it goes.

Why envy then thy lightness?
Thy bounding spirit, and thy laughing eye?
Thy brow, where hope hath set its seal of brightness?
Thy lip with merriment for ever nigh?

Thy mirth is but the token
Of a fond heart intensely link'd with pain;
As light with shade, as hope with fear is broken,
As hill and hollow, ever wed remain.

Thy griefs are like thy gladness,
Voluble, vehement, boundless, past relief:
Thy sorrows are embittering to madness;
Thy tears, like rain-drops, plentiful, though brief.

Alas! for such excesses;
The tranquil hearted have serener joy;
Though they have less of rapture, their distresses,
Like summer showers, but dampen, not destroy.

\* The Bird of Paradise: the natives of the Moluccas assert that they are feetless, and live upon the wing.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### MARION:

#### A TALE OF EVERY DAY LIFE.

[Concluded from page 103.]

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There years elapsed after the occurrence of the above events, when Mr. Benson through the bank-ruptcy of an unprincipled friend, lost every cent he possessed on earth. At this moment of ruin and despair, Marion, casting aside the timidity and apparent irresolution of her character, stepped forward, satisfied her uncle's creditors, secured to him his favourite little estate, on which he resided, and strove with every kind and holy feeling of her nature, to make her loved relatives forget that fortune had in any particular ceased to smile upon them.

But Marion's efforts, notwithstanding they were felt and appreciated, with fervent gratitude by the warm-hearted and enthusiastic old gentleman, could not heal, though they softened the deep wound his mind had received, and when, in little more than two years after his misfortunes, he breathed his last, it was with a murmured blessing upon the head of her, who had truly been the stay, comfort and support of his latter days.

At the request of Mrs. Benson, Marion wrote to Captain Elton, who had gone to Florida, for the benefit of his health, which had become much impaired; informing him of this melancholy event, and received one of deep feeling, relative to their mutual loss; and of extreme despondency as to his own health, and the future welfare of his family.

Three months after the receipt of this letter, Marion received another, dated Philadelphia, begging for an interview with his sister-in-law. Mrs. Benson whom Marion never attempted in any manner to control, expressed a wish to see Charles and his children, and in accordance with her desire, Marion wrote inviting Captain Elton with his family to make them a visit, which, with sad and mournful feelings she prepared for.

High as Marion's principles were, she shrank, with her natural sensitiveness, from this meeting, and most gladly would she have avoided it, could she have done so, with any appearance of propriety or good feeling. But it could not be, and she therefore nerved herself as best she might to submit, hoping that their visit would not be of long duration.

They came, and in the distress which overwhelmed both Mrs. Benson and Captain Elton in the meeting, Marion was enabled to hide her own emotion, as well as the shock she experienced, in seeing the ravages which time had caused, in the pair who had little more than five years before set forth in life, so bright and happy to every outward seeming.

Charles, as he stepped from the carriage, resembled so closely the sick and wretched Captain Elton, whom she had before seen arrive, though alas! under far different circumstances, that for a moment, fancy almost annihilated the past. A nearer view, however, soon dispelled the illusion. Those dark curls, once so beautiful, were tinged with gray; and there were lines of sorrow in his face, which Marion had never before seen there. But it was in Mrs. Elton, that the greatest change had taken place. Her golden locks were now thin and lustreless; her eyes, once so brilliant, had lost all their animation; her colour

had fled, leaving a blueish tint over her complexion, and her appearance generally was so altered, that in the meager, faded creature before her, Marion could scarcely recognize the beautiful girl upon whom she had at one time gazed almost with envy.

There were two members of the group, however, who called forth no painful emotions or reminiscences. These were Elton's two children; two curly headed black eyed boys, one about four, and the other three years old. To Marion they proved an unlooked for source of relief. She could, by devoting her time and attention to their little wants, gratify the affection

which sprung up in her heart for them; while in

doing so, she had an excuse for leaving their parents, to the care and hospitalities of her aunt.

It required but a very few days to discover that there did not exist the least shadow of communion or domestic happiness between this ill assorted pair. Elton, passive and unresisting, bore the unceasing peevishness, discontent, and ill temper of his wife, without a murmur. It was only by the painful flush or shadow, which passed across his face, a close observer could detect that he felt at all, what was indeed undermining his health, his daily, hourly peace of mind.

It seemed as if every occurrence in the course of the day, was considered by Mrs. Elton as happening for her especial annoyance, till at last, finding they could do nothing to satisfy her, Mrs. Benson and Marion desisted from the effort.

Utterly deficient in maternal tenderness, her children were left entirely to the care of ignorant servants, while for hours at a time, she sat at the glass making an elaborate toilet, and she took no pains to conceal from all around, that she was completely ennuyeed, by the quiet (dullness she called it) of her present life. All that outward appearance of placidity and calmness, which, before her marriage, seemed natural to her, had disappeared, and a restless desire for change and excitement had taken their place.

If it were possible to ravel out the secret promptings of human actions, we should be tempted to ask, why Amelia had married Captain Elton? why she had exerted all her powers to win him? Was it ambition, that marking him out as the natural heir of his then wealthy brother, recommended him as a " good match?" Was it from a determination to escape the dependence and thraldom of her mercenary aunt? or, was it a desire to win him, solely for the mere triumph's sake, from one, who her woman's instinct whispered her, had silently and unknowingly yielded up her whole heart to him-one, who from the first she had instinctively disliked? Perhaps it was a mixture of all these motives. "Love" certainly had nothing to do with it! Amelia was too heartless and selfish, to be capable of genuine attachment, or even the power of appreciating her husband's mind or character.

One morning after the family had breakfasted, Marion was still at the table, attending to the boys who had just returned from a long walk, with their maid, tired and hungry. Elton lay upon the sofa, exactly as he had done years before. While the same mellowed light shone into the room, and the sunshine glimmered upon the same spot on the carpet, where his eye had rested in former days, as he listened to the murmurings of Marion's voice as she read to him. Elton was reading now, but as the prattlings of his eldest boy met his ear, pouring out his happy little heart to Marion—whom, with the instinct of a child, he had already grown to and loved—the book dropped at his side, his gaze fell upon Marion, and became fixed.

Truly is it said, that the human heart is "subtle and full of mystery." Was it that now, with a judgment ripened, and imagination subdued, he looked back upon the past, and confessed that, which years ago, when he beheld Marion in the daily exercise of every feminine and gentle virtue, when he witnessed her steady principles, her well regulated mind. her cultivation, and the excellence of her understanding, he had failed to do? or did he still look upon her with compassion for her want of personal attractions? No, Elton had drunk deeply of the bitter draught of experience, his mental eve was uncouched! He had felt all the folly of prostrating his judgment before his senses, and suffering his eye alone to decide for him, where he had risked all. Life, he felt, is not a puppet show, where we are to look our best and answer to a given set of wires, but an existence of duties, obligations, and responsibilities; and as he gazed upon Marion, he did think of her as she deserved, and acknowledged the beauty of her character, her virtues, and all her gentle womanly attractions; and if painful comparisons forced themselves upon him, it was with anguish he confessed their truth. Elton had long tried, with "a deep intensity of will," to blind himself to the unhappy fate he had brought upon himself; but it was impossible such a self deception could long continue. The heart must awaken. the illusion vanish, and now as he looked upon Marion, he saw, that even where he had deemed her most deficient, she now excelled his wife. Time had passed over her, without leaving a foot print upon her smooth cheek, and her deep, thoughtful eyes, always so full of feeling, were as undimmed as the soul, whose mirror they were! There could not be a greater contrast than between the two women. The one, healthful, placid, and youthful, in her appearance; the other, prematurely old and faded, looked, as she in truth was, a victim to her own peevish irritable temper.

"Why, papa," said little Charles, attracted by his father's fixed and protracted gaze, "why do you look so hard at Aunt Marion?" At the same moment, Marion raised her head, and met Elton's look. Her eye fell, but the colour mounted to her very temples.

Elton rose hastily, and approaching the table, seated himself beside his children.

"Why, what famous appetites you appear to have, boys," he said, "have you been taking a long walk?"

"Yes, papa," said Charles, "very. We have been in the woods, and only see what beautiful flowers we have brought aunt Marion."

"I see the boys are determined to claim relationship with you, Marion," said Elton.

"Yes," replied Marion, smiling, "I have encouraged them in doing so. It is much more endearing than to hear them twisting their little tongues round a formal 'Miss.' I have been an aunt all my life, and the title is very natural to me."

"They appear to have very strong constitutions-

do you not think so?" he said, looking at the children.

Marion assented.

"I had a very strong constitution originally," he continued, as if occupied with some train of thought, "and up to manhood knew not what sickness was; but now," he paused, and then continued, "I hope my boys may not follow my footsteps in the choice of a profession. To the toils and exposures of its pursuit, I owe the undermining of my health, and that too for a pittance that my tailor would hesitate to offer his chief clerk. Had I engaged in any independent pursuit, no matter how lowly, I might, with one half the toil and exertion expended in my country's service, have, without any domestic sacrifice, made something to educate and put forth my children in the world; but now, when I am gone, my children will not even receive, as in the other branch of the service, the price of their father's life, to put bread into their mouths."

"Gone, papa!" said little Charles, climbing up into his father's lap, "gone! Where are you going, papa? What are you going for? Is it far away?"

"A very long journey, I fear, my son."

"Are you going to take Neddie and me with you, papa?"

" No, my son."

"Oh then, dear papa," said the child, clapping his hands in delight, "you will leave us with aunt Marion. She loves Neddie and me, and will take good care of us. Wont you, aunt Marion?" jumping down from his father's knee, and flinging his arms round Marion's neck.

Marion burst into tears, unable to speak, she could only press the child to her bosom, while her inmost heart responded to the unconscious infant's prayer. Elton rose abruptly, and left the room.

Marion had been sensible, ever since the arrival of Elton, that his health was in a very precarious state; but until now, she had no idea that he thought himself unlikely to recover. Her fears once aroused, she wondered at her former blindness. She now could comprehend Mrs. Benson's watchfulness and care, her anxious impatience for the doctor's daily visit, and long private conversations with him; and she saw, now that the scales were removed from her eyes, that Elton was more emaciated and less strong than upon his arrival, that the weather which had become deliciously cool and pleasant, instead of invigorating him, had the opposite tendency. The walks which he took, on his first coming, were quite given up, and he lay nearly all day upon the sofa; sometimes, for hours without speaking, and with the tendency of all persons to run into extremes, when their fears are once aroused, she remembered with a thrill of pain, that in arranging the pillows of the sofa where he lay, she found constantly beneath them, a prayer book, open at the service for the sick and dying. With clasped hands, and a countenance stricken with grief, Marion proceeded to her room, and throwing herself upon her knees she poured out a fervent prayer for him, who alone, had ever shared her heart's devotion with her Maker. Tremblingly, she implored that the decree might not go forth, which would leave the helpless wife and children without a protector or support.

Marion arose from her devotions calmer and more hopeful, and when at dinner she met Mr. Elton, gay and cheerful, she believed her fears had outrun the

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reality, and by degrees, she suffered herself to be bulled into her former security.

Whatever, however, might be the secret whisperings of Mrs. Benson's and Marion's fears, they certainly were unshared by Mrs. Elton. She did not think her husband sick. "Elton," she said, " was always indolent, fond of lying about and being waited She wondered at Mrs. Benson's insisting upon the doctor's coming every day, he only wanted rousing, something to do; and if he would go to town and amuse himself among his friends, instead of moping about as he did, he would feel as well as ever again. For her part, she thought herself much the more sick of the two, only she did not give way, she scarcely knew what it was to have a well day-Aunt Wendall thought her in wretched health, but then she never complained, and no one ever thought her sick-some people always managed to call forth a great deal of sympathy, no matter whether it was needed or not. "I am sure, Charles," she said one morning, in reply to a scarcely murmured complaint he had made, as they all sat in the parlour together, " I am sure, Charles, you can't feel half so weak and miserable as I do, you were up this morning by day light, while I have scarcely been able to close my eyes all night, and could hardly rise this morning at all."

Poor Elton! he had sat half the night in an easy chair, envying the heavy slumber of his wife.

Time passed on, and it was now the month of October, that month of all others, the most beautiful in our country. The air was soft and balmy, and although there had been one or two frosts, Nature's handmaidens decking the woods and forests in their gayest holiday suits—a summer sun still shone, a summer breeze still stirred, as if delighted to linger amid the splendour which had fallen like magic upon all around, like a truant playing amid the bright draperies of scarlet and gold, and revelling in the beauties its pranks disclosed.

As the season advanced, Mrs. Elton became more and more restless and anxious to return to town, and incessantly urged upon Charles to do so. Poor Elton, loth to leave what was to him, a haven of rest and peace, the home of his childhood, pleaded every excuse he could offer for remaining where they were. But Mrs. Elton was tired of the monotony and restraint of her present life, and constantly returned to the charge. Whenever the subject was mentioned, Mrs. Benson entreated earnestly that they would not think of going, and Marion always gently seconded her aunt. Mrs. Benson was averse to the departure of Charles, while he continued in such very delicate health as she thought him, and she believed in their circumstances, there could not be a more appropriate residence than their present home. Mrs. Elton did not agree with her, and this difference of opinion gave rise to frequent unpleasant discussions, marked by a great deal of temper on the part of Mrs. Elton, who would not yield her point.

Things were in this situation, when one morning Mrs. Elton entered the room, with an open letter in her hand. Charles was lying on the sofa, Mrs. Benson was sewing, whilst Marion read aloud, and the two little boys were without the door playing in the Diazza.

"I have just got a letter from Aunt Wendal, Charles," said she. "She tells me Fanny Dwyer's marriage is to take place, early next month. Fanny is very anxious I should be with her at the time, and Aunt Wendal thinks as we are to be in Philadelphia this winter, we had better come at once. She says she can get very excellent lodgings quite near her, if we apply immediately, so, if you choose, I will write to her to secure them for us. Here is the letter, you can read it."

"Never mind the letter, Amelia," said Elton, languidly. "I do not care to see it; do as you please about it. Pray, let me entreat you to defer it as long as possible. You know how loth I am to go into the noise and discomfort of a town lodging house."

"Yes; I know how loth you always are, to do any thing I wish."

"Don't say so, Amelia. I know you do not think

"Yes, I do think it, Captain Elton," her face flushing and her eyes lighting with anger. "I do think it, and you know you always—"

"But, my dear Amelia," interposed Mrs. Benson, can you not go to this wedding, and leave Charles and the children with me? You can stay with Mrs. Wendal, and then return to us after it is over. Indeed, I cannot think of parting with you, entirely. I had hoped to keep you all the winter."

"Charles may do as he pleases, ma'am, about staying here. I only know I sha'n't. I should like to know," she continued, her wrath kindling more and more, " if I have had so much pleasure, since I have been his wife—tossed about from one disagreeable place to another, without society or any thing to make life bearable, that I should be expected to bury myself in the country, for a whole winter, when I have an opportunity of being in Philadelphia among my friends, and enjoying myself? No; he may do as he pleases, but I am determined to go."

"Very well, Amelia; say no more about it. I am ready to go whenever you desire it."

"I suppose I have a right to say what I please, Captain Elton? If I am a slave in every other respect, I hope the liberty of speech is not denied me."

"I would deny you no liberty, Amelia, you desire," Elton replied, "I merely mentioned to you, as I thought my duty, my extreme repugnance to going to town. In truth," continued he, falling back upon the cushions from which he had risen, "my health, Amelia, is much worse than you apprehend, and I am not equal to the exertions you would have me make."

"Oh, your health, your health; it is always an excuse for every thing that you want to do, or leave undone. I see exactly how it is; you want to stay here among your own relations, as you call them, (darting a look of rage at Marion,) to be petted and nursed and flattered by them, while you do not care whether I ever see the only relative I have in the world, again."

"My dear Mrs. Elton," said Marion, shocked at this scene, and approaching her gently, "do write to Mrs. Wendal, and beg her to make you a visit here, I am sure we shall all be glad to see her."

"Ask my aunt to come here," she replied, forgetting every thing in the downright rage she was now in. "Ask my aunt to come here! Indeed, I shall do no such thing. She has something better to do, I hope, than to come here to be preached to, from morning till night, by a couple of Methodist parsons in petticoats—come here, indeed!"

"For God's sake, Amelia cease," said Elton,

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greatly agitated; "do not give way to your temper so dreadfully. Marion forgive her, for she knows not what she says."

"I know very well what I am saying-I am not such an idiot as you all seem to think me; and I can tell you what, Captain Elton, if you think I am such a simpleton as to be tamed down to the sort of life you are leading here, let me tell you that you are mistaken. I shall go, and if you prefer the society, you find here, to that of mine elsewhere, why, stay and enjoy it. I only lament you should ever have left such a happy home, and such fascinating ties, to link your fortunes to mine! Pity," she continued, laughing scornfully, "that Miss Grantley had not, in former days, been more successful in riveting her chains, when all the world knew she was dying in love with you. Don't clasp your hands and look imploringly at me, Miss Grantly-I owe you nothing, unless it may be a full return of your contempt of me. You know I am speaking the truth. You know, that with all your primness and propriety now, you loved Elton, and you know, too, that his marriage nearly killed you. I am sure," she added, " I wish I had died before I linked myself to such a miserable fate;" and in a burst of angry tears and sobs she left the room.

It would be impossible to describe Mrs. Benson's, and above all, Marion's feelings, during this burst of anger and malicious resentment. They had frequently witnessed ebullitions of temper, on her part, very painful to behold, but never any where had she so far forgotten herself and others. Poor Marion was stunned; she sat for some minutes with her hands clasped over her face, in the attitude in which she was fixed when Mrs. Elton left the room, perfectly motionless, then rising, she attempted with trembling steps, to retire to her chamber, but as she did so, her eye fell upon Elton, as he lay upon the sofa, she saw that his face was deadly pale, and that the handkerchief which he held to his mouth, was saturated with blood. In a moment, forgetting all that had passed, she flew to his assistance, drawing the attention of Mrs. Benson, who sat weeping in her chair, to his situation. In a few minutes the bell was rung, the physician sent for, and every thing that the most watchful affection could devise, was afforded for his relief. Fortunately, the physician was close at hand, and arrived very soon. He said that Captain Elton had ruptured a small blood vessel, and inquired if it had been caused by bodily exertion or mental agitation. He administered some remedies, ordered him not to be removed from the room he was in, to be kept very quiet, to avoid all agitating subjects in speaking to him, and advised him to refrain from speaking at all himself, and on leaving, gave them directions for their guidance, in case of a return of the bleeding, which had now ceased.

During all this time, Mrs. Elton remained in her own room, too sullen and resentful in the indulgence of her own selfish and fancied wrongs, to be aroused to any fears for her husband.

"Let those," she said, on being told of his situation, who think their title to his consideration superior to mine, administer to him; I am sure I need not trouble myself about it, I dare say they are making all this fuss, and exaggerating his condition just to annow me and show themselves off. It will only be another excuse for continuing to remain longer in this hateful house, and, I dare say, they are glad of it." Nor

did she enter the room, which was now her husband's apartment, till the following day.

Mrs. Benson, whose domestic life had been one of unruffled serenity, was so much distressed by the violent scene she had witnessed, and its consequences, that she no longer continued to recommend or urge any thing upon Amelia, but let her follow the bent of her will, without remark; with a feeling of sadness and hopeless misery for the future.

Marion's feelings had been too deeply outraged, even for her gentle nature lightly to forgive; and had she not felt that upon her, her aunt leaned, for all her comfort and support, in these her new afflictions, she would have left the scene of her mortification. But she could not do it, and alone, and in her chamber only, did she give way to the tears, the shame, and the anguish which the exposure of all that had been most sacred in her feelings, and carefully hidden in her memory, had produced. For the opinion of a heartless person, like Mrs. Elton, she cared nothing; but she shrank, with the natural shame of a delicate woman, from this laying bare of feelings which she had, at the time, scarcely admitted to herself. more than this, than all, did she shrink from the knowledge that Elton himself, had heard it; perhaps believed it to be true. Sometimes she hoped, that overcome by his illness, he had not heard his wife's last cruel taunts, and to enable herself to meet him, and perform her required duties, as she should, she strove fervently to believe this to be the case.

A few days brought Elton round to his former state; he appeared somewhat weaker, to be sure, but his spirits were good, his interest in all around revived, and the family again returned to its usual habits. Mrs. Elton, evidently a little frightened at the effects of her violence, was more amiable and conciliatory, than she had been for some time, and even went so far as to apologize to Mrs. Benson and Marion for her behaviour.

A fortnight after the occurrence of these events, Mrs. Elton received another letter from Mrs. Wendal, urging her to come to her friends, advising her to let the Captain remain, undisturbed, with his sister, for the present, and offering to take charge, if necessary, of the children, while she should be in town with her friend.

Marion perceiving an inclination on the part of Mrs. Elton to accede to this arrangement, and at the same time observing Elton's reluctance to part with his children, begged to have the boys left with her, to which Mrs. Elton readily consented; happy, no doubt, to have the matter so easily settled. Accordingly, in a few days, she departed for town, all smiles and good humour, to be absent about ten days.

The days that followed Mrs. Elton's departure, were full of calm and tranquil happiness. The shadows which had so often darkened round their little circle, were dispelled by the "sunshine of the heart" of those who remained, and Marion even forgot, for long intervals, the scene which had caused her so much unhappiness—so painful to remember, that when the recollection of it came upon her, it gave to her manner an appearance of capriciousness foreign to her character. Often when Elton would ask of her those little offices she had formerly performed for him, with so much cheerfulness, she would shrink from them, with scarce concealed reluctance; and at those periods, she would devote herself exclusively to

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the children, leaving Elton to the society and care of Mrs. Benson entirely.

Occasional letters from Mrs. Elton, spoke of the enjoyment and satisfaction of her visit; and ere the period for her absence had elapsed, she wrote to say, that if Elton had no objections, she was desirous of prolonging her absence a fortnight beyond the time originally proposed, for the purpose of accompanying her friend on her bridal excursion! Elton, who never denied his wife any request, no matter how unreasonable, of course assented. And the day after his reply was despatched, in lifting his youngest boy to reach the branch of a tree, he was seized with another attack of hemorrhage more violent, more alarming than the first. After the physician had left, and the remedies had been successfully applied, Marion proposed to write to Mrs. Elton, and inform her of her husband's attack; but he begged her not to

"You know, Marion," he said, "how soon I recovered before; and it would be a pity to disturb poor Amelia in the enjoyment of what gives her so much pleasure. Poor thing; I would to God it had been in my power to make her life happier than it has been."

But Elton did not recover so rapidly, as at first. Some days he was unable to rise from his bed at all. The effort of going up and down stairs had now become painfully oppressive to him, and nights of restlessness were followed by days of extreme exhaustion. His spirits sank very much; and as the end of the appointed fortnight approached, he looked anxiously for his wife's return. Ere it arrived, however, a letter came from Mrs. Elton, intimating a more extended absence than was at first proposed; and at the earnest request of Mrs. Benson, Elton permitted Marion to write to her. A week, however, must elapse before she could arrive; and in the mean time, Elton's disease was gaining upon him with fearful strides. He seemed to be perfectly aware of the hopelessness of his case, and requested to have an interview with the clergyman. At times, when he felt himself stronger than usual, he occupied himself in writing; but as he was now nearly all the time in bed, this was done with painful slowness.

Poor Mrs. Benson gave herself up entirely to her grief, and could scarcely approach Charles' room without shedding tears, leaving to Marion to bear up, to think, and to act for all around.

Late one night, towards the end of the week in which Mrs. Elton was looked for to return, Marion was passing up to her room, having been down stairs to provide some warm drink for one of the children, who had not been well. The door of Elton's room was ajar, that the nurse who slept in a small room adjoining, might hear the little bell, which lay on the table beside his bed in case he wanted any thing during the night. As Marion passed lightly by the room, she heard his voice pronounce her name; and gently pushing open the door she entered.

- "Marion," he said, "I am glad you have not gone to bed; I feel to night, as if I would not be alone. How is my boy?"
  - "Better, much better," she replied.
- "Thank God; I feared when I heard your steps at first on the stairs, he was worse."
- "Oh no, he will be quite well to-morrow; I left him in a sweet sleep."

"Ah! Marion, my darling boys-my little ones," he exclaimed, in a burst of grief; "if I could have been spared a little while longer for their sakes, I would not murmur at this decree. But to leave them now, orphans-pennyless orphans, upon the wide world, with none to look to but their poor mother, who is nearly as helpless as themselves, can you wonder that my nights are sleepless, and my last moments embittered? Marion," he continued, " I have spoken with the Doctor candidly, about my case, and he tells me it is impossible my life can be much longer prolonged. To night I feel that I shall never see another sunset-perhaps it may never rise again for me. Will you then, dear Marion, forego your repose for a little while, for me, and read me those prayers? I cannot read myself, and I feel that they will do me good;" and he handed to her from beneath his pillow the prayer book. Marion received it in silence, and drawing near the taper which burned in the sick chamber, she knelt down and commenced with a steady voice the prayers for the sick, which he had pointed out to her. Elton meantime, with his eyes closed and his hands clasped, appeared to be devoutly following her as she proceeded. When she ceased, he said, gently, "Turn over leaf now, Marion, and read the next;" Marion did as he asked.—It was the prayers for the dying; and as she continued her task the composure which had sustained her thus far, forsook her, and her voice became choked with thick and heavy sobs, rendering at times its tones almost inarticulate. She struggled violently with her emotion, and when the prayers were finished, she suffered her head to fall upon the arm of the sofa against which she kneeled, and for a long time not a sound broke the stillness of the sick chamber, save at intervals the low and suppressed sounds of grief which rose from her who still knelt where she had last sent up her broken but fervent prayers for mercy, in behalf of him who had besought her to petition for him.

A little while longer, and Marion rose from her knees. Her features were composed, and the tear stains were removed from her face. She approached the bed, and said calmly-"Charles, in a moment like this, it were sinful to think of self, or sacrifice from an idle feeling of delicacy, that which maywhich you must promise me shall-bring relief to your mind, on a subject on which it gives me pain to think you should ever have had any doubts. Nay, Charles, listen to me for a few minutes. You know I have an income, more, far more than ample to provide for my most extravagant wishes. My brother's children are all well provided for, and I am at perfect liberty to do as I please with my property. When my aunt Benson is taken from me, I shall have no farther use for my means, than my simple wants require. Your children, therefore, shall be mine, and if Mrs. Elton consents, they shall live with me, their mother sharing their home; and at my death I shall leave to Charles and Edward all I possess. I have long meant this," she pursued, in an agitated voice, "and if I did not speak of it before, it was from a foolish false feeling that I should not have cherished, and because I trusted that you would believe me incapable of seeing your widow and children wanting aught that I could give."

Elton spoke not, but he covered his face with one hand through the fingers of which the big tears trickled, whilst the other was stretched out to Ma-

rion. At length he spoke; "God bless you, Marion! you are a noble creature—I do not deserve this of you—I have no right to profit by your generosity, but I do not feel it the less,"

"You have the strongest right, Charles, to all I have offered," she replied steadily; "the right which strong affection and the most powerful sympathy on my part, endows you with. Why should you reject that which would bring peace to your mind, and happiness to mine. I have none linked to me by the ties of blood who need what I could give; and there is no tie upon my heart stronger than that of your children."

"But Marion," said Elton, "you will have ties one day that must supersede those your kind heart has woven round my children. You will marry, and you must not let the kindness of your nature lead you to promise what would be an act of injustice to others."

The hand which Elton held with his own was withdrawn with a quick convulsive motion, and Marion replied, almost sternly, "I shall never marry, Charles!" Then after a pause, her voice resuming its usual gentle tone, she added—"You must not suffer yourself to think that this is a sudden impulse. I have long intended to do, what I have for the first time to-night spoken of. I would wish your consent to the children's living with me; for the rest, my will is already made in their favour, and this must be to you an earnest of my sincerity."

Elton made no reply, but covered his face with his handkerchief, and turned his head away. For a long time, Marion sat by the bed side, awaiting some reply; but it came not. Elton lay so still and composed, that at length she concluded he had fallen asleep, overcome by the exhausting, agitating nature of their conversation; and rising softly she prepared to leave the room, and send the nurse to take her place. But ere she reached the door, Elton turned and said, "Don't go, Marion."—Marion returned.

"Marion," said he, taking her hand; "I have not long to live, and this is no time, as you say, for false delicacy or reserve. You will, I know, answer me truly what I ask. Tell me, dear Marion, were the words which Amelia spoke in her anger on that dreadful day, true?"

Marion spoke not; but falling on her knees by the bed side, she bent her face upon the hand which still clasped her own, and burst into a flood of passionate tears.

"Do not weep, dearest Marion. I did not mean to pain you," he said tenderly. "Perhaps I should not have spoken thus to you; but as the world recedes from my grasp, its forms lose their hold upon me; and your generous, noble conduct to-night, has aroused feelings that cannot be stilled. I cannot die happy till I hear from you, the truth. Tell me Marion, in those days we spent together, oh! now, I feel so happily; did I—did you think, dear Marion, I had wronged you.—Did you feel that there had been, in my manner, my actions, that which would have made my marriage an act of dishonour in me, of deep wrong to you? Tell me truly, for since that miserable day, I have had more painful feelings than I can describe to you."

"No, Charles, no," said Marion, lifting her face from the bed side, and speaking fervently: "Never, by word, look, or action, did you at any time give me reason to think you cared for me, more than as

a friend. It was," she continued, her voice faltering, "the weakness, solely, of my own foolish, wayward heart."

"Do not speak so, dear Marion," said he, gently pressing her hand; "do not make me feel regret in blessing you for the relief, the happiness you have given me this night. It is no injustice, surely to her whom I have failed to make a happy wife, to confess to you now, that my lot had been a happier one, had I chosen it with you. This is a tardy, a poor return for all you have lavished on me, Marion; for now I see and feel it all. But I could not leave the world without showing you this mark of justice and regard; and if you do not feel it now, I know your gentle nature too well not to know that you will feel it when I am gone. Oh! you know not," he continued, "what I have felt to-night, when you were urging your high and generous purpose upon me, at the thought that you, perhaps, believed my conduct had been guilty towards you; and if I do not thank you now as I should, for all that you have felt for me, it is not because I do not feel it to have been a precious gift-one that I was unworthy of. God bless you, dear Marion! I hope you may yet be happy in the affections of some worthy man, who will not be blind to your merits, as I have been. And now, come what may, I feel that I shall leave my boys and their poor mother to the watchful care of one who will prove a friend to them. I leave my boys to you, Marion, if their mother consents; and she must do so, I think, when she knows your feelings for them. Be forbearing with my poor Amelia, Marion. Poor girl, she has not been so happy as I would have made her had it been in my power. wish she were here, that I might see her once more. She will feel deeply pained at being absent at this time."

Exhausted by the exertion of talking so much, Elton now threw himself back upon his pillow; and begging Marion to remain, he endeavoured to obtain a little repose.

Marion sat by his bed side and watched his uneasy slumber, till day light. When he awoke he requested the nurse to bring his children to him, and inquired how soon Mrs. Elton would arrive. When he was told not for three hours, he sighed and murmured, "too late." He folded his children in his feeble embrace, and kissed them over and over again, then motioned for them to be taken away. Then opening his eyes, and seeing Mrs. Benson and Marion at his bed side, he smiled, and held out a hand to each.

At nine o'clock a hack drove to the door, and Mrs. Elton alighted from it. Immediately as she entered the house, a servant came out, and tied a long strip of black crape upon the handle of the door—Elton had been dead an hour."

"And what happened next, dear mamma," said Emma, seeing her mother pause in her narrative? "What became of the poor little boys, and was Mrs. Elton sorry when she found her husband dead?"

"I will tell you, my love," replied Mrs. Ramsay.
"Mrs. Elton was, of course, greatly shocked. She never had permitted herself to believe that her husband's health was seriously affected; his death coming upon her, therefore, so suddenly, with all the attending circumstances, filled her with remorse, and she was for some time completely subdued by the shock. Having been informed by Marion, of her wishes and intentions relative to herself and the

children, she gladly consented to all that was proposed; and Marion, to gratify Mrs. Elton, as well as for the purpose of educating the boys, under her own eye, removed to Philadelphia; an event, which was hastened by the death of Mrs. Benson, who survived Captain Elton only a few months.

Elton had left nothing to his family, but the amount of one month's pay. Mrs. Elton had brought nothing to her husband, and Mrs. Wendal having sunk all she possessed in an annuity—lived by her-

self, and for herself, alone.

A few months were sufficient to wipe from Mrs. Elton's memory, the recollection of her loss, and of her remorse. Marion had much to suffer, much to forbear, and if at times she felt her patience tried almost beyond her endurance, she had but to turn to the memory of that night, spent by the dying bed of Elton, to feel that she vet could endure more. To save Mrs. Elton's feelings, she had with great delicacy, made her an allowance, immediately upon the death of her husband; and appearing to consider Marion's adoption of the children entire, she left the whole charge and direction of them to her, and spent the greater part of her time with her aunt Wendal and her circle. At the expiration of eighteen months, being now a gay young widow, she accepted the offer of a southern gentleman, leaving her children with Marion. This marriage proving unfortunate, she returned again to Marion, and survived only little more than two years from its date."

"And the little boys, mama," said Emma, "what became of them?"

"The little boys, my dear Emma, are now grown men, and you see them every day."

Charlotte Ramsay rose from her seat, approached her mother and taking her hand, said eagerly, "it is then my aunt Mary's history, you have been telling us, dear mamma, is it not?"

"Yes my love, it is."

"What," said Emma, with a countenance full of surprise and wonder, "Is it dear old aunt Mary, with her stiff cap and quiet face, that you have been telling us about all this time? and are Charles and Edward Elliot, the two little boys? I never should

have guesed it. How did you find it out sister Charlotte."

"One who has a deep interest in the tale has been giving you some information, I suspect," said Mrs. Ramsay, smiling and looking into her daughter's face, "has he not? Did Charles ever speak to you of his obligation to your aunt Mary, my love?"

A slight blush rose to Charlotte's face, as she replied, "He did mamma; and he spoke as you would have been proud to hear him, of his great obligations to her, of his deep gratitude, and of the love and reverence, he felt for her character. No child could feel more devotion to a parent, than Charles does to aunt Mary. And now tell me dear mamma, how did Charles become acquainted with all these facts? I am certain aunt Mary never could have spoken of them to him."

"She did not, my love. It was I who told them both; I thought they should know all they owed to their kind friend, and I related to them as far as I could with delicacy to their mother's memory, the prominent events of the history I have related to you to night. Affliction has drawn your aunt and myself closely together, and from time to time she has related the incidents to me, which I have given you in a continuous narrative. To you, Charlotte, I have for some time intended to relate the history of your aunt's connexion with Charles Elliott, so that you may fully appreciate her worth, and when you come to stand in a nearer and dearer relation to her, you may unite with your husband, in rendering her that duty and affection which she deserves.

"To you, Emma, also, I hope this little tale may not be without its usefulness. Let it be an example to you ever to return good for evil—a beacon to you in time to come, when you would choose between the beautiful and the excellent—a caution to you in your choice of friends, and of a partner for life; and let it convince you, that even beneath a "stiff cap" and an ungraceful manner, there may exist exalted worth and merit of the highest order. Do this, and you may hope to attain to some of those virtues which have adorned and elevated the character of your Aunt Mary."

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### A LASSIE'S MEDITATIONS.

BY E. ELLIOTT-LONDON.

NAR sweetheart hae I, though I am not ill faurd; But there's ower monie lasses, and wooers are scared. This night I the hale o' my fortune wad gie, If every lassie were married but me.

Then I wad get plenty about me to speer, Polk wadna be fashious for beauty or geer: Hearts broken in dozens around I should see, If every lassie were married but me. One lover wad hae a' my errands to rin,
Anither should tend me baith outby and in;
To keep me good-humour'd wad tak two or three,
If every lassie were married but me.

A dast dream I dream'd—it has faded awa; Nae bodie in passing e'er gie's me a ca'; Nae laddie to court me I ever shall see Till every lassie is married but me.

#### HOW TO HELP THE VERY POOR.

The ignorant poor are usually improvident; they waste more than the rich. We rarely find a very poor person who has any idea of economy. The reason is, they have never been taught rules of any kind, and the random manner in which they support life pre-

vents them from acquiring wisdom by experience. The best and most efficacious charity to this class will be, that course of treatment which shall call forth their own energies, and encourage their improvement.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE SECOND BELL.

#### BY L. A. WILMER,

The scene of the present fragment, or particle of a dollars thirty-three cents, what will five hundred come story, or whatever else it may deserve to be called, is laid on board of a steamboat making ready to leave the wharf, at one of those flourishing little cities up the Hudson. The time is that period of nervous agitation which takes place between the ringing of the first and second bells. The gangways were crowded, as usual. Men, with carpet-bags, portmanteaus, umbrellas and bundles tied up in red silk handkerchiefs, women, with bandboxes, parcels, parasols and infants: dandies, with small canes and large whiskers; children with oranges, apples and gingerbread. Who, in this age of travelling, will require a description of such a scene?

On the benches " aft of the wheel house," sat the passengers-men, women, children, dandies, &c. mingled together in various proportions, forming numerous interesting groups; with most of which, however, we shall have as little to do as may be convenient, and confine our observations to one party, consisting of three individuals. The first of this little collection was rather a venerable piece of antiquitya fatherly looking old gentleman, whose face was broad enough to exhibit many traces of benevolence and good humour. His garb betokened a citizen in " tolerable circumstances," comprising a brown square-cut coat, (which seemed to have been made before the introduction of Mr. Allen Ward's patent Gunter's scale system of garment fitting;) a pair of drab corded pantaloons of homemade woollen, a hat of considerable dimensions in the brim, half boots, with mixed stockings, and other minor articles of costume to match. The girl, who sat by his side, was his daughter, a pretty little coquettish tormentor, neatly arrayed in Mouselaines de Laaine, pink satin bonnet and ribbons a little too flashy to accord with the refinement of good taste, as exhibited in our city. The third person of the group was a pert young man, seemingly about six and twenty, not to be called handsome, but very well dressed in a suit of black, with rather an ostentatious display of trinkets, such as breast-pin, watch-seals, guard-chain, &c. His side locks were very large, hanging about his face in that style which gives an air of ferocity to the most trifling and insignificant features; the only expression, in many cases, which could possibly be engrafted on the countenance. His eye was restless, glancing from object to object with singular rapidity; and even an ordinary observer might have discerned something unamiable, it may be something suspicious in his deportment. His station was at the right hand of the young lady, to whom he was evidently paying his amatory devotions.

While the youthful pair was engaged in a dialogue, certainly of a tender nature, the "old one" would occasionally break out into a soliloquy on quite a different subject, and the intermixture of topics formed a very singular medley, of which we shall insert only a brief example.

Old Man-(thinking aloud) Five hundred saplings of morus multicaulis at three dollars thirty.three cents each-how much?-If one sapling bring three to?

Youngster. How shall I express myself?

Old Man. Must do it with figures-by the rule of

Youngster. What I chiefly admire you for, Miss Ann Matilda, is your-

Old Man. One thousand six hundred and fifty-five dollara

Youngster. Your many accomplishments, which I value

Old Man. At three dollars thirty-three cents each. Youngster. At a much higher rate than mere personal attractions. Your fine complexion, your beautiful teeth-

Old Man. Planted 125 in a row-four feet six inches apart.

Youngster. Your lips resembling ripe ox-heart cherries, your peach-like cheeks-

Old Man. Nothing better to feed the worms.

Youngster. Are, comparatively speaking, of little consequence in my eyes. Should I have the felicity to obtain your hand, I shall make-

Old Man. A very good speculation!

Youngster. Every exertion to promote your happiness. Thunder and lightning!—can that be Langford?

Here the eyes, and apparently the thoughts, of the speaker were averted from his sweetheart, and directed to some other object. At this moment, the captain was giving orders to cast off the moorings; the bell-rope quivered, and one premonitory clank put every one interested on the look out; when a voice was heard, rising above the din of preparation:

"Captain, for the love of mercy-stop!-one minute, one instant-as you value the happiness of a human being;-one moment, sir, as you hope for grace and forgiveness!"

The new arrival, who thus spoke, was a tall young man, very well put together; his face was one of those which ladies love to look upon, though a man might object that it had rather too much of a "hairbrained, sentimental" developement. His dress was a little in the rustic order, without being shabby or slovenly; true, there was an appearance of those little sins of omission which are consequent to a hasty toilette; one side of his shirt collar was bent under his stock, his vest was not buttoned with due symmetry, he was without a hat, and his hair was not arranged in the most unexceptionable manner. Making his way to the group just described, he seized the hand of the young lady, exclaiming in a voice of the most passionate intonation:

"Ann Matilda, you must not go!-you have been deceived—your father has been imposed on. fellow who sits at your side is a swindler, a most notorious villain!"

Another clank of the bell cut short the declamation.

- "Captain, grant me another moment-if you would save this old man and this misguided girl from ruin-let me explain-"
- "Not the proper time and place, sir. Ruin !- Do you mean to say that any body can come to ruin in

my boat, sir?—That's slander. Never was as staunch a vessel on these waters. Best of timber; engine low pressure, with the last improvements; Stubbs & Stumper, manufacturers, Lowell, Massachusetts."

"You misunderstand me. The character of the boat is well established—but can you answer for the character of all the passengers?"

"Yes, sir, I can," cried the captain, his face blazing with indignation; I can answer for the character of all my passengers. All the genteeler part of the community go in this boat, sir—the scrubs and scoundrels go in the opposition low-priced line. Don't you think I understand my business?"

"Sir, I have been"-

"Cast off," cried the captain.

"Cast off, sir;—ay, I have been cast off—and that in the most unjustifiable manner. My heart has been wrung"—

"Ring the bell," cried the captain.

- "This lady and I were betrothed;—hold, sir, do not ring—I will satisfy you for the delay—the passengers will not take it amiss. What are a few moments of delay compared with years of anguish? By depriving me of the opportunity of speaking to this girl, you will probably make three persons wretched for the remainder of their lives. This man has a wife"—
  - "Why, so have I, sir."
  - " A wife-alive."
  - " Well, sir."
- "Alive and well, sir. Dont you see the wickedness of his conduct?—I say he has a wife alive and well!"
- "If she were dead or sick, sir, you might have some pretence for detaining the boat. As your message is now delivered, and seems to afford no particular pleasure to the gentleman chiefly interested, you will please to hasten on shore, before we baul in the gangways."

"Sir, I will not leave the deck until I have convinced you that a blacker villain than this"—

- "Hold, sir—I have told you that all my passengers are genteel people; that must not be disputed in this presence. The steam is up, sir; my temper is ditto. Dont you know that this delay might produce an accident?—the boiler, sir"—
  - "My heart, sir"-
  - " Might burst."
- "Is bursting. You can relieve your boiler by blowing off the extra steam; but you deny my poor heart the relief of venting its powerful emotions in words. Five minutes by the watch, sir."
- "Not for five thousand dollars. The opposition is ten miles ahead of me. I shall have to blow up my boat to save my character. If the collapsing of a flue, the fracture of a connecting rod, or any small matter of that sort would answer the purpose, I wouldn't mind it a button, sir—not a button; but blowing up, sir, is a serious thing;—great loss of property; and we have no insurance. Two minutes, sir—(I hold my watch in my hand,) two minutes and we start. Now speak."
- "This old man has been deceived—persuaded to sell out his grocery concern to engage in a multicaulis speculation. The impostor who urges him to this, seeks to marry his daughter, and yet he has a wife living, who can be produced. Let him deny it, if he can."

"I do deny it—I know nothing about it," said the accused party.

"Let Mr. Carboy speak," said the accuser.

"Why, Tom Langford," remarked the old gentleman, "the fact is, I believe you are a very honest fellow; and the fact is, I believe Mr. Slipmore here, is a very honest fellow. I am sorry to break off engagements with you, Tom, but, the fact is, Mr. Slipmore offers better terms. The gal prefers you, Tom, but, the fact is, I prefer Mr. Slipmore, because he knows all about them multycullis affairs. As for this story about another wife, Tom, the fact is, I believe that's all a story of your own make. The fact is, how can it be true, when Mr. Slipmore positively denies all knowledge of the matter?"

"Ay, sir," said the captain triumphantly, "how can it be true, when the gentleman knows nothing about it. If a man has a wife, 'gad! he's very apt

to know it."

"Miss Ann Matikla," said Langford, solemnly, to you I make my last appeal. The time"—

"Is up," cried the Captain; "Sir, you must go ashore immediately, or make up your mind to go with us. Ring the bell."

The bell-rope again quivered. Langford stood glancing alternately at the shore and at the party which occasioned his anxiety. Ann Matilda was speaking earnestly to her father, but the latter motioned her to silence, with a smile of incredulity.

"Hold on! steamboat avast!" hailed a voice from the wharf. A moment after, two men scrambled over the railing and presented themselves on deck, before the assembled passengers. These new-comers were dressed in a style which, (as we think, rather injudiciously,) expresses their calling, thus putting their patients on guard, and making an escape, at times, comparatively easy.

"Have a warrant for Job Fletcher, alias Jim Mooney, alias George Hobson, alias Matthew Perry, alias Sam Dawdle, alias Bob Scallops, alias Frederick R. Egerton, alias Augustus C. Mandlebert, alias Solomon Slipmore, alias"—

"Hang it!" cried the Captain, indignantly, "Do you mean to take every man out of my boat?"

"Only one, Captain; don't be scared before you're hurt. Crowley, read the description. Spread yourselves, gentlemen; them that has clean hearts need'nt be ashamed of their dirty faces. Heads up, all round!"

Crowley produced a manuscript, which, could it have blushed for its own appearance, would have had its modest confusion effectually concealed by the dense covering it had acquired by frequent contact with unwashed hands. The following passage was then read, in very audible tones, though not without some hesitation in delivery:

"Solomon Slipmore, and so forth, and so forth; five feet eight inches in height; light corded casinet pantaloons."

Here the eyes of the officers glanced at the pantaloons of all the gentlemen present.

" Blue mixed stockings."

Here the stockings all around underwent a similar inspection.

"Winks with his left eye when spoken to. Drinks nothing but gin twist. Has a fashion of drumming with his knuckles on the table. Has plenty of soft talk for the ladies. Loves maple sugar. Does not use green spectacles."

At each period, the officers looked around on the

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assemblage, and their attention finally settled on old Mr. Carboy, the father of Miss Ann Matilda. That gentleman's light corded pants, and blue mixed stockings condemned him.

"This is our man," said Crowley.

"Bring him along then," cried his coadjutor.

Accordingly the speculator in mulberries was formally captured, and would probably have been led off from the scene of action, had not Langford interferred. This young man had some personal acquaintance with the policemen, and succeeded in convincing them that they had mistaken their prisoner; bidding them remember the person of honest old Carboy, the grocer.

"Why it is he, sure enough," exclaimed Crowley; so, then, we have been misinformed. Slipmore is not on board. Shove ahead, Murray; and let's burn this tarnal description, 'case it overdoes the matter, being too partiklar. Light drab casinet pants; blue mixed stockings; no such thing on board, except what this old chap has on; of course, we must be off our track."

"Of course," echoed the Captain.

"Stop!" said Langford; "when was this description written? What is the date?"

"The date," answered Crowley, "June 7, 1838."
"Three months ago!" cried Langford; then add-

ed in a tone of great deference, "Don't you think it possible, gentlemen, that the person might have changed his dress within that time?"

"Sure enough!—an excellent idea!" shouted Murray; "I never thought of that, blister me! Changed his dress, Crowley, eh?—Is'nt it possible?"

Crowley raised one finger to the corner of his eye, and stood a minute with a countenance of the most intense cogitation.

"Well," said he, at length, "I should'nt be much surprised if that should turn out to be the truth, after all. I'll mark it down in the description, (taking out a pencil,) N. B. Noty Bany—possibly changed his dress. Tell you what, Murray, (aside,) that

Langford has a prodigious long head—han't he? make a capital lawyer, eh?"

"What is the charge against this Slipmore, with his string of et ceteras?" asked Langford.

"Stealing horse and sulky from his uncle, fifty miles up the river. Uncle promises to forgive and not prosecute, if he will come back, leave off his bad pranks, and attend to his wife and young 'un," observed the officer.

"I will," cried Slipmore, starting up. "Mr. Langford, I resign my pretensions to this lady. Mr. Carboy, you had better go ashore and open another grocery, leaving speculations in morus multicaulis to persons of a little more solidity. You understand me, sir, (tapping his forehead.) Miss Ann Matilda, I wish you a good morning. Captain, much obliged for your good opinion. Messrs. Crowley and Murray, I am ready to accompany you."

Carboy, with his daughter on his arm, and Langford, looking very happy, on the other side of her, presently went on shore. There was a deal of shaking hands between Carboy and Langford, and not a few kind looks were passing between the latter and Miss Ann Matilda. Slipmore, in custody of the two constables, passed them, bowing with great politeness and smiling with the utmost self-complacency.

"You have lost three passengers," said some one to the Captain.

"Ay," replied that commander, "and ten minutes in time, which is of a little more consequence. Shove off, boys, and crowd on all the steam she will carry. Ladies and gentlemen, sorry to make you wait, but you see its no fault of mine. However, I'll either land you in time, or blow the boat and every thing in her fifty fathom above high water mark; so you need'nt give yourselves the least bit of uneasiness."

Here the second bell rung without interruption, and a few minutes after all that could be discerned of the steamboat's whereabout, was comprised in a heavy volume of black smoke hanging upon the horizon.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### ANSWER ME.

BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON, OF LONDON.

Answer, oh! answer me, Ye burning stars of night! Where doth the spirit flee, Where take its flight? Is't to you realms of light? Oh! answer me!

Answer, oh! answer me,
Thou blazing orb of day!
Doth the soul wend to thes
Its glorious way?
When freed from cumb'ring clay?
Oh! answer me!

Answer, oh! answer me!
Pale twilight beams!—
Shall the soul shadow'd be

By mem'ry's dreams,
Dim as your misty gleams?
Oh! answer me!

Twilight—stars—sun—reply
To them unknown,
And seal'd from ev'ry eye,
Save One alone,
Is the great mystery
Of spirits flown!

Then let the secret cells
Of mine own breast,
The fount with life that swells
Answer the quest;—
It boots not where it dwells,
So—it is blest!

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

BY MRS. E. P. ELLET.

#### THE NUN OF MONZA.

LA SIGNORA DI MONZA professes to continue a story begun in Manzoni's Promessi Sposi, that of Gertrude, the profligate nun of Monza. This is unfortunate for the author in two respects; first, on account of the difficulty of filling up a sketch by so masterly a hand, and secondly, of the impropriety of selecting two unprincipled individuals, whose disgusting crimes had already thrown them out of the pale of our interest, for the personages whose fortunes we are to follow. The impressive episode of Manzoni is well known. He paints with terrible intensity, the struggles of the unfortunate girl against the doom that had been prepared for her even before her birth; the cruel tyranny of her father, who compels her to take the vows:her frenzy, her despair-and finally, the deep guilt into which she is betrayed-her murder of the attendant nun to conceal her crime, and her share in the abduction of Lucia. The agency of her no less guilty lover, Egidio, is also before our eyes. The emotions of pity and horror are carried to their highest pitch; we lose further regard for the fate of such beings, and are quite willing to dismiss them from attention. Conceive then the idea of tracing their further course through three volumes duodecimo!-Their life is but a new series of crimes, and there is no repentance to awaken moral interest in them anew. The book would have been thoroughly tiresome, were the adventures of the criminal pair intended to occupy the chief share of our attention. But they themselves, and the incidents in which they take part, are merely frames as it were, in which to set historical pictures, and discussions on every subject of interest in Italy-politics, literature, and the arts. In this view, the execution of the work far surpasses the design. It is evidently the production of a man of cultivated tastes, and extensive and varied knowledge. The pictures of celebrated personages and scenes are drawn with great distinctness and vigour. Signor Rosini, the author, evinces an ardent love for his country and the arts in which she was once so rich, and a discriminating judgment in admiring them. The want of interest in his leading personages is compensated, too, by the individuality and truth with which they are sketched.

A brief abstract of the story may give some idea of his talent as a novelist. After the disappearance of Lucia from the convent of Monza, as related by Manzoni, the Superior begins to suspect that the haughty and overbearing Gertrude has been concerned in the abduction of the unfortunate girl. Egidio, at the same time, finds his own situation a perilous one, on account of the hostility of Gertrude's brother. The lovers determine to fly from the convent, and take refuge in the castle of the Unknown. On the evening fixed for their escape, the brother, Prince Frederic, sends a challenge to Egidio, who accepts it, and slays his adversary. His hands yet reeking from his victim's blood, he hastens to the convent, and since the arms of the Unknown are no longer open to them, they determine to seek refuge in Florence. They reach that city with great diffi-

culty, being hotly pursued by the bravi of Prince Frederic, and accompanied only by two servants. Their abode fixed for an indefinite period, Egidio emerged a man of taste and learning, and visits all that Florence contains of science and art; while the hapless Gertrude, shut out from society, or, at least, prevented from relishing its enjoyments by her early habits of seclusion, her want of cultivation, and the ever present sense of her degraded condition, is left to solitude and reflection. She is continually urging her lover to accomplish the object of their journey to Florence, which was to find some one willing to intercede with the Pope to obtain a dispensation from her convent vows; to enable them to be legally united. Egidio assures her that his efforts are ever directed to this end; that for this purpose he seeks the society of men of letters and influence, and endeavours to extend his acquaintance among eminent individuals. Gertrude is quieted from time to time by these protestations; but Egidio soon loses his zeal for the attainment of the object which is the sole hope of her existence. He is deeply enamoured of the beautiful and gifted Barbara degli Albizzi, the Corinne of the day-celebrated no less for her genius and richly cultivated intellect, than for the loveliness of her person. He becomes a daily visiter to this noble lady, and witnesses every evening the display of her talents-whether in familiar conversation, in the courtly festival, or the improvvised song; gazes fascinated on her unrivalled charms, and hangs on the exquisite melody of her voice. Insensibly he is led to compare the haughty, violent, ignorant Gertrude, with this brilliant creature; and the comparison disgusts him with his former idol. Gertrude soon detects the change in her lover, and is well nigh maddened at the thought that she has now no other hold than upon his compassion and his honour (!) Strange as it may seem, this hardened villain is represented as vacillating between the feelings of honour which call upon him to fulfil his promises to his victim, and his love for the captivating Florentine. Of course, a deep and bitter hatred grows up in Gertrude's mind against her rival; yet she determines to conquer her repugnance to the sight of her, and actually accepts an invitation to her palace one evening, when she beholds her in all the splendour of her beauty and accomplishments. The effect of this scene upon the unhappy nun is admirably painted. Nurtured in the seclusion of a cloister, where she knew no superior-where her birth and rank commanded all homage and attention from the limited circle about her-at this first introduction to polished society her heart sinks within her at the humiliating consciousness of her own inferiority. She is forced to acknowledge the unequalled graces and fascinations of Barbara; and on the instant adopts the simple resolution that she too " will learn to sing, and dance, and play." All this, with her subsequent vindictive and self-tormenting jealousy, is in keeping with her character, and perfectly true to nature.

After the lapse of many months, Egidio is disco-

vered by the emissaries of the Prince, and nearly killed one night on his return from the palace of the Albizzi. All Gertrude's tenderness and devotion to him, and her affection unabated though requited by coldness, are now exhibited; she nurses him through a tedious illness, and has the agony of seeing him immediately on his recovery, hasten to the presence of Barbara. Meanwhile the plague breaks out; she is attacked by it, and borne to the lazzaretto. Here the better feelings which suffering and the anticipation of death awaken in her mind, are dispelled at once by the sight of her rival on a couch near her; and frantic with jealous rage, she pours out the bitterness of her heart in violent execrations. She recovers and is restored to Egidio; but he receives her with stern reproaches for her furious language to the Lady Barbara, and evinces not the slightest lingering regard for her. In a state of desperation, and reckless of all dangers so she may recover Egidio's love, the wretched woman determines to seek the forbidden aid of sorcery. A celebrated enchantress, Livia Vernazza, the favourite of Giovanni de Medici, is in Florence; and to her Gertrude applies; sends her a wax figure of her faithless lover, and a lock of his hair on which to work her spells. This leads to her detection; her messenger is arrested, and carried to the prison of the Inquisition, where he confesses all. Gertrude is summoned before the holy tribunal, and recognized as the fugitive nun of Monza. She is sent guarded to a neighbouring convent, and Egidio is next arrested. He is rescued, however, by his servant Anguillotto, and joined by a reinforcement of bravi attempts in his turn to rescue Gertrude from the guards and soldiers who are conducting her to Milan. The ruffians encounter the soldiers on the river, but are defeated; a shot strikes Egidio and he falls into the waves. His despairing partner in guilt is consigned to the care of Cardinal Borromeo.

The Prince, whose guilty ambition had caused all his daughter's sufferings and crimes, by compelling her to take the veil that her portion might swell the estate descending to his eldest born, is doomed to taste the retribution of his wickedness. falls as we have seen by the hand of Egidio; the mother and the young wife speedily follow him to the grave; and the sole hopes of the proud old noble for the continuance of his ancient line rest upon two infant grandsons. One of them falls a victim to the small pox; the surviving child is watched with incessant, frantic anxiety; the keen solicitude of the old man, and his agonizing apprehensions when he sees this treasured infant attacked by the plague, are painted in vivid colours. The boy dies; the wretched parent sees his last hopes blighted, and naturally recals to memory his lost daughter. She has meanwhile revealed to the Cardinal the moving story of the cruelties exercised on her to compel her to the convent, and confessed her subsequent crimes. Her father appears; the wretched girl, struck with anguish at the sight of her persecutor, repels in undisguised horror his offered embrace. This sends the last and bitterest pang to the old man's heart; we are left uncertain if he obtained her forgiveness before death, but Gertrude survives, and repents of her guilt in the retirement of a cloister.

The character of Gertrude is very ably sustained; the intensity of her affection in the midst of neglect, and despite her maddening jealousy, gives rise to scenes most deeply pathetic. We see the material

of a noble nature, fearfully perverted by her education. But it is not with her or her lover that we have most to do; the miscellaneous descriptions and facts unconnected with the story, and the interesting picture of the state of Florence at that period, absorb our attention. Among these the description of the grotto used by the Grand Duke Francesco and Bianca Cappello for their private entertainments, and of the villa of Pratolino are well worthy of notice. Nor must we forget to mention the picture of Pietro Jacca, the sculptor, who then "shared the sceptre of art with Giulio Parigi and Matteo Rosselli," nor the youthful and timid Carlo Dolce, and the rest of the pupils of his school; nor last, though not least, the sketch of Ga-This great man was then living in tranquillity; the following extract describes him.

"Meanwhile, the sound of a bell was heard, and guided by Rinuccini,\* they were introduced into the apartment. They entered it with silence as reverential as if it had been a sanctuary. The window was partly closed; but the light, though faint, permitted them to see the face of that venerable old man. He was sitting on the bed; a white handkerchief was tied about his neck, and he wore a vest of sad coloured cloth, over which a pelisse was thrown, lined with blue and a little faded by time. His majestic forehead was uncovered by cap of any kind; he never wore one either by night, or in the depth of winter. His eyes were brilliant and full of expression; though a slight heaviness in the lids began to indicate the malady which nature had in reserve for him.

"His bed was covered with green serge; the hangings and coverlet were also green. At his left hand was a clock, on whose face an arrow pointed to the hour; on his right stood a telescope, mounted on a box above a large chest; at the end of the bed hung an infant Jesus in the Virgin's arms, a living and breathing work of art, which his beloved friend Cigoli had given him as a memorial of himself.

" His hands were resting on the table, on which lay an open book. While Pandolfini was repeating. in his introduction of Egidio, the ordinary expressions used in presenting a foreigner to a man whose acquaintance is sought for his merit, Egidio gazed as if entranced on the majestic features of that sublime Searcher of the secrets of nature; contemplating the cheeks a little attenuated by time-the brow furrowed by long study and deep thought; the eyes accustomed to measure the expanse of the heavens-the lips from which flowed eloquence and learning as from a pe-He could not but observe the rennial fountain. simplicity, almost the incommodiousness of the bed on which the philosopher reposed; the nakedness of the apartment, not even covered with ordinary leather hangings; the plainness of the seats; -and he exclaimed internally, 'How paltry here seem the most magnificent vanities of the world!"

The novel of Luisa Strozzi also gives us glimpses of the most eminent men of the age, whose conversations and criticisms upon art are detailed without being scrupulously connected with the thread of the story. Among others, it gives account of one of the best writers of the sixteenth century, who failed to be appreciated according to his merits—Antonio Francesco Grazzini. He was one of the founders of the two famous Academies in Florence; the Florentine or Grand Academy, established in 1540, and the Academy della Crusca. He was accustomed to en-

• Francesco Rinuccini the pupil of Galileo.

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tertain in the back room of his shop "at the sign of the Saracen," all the wits of Florence, who assembled there to read their compositions. He was himself a writer of romances second to none of his contemporaries; it was his novel of "Fazio l'Orafo," that furnished the incidents of Milman's tragedy, which still retains possession of our stage.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE PHILOSOPHY OF WINTER.

BY W. J. WALTER.

This day a lesson may inspire:

This not without a reason,

The trees have doffed their gay attire,

To meet the wintry season.

And shall not I, when days full-fraught
With chastening power draw nigh me,
Lay by each high-aspiring thought,
And bid gay visions fly me?

Yes, there are periods when the soul Demands her wintry season, And should receive the stern controul Of that grave teacher—Wisdom.

Mellow'd by frost, the snow-clad field
Is for the spring-time fitted;
And so the heart fresh fruits will yield,
To wise controul submitted.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE ELDEST DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

As the importance of education becomes more and more appreciated by the people, the difficulty of obtaining well qualified teachers, is proportionably realized. Foreigners may be profoundly learned, or highly accomplished, but the political and moral idioms of our republic are to be studied, and the mind in some measure weaned from established trains of thought, ere it can assimilate with those whom it is expected to modify. The inhabitants of different sections of our own Union, must submit in some degree to the same subjugating process. The northern youth, who engages in the business of instruction at the sunny south, perceives a necessity of conforming to new usages, ere he can be in harmony with those around. Even natives of different portions of the same State, must take pains to adapt themselves to the new neighbourhood, or family where they are to operate, if they would hope their efforts to be attended with full success.

Is it understood, that in every family of brothers and sisters, there is a teacher whom it is not necessary to naturalize as a foreigner?—or as a stranger to incite to sympathy? While she aids intellectual progress, her influence on the disposition and manners—her moral and religious sussion, are still more visible and enduring. She enjoys and reciprocates the love of those who receive her lessons. Year after year, she continues her ministrations.

It will be evident, that I speak of the eldest daughter. Her sympathy with her pupils must doubtless be greater than that of other teachers. They are her bone, and her flesh. They come to her with more freedom than even to the parent; so that the extent of her sway it is not easy either to limit or to compute.

Many excellent elder daughters has it been my good fortune to know, who realized their responsibility to the Great Teacher, and were filled with tenderness to the mother, whose mission they partook, and to the dear ones who looked to them for an example. I think, at this moment, of one who was the light and life of a large circle of little ones. They

hung on the lineaments of her sweet countenance. and imbibed joy. From her lovely, winning manners, they fashioned their own. If temporary sadness stole over them, she knew the approach to their hearts, and her sweet music, and sweeter words, cheered them back to happiness. If there were among them exuberance of mirth, or symptoms of lawlessness, or indications of discord, she clothed herself with the temporary dignity of the parent, and prevailed. When sickness was among them, no eye, save that of the mother, could so long hold waking as hers. No other arm was so tireless in sustaining the helpless form, or the weary head. The infant seemed to have two mothers, and to be in doubt which most to love. Often, in gazing on her radiant countenance, I said mentally-" what a preparation are you giving yourself for your own future duties. Happy the man, who shall be permitted to appropriate to himself such a treasure." Still, at her joyous bridal, there was sorrow;—the tears of the little sis-They clasped her in their tiny arms-they would scarcely be persuaded to resign her. After they had retired to rest, they were heard lamenting, "who now will sing us songs when we are sad? and teach us such plays as made us wiser and better? Now, when we tear our frocks, who will help us to mend them? and when we are naughty, who will bring us back to goodness?"

I have seen another elder daughter, to whose sole care, a feeble mother committed one of her little ones. With what warm gratitude, with what a sublime purpose, did she accept the sacred gift. She opened her young heart to the new occupant. She took the babe to her room—she lulled it to sleep on her bosom—it shared her couch. Soon its lisping tones mingled with her supplications. She fed the unfolding mind with the gentlest dews of piety—"the small rain upon the tender herb." From her it learned to love the Bible, the Sabbath, the kind pastor—to seck for true penitence, and perseverance in the path that leads to heaven. And it was early taken there. In the arms of that eldest sister, its

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soul was rendered up. But not until it had given proof, for a few years of happy childhood, that it was one of the lambs of the Saviour's flock. Afterwards I saw that same eldest daughter, in a family of her own. To heighten the happiness, and elevate the character of those around her, were her objects. And she knew how, for she had learned before. Thorough experience in the culture of the disinterested affections, gave her an immense vantageground, for the new duties of wife and mother. They were performed with ease to herself, and were beautiful in the eyes of observers. The children of others were entrusted to her husband to be educated, and she became a mother to them. And I could not but bless the Giver of every good and perfect gift, that the hallowed influences to which that eldest daughter had given such exercise under the paternal roof, might now go forth into the bosom of strangers, take root in distant homes; and perhaps, in another hemisphere, or in an unborn age, bring forth the fruits of immortality.

The assistance which may be afforded to parents, by the eldest daughter, is invaluable. What other hand could so effectually aid them, in the great work of training up their children to usefulness and piety? Filial gratitude is among the noblest motives to this enterprise. Many young ladies have been thus actuated to become the instructers in different branches, of their brothers and sisters; or regularly to study their lessons with them, and hear them recite, ere they went to their stated teachers; or to assume the whole charge of their classical instruction. I was acquainted with an elder sister, who every morning, when the younger children were about to depart to their separate schools, took them into a room by themselves, and imparted most kindly and seriously, such advice, admonition or encouragement, as had a visible effect on their moral conduct, in enabling them both to resist temptation, and to be steadfast in truth and goodness.

But I have been much affected with the history of one, who amid circumstances of peculiar trial, was not only to those younger than herself, but to her parents, and especially to her widowed and sorrowing father, as a guardian angel. It is more than a century since Egede, a native of Norway, moved with pity for the benighted Greenlanders, left a pleasant abode, and an affectionate flock, to become their missionary. His wife, and four young children accompanied him. Their privations, and hardships, it is difficult either to describe or to imagine, armid an ignorant, degraded people, and in that terrible climate, where rayless darkness is superadded to the bitter frosts of winter, so that it is necessary to shrink into subterranean cells, and feed incessantly the train-oil lamp, lest the spark of life should be extinguished.

Little Ulrica saw her mother continually sustaining and cheering her father, amid labours which long seemed to be without hope. She heard her read to him, by the glimmering never-dying lamp, from the few books they had brought from their father-land. She observed how cheerfully she denied herself, for the sake of others, and with what a sweet smile she discharged her daily duties. She perceived that light and warmth might be kept within the soul, while all around was dark and desolate, and gave her young heart to the God from whom such gifts proceeded.

When the sun, after long absence, once more appeared over the icy wastes, glorious, as if new-

created, and in a few moments sank again beneath the horizon, the missionary and his wife sometimes climbed the high rocks, to meet the herald beams, and to welcome their first, brief visit. Ulrica, following in their footsteps, with the children, earnestly incited them to love and revere the Great Being, who called forth that wondrous orb with a word, and sent him on errands of mercy to the earth, and to the children of men. And when the light of a summer whose sun never set, was around them, and the few juniper and birch-trees gleamed out into sudden foliage, and the rein-deer browsed among the mosses, and the long day which knew no evening, fell upon the senses with a sort of oppressive brightness, she sometimes led her little sister to the shore of the solemn sea, and raising her in her arms, as some far-seen iceberg towered along in awful majesty, bade her to fear and obey the God who ruleth the mighty deep, and all that is therein.

The mother was the teacher of her children. Especially, during the long solitude of the Greenland winters, was it her business and pleasure to form their minds, and to fortify them against ignorance and evil. Ulrica drank the deepest of this lore. Often while the younger ones slept, did she listen delighted to the legends of other days, and bow herself to the spirit of that blessed Book, which speaks of a clime where there is no sterility, or tempest, or tear. When the father, accompanied by the son, older than herself, was abroad in the duties of his vocation, among the miserable inhabitants of the squalid cabins, Ulrica sat at the feet of her mother, sole auditor, surrendering to her, her whole heart. But what she learned was treasured for the little brother and sister. Every lesson was carefully pondered, and broken into fragments, for their weaker comprehension. She dealt out to them, daily portions of knowledge, as the bread from heaven. She poured it out warily, like water in the wilderness, bidding them "drink and live."

It was in the spring of 1733, that the poor Greenlanders were visited by a wasting epidemic. The small-pox broke out among them, with a fury which nothing could withstand. Egede assuming the benevolent office of physician, was continually among them. He gave medicines to the infected, and night and day, besought the dying to look unto the " Lamb of God who taketh away the sin of the world."-Dwelling after dwelling was left empty and desolate, and the population, always thin, in that sterile clime, melted away, as snow before the vernal sun. phans fled to their pastor for shelter, and the sick, to be nursed and healed. Every part of his house was a hospital, where the sufferers lay thickly, side by side. Some, who had been his open enemies, and coarsely reviled his counsels, were there, in frightful agonies, so bloated and disfigured as scarcely to retain a vestige of humanity. One of them, when recovering, came to him, with a penitent and broken spirit, confessing the worth of that religion which could enable him thus to bless his persecutors.

Through this fearful calamity, which lasted for many months, the wife of Egede, with her children, patiently and kindly tended the sick, who thronged their habitation. But when the judgment was withdrawn, and health revisited the invalids, and among the diminished number of survivors, were indications of that religious sensibility which more than repaid all her toils, she herself became the victim of sudden

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decline. " Death has come for me," she said to her husband. "In the cold cup which he presses to my lips, there is no bitterness, save that I must leave you, while your desires for the conversion of our people are unaccomplished." To Ulrica, her constant nurse, tireless both night and day, she committed the younger children, towards whom she had so long evinced a sweet combination of sisterly and maternal care. She heard these little ones wailing around her bed, and comforted them with the hope, wherewith she was herself comforted of God. She dictated messages of holy love, to her eldest son, who pursuing his theological studies in Denmark, she must no more embrace on earth. And so, in that lone Greenland hut, she met the last enemy, and with the gasp and struggle, mingled a hymn of victory and praise.

Around her grave, there stood only the lone missionary and his three children. He was borne down and bewildered by this terrible visitation. In all his forms of adversity, and they had been many, it did not appear to have entered his imagination, that the beautiful being, so much younger than himself, so firm in health, so fresh in spirit, who from early youth had been to him, as another soul of strength and hope, should be taken, and he left alone. Then it was, that Ulrica realized, that her sacred charge comprised not only the motherless children, but the sorrowing parent. Asking strength from above, to tread in the footsteps of her sainted mother, she came forward, and gave her arm firmly to the bereaved man, who, like a reed shaken by the blast, wavered to and fro, on the verge of the yawning, uncovered grave, where lay the lifeless form of his idolized companion. It was most touching to see the fragile nature of a beautiful young girl, gird itself both to shelter the blossom and to prop the tree which the lightning had scathed.

Suppressing her own grief, she taxed every energy to soothe and comfort her father. Strongly resembling her mother, in person, she had the same clear, blue eye, the same profuse flaxen bair, the same mild, yet resolved cast of features. So much like hers, also, were the sweet, inspiring tones of her voice, that the poor bereaved sometimes started from his reverie, with a wild hope, that sank but in deeper dejection. Hourly, it was her study to minister to his comfort. Carefully did she provide his raiment, and when he went forth, so wrap his furs about him, as to defend him from the cold, for he seemed less assiduous than formerly to guard his own health and life. She spread his humble board as her mother had been accustomed to spread it; but often, when she urged him to take refreshment, he was as one who heard not, and bowed himself down to pray. she knelt softly by his side, and her supplications ascended with those of the deeply-stricken soul. He would sit for hours, in silence, with his head resting upon his bosom, or during their long, long evening, gaze motionless on the seat, which his best beloved had so long occupied. Amazed at the weight, and endurance of his grief, the younger children, who often strove to wait on and cheer him, as they had seen their mother do, sobbed forth their sorrows, as if they anew bade her farewell. But Ulrica never faultered, was never discouraged, though her heart was pierced at his despair.

One morning, her voice sounded in his ear, like that of an angel: "Dear father! dear father! your son is here!"—And the next moment, the young mis-

sionary, Paul Egede, rushed into his arms. He had returned from Europe, his education completed, to share in the labours of his father. Scarcely had he embraced his sisters, ere the bereaved parent said :---"Come forth, my son, and see the grave of your mother. Let me hear you pray there." The re-union with his first-born, and the tender assiduities of Ulrica, aided by the blessing of heaven, began to lift up his broken spirit. He employed himself in his parochial duties, particularly in translating into the rude dialect of Greenland, simple treatises, and catechisms, which he circulated as widely as possible among his people. He accepted with kindness the attentions of his children, and spoke tenderly to them; but it was evident that he looked for consolation only towards heaven, and to the hope of meeting his beautiful, kindred spirit, where they could be sundered no more.

Three years of his mournful widowhood had past, when a request came from the king of Denmark, that he would no longer exile himself, but return, and accept a professorship in a newly founded seminary for orphan students.

Infirm health admonished him that he could not much longer hope to resist the severity of a Greenland climate, and bidding an affectionate adieu to the people, among whom he had so painfully laboured, and entrusting them to the care of his eldest son, Paul, he committed himself, with his three remaining children, to the tossing of the northern deep. What joyous wonder filled their young hearts, at the prospect of a country where was no long night, where the grain would have time to ripen, ere the frosts came, and where they might be able to live on the surface of the earth, the whole year.

A return to the blessings of civilization, the warm welcome of friends, and the rekindling of early, healthful associations, renewed the spirit of Egede, and gave him vigour for the duties that devolved Ulrica was in his path, as an everupon him. gilding sunbeam, while the pleasures of intellectual society, with the heightened advantages for educating her brother and sister, filled her heart with delighted gratitude, and added new radiance to her exceeding beauty. Her early history and peculiar virtues, excited the interest of all around, while the loveliness of her person and manners won many admirers. Yet she steadfastly resisted every allurement to quit her father, sensible that his enfeebled constitution required those attentions which she best knew how to bestow: and the holy light which beamed from her eyes, while thus devoting herself to him, and to his children, revealed the exquisite happiness of disinterested

But it was not long ere Egede was convinced that the approaching infirmities of age demanded repose. He, therefore, retired to a lovely cottage in the island of Falster, separated from Zealand by only a narrow channel of the sea. There, amid the rural scenery which he loved, and in the faithful discharge of every remaining duty of benevolence and piety, he calmly awaited the summons to another life. Ulrica read to him that sacred Book which was his solace, for his failing sight was no longer equal to this office; and no voice entered his ear so readily, and so much like a song-bird, as her own. With the help of her brother and sister, she cultivated a small garden, and it was touching to see them, in a dewy summer's morn, bearing his arm-chair out among his favourite plants, and aiding his tottering steps to a seat among them.

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There, dignified and peaceful, like the patriarch beneath the oaks of Mamre, he communed with the works of God, or gave lessons of wisdom to his descendants. Every new shoot, each tendril that during the night, had thrust further onward its little, clasping hand, were to him as living friends. The freshness of a perpetually renewed creation, seemed to enter into his aged heart, and preserve there somewhat of the lingering spirit of youth, while the clay tended downward towards the dust. When neither his staff, nor the arm of his children could longer support his drooping form, and he went no more forth, amid the works of nature, Ulrica brought her fairest flowers to his pillow, and duly dressed the vase on the table by his bed side, and his dim eyes blessed her. Thither, with slow and downy footstep, death stole, and Ulrica, overcoming the emotion that swept over her, like deep billows, girded herself to sing the hymn with which he had been wont to console the dying. and when his parting smile beamed forth, and the white lips, for the last time, murmured "peace," she pressed her trembling hand on his closing eyes, soothed the wild burst of grief of the wailing children, and kneeling down, in her orphan bitterness, commended them to that pitying Father, who never dies,

It was affecting to see her forgetting her own sorrow, when others were to be cheered or cared for, and attending with a clear mind to every duty, however minute; but when there was no longer any thing for her to do, and her brother and sister had retired

to their apartments, she leaned her beautiful head on the corpse of the old man, and wept as if the very fountains of her soul were broken up. She made the spot of his lowly slumber pleasant with summer foliage, and with the hardy evergreen. She planted the grassy mound with the enduring chamomile, which rises sweeter from the pressing foot or hand, and the aromatic thyme, which allures the singing bee. There, at the close of day, she went often with her brother and sister, enforcing the precepts of that piety, which had led their beloved father through many trials, to rest with his dear Redeemer.

Once, as she returned from her mournful, yet sweet visit to the grave, she was met by Albert, the young, dark-eyed clergyman of a neighbouring village, who drew her arm within his own. It would seem that his low, musical voice, alluded to a theme not unfamiliar to her ear.

"Ulrica, why should you impose a longer probation on my faithful love? He, to whom you have been as an angel, is now with the spirits of just men made perfect. Dearest, let my home henceforth be yours, and this brother and sister mine!"

The trembling lustre of her full, blue eyes, met those of Albert in tenderness and trust. His pleasant and secluded parsonage, gained a treasure beyond tried gold; for she, who as a daughter and sister, had so long been a model of disinterested goodness and piety, could not fail to sustain with dignity and beauty the hallowed relations of a wife and mother.

#### LA LIBERTA.

#### CANZONETTA DI METASTASIO.

GRAZIE agl' inganni tuoi!
Al fin respiro, O Nice;
Al fin d' un infelice
Ebber gli dei pietà.
Sento da' lacci suoi,
Sento che l' alma è sciolta;
Non sogno questa volta,
Non sogno libertà!

Mancò l' antico ardore,
E son tranquillo, a segno
Che in me non trova sdegno
Per mascherarsi amor.
Non cangio più colore
Quando il tue nome ascolto;
Quando ti miro in volto,
Più non mi batte il cor.

Sogno, ma te non miro Sempre ne' sogni miei; Mi desto, e ta non sei Il primo mio pensier. Lungi da te m' aggiro, Senza bramarti mai; Son teco, e mon mi fai Nè pena, nè piacor.

Di tua beltà ragiono,
Nè intenerir mi sento;
I torti miei rammento,
E non mi so sdegnar.
Confuso più non sono
Quando mi vieni appresso;
Col mio rivale istesso
Posso di te parlar.

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#### A CANZONETTA, TRANSLATED FROM METASTASIO

#### BY W. J. WALTER.

THANKS to thy kind deceiving!
Falso one, I breathe again;
The Gods were mov'd to pity
To see a wretch's pain.
Escap'd from thy proud bondage,
Free beats this heart of mine;
It is no dream that cheats me,
No, freedom, I am thine!

So calm'd my bosom's fever, So much at ease my mind, Should some disdain be needed, Such aid Love would not find. No more do I change colour, When I but hear thy name; I now can face thy beauty, Yet feel my heart the same.

I dream of every trifle,
Yet dream not now of thee:
I can at dawn awaken,
Nor thou my first thought be.
I can be absent from thee,
Nor heave one anxious sigh;
Nor feel or pain, or pleasure,
When I behold thee nigh.

I talk about thy beauty,
Yet no emotion prove;
The thought of wrong long suffer'd
Will no resentment move.
All calm and unembarrass'd
Thy near approach I see;
Nay, with my very rival
Can coolly talk of thee.

Volgimi il guardo altero,
Parlami in volto umano,
Il tuo disprezzo è vano,
E vano il tuo favor.
Che più l' usato impero
Quei labbri in me non hanno;
Quegli occhi più non sanno
La via da questo cor.

Quel che or m' alletta o spiace, Se lieto o mesto or sono, Già non è più tuo dono, Già colpa tua non è. Che senza te mi piace La selva, il colle, il prato; Ogni soggiorno ingrato M' annoja ancor con te.

Odi s'io son sincero:—
Ancor mi sembre bella,
Ma non mi sembre quella.
Che paragon non ha.
E—mon t'offenda il vero—
Nel tuo leggiadro aspetto
Or vedo alcun difetto
Chi me parea beltà.

Quando lo stral spezzai,

—Confesso il mio rossore—
Spezzar m' intesi il core, '
Mi parve di morir.

Ma per uscir di guai,
Per mon vidersi oppresso,
Per racquistar se stesso,
Tutto si può soffrir!

Nel visco, in cui s'avvenne Quell' auggellin talora, Lascia le penne ancora, Ma torna in liberta: Poi le perdute penne In pochi di rinnova; Cauto divien per prova, Nè più tradir si fa.

So che non credi estinto In me l'incendio antico, Perchè si spesso il dico, Perchè tacer non so: Quel naturale istinto, Nice, a parlar mi sprona, Per cui ciascun ragiona De' rischi che passò.

Dopo il crudel cimento, Narra i passati adegni, Di sue ferite i segni Mostra guerrier così. Mostra così contento Schiavo, che uscì di pena, La barbara catena Che strasinava un di.

Parlo, ma sol parlando Me sodisfar procuro; Parlo, ma nulla curo Che tu mi presti fe. Parlo, ma non dimando Se approvi i detti miei; Mê se tranquilla sei Nel ragionar di me.

Ie lascio un' incostante;
Ta perdi un cor sincero:
E chi di noi primiero
Chi s'abbia a consolar?
So che un sì fido amante
Non troverà più Nice;
Che un' altra ingannatrice
E facile a trovar!

Whether thou look disdainful, Or soft thine accents be, Alike thy scorn, or favour, Indifferent to me. Those lips may sweetly prattle, And yet no charm impart; Nor know those bright eyes longer The way to reach my heart.

The pleasing, or the painful,
With my own eyes I view,
Nor does the face of nature
From thine take all its hue.
I can enjoy without thee
The grove, the mead, the hill;
And if there's aught that's tiresome.
With thee 'tis tiresome still.

Judge if I speak sincerely:—
I still confess thee fair,
But will not own thee perfect,
Or beautoous past compare.
And—let not truth offend thee—
In that enchanting face
I find some points defective
Which once appear'd a grace.

When first away I tore me From thy long-lov'd controul, It seem'd—I blush to own it— To rend my very soul. But, to escape from thraidom, To break from Beauty's scorn, And to retrieve past errors, How much may not be borne!

Behold you fluttering captive
Entangled in the snare,
Fain, in exchange for freedom,
To leave some feathers there.
His loss of painted plumage
Will some short days restore;
He from the past learns caution,
And tempts the snare no more.

I know you think this bosom Still hides its ancient flame, Because so oft I speak it, So oft the truth proclaim: But 'tis a natural instinct Impels us to the last, To tell of former dangers, And dwell on perils past.

When hush'd the din of battle,
The soldier tells of wars,
Becounts each dread adventure,
And proudly shows his scars.
Thus, too, the slave enchanted
His freedom to regain,
Will abow, with look triumphant,
His former galling chain.

I talk, for sake of talking, To please myself, I wot; I talk, but little caring If thou give heed or not. I talk, but without asking If 'tis approv'd by thee: Or if, without emotion, Thyself canst talk of me.

I quit a fickle false one;
Thou'lt lose a heart all truth;
Now, which shall most regret it,
I ask thee which, forsooth?
Thou'lt ne'er find fond believer
Like him thou hast resign'd;
Another fair deceiver
How easy (twere to find!

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### ADOSINDA.\*

#### BY MRS. HARRISON SMITH.

Here thou hast fled,
Thou, who wert nurst in palaces, to dwell
In rocks and mountain caves.—Roderick.

Among the rocks of the Asturias there still exists the Ruins of an ancient habitation, secluded amidst the scattered remains of one of those fortresses where the vanquished and fugitive Goths, under the guidance of the great Pelagius, found a secure asylum from the tyranny of the Moors. Here, with unshaken constancy and undecaying zeal, this Christian patriot preserved through untold dangers and difficulties, the liberty of his followers and the purity of his religion; here, amidst these mountain fastnesses he laid the foundation of the Spanish monarchy.

"To this asylum of freedom," said Adosinda, my father retired. Under a fictitious name he fixed his dwelling in this solitude, accompanied only by one faithful domestic, with whose aid he constructed our humble habitation from materials supplied by the long deserted Ruins, and, for greater security, built it within the shelter of the walls of the fortress—still called the Tower of Pelagius.

"In this wild and solitary place was I brought up. My father concealed from me my sex and my birth; and while he lived I always wore coarse and rustic garments like his own.

" He called me Alonzo; and Ramiro, the companion of my childhood, I looked upon as a beloved brother: six years older than myself, it was his greatest delight to train me in the exercises in which he himself excelled. He taught me to draw the bow, to use the sling, to climb the highest precipices, to swim the most rapid torrents. Thus to instruct and embolden my timid nature became his chief occupation and greatest pleasure. My father beheld with joy these demonstrations of affection, and by every means in his power increased and fortified these tender sentiments; while in my mind, he cultivated feelings of respect and submission towards the companion whom he taught me to look upon as my sole protector, when death should bereave me of a father's care. Ramiro never abused the power thus intrusted to him, but exercised it solely for my benefit and enjoyment.

"Well do I recollect in those early days, his vexation and distress, on account of the weakness and delicacy of my frame, and the softness and timidity of my disposition. But, after some years, these qualities, instead of displeasing him, only served to increase his watchful tenderness and to excite a hitherto unfelt sensibility-compassion it might be, for the weakness he had vainly sought to conquer. He even grew reluctant that I should be exposed to the hardships to which he had often prompted me, and far from exciting, he now employed his authority to moderate my courage. When engaged in the chase, he would stop my too eager pursuit, and forbid me to climb the rocks, or swim the torrents. Often have I seen him turn pale and tremble when any danger was to be encountered, and would snatch me from it

\* An episode in a work of Madame de Genlis, suggested the subject of this tale, but it is so altered and enlarged as to retain little of the original.

with the tremulous anxiety of a mother. This solicitude soon extended to the most trifling circumstances. He was unwilling that I should expose myself to the heat of the sun, and would often force me at noonday to quit the bare rocks or open plains, and lead me into the shadiest recesses of the forest; or if gathering clouds threatened an approaching storm, instead of persuading me as heretofore to brave its fury, he would hasten me to the nearest and safest shelter.

"When my father reproached him for thus spoiling the early education he had given me, he would acknowledge it to be a weakness thus to yield to his feelings; but I cannot without pain, he would reply, "see those feeble hands attempt to throw a heavy stone, or to bend a bow larger than that small and delicate form, or those shoulders bending beneath an enormous quiver. While there was hope that time and habit would remedy the extreme delicacy of Alonzo's constitution, I urged him to share my labours, and to brave the extremes of heat and cold, but you see, my father, it is in vain-is it wrong to pity the weakness we cannot remedy? Can we, without pain, see a beautiful and delicate flower bent and buffetted by the wind, or withering beneath the noonday heat? How then can I bear to see my little brother suffering from the pelting of the storm, or the ardour of the sun! He seems of a make so fragile, that the slightest accident may prove fatal, and I shrink with feelings altogether new and unaccountable from the tasks and trials I formerly imposed on him. His safety is far dearer to me than my own; and there is no danger I would not encounter to save him from the slightest suffering. I feel my life bound up in his, and the alarms I am filled with when his safety is endangered, are more intolerable than any personal fatigues, dangers, or risks I can expose myself to alone, and far from wishing him to share my labours, my greatest delight is to perform his task as well as my own.

"My father lent a pleased attention to this explanation of Ramiro's feelings. He developed in them the secret power of an instinct—the growth of a sentiment that accorded with his dearest wishes; he no longer opposed what he had called the weak indulgence of my brother, but willingly yielded his authority to the secret but powerful dictates of nature. This venerated parent seemed equally dear to us both. In his precepts and his example we found every excitement to all that was pure and holy, kind and good, while his conversations supplied the place of books, and imparted knowledge more correct than that of schools, though not as extended. In the Tower of Pelagius, he had formed seats of moss, where, of an evening, after the labours of the day were finished, he would seat himself between Ramiro and myself, and discourse with us on the doctrines of our most holy religion, fortifying our minds against the power of that false religion, the introduction of

which into our unhappy country, he deemed more fatal in its consequences, than the subjugation of the land. Armies may be routed, and fortresses demolished,' he would say, 'but when error is implanted in the mind, it eludes scritiny, and silently and irresistibly propagates itself through generations yet unborn.' His zeal would kindle his patriotism, and from the history of the persecuted church, he would turn to that of our country, suffering equally from the oppression of our conquerors, and the convulsions of civil discord. He told us the story of the first invasion of the Moors, of their barbarity, of the treachery of our native princes, of the defeat of Roderick, the last of the Gothic kings. That after this decisive victory, the conquerors overran the whole country, possessed themselves of its greatest cities and most fertile provinces, leaving no part of this once flourishing kingdom free, but these desert and mountainous regions, which nature herself had fortified against all invaders. 'To these impregnable retreats,' said my father, 'were the poor remnants of the Gothic forces led, by the brave and heroic Pelagius, a man less distinguished by the nobility of his birth, than by his superior capacity, his matchless courage, his pure patriotism, and undying love of Those faithful and generous men who preliberty. ferred poverty and freedom to a splendid slavery, rallied around his standard, and unanimously elected him their king, and by that election laid the foundation of a new government, which through unheard of difficulties and unceasing conflicts, maintained the existence of the Christian faith amidst their Mahomedan conquerors. From the fastnesses of these rugged mountains this little band of patriots would issue forth to assail their enemies, and by degrees widely extended their power and territory.

"While restricted by poverty, danger, and difficulty, they remained virtuous and united; but like all other people were corrupted by success and prosperity. With the acquisition of every new city or province, new dissensions arose. Chief contended with chief. for the places reconquered from the infidels, and thus was introduced all the evils flowing from domestic discord. Oh! my children, happy are you in being secured in this solitude from the bad passions that agitate the busy haunts and populous resorts of man.' From themes like these would be sometimes turn our attention to interests nearer home. He would speak of his own domestic affections, joys, and trials of his early life; of the wife whom he still deplored; of love, and the happy fate of those united by its tender ties; and always concluded by the assurance that he was occupied in arranging for us this scheme of felicity, which should be accomplished whenever we had arrived at the proper age, as he had in view for each of us, a proper and amiable companion.

"Ramiro could not imagine how in this desert such amiable companions could be found. We were remote from the habitations of men; and though at some leagues from our dwelling we had sometimes met with peasant girla, the daughters of the shepherds who in the summer brought their flocks into these mountainous regions, their coarse and rude appearance disgusted, rather than attracted us, and afforded no very pleasing idea of the union which my father described as the perfection of felicity.

"Meanwhile, happy in our ignorance and innocence, our days flowed on, clear and bright as our mountain streams; like them, reflecting only the varied objects with which nature had surrounded us. The affection of my father and of Ramiro, shed over my life a pure and affecting interest, all-sufficient for my simple desires. I knew neither the factitious pleasures, nor the real chagrins created by society, nor the frivolous enjoyments or devouring inquietudes excited by vanity and ambition. Although the conversations of my father made us fully acquainted with the history of our country, they presented no views of power or glory calculated to awaken ambition or excite desire in our young bosoms. On the contrary, the pictures he drew of society, filled us with a dread of quitting our peaceful solitude, were such a thing possible, but such an idea never occurred to our minds; we felt ourselves as much a part of the place where we dwelt, as were the trees, and the rocks, and the streams, nor dreamed Thus were we free from the alternaof change. tions of hope and fear, of desire or expectation. Like the birds and flocks around us, we enjoyed the present without reflecting on the past, or anticipating the future. But this smiling serenity could not always last-sadly was it interrupted by the sudden illness of my father.

" I had just entered on my fifteenth year, when he was attacked by a disease which he pronounced to be mortal, and which, in the event, proved he was not mistaken. After struggling with it for some days, he felt that he was drawing near the close of life. He called us to his bedside, and said, while he had yet power to speak, he wished to communicate some important facts. While Ramiro supported him in his arms, I kneeled by his side, and bathed the cold hand I held in mine, in the first bitter tears I had ever shed. He was much affected, but after a few moments he conquered his own emotion, and looking fondly at me, said, 'Alonzo, the veil that has so long concealed you from yourself, I must now withdraw. You are not the son of an obscure old man, but the daughter of Bermudo-your name is Adosinda!'

"What!' exclaimed I, 'you are one of the successors of the great Pelagius—you are that Bermudo who for fifteen years has been believed to be dead! and I am your daughter!'

"My father was about to speak, when Ramiro, whose astonishment had for a while stunned him, looking at me with inexpressible tenderness, exclaimed, 'Alonzo is not a boy—my sister, oh! my sister!'

"'Nor is she your sister,' interrupted my father, for you are not my son.'

"Ah!" cried Ramiro, throwing himself on his knees, by my side, and seizing my hand, 'be still my father, though Adosinda be not my sister. But say, say then, who am I?"

are his son. In his dying hour he confided you to my care. You were then in your cradle; from that moment I adopted you, and the authors of your being could not have more fondly loved you. But I owe you an account of my conduct, of the motives which have induced me to bring you up in this solitude, ignorant of the rank to which you were born.

"I was thirty years old, when at the call of the people I was induced to quit the retirement which I had voluntarily chosen in preference to the dangerous splendours of the court in which I had been born and bred. The exigence of the times required this sacrifice of inclination, to duty. I was elected by the

nobles successor to Mauregetta, one of the most cruel The esteem and confidence of my compatriots, which had placed me on the throne, seemed to promise me a secure and peaceable reign. the vices and excesses of my predecessor had corrupted public morals, destroyed all social confidence, introduced anarchy and confusion into the administration of affairs and distrust into the relations of private life. Personal hatred and jealousy, not disinterested patriotism, had hurled the tyrant Mauregetta from the throne. The people, irritated by the most horrid oppression, had been roused to assert their rights. Proud of having thrown off the yoke of tyranny, they became conscious of their power, while they remained ignorant of their true interests. fact, they had become ferocious, suspicious and turbulent, and when in the exercise of just authority, I attempted to restore order, to restrain violence, and reestablish the empire of the laws, they rebelled, and showed themselves as unwilling to submit to legitimate power, as they had been to usurpation and tyranny. After a long endurance of an oppressive and degrading slavery, the first impulses of recovered liberty usually degenerate into licentiousness, which authority as strong and energetic as that of despotism alone can restrain. My disposition was ill calculated for such a state of things. Naturally inclined to peace and tranquillity, I was unable to use any means but those of gentleness and reason in the administration of the government; and when I discovered their inefficiency, and that instead of continuing the ruler, I might become the victim of this turbulent people, I no longer felt it to be my duty to sacrifice my own peace and safety to ineffetual attempts to restore order and tranquillity to the public. I abdicated the sovereign power, and withdrew into my native province. There, however, I regained not that undisturbed serenity I had enjoyed in my former retirement and obscurity. Ambition and the love of power, are passions so strongly and universally felt, that men cannot conceive of any individual being exempt from their influence, and in cases similar to mine, impute some secret or disguised motive to him who relinquishes the possession of rank or power, and ever after look upon him with distrust and apprehension. He who has once filled a high station and borne a distinguished name, in vain will seek for that repose, which is found only in obscurity. Such, at least was my sad experience.

"I became an object of jealousy and suspicion, to those ambitious courtiers who aspired to the throne I had abdicated—an elective crown, attended with whatever other advantages it may be, is accompanied by this one great evil. It is the apple of discord, producing contentions and disturbances, often more fatal to the public morals and welfare than any of the evils attending hereditary power. To these numerous aspirants, my very virtues became suspected: my sincerity was denied, and my resumption of power predicted. To avert such a possibility they overwhelmed me with calumnies the most unjust, and by degrees succeeded in changing public esteem into public aversion. To these disquietudes, a domestic calamity was added which severed the only remaining tie to my country.

"In giving birth to you, my daughter, your mother lost her life. Disgusted with the ingratitude and injustice of mankind, I determined, if possible, to shelter you and my adopted son from those vices and those evils which had imbittered my own peace. In your native city, the former rank of your parents would have made you objects of envy and malice to an intriguing and corrupt court; for although ours is an elective monarchy, yet hereditary claims have a powerful influence, and therefore excite a jealousy and distrust, from which the most unobtrusive conduct cannot shelter the descendants of kings. To shield you from any such danger, I determined totally to renounce the world, and to bring you up in an obscurity which would ensure your safety, your innocence and your happiness.

"I spread abroad the rumour of my death, and withdrew to this long neglected solitude which had proved so secure an asylum to our persecuted an-

" Experience had convinced me that happiness dwelt not in courts. I therefore felt no hesitation in withdrawing you from the seductive and delusive advantages of rank and wealth, trusting that innocence and nature would more than compensate for the inherited right, of which I thus deprived you. Believing likewise, that any violent passion was destructive of an enduring felicity, I concealed your sex, my Adosinda, thinking by this means to secure your young hearts from the most turbulent of all passions, while the intimacy and closeness of your connexion with Ramiro, would lay the foundation of an attachment which would grow with your growth and strengthen with your strength, until by legitimate ties, this tender union should be rendered indissoluble. With joy did I perceive that the instinct of nature was working out the accomplishment of my wishes, and that although free from violence, Ramiro felt for you all the tenderness of love. The sentiment which now unites you, will, I trust, constitute the happiness of your lives and not subject you to the fluctuations and caprices incident to a new and untried passion. I only awaited until Adosinda should attain a proper age, in order to unite you to each other, and make the communication which I now have done.

my disclosure. Ramiro, into your hands do I commit the care of your adopted sister. I wish—I hope—but I do not command that she may become your wife. As yet she is too young. Promise me, then, to postpone for two years this important event, which even then, I do not desire, unless its consummation will ensure your mutual happiness.'

"At these words, Ramiro seized my father's hands and swore, that whatever my choice might be, he would in all events, consecrate his life to me.

"Tranquillized by this solemn and generous promise, my father, after uttering a fervent blessing on his adopted son, sunk back on his pillow, quite exhausted by the efforts he had made, though he had often paused during this long narration. He soon fell into sweet slumber. We watched beside him while he slept, both of us absorbed in strange thoughts and new emotions, from which we were not roused until he awoke, and called on us in an enfeebled voice.

"He directed Ramiro where to find two caskets. One contained gold to a considerable amount; the other, the jewels of my mother and the certificates of our birth, with written instructions for our future conduct. He advised us to remain in our solitude, but on this point left us free to follow our inclination.

"Through the whole of the ensuing night we re-

mained near his bedside. Towards the dawn of day we received his last benedictions, and in a few minutes afterwards, he expired in our arms. language can describe my emotions at this dreadful moment. My attachment to my father had ever been the dominant sentiment of my heart, for that which I experienced for Ramiro was feeble in the comparison. Isolated as I had been from my birth, with few objects to occupy my mind, divert my attention, or divide my affections, every faculty and feeling gained strength from this unwonted concentration. My father had supplied to me the place of the mother I had lost; his truly maternal tenderness and indulgence, united with the respect and veneration he inspired, produced a sentiment of almost adoring love, and in losing him, I for a long time felt as if I had lost the principle of life itself. I knew that death was the inevitable termination of mortal existencebut of death I had no idea. I knew not even what separation was. From the three only beings with whom I had always lived, I had never been a day absent, and it seemed just as impossible for me to continue to live without my father, as the branch when severed from the parent tree. The spectacle of his lifeless body was a thing totally incomprehensible. For hours, and hours after he had censed to breathe, I still clung to him, with the persuasion that he would again look on me, again speak to me, again clasp me in his fond arms. I resisted every effort Ramiro and our faithful domestic made, to tear me from him; nor did they succeed in doing so, until my strength was exhausted. Ramiro then took me in his arms and carried me far into the forest, and by degrees made me comprehend that the insensibility I beheld, was death-was that sleep from which on earth there is no awakening, and that the inanimate body when laid beneath the ground, would rest there, until the day of resurrection—that then it should be raised in its original strength, and in more than its original beauty. Those to whom from infancy this idea has been rendered familiar by daily instruction and the services of religion, can form no idea of its power, when received, comprehended, and applied to the first lost object of our warmest affection. It at once stripped death of its terror, and greatly lessened the pang of separation. 'He only sleeps-he will live again-again shall I live with him, and that for ever and ever, were the thoughts that took possession of my mind and soothed my grief. For days and days after my father was hidden from my sight, have I sat by what Ramiro called his earthly bed, and felt as if I were in his presence, at least, as if we were not separated.

"He was interred within the ruined walls of the Tower of Pelagius which ever after became the temple where we worshipped the God whom he had taught us to adore. Hitherto this spot had been the place of our evening meetings, where my father had ingructed us in our Christian duties and the history of our country, so that his spirit as it were seemed still present with us. On the seats his hands had raised, I sat, close by the spot where he would lay in his long, long sleep, until awakened by the archangel's trump. And here I loved to sit. I could not bear the idea of leaving him alone, for I could not divest myself of the feeling that he was conscious of my presence. To win me back to occupation, Ramiro proposed clearing the path that led from our dwelling to the Tower, and of ornamenting it with

shrubs and flowers. Pleased with this project, I became so actively engaged in transplanting the flowers which I eagerly sought for in the woods, afterwards in watering and tending them, that I insensibly lost the painful feelings of loneliness and separation with which I at first had been overwhelmed. The research of a whole day sometimes was necessary to find the desired plant, and when found, it was to be brought from a distance, from a deep shade of woods, or cool recesses of the rocks, and consequently often perished in the ungenial soil, into which it was transplanted, so that the search was to be again made and the labour renewed. Then they were to be wateredthe stream from whence water was procured was distant, and at this season afforded but a scanty supply; thus the task Ramiro had engaged me in, was not soon or easily accomplished, while the idea of its being acceptable to the spirit of my father, made it one of sacred and tender interest. It would seem as if the heart and mind had a very limited capacity, since they can seldom if ever contain more than one object at a time. So, at least, it proved in my case, and before I was aware of the fact, I became reconciled to my loss. Continually engaged in the active and interesting occupation I have described, my spirits revived, and though I still loved my father, I was no longer unhappy. With what delight did I watch the growth of the laurels, the pomegranates, the orange trees, the interlacing vines, and the various flowers with which I had bordered the road that joined our garden to the walls of the tower. With what new and increased fervour did I pray to God, when the grave of my father was the altar beside which Ramiro and myself offered up our prayers.

"In truth, the love I had always had for my heavenly Father, became so blended with that which I felt for my earthly, and now equally invisible parent, that I know not, whether these two objects were separated in my devotions. Inborn as are these two sentiments—religious and filial piety—can they flow from different sources? are they not derived from the same—from the instinct of helplessness, and the need of support and protection?

" Months thus glided away, nor was it until the year began to change and the rainy season had commenced, that my occupations or inclination changed. Then, often left to myself, solitude became wearisome, and I instinctively sought for new objects of interest. I began to think of the future, and to reflect on the past; the present was no longer sufficient to fix my thoughts. I recalled to mind all that my father had told us, I pondered on his instructions, on his communications, on the past events he had disclosed to us. Of these, the fact that I was the daughter of a king, awakened the strongest emotion. I felt a new-born consciousness of importance, to which I had hitherto been a stranger. The history of the good and great monarchs, which my father had so often recounted, seemed like the history of as separate a race of beings from ourselves as the angels of whom he had likewise spoken, and which at the time, made as vague and indistinct an impression on my mind. For months after his death, these communications were forgotten, but now, left to my solitary reflections, they came upon me as things of reality, things of personal concern, for was not I the daughter of a king? and ought I to continue to live as the obscure Alonzo had lived? What then was the alternative—should I remain in the

desert, or should I return to that world my father had relinquished? I felt a sudden desire to adopt the last resolution, although I at the same time shuddered at the idea of encountering the dangers of which he had drawn so frightful a picture.

"Curiosity triumphed over these fears and would alone have sufficed to determine my choice, but to this was added my newly awakened sense of rank, which kindled the latent vanity and ambition of my These mingled feelings would instantly have decided my resolution, had they not been counterbalanced by my respect and affection for Ramiro. Accustomed to look up to him as a guide, with the deference felt by a younger for an elder brother, I could not at once divest myself of this feeling of dependence and submission. Besides, I was fully aware of his desire to dwell for ever in this solitude, and knew I should afflict him by proposing to quit it. Other, and unintelligible feelings mingled with the regard I now had for him. Although, since the death of my father, he was more watchful, kind, and tender than ever he had before been, I did not feel equally at my ease with him; impressed too with the importance of my own superior rank, I revolted against that dependence on him which hitherto had seemed so natural and proper. I experienced such a degree of uneasiness on this score, that he himself became less agreeable, and ceased to be the object of unlimited confidence and affection. Yes, I feared as much as I loved him, conscious as I was that he would oppose wishes, which every day's indulgence strengthened.

"His assiduities were irksome to me, for although in obedience to my father's injunctions, he never spoke to me of marriage, he was more tenderly devoted to me than ever, and seldom quitted me, except when the labours on which our sustenance depended required him to do so. Unaccustomed to the slightest dissimulation, the concealment of my present views imposed on me the most intolerable restraint.

"My father, as I have before mentioned, had left us two caskets, one containing gold and family papers, the other the jewels of my mother. During the early period of my grief, they were forgotten; now in my loneliness, I recollected them, and felt an eager desire to examine their contents. Mingled as this curiosity was with designs which I so carefully concealed from Ramiro, I felt afraid of making this examination in his presence, lest he might discover my secret thoughts. I waited, therefore, for an opportunity to indulge my curiosity in his absence; and made various pretences to send him to a distance from me. At last one morning when he was going to the chase, I offered so plausible an excuse for not accompanying him, that he consented, though unwillingly, to leave me so long a time alone, and to go to such a distance from me.

"The moment he was out of sight, I shut myself up in my little chamber. I eagerly unlocked my casket; the first object that struck my sight, was a miniature portrait of my mother. I could not judge of the resemblance, but never before having seen a picture, it filled me with indescribable astonishment. Never had I seen a face so beautiful. The peasant girls whom I had occasionally met, seemed another race of beings; nor should I have guessed, a creature so young and lovely, could have been my mother, had not her name, which was familiar to me, been engraved on the rim of the picture. It almost seemed to me a

living thing, the eyes seemed to see, the mouth to speak; I could not at all comprehend its nature. The admiration with which I gazed on it, was blended with sensations of tenderness. Involuntarily I pressed it to my lips, and felt as if I had found something that I could dearly love, and that looked as if it could love me. When this sweet and natural emotion had somewhat subsided, I attentively examined the strange and sumptuous garments in which this charming figure was arrayed. I was struck with the contrast they offered to my own coarse and rustic habiliments. More eager than ever to continue my research, I laid the picture on my table, and successively drew from the casket all the jewels it contained. There were many the use of which I could not divine, but the picture indicated that of the necklaces, bracelets, aigrettes and rings. Each object, in addition to its intrinsic beauty, had for me the charm of novelty; I was equally surprised and delighted, and felt as though I should never be weary of examining them. At last the idea of adorning myself with them, occurred; I studied the picture, in order to discover the manner in which they were to be placed. First, I fastened on my head an aigrette of sapphires and rubies. My habit so entirely covered my neck, that I knew not how to put on the necklace; to do so, I must tear open my garment—this was done as soon as thought of, and a beautiful necklace was wound round my throat and suspended on my bosom. Then, I rolled up my long sleeves, and ornamented my arms and hands with bracelets and rings. Eager to see myself when thus adorned, I ran into the garden, where was a small pond of water, which Ramiro had formed for my convenience in household duties. At this season it was filled to the brim. Often had I seen my image reflected in it; hitherto accidentally, but now deliberately, with the design of examining my appearance. I sat down on the grassy mound which inclosed this piece of water—I bent forward to look at myself—the clear surface perfectly reflected my figure.

"The manner in which I was dressed offered a double contrast, and was truly ridiculous, (not that I then thought so) with a man's habit, I had my arms and neck uncovered; and with garments made of the coarsest stuff, I was loaded with the most splendid jewelry. This last circumstance particularly struck me, and I grieved that I had not garments of the same bright colours as were represented in the picture of my mother; and thought, had she lived, or my father remained a king, I too should have worn such clothes.

"Never before had I examined myself with any attention, for never before, in the casual glances I had caught, had I seen any thing to admire. I now gazed at my face, my arms, my neck with delight, and compared myself with the country girls whom I had seen, and was pleased on discovering how little I was like them, and how much I resembled my mother's picture. I had often heard my father speak of her exquisite beauty, therefore, if like her, I concluded I too must be beautiful; and as my father seemed to have loved and admired her greatly on this account, I too might be loved and admired if I could but be seen by the people of the world; what a pity then, that I should remain in this lonely desert! Thoughts such as these, with others more indefinable, for a long while engrossed my mind; and when reluctantly I turned to leave the spot, on raising my eyes I be-

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held Ramiro. How long he had been there, I know not. He stood with folded arms, fixedly gazing on I uttered a wild shriek, and for the first time in my life felt the painful emotions of shame and confusion. My first impulse was to close my habit over my bosom, and draw down my sleeves, and then to fly from him, and conceal myself from his gaze. But Ramiro caught my hand, exclaiming in a troubled voice, "Stay, oh stay-what do you fear?-oh stay, and let me still gaze." He stopped-he checked himself. These broken sentences, the tears that moistened his eyes, the strong emotion that was visible in his face, augmented my embarrassment, but dissipated my fear of his displeasure. I did not answer. I was still standing, but the alarm I had just felt deprived me of the power of longer supporting myself; I sank again on the bank where I had been sitting, and withdrawing my hand from Ramiro, pressed it against the torn habit that covered my bosom. Ramiro threw himself on his knees before me; but seeing the astonishment this action caused me, he instantly rose and seated himself by my side on the grass, but spoke not. I heard him sigh deeply; but I dared not raise my eyes to his, thereby to discover the cause of those sighs. Some time past in this silence and perturbation, until Ramiro recovering a degree of composure, cried, "Oh, Adosinda, think not these jewels can embellish you—it is true I gazed on you with surprise-gazed on you with an earnestnesse, a delight which is not more strange to you, than to myself; but it was not because you were decked with those jewels. Why did our father preserve such useless things; oh, that you could despise them as much as I do."

"On uttering these words Ramiro could not restrain his tears; I felt much affected, but this tender emotion changed not my secret resolution.

"This scene discovered to me that I had an ascendency over his feelings of a kind I could not account for, but which from this day forward became more and more obvious, and made him subservient not only to my reasonable wishes, but to all my childish caprices. Still, though I felt and used my power in the every day incidents that occurred, I could not resolve on confiding to him my grand project. I was certain he would not resist my will, but a nameless embarrassment, arising from habitual submission to his authority, induced a hesitation I could not conquer.

"Restless and dissatisfied, I became gloomy and irritable, and turned with evident dislike from this most affectionate of friends. Nor could I, had I wished it, have satisfied his anxious inquiries by explaining the cause of this change. The objects and circumstances around me remained the same they had ever been from the period I had been bereft of my father, to whose loss time had reconciled me. Why then could they no longer please and satisfy me-whence this discontent-why did I no longer find delight in the culture of my flowers—in the gathering of fruitin tending the animals I had domesticated, and that hitherto I had so fondly loved-in traversing these wild and lovely solitudes in quest of game-in the exercise of mimic warfare, in which along with Ramiro, I had been trained by my father-above all, why did I not feel that full satisfaction in the companionship of my long loved brother, that I once had felt? Why, or wherefore these things were so, I could not tell-I was sensible of the change, though I knew not the cause. I was a mystery to myself. Since, this mystery has been explained. The fact was, my mind had been asleep; suddenly it had been awakened. The events of past times, when related by my father, had been listened to with pleasure, and then thought of no more, being things in which I felt no personal concern. But now, they pressed on my mind with all the force of existing circumstances—of realities, in which I was personally interested. My thoughts sometimes dwelt on the past history of my family; but oftener, carried me into the future, connecting me with a world from which hitherto I had felt as remote as from the moon and stars. Yes, my mind had been asleep, and was now awakened. No new faculties had been added-no new circumstances had occurred; yet I was a new creature.

"The recently felt consciousness of personal beauty, of high rank, of a mysterious but powerful influence over Ramiro, gave rise to a multitude of ideas and emotions which wrought this change, and produced the restlessness and dissatisfaction I have described. The increasing disgust I felt for my present condition, soon overpowered my apprehensions of the displeasure of Ramiro, and I at last avowed the resolution I had formed. His chagrin was excessive. But since the adventure at the fountain he had been prepared for this demand, and as I had foreseen, after forcibly and tenderly combating my determination, ultimately yielded. The only condition he annexed to his consent, was, that I should continue to conceal my sex, and that I should allow it to be believed that we were brothers.

"Our faithful domestic, or rather our sole friend, made the arrangements and provisions necessary for carrying my wishes into effect. It had always been his business to purchase the clothing and other articles wanting in our solitary family, by which means he had kept up his connexion with, and his knowledge of, the affairs of the busy world, from which we had been secluded.

"When, however, the moment of departure came, the idea of leaving this my first and only abode, filled me with alarm and sorrow. The reality of the blessings I was about to relinquish, and the dangers I might encounter, for the first time pressed more forcibly on my mind, than my bright hopes and anticipations. I prostrated myself on the grave of my father, I watered it with my tears, I called on him to guard his child; finally, I bade him farewell. To the mountains and the rocks, to the streams and to the forests, to the venerable ruins amidst which I had lived, I bade farewell, as to companions and friends whom I loved.

"Habited as Christian soldiers, and on horses, procured for us by Balac, our faithful old servant, we issued forth from these mountain solitudes, and under his guidance made our way to the cities of the plain. Oviedo was then the capital of the kingdom, and the residence of the king Alonzo, our kinsman; he, to whom my father had resigned his throne, and with whom he directed us to seek protection, in case we should quit our safe and solitary abode.

"Leaving us in a small town at the foot of the mountains, Balac went forward to make inquiries into the present state of public affairs, being slarmed by the vestiges of recent warfare that met us wherever we turned our steps. On his return, we learned that the good Alonzo, notwithstanding his wise ad-

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ministration and many victories over the Moors, was now engaged in a contest with his own rebellious nobles, some of whom, jealous of his glory, had formed a conspiracy among the officers, and turned against him his own victorious army, whom they had gained over by their intrigues. The whole country, if Balac's information was correct, was in a state of commotion, and overrun with contending armies, not only of Christians with Christians, but Moors with Moors. Spain was almost equally divided between the infidels and Christians, who with few intervals of peace, kept up an unceasing contest for power, each seeking to extend their dominions, and then quarrelling among themselves for the provinces they had acquired by conquest; each, to vindicate their claims, calling in the assistance and forming alliances with those with whom they had recently combated as enemies. These civil wars, this multiplicity of interests, these strange alliances, occasioned adventures as wonderful and romantic as any imagination could create, and made this period of Spanish history as interesting and involved as a tale of fiction. But I am in advance of my own story, and am insensibly interweaving the information I afterwards gained, with this early part of my narrative; for in fact we long remained ignorant of this extraordinary and complicated state of affairs. To return then to our own Balac, on learning the situation of Alonzo, urged our return to our mountain home; but to this I would not listen, but determined, if possible, to join the king and enlist under his banner, and as far as we could, to aid his righteous cause against the conspirators by whom it was opposed. In this rash determination I was supported by Ramiro, whose generous ardour and warlike spirit were kindled by the accounts Balac had brought of the condition of our king and country. Our ignorance and inexperience blinded us to all the difficulties of such a scheme, and in spite of the remonstrances of our faithful and humble friend, we pursued our way. For some days it was through a waste and ravaged land, destitute of inhabitants; for they had fled before an enemy, and left behind them smouldering villages and desolated fields. On entering the first town we met with, we found it filled with soldiers. This city as we were informed, had just opened its gates to Abderrahman and his victorious army. I was stunned by sights and sounds so new; I was dazzled and bewil-Neither Ramiro nor myself would have known what course to pursue, in circumstances so astonishing to our inexperience, had we not been guided by our veteran domestic, to whom such scenes had once been familiar. He bade us follow the current of the people, who were eagerly pressing forward to one and the same point. This, was the great square of the city. On entering this vast square, we beheld Abderrahman himself. He was mounted on a superb white horse, and distinguished from the crowd of officers who surrounded him, by the beauty and majesty of his face and form, and the magnificence of his armour. The homage that was paid him-the acclamations of the soldiers-the cries of the populace—the air of triumph and exultation which marked the whole, inspired me with feelings of respect and admiration, amounting to enthusiasm. My face was covered with tears, my heart palpitated with violence; I could scarcely breathe. All at once the military music struck up, as the troops falling into lines, passed in review be-

fore their young commander. Until that moment, I had never heard any music, but the voices and the pipes of the shepherds of our mountains, and no language can describe the animating and inspiring effect which was produced on me by the blended sounds of drums, cymbals, trumpets, and various other instruments.

"A thousand new and tumultuous sensations filled my bosom, and agitated my whole frame. My senses were bewildered by a spectacle so splendid and imposing—by sounds so transporting—my imagination became inflamed. For the first time I beheld the dazzling image of glory—I was intoxicated by the sight. Those who are familiar with any object whatever, can form no idea of the force of first impressions, much less can they conceive of the effects such a spirit-stirring scene wrought on a creature, sensitive and inexperienced as myself.

" After the review of the troops, the music ceased. Silence ensued for a few minutes. This impressive stillness was interrupted by Abderrahman, who addressed the multitude in a manner that completed my intoxication. He invited the younger part of the citizens to join his forces and fight under his banners. Impelled by a blind and irresistible impulse, I pushed through the crowd, and flying towards him, cried aloud, that I was ready to enter his service-to fight beneath his banner. Equally astonished by my simplicity, my youth, and my diminutive size, he bade me approach, extended to me his hand, and gazed on me with an expression of approbation and kindness, then turning to the people, 'Friends,' said he, 'what an example for you-behold the ardour of a child!'

"At these words, the whole multitude rushed forward, exclaiming, that they were all willing to enrol themselves. Abderrahman, persuaded that my action had contributed to excite this enthusiasm, instantly conceived the liveliest affection for me.

"At the moment I had precipitated myself into the throng, unable to restrain, Ramiro had followed me, and stood at my side. Encouraged by my own gracious reception, I now presented him to the general, as my brother, and had the satisfaction of seeing the same favour extended to him.

"When we withdrew from his presence, and found ourselves alone, Ramiro, assuming the manner he had used in former days, in a tone of severity reproved me for my precipitancy; for my venturing thus to engage myself and him in an unknown cause, and with the natural enemies of my country. I had nothing to say in my defence. I had acted under an irresistible impulse, without thought, without knowledge, captivated by the appearance and eloquence of Abderrahman, and intoxicated by the sudden desire of glory with which the scene inspired me.

"Ramiro urged the necessity of endeavouring to effect our escape from the circumstances in which my rashness had involved him as well as myself, for the possibility of leaving me, seemed not to enter his mind. Whilst engaged in this discussion, our friend and servant, Balac, arrived. We had been separated from him in the crowd. The notice I had excited, and the provision that had been made for me, rendered it easy for him to discover me in the multitude. In the interval of our separation, he had made himself acquainted with the existing state of public affairs. The conspirators had succeeded—the good Alonzo had been deposed by the rebel nobles, and was now closely confined in the monastery of Abelia, and the

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government was in the hands of his enemies. It would therefore not only be useless, but dangerous for us to go to Oviedo, which had been our intention.

"In reply to our inquiries about Abderrahman, he told us he was not now making war on our country, that he was even in alliance with some Christian princes, who were aiding him in dethroning a usurper, who in his absence had seized the reins of government, and possessed himself of some of the principal cities within his jurisdiction. This information lessened, if it did not remove Ramiro's objections to the imprudent step I had taken; and seeing my determination to remain under the protection of Abderrahman, he silently, though very reluctantly, consented.

"Gifts of various kinds had been brought to us from that commander; among the most splendid, were suits of armour for Ramiro and myself. With what a childish delight and puerile vanity did I examine these things, with what pride did I invest myself with this rich armour, adorned with the same colours worn by the general himself.

"On quitting the city, the army directed its march towards a plain where the forces of the enemy were encamped. When we came up with them, I beheld without terror this armed multitude preparing for The education I had received preserved me from feeling the timidity natural to my sex. Besides I was under the eye of Abderrahman, and thought only of justifying the opinion he had formed of my intrepidity. Having been informed by some of his officers of the cruelty and tyranny of the usurper, I looked on the young general as the liberator of an oppressed country—the asserter of his just rights, and therefore believed the troops under his command must prove invincible. I was smitten with the love of glory, and inspired with a degree of courage that belonged neither to my sex nor age. Yet my natural sensibility was not destroyed; emotions of horror and pity filled my bosom, at the idea of the destruction of life that was about to take place; that this immense multitude had met solely to destroy each other. glance from the eye of Abderrahman roused me from these gloomy thoughts. . His enemies are ferocious monsters!' exclaimed I to myself, and their destruction will serve the cause of humanity.'

"In this, my first battle, I fought with an intrepidity, which more than once fixed on me the attention of my commander. I felt that I was fighting in his presence, and insensible to danger, I sought only renown.

"Ramiro, always by my side, was solely occupied in warding off the strokes aimed at me. He braved death, without seeking glory, forgetting his own safety amidst the dangers of the most sanguinary conflict; it was of me alone he thought, he interposed his body as a rampart to shield mine, and if he attacked others, it was not to conquer them, but to defend me.

"We gained the victory; one half of the enemy's army was cut to pieces, the rest took to flight. Never shall I forget the horror with which I was seized, when, after the combat was over, I traversed the field of battle, covered as it was with the dead and dying. I was weeping with remorse and compassion over this sad spectacle, when they came on the part of Abderrahman to seek me. I found him in the midst of his victorious troops. The reception he gave me, immediately dissipated the terrible im-

pressions made on me by the awful scene I had just witnessed.

"The moment he saw, he advanced to meet me, took me in his arms and loaded me with praises. My heart beat with joy, yet his caresses embarrassed me; involuntarily I turned my eyes towards Ramiro, who was hovering near me. His sad and stem air intimidated me—I trembled, I blushed—but was not therefore the less sensible to the happiness and glory of thus publicly obtaining such flattering testimonies of the approbation of my general.

"A second battle, which took place a few days afterwards, decided the contest. Abderrahman, with his own hand, destroyed the invader of, his rights, whose troops immediately laid down their arms and surrendered to the conqueror.

"By this victory he was left in possession of undisputed power. Being at the head of a large, well appointed, and victorious army, he soon after established himself on the throne of Cordova.

"Notwithstanding the cares of Ramiro, I had, during the last battle, received a slight wound in my right side, the blood issuing from which had stained my armour. When Abderrahman perceived this, he ordered me to be carried into his own tent, and called on his own surgeon to examine and dress the wound. At this moment, Ramiro, who had closely followed me, darted forwards, threw himself between me and the surgeon, and forbade him to touch me. Astonished by such a strange and daring act, the Prince for a moment stood immovable, earnestly regarding us, as if thereby to discover the cause, then looking sternly on Ramiro, demanded in an imperious tone, an explanation of his conduct. Not sorry at finding so natural a pretext for discovering my secret to this young hero, who had taken such possession of my imagination. I prevented any reply, by crying out amy lord, a single word will justify Ramiro-I am a woman! You behold in me the daughter of the virtuous Bermudo, the former king of the Asturias.

"These last words I pronounced emphatically; for knowing Abderrahman to be of royal birth, I felt a peculiar satisfaction in announcing my own illustrious rank. At this avowal, he made an exclamation expressive of surprise, astonishment, joy and admiration. He fell at my feet, he seized my hands, and said all that the most ardent passion could inspire.

"The mystery is explained," he cried, "the mystery of that irresistible attraction which drew my heart to you from the first moment that I saw you! And you have exposed your precious life—exposed that tender form for me! Generous woman, take in return, the heart, the hand, the crown of the humblest of your slaves!"

"This seductive language, heard for the first time, made but too deep an impression on my soul. The sight of this conqueror, this heroic prince at my feet, constituting me the arbitress of his destiny, seemed a delightful dream, from which I dreaded being awakened. But even in this moment of intoxication Ramiro was not forgotten, his idea passed across my mind, like a cloud over the brightness of the sun. I timidly turned round to look at him, but he was no longer there—I watched for his reappearance, but he came not. The Prince's tent was resigned entirely to my use, and my faithful Balac was appointed my especial attendant, and with all the courtesy of a Christian knight, the Moorish prince

submitted to every wish I expressed, and as he had promised, became the humblest of my slaves.

Dazzled as I was by my unexpected exaltation, not for a moment could I forget Ramiro, but when left to myself, counted the hours of his absence with indescribable anxiety. But the day passed, and he came not. On the next day we were to resume our march, and could I go without him? ought I not rather to resign the splendid destiny that awaited me, and remain with the companion of my life—the brother, the friend—the only friend I had in the world. Remain to be his wife ?---ah! there was the point!-Any thing but that. Yet, could I disobey my father? I felt as if this was impossible. I was torn by conflicts of opposing feelings, till the idea darted into my mind, that the decision depended not on me, that I had no choice, I was in the power of one who would not resign his rights over me, rights which I might deny, but could not oppose. And did I wish to oppose them? oh! no. I rejoiced, and soon grew calm, though still impatient to see Ramiro and explain to him the necessity of my submission to my fate. At night, when I was preparing to retire to my couch, a paper was handed me which contained these words: If you retain any sentiments of regard or compassion for the unfortunate Ramiro, I conjure you in the sacred name of your father, to observe his dying request, and not enter into the marriage state for two years. His dying request-by that most awful and solemn-that irrevocable command of your departed parent, I adjure you to be faithful to the promise you gave him. Be faithful to yourself, Adosinda, and I will not ask you to remember Ramiro.'

"These lines distressed—greatly distressed me: they proved incontestibly that the friend, the protector of my youth, had abandoned me. How could I sustain the absence of one who seemed a part of my very self—whose happiness was dear to me as my own. Until now, I knew not how dear he was to me; I was sensible—yes, now when it was too late, I discovered the strength of the sentiment which united me to him—now I perceived that vanity and ambition alone had excited the interest I felt for Abderrahman.

"But there was no alternative. All that remained for me to do, was to adhere to the promise I had made my dying father. I need not detail the difficulties I had to encounter in so doing. It was not easy to resist the suit of so impassioned, and I may add so imperious a lover. As a Christian and a princess, I finally prevailed. It was the policy of this ambitious prince to conciliate the good will of his Christian subjects, who were both numerous and powerful, and nothing could more effectually do it than choosing as the partner of his throne a Christian wife.

"The widow of Roderick, who had married the conqueror of her husband, set the example of connexions of this kind, and since that period many an alliance between the Moorish and Spanish princes had been cemented by such marriages. Being less zealous, the Infidels were more tolerant than the Christians, and on the payment of a certain tribute, they allowed their conquered subjects the free exercise of their religion. But I am wandering from my own story. The solemn manner in which Ramiro had conjured me to be faithful to my promise, deprived me of inclination as well as liberty to evade it. I had no tender pleadings of my own heart to resist. Ambition and vanity, not love, had thrown me into

the power of Abderrahman, and the rank which he gave me at his court, fully satisfied every desire these passions excited.

"The distress of mind I endured on first learning the abandonment of Ramiro, was soon dissipated by the gratifications of every kind that flattered my self-love. As I before said, Abderrahman, after hearing the history of my life, and the promise to which my faith was pledged, yielded to my determination, on condition that the intended alliance should be publicly acknowledged, and that I should live with him as his affianced bride. I had no inducement to decline a scheme that so well accorded with my own inclination, and immediately after our arrival at Cordova, I was installed at court with all the honours, privilegand splendours attached to the consort of a monarch, and with that distinction which a Christian wife claimed over every other.

"Sensible of the powerful influence I had over this youthful prince, I vowed to use it only for the best and most beneficent purposes, hoping thereby, to atone for conduct which my own conscience as decidedly condemned, as Ramiro's severer judgment could do; and by these resolutions I succeeded in dispelling the remorse I occasionally felt for having separated my destiny from that of the faithful friend to whom my father had determined to unite it.

"With rapture, therefore, did I listen to my lover when he declared that he desired supreme power only for the purpose of making his subjects happy, and that among these subjects, the Christians, for my sake should enjoy his especial favour. I exulted in the thought, that like another Esther, I would turn my favour with the king into a blessing on my people in their captivity. That if I could not release them from the tribute they had voluntarily agreed to pay, I would at least secure them from the exactions, the cruelties and oppression to which they were too often subjected by their conquerors.

"Inexperienced that I was—to believe that love could thus curb ambition, that benevolence was the motive that had led this aspiring soldier to seek victory and power! But I lived amid brilliant illusions and knew myself as little as I did others. For did I not deceive myself, when I ascribed the satisfaction I felt at my exaltation to the power it gave me to do good to my fellow Christians. How should we acknowledge to others our secret motives, when we thus hide them from ourselves, and clothe our lowest and vilest desires in the garb of generosity and benevolence? Yet, such is the fact, and thus did I reconcile myself to a condition which religion, filial piety, and gratitude, alike condemned.

"The first day I assumed the garments of my sex and was arrayed in the brilliant and sumptuous raiment prepared for me, I was led by Abderrahman into a hall, whose walls were covered with mirrors. Knowing I was ignorant of the existence of such things, he wished to enjoy my astonishment. My surprise was indeed extreme at beholding myself, such as I now appeared, and seeing my image thus multiplied around me. Yet, my delight and admiration equalled not what I felt on my first discovery of the personal beauty I possessed, when I beheld it reflected in the fountain; nor rich and splendid as was my present dress did it excite that vanity, or those vivid sensations of pleasure which I had experienced when I first saw myself decked with my mother's jewels. Since then I had become acquainted with glory, and

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felt raised above the puerile vanity of personal beauty or adornment,

"The first six months passed with inconceivable rapidity and delight. The charm of novelty gave an interest to the most trifling objects around me; and as this wore off, brilliant fêtes, grand tournaments, amusements the most gay and various which love and gallantry could devise, left me neither time nor possibility for reflection But above all other sources of gratification, the evidences of the love of the people for their king filled me with most exultation and delight, as they made me better satisfied with myself, since his virtues only could excuse me in my own eyes for my violation of my father's expressed wish, for my treachery to my best and earliest friend. Alas, these evidences of the people's love, were as unreal as the other pleasures in which I so lavishly indulged. Familiarity soon stripped these vain pleasures of their charm, soon dissolved the enchantment in which I was bound, and by degrees, I saw things in their true colours. My heart was restless and uneasy, it confessed a void, which pomp and grandeur could not fill; a void that was never felt in the solitude of the desert, until it was invaded by vanity and ambition. Vanity and ambition were now more than satisfied; they were satiated; yet, they could not give me those gay spirits, those pure delights, that cheerful content which I had enjoyed in the obscurity and poverty of my early days.

" No self reproaches embittered those simple and innocent days! But now, when the gloss of novelty had worn off, and pomp and pleasure could no longer charm, I felt all I had lost, in losing my best and truest friend. His stern and simple virtues, rose in contrast with the specious and dazzling qualities of Abderrahman, and made me sensible of his superior merit. One of the first circumstances that awakened reflection, was the increasing appearance of poverty and misery among the people, which I met with in my rides through the city, and which I had hitherto overlooked, absorbed and dazzled as I was by the novel splendours which surrounded me. When I described to the king the pain this discovery occasioned me, he replied that these sufferings of the people were the effect of the barbarous oppression and tyranny of his predecessor, and that he was devising means to relieve the misery of his subjects. Believing that this relief might immediately be effected by the distribution of money, I proposed this should be done, even were half his treasures requisite for the purpose. He smiled, and bade me tranquillize my mind on this point, as he would do all that was necessary. I followed this advice the more readily, as I hoped by giving up my own peculiar possessions, that I should greatly lessen the misery I had witnessed.

"Soon, the people, on discovering my sensibility to their sufferings, addressed themselves immediately to me, particularly the Christians, who were the most oppressed class. Whenever I appeared in public, I was surrounded by these poor wretches, whose pallid looks and piteous cries went to my very heart and induced me to seclude myself from their sight. But this did not secure me from their solicitations; petition on petition was addressed to me, urging me to intercede in their behalf, to have their wrongs redressed and the imposts laid on them taken off, or reduced. On examining into the justice of these remonstrances, what was my surprise and sorrow on discovering

that far from alleviating the grievances occasioned by the cruel tyranny of his predecessor, Abderrahman had himself loaded his already impoverished subjects with new taxes, and that the sums thus extorted from their poverty, were lavished on those brilliant festivals and pompous spectacles with which I had been so flattered and delighted. This frightful discovery filled me with horror. I instantly despoiled myself of my superb jewels and magnificent robes, and clothing myself in plain garments, repaired to the king.

"Abderrahman!" exclaimed I, 'while your people groan in misery, thus will I appear before you. I have dismissed the musicians, the train of slaves, the gorgeous paraphernalia with which you surrounded me. No longer will I participate in those luxurious pleasures purchased by the sufferings of your unhappy subjects, of my wretched countrymen. If I cannot relieve, I will at least share in their deprivations. If you really love me, you will approve my sentiments. If my esteem has value in your eyes, you know how to regain it. If not, feeling myself absolved from my engagements to you, by duty and by virtue, I will break the tie which now unites us. Christian princes, now your allies, will vindicate my cause, and free me from your power.'

" My demeanour, during this discourse, the imperative tone in which I spoke, the decision of my manner, and his own interests, made a powerful impression on him. He attempted to justify himself, and persuade me I had been imposed on. In this he did not entirely succeed; but my simplicity and ignorance of affairs, made me yield so far to his representations, that I left him with the persuasion that the evils complained of had been greatly exaggerated, and we parted, not with the good will and confidence previously entertained for each other, but better satisfied than might have been expected. In consequence of the deep interest I had taken in the public grievvances, the king so far yielded to my wishes, as to lessen the prodigal expenditures of the court, to restrict luxury, and give up the costly spectacles on which such immense sums had been lavished. urging on him these measures, I endeavoured to impress on his mind, that he thereby not only relieved his people, but promoted his own greatness. ' I would not, Abderrahman,' said I, 'use the influence love gives me over you, as Egilona, the widow of Roderick, used her power over Abdalaziz. Like me, she was raised above all the favourites of the seraglio, and treated with the submission and respect claimed by Christian queens. The ascendancy which her fine qualities and exquisite beauty gave her over the noble and generous Abdalaziz, instead of checking his ambition and love of magnificence, urged him on to excesses which alienated from him the confidence and regard of his officers and friends, tempted him to usurp the sovereign power, and finally cost him his life; oh, no! be it mine to confirm to you the love and confidence of your friends and subjects, and the friendship of your Christian allies.'

"I trusted that my endeavours had proved successful. Largesses were distributed among the people. Beggars no longer thronged the streets—no more petitions were addressed to me—consequently, I believed that the most burdensome taxes were abolished and that Abderrahman by his benevolent cares and just administration, had established peace and plenty throughout the city, and for more than a year I remained under this pleasing delusion.

"Although I still continued the supreme object of the king's regard, I was no longer as happy as I had been—for he was no longer in my eyes so great and good as he had once appeared. Every day's experience made me more sensible of the loss I had sustained in Ramiro, whose image, clothed in sadness, was continually present to my fancy. The tenderness, sincerity, and simplicity of his attachment, better satisfied my heart than the impassioned love of Abderrahman, who, since my knowledge of his faults, every day lost more and more in my esteem. Prosperity has a tendency to enervate the mind and harden the heart-even this heroic and amiable prince began to feel its baneful influence; the effects of which became visible even to me, who saw him only in his happiest mood. I began to languish for freedom, and grew weary of my splendid slavery-yet how break the fetters which bound me. Voluntarily he would not let me depart-to appeal to a Christian prince, would involve him in war, and expose him to the loss of his still unconfirmed crown-as his independence of the Caliph could not be maintained, if deserted by his allies—and gratitude and honour forbade my making such a return for his generous and devoted attachment.

"When I came to Cordova, Balac, our faithful domestic, had followed me. I had established him in a house at a little distance from the city, in the midst of a garden which it was his delight to cultivate. Thither I sometimes went, and could I have gone alone, should have found comfort in indulging myself in retrospections of the past. But this was not allowed-Abderrahman always accompanied me. Near this spot was a riding course, where he often amused and exercised himself, being extravagantly fond of horsemanship, and as I excelled in it, he loved to have me with him, to witness my skill, and to exhibit his own. One day, when I thus accompanied him, he mounted a courser whose fire and impetuosity required all his skill, and was in full career, when some unexpected object startled the horse, who, darting off with the speed of lightning, in attempting to clear the barrier, fell, and threw the king to the ground. My cries brought all the scattered attendants round us, and among the rest Balac, who had, as he always did, come from his garden to attend on me. The moment that he perceived the king was stunned and insensible, though not materially hurt, he drew near to me unperceived, the attention of every one being engaged by the king, and slipping a piece of folded parchment into my hands, whispered, "Read this when alone-my life depends on your discretion."

"Abderrahman soon recovered, and desired to return immediately to the city, as he had been but slightly hurt.

"The moment I found myself alone, I eagerly unfolded the note and read the following words, "On the night of the day when you receive this, I will be at midnight in the east court of the palace; come thither alone, and open the small green gate; I have things of importance to reveal to you."

"Filled with alarm and inquietude, I was punctual at the hour indicated, and opened the gate for the admission of Balac, whom I conducted through a private passage to a closet exclusively set apart for hours in which I was never intruded on. Judge what I felt when this virtuous old man thus addressed

"They deceive you, Adosinda—the people who

surround you are the slaves and dependants of the king, on whose will depends life or death. The petitions addressed to you, are by his orders suppressed the grievances of the people are greater than ever -you no longer see those sufferers-but if the streets are clear of mendicants, it is because they have been removed to prisons. A barbarous edict forbids misery to make any appeal to compassion. Silence on this subject has been imposed on your attendants, and I have been menaced with death should I dare to discover to you the truth. Watched with indefatigable vigilance, for more than six months have I been seeking an opportunity to convey to you the lines I put into your hands this morning. Open your eyes Adosinda-the daughter of the great and good Bermudo must not espouse a tyrant, who, notwithstanding the interested alliances formed with our princes, is the enemy and persecutor of Christiansis for the sake of the tribute they pay, and not from kindness and toleration, that our countrymen are allowed the free exercise of their religion. Ally not yourself with the natural adversary of your country and faith. No happiness, no peace will you find in a union forbidden alike by law and by religion. Is not infamy affixed to the names of the women whose example you have pleaded; and are not those who preferred poverty and misery to such unnatural alliances, venerated by the wise and good, and their names enrolled among those of saints? Oh beloved daughter of my beloved master, let these faithful arms which so often carried you in your infancy, now bear you far away from the unhallowed grandeur that has seduced your inexperience-let these grey hairs remind you of the father you have lost, and in my voice, listen to the advice he would have given.'

"'But how is it possible?' interrupted I, 'even were I willing-besides harsh as he has been to others, to me he has been'- Oh stop,' said the old man--- believe me he has been your greatest enemyhe has drawn you from your best and truest friend on earth, and if you remain, he will pluck you from heaven itself; yes, he will pervert your faith—he will destroy your soul. Child of my master, I will not, cannot leave you to perdition. See these old limbs prostrate at your feet, see these gray hairs in the dust before you.' As he said this, he sunk on the ground and embraced my knees. This I could not resist, my hesitation was conquered. 'Rise friend of my father,' I exclaimed, 'Adosinda will quit a throne, and him who sits upon it, and will follow you to poverty, obscurity, or death!'

"' Thank the God of heaven,' cried Balac, clasping his hands; 'come precious soul, come leave this unholy place.' At these words I burst into tears, I could no longer control the strong and contending emotions which rent my bosom. Yes, contending emotions, for now, the moment of abandoning Abderrahman was arrived; I felt an invincible repugnance to leave him, or the power and magnificence that encompassed me; at the thought of Ramiro too, my heart sunk within me; shame, pride, anxiety, overwhelmed me when I thought of him. But my word was pledged and I could not retract; Balac would hear of no delay, and after some consultation, the mode of my escape was agreed on. I gave him the casket of my mother's jewels, and bade him dispose of them, being determined to carry nothing of all that Abderrahman's generous love had lavished on me. On the fourth night from the present, I

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promised to meet him in the same place, to fly with him from this place to our cabin in the wilderness.

- "When left to myself, reflection soon reconciled me to the determination I had made. Instead of allowing my fancy to dwell on those qualities which had dazzled and misled me, I enumerated all the faults, the weaknesses, the vices of the great and magnificent prince. I hardened my heart against even the suggestions of gratitude, by fixing my mind on the proofs of dissimulation and tyranny Balac had presented to my view. I well knew that they must be exaggerated by the zeal of the devout old man; yet I dwelt on them in all their aggravation, that I might with the less regret fulfil my duty. In consequence, the image of the young hero, who had seduced my imagination, rather than my heart, gave place to that of the tyrant, whom Balac had depicted. Yet, it was not without a pang I saw him leave my apartment, with the conviction that I should see him no more. Ambition, vanity, glory, gratitude, these I sacrificed on the altar of duty. This was a martyrdom of the passions, requiring, perhaps, more resolution than a martyrdom of the body.
- "On the appointed night Balac returned. I had taken every precaution necessary to insure my escape; it was safely and happily effected. The first hours of the morning had always been devoted to the exercises of my religion, and my seclusion and retirement at those hours were never violated by any of my attendants. My flight, therefore, would not be discovered until the morning was far advanced, by which time I should be out of reach of pursuit. Whether any was made, I have never known.
- "My faithful attendant had provided fleet horses, and made every preparation his experience suggested, to conceal my departure, and to insure my safety. Leaving the public routes, and thickly populated districts, we directed out flight towards the wild and solitary Sierra, which, on the north, bounds the fertile plain on which Cordova stands. As I ascended those barren heights, before I plunged into their dark and rocky defiles, I turned to take a last look of the Eden I left behind, of that wide, and verdant and glittering plain, watered by the Betis, whose clear and silvery stream wound among innumerable plantations of olive, pomegranites and oranges, among vineyards and cornfields, gardens and groves.
- "From amidst this sea of verdure Cordova rose, crowned with towers and domes, on whose summits glittered the crescent and the cross; symbols of the two religions professed by her inhabitants. The first rays of the morning sun were brightening the rich and lovely scene, when with a sigh I could not repress, I turned away, and pursued the road that led to my obscure and mountain home.
- "After passing the dreary Sierra, we descended into the level country, and by circuitous roads pursued our way to the Asturias, and without any interruption or misadventure, regained the deep mountain recesses, where my early days had been passed in such happy ignorance and perfect tranquillity.
- "When we reached our former dwelling, what was my astonishment to find it greatly enlarged and improved; the garden in high cultivation, and every object within sight, indicating the place to be inhabited. Agitated with strange feelings, full of vague ideas, I turned from the habitation, and hastened to the ruined Tower, that I might pour out my full heart on the grave of my father, for the idea that the

place I once filled in the heart of Ramiro might be occupied by another, as well as that in my former dwelling, sadly oppressed me, although I could not but acknowledge, that should this be the case, I had no right to complain. Overwhelmed by these apprehensions, my trembling limbs could scarcely sustain me; yet wishing to go alone, I declined the offered support of my good old servant.

"I reached the Tower, but so changed were all the objects within, that I scarcely recognized it as the place I had left. The turf-covered grave was concealed beneath a superb Mausoleum of white marble; over which hung two alabaster lamps, suspended by chains of gold—I approached—on the pedestal were engraved these words,

- 'Filial piety and gratitude have erected this monument to one of the best of fathers and most virtuous of men.'
- "'O my brother!' exclaimed I, 'whilst I abandoned thee, thou hast fulfilled my duties—these thy pious cares, prove at least that thou still livest—prove that fortune has smiled on thee. It is then only for myself I need weep.'
- "I was interrupted by the sound of approaching footsteps—I turned to look, and beheld a young and lovely woman. In answer to my eager inquiries, she told me, she and her husband inhabited my former dwelling. Could this husband be any other than Ramiro, was my first thought; speechless and almost stunned, I could ask no further questions. Every hope seemed blasted—for the conviction forced itself on me, that hopes of reunion with Ramiro had been indulged, and that a deep rooted affection for him had lived, though unacknowledged, in my inmost heart, and had given me the resolution, which I had deceived myself into believing was taken from a sense of duty, to relinquish Abderrahman and his throne.
- "I left the Tower and turned my steps to the spot where I had left Balac, intending to quit this place, and for ever to conceal from Ramiro what I had abandoned, and what I had hoped to find.
- "As I advanced along that path on which I had once bestowed so much labour, and where the shrubs and flowers were blooming with increased beauty and vigour, I sighed to think they bloomed, but my hopes were withered. Before I proceeded far, I was met by Balac accompanied by a young man. Feeling, more prompt than reflection, imparted to me the joyful confidence that he it was, who must be the husband of the lovely young woman who followed me. Of what a heavy load was my heart instantly relieved.
- "I was not deceived. From this happy couple I learned that an illustrious warrior, who had commanded a fortress not far distant from this place, having discovered them in a hamlet near the fortress in a state of great distress, had most generously relieved their wants, and given them their present dwelling; that he had surrounded them with every comfort, and only required in return that they should preserve the house and garden, and the path to the Tower in good order, and attend to supplying the lamps of the sepulchre. That he occasionally visited the tower, where he was ever a welcome visiter. These, and other circumstances, they related in the glowing language of gratinude.

"This, then, was the work of Ramiro; he sometimes revisited this spot; Could I longer doubt his

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continued attachment to the companion of his infancy? No, my belief of its continuance amounted to conviction. I resolved to remain with the happy couple, and to despatch Balac to Ramiro with an account of all that had befallen me. From his great exploits he had obtained the command of armies, and his name, known far and wide, was blessed wherever it was heard, as his generosity and goodness equalled his valour. Such was the story of these grateful peasants. There could be no difficulty in finding a personage so renowned, although our hosts knew not where he was; but, being in the service of the king Alonzo, Balac determined to proceed directly to Oviedo, the capital of the kingdom, where it was most likely to find him. I whiled away the time in listening to the details of what Ramiro had done, of all his brave exploits and noble actions, which they had gathered from the people of the towns and hamlets to which they carried their superfluous produce. I revisited, too, every spot endeared to me by recollection of my infant years. How different did the great and busy world appear to me on this my return to solitude, from the picture my fancy had drawn of it. I then imagined regal pomp and grandeur to be a state of as perfect happiness as heaven itself. In truth I had no other idea of heaven; the only description I had read of it being that in the revelations, where the crowns of glory, the walls, pavements, and fruit trees of the new Jerusalem being all of gold, jasper, and precious stones, and the heavenly rewards promised to the just being dazzling robes and eternal crowns, I naturally concluded, that these things constituted the greatest felicity man could enjoy. My young imagination being filled with such ideas, I longed for these objects with the fervour with which pious souls long for heaven; not knowing that the language of Scripture was merely figurative, and described only spiritual joys. The illusions of fancy were now dispelled. I had become acquainted with realities, and discovered that crowns and gold, and precious stones and magnificent garments, could not satisfy the desires of an affectionate heart. In the midst of the honours, the splendours, the pleasures of a sumptuous court, often, often had my spirit fainted within me, and my heart yearned for the dear and simple joys of my childhood-for the companion of those happy days. Often when wearied of pompous pleasure-of the restraints of ceremonyof the confinement to which my exalted condition condemned me, have I longed to be restored to the exhilarating sports, the wild scenery, the unrestricted freedom of my native mountains.

"In the calmness of my present retreat—in the dear and familiar objects which surrounded me—in the beauty and majesty of nature my soul was soothed, my spirit was refreshed.

"More time than I imagined necessary for Balac to go and return, had now elapsed, and I began to grow anxious and impatient. Buried in the deepest and loneliest recesses of the rocks, I endeavoured to prepare myself for melancholy tidings. At other times, when my growing fears yielded to long cherished hopes, I would climb some high and projecting cliff that commanded a view of the distant plains that extended far beyond the foot of the mountains, and watch for the return of my messenger. At last he came; and he came not alone. Ramiro, followed by a numerous and splendid train—Ramiro himself, came. Changed as were the exter-

nal circumstances that environed him, his heart remained unaltered; he came to offer me a throne, and claim me for his bride!

"It was as we sat together at the foot of the noble monument he had raised to my father, that he gave me a narrative of what had befallen him since our separation. Convinced that I could not be happy in obscurity, after obtaining from me the promise, or rather, in full confidence that I would be governed by that given my father, of not marrying for two years, he had left me, with the determination, within that period, to win a glory and renown which might satisfy my ambition, and induce me to share his destiny. With these views he had returned to the Asturias, resolved to enter the service of some Christian prince-of Alonzo, should he be restored to his freedom and his throne. On his arrival at Oviedo, he found that city torn by factions. The rebel nobles still held their king in confinement, but were so divided among themselves, each aspiring to fill the vacant throne, that the party of the conspirators was much weakened by their division, whilst that of the people, faithful adherents to the prince, was strengthened by the increasing calamities inflicted on them by the absence of their good king. Such was the state of public affairs when Ramiro reached the capital. Theudis, a man of great quality and influence, was the head of the king's party; to him Ramiro repaired, and offered his services in behalf of his captive monarch, and begged he might be employed in such as were most hazardous and difficult. His zeal and devotion soon gained the confidence of Theudis: he intrusted to him the most confidential and dangerous share of the enterprise he was preparing for the restoration of Alonzo. To his charge was given the band of faithful adherents, who were to make good their entrance into the monastery of Abelia, which was surrounded by the guards of the conspirators-then to open the gates to Theudis and his followers. The enterprise succeeded; and the people on receiving the glad tidings rose in multitudes, and joining the party who had achieved his liberation, carried the good Alonzo in triumph to Oviedo, and replaced him on his throne. Theudis made known to the king the zeal and devotion of Ramiro, who on learning that the young soldier was the adopted son of his former friend and benefactor, Bermudo, acknowledged him as his kinsman, gave him a high and confidential place near his person, and after having for some time made him his companion in various campaigns, raised him to the command of his army, confident that what he wanted in experience would be made up by fidelity; a quality more essential, in the existing state of his affairs, than military skill. In this station Ramiro had gained several signal victories over the Moors, and by his clemency, moderation, and liberality, had endeared himself to the people. Within the last two months, Alonzo finding himself weak and infirm through age, had summoned an assembly of the states, to whom he warmly recommended his cousin Don Ramiro, for his successor; and upon his election, had resigned to him the administration of affairs, after a reign of forty-four years. With the narrative of Ramiro, I have blended the account given me by Balac, of his victories, his virtues, his popularity; circumstances omitted by the modesty of the hero of this eventful tale, in his own account.

" And now, said Ramiro, when he had termine-

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ted his recital, 'I have come Adosinda, to conduct you to the presence of the friend of your father—of my benefactor—the venerable and good Alonzo. I have come to lead you to the throne your father formerly abdicated—to claim a fulfilment of the wishes of that beloved and venerated parent; and in uniting our destinies, to unite our endeavours to render our people happy."

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE LOST AND WEPT.

BY THOMAS G. SPEAR.

WITHIN her bright and peaceful home,
The mother bless'd her wayward boy,
Wed to the blue sea's waves and foam,
Its wild delights and rough employ—
Her tearful thanks she gave to heav'n,
For perils met and safely pass'd,
And saw her son in manhood given,
To honour and command at last.

Swift o'er the harbour's glassy face
His speeding barque the billows flung,
And bore her wings with airy grace,
As every spar elastic sprung:
The city melted far behind,
And deep the channel stretch'd before,
As forward, with the strength'ning wind,
Her prow was urg'd beyond the shore.

From wave to wave she sped her keel,
'Midst the green islets of the sea,
Obedient to the helmsman's wheel,
'Yet on the billows seeming free;
And with the winds, against the tide,
She quickly found her destin'd bay,
And swept the haven broad and wide,
With pennons streaming wild and gay.

From ship to ship the loud salute,
Was heard from many an anchor'd crew,
Till all again was lull'd and mute,
And darkness round their hammocks drew.
The days their toils and pleasures brought,
With swelling tide and waiting gale,
Till from the mast, with venture fraught,
The seaman loos'd her homeward sail.

But ere the light-wing'd breeze could bend,
Her canvass on the rolling deep,
His course again to land must tend—
To land the pilot's barge must sweep.
The skies had lost their golden hue,
The dancing waves were leaping free,
And soon his ship was lost to view,
Far down the bay's receding lea.

The tempest roll'd above the stream—
The winds were whistling wild and shrill—
In darkness rose the startling scream—
It ceas'd—and all again was still.
The light-house gleam'd along the shore—
Upon the waves the pale moon shone,
While down the river's cozy floor,
He slept his death-sleep, cold and lone.

His ship unmoor'd was on the main,
And slowly plough'd the billows blue,
While deeply touch'd with manly pain,
In silence droop'd his mourning crew.
Their sails but seem'd as shrouding spread,
In sorrow o'er the marching wave,
Beyond the land where found the dead,
A barren, bleak, and bloomless grave.

At noontide, sad, bereav'd, and pale,
The mother heard the tale of gloom,
And pour'd her soul's despairing wail,
Far o'er the waters to his tomb.
At midnight, while his sisters slept,
They dream'd they heard his drowning cry,
And saw the sands on which he slept,
With angry billows rouring by.

#### DRESS.

The sentiment that "Beauty when unadorned is adorned the most," is so eternally quoted, that were it not both true and pleasing, it would disgust. Yet it never does. We hear it, read it, repeat it, perhaps for the thousandth time, with enthusiasm. There is something so pure in the thought and its expression, that it always reminds us of our first parents in Eden. Then I picture to myself a sweet girl of seventeen, arrayed in a robe as white as her own fair bosom, and "unadorned," save with a single rose, entwined amid the curls or braids of her glossy hair. Look on her, mark her bright cheek, fresh lip, and soft, dewy eye! Does she need diamonds and pearls, laces and feathers, to make her lovely or beloved?

But the plain in feature, how shall they please without the "aid of ornament," and the grace of fashion? And how shall the ravages of time be repaired without the aid of art and adventitious circumstances? Art and Fashion, the duties of Almacka, must these be worshipped by Americans? There is

an elevation of soul imparted by superior virtue, intelligence, and piety, which requires no trappings to invest its possessor with a dignity, grace and loveliness which will never fail of securing the esteem and affection of the really worthy, and will also gain that real respect from worldlings which mere display of dress never obtained.

"It is the mind that makes the body rich." H.

THE accomplished writer may express with great power and beauty, sentiments very foreign from his or her heart; but when the untaught strike the lyre, the songs are always true to the feelings of the soul. Hence the character and history even, of these last, may be as certainly deduced from their poems as the order and genus of a wild plant may be traced by its flower.

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H.

## GOOD NIGHT, DEAR MOTHER.

A FAVOURITE SACRED BALLAD.

ADAPTED TO A BEAUTIFUL ITALIAN MELODY.

THE POETRY BY

WILLIAM BALL.

Selected for the Lady's Book, by James G. Osbourne.







II.

Jood night, dear mother,
"Till sleep be driven,
Be her dominion,
Balmy and light;
Peace be around us,
Oh! from kind heaven,
Win me a blessing—
Mother, good night,

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Good night, dear mother—
Father, who made us,
Through holy angels,
He'll be in sight,
What then can harm us,
Storms may surround us,
He will protect us—
Mother, good night.

# EDITORS' TABLE.

FROM the 15th of December, 1839, to the 15th of January, 1840, there has been reported the entire loss of about one Ausdred and sighty vessels, on and near our coasts; and in these shipwrecks by storms and fire, more than three hundred persons have perished!

The wisest of men admonished us to consider in the day of adversity; and though our gay young friends can hardly realize that sorrow is in the world, to them so full of pleasures, yet will they not pause for a few moments to sympathize with the afflicted?

It is not to harrow your souls with descriptions of the terrific storms which have been the measengers of swift destruction to so many, that we ask your attention. Nor shall we attempt to paint the awful scene at the burning of the Lexington, when flame and flood claimed their numerous victims, and the strong man was helpless as the little child, and fear, like the coiled serpents around the Laccoon, seemed to stifle every energy of mind and body, and crush the life of hope in the firmast bosom. But the dead are at rest. Their struggles and terrors are over. The tender mother calls no longer, frantically, for her child—she has them both with her in death. They heed not and need not our pity: In this case "Tis the surviver dies." How many are now weeping in the bitterness of that grief which refuses to be comforted? Many a bright hearth is darkened, many a happy home desolate. And this deep grief falls mostly on our own sex. Woman is the chief mourner for those who have perished in the desolations of the season. These were men, fathers of families mostly, on whom rested the hopes of their households. Some were returning after a long absence, and daily looked for by the dear ones at home, probably the house set in order to receive them, and a thousand little incidents, such as affection treasures to gratify the loved and absent, recollected, to tell the wanderer, and draw his heart again within the gentle influence of those charities of neighbour and friend, which the rough, hard world is so apt to injure or efface.

How terrible was the blow that fell on each of these households, when the fate of the Lexington was ascertained? And

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that grief must be renewed, day by day. The poor widow cannot go into the world, or the bustle of business, and thus wear off the sense of her loss. She sits in her darkened home, the loss of her husband involves usually the loss also of the means of living for herself and her children, and while she weeps for the dead, she also despairs for the living. Perhaps her children are daughters—how shall these helpless ones be supported? Oh! those who have never felt a care of this kind cannot even imagine the gloom with which the world is shrouded to the new made widow, as she looks on her little children, and knows not where or how she is to obtain for them even a morsel of bread. Let her who is rich think of this, and ask herself if there is nothing for her to do, to show her sympathy with those who have been bereaved by this awful calamity of the burning of the Lexington.

How many hopes have been crushed!—The betrothed have separated, and the weeds of sorrow bound on fair heads, where the orange flower was soon to be wreathed. Many daughters are left fatherless—sisters brotherless, and life can never be to them so cheerful and happy as it has been in months past. Is it not a meet time for the young and gay to pause and consider? The year has opened upon us with terrible events, and though it would be wrong to allow fearful forebodings to take possession of the mind, and render us unfit for the every day duties of life, yet surely it is the part of wisdom to lay these things to heart, and feel that we too must be prepared for sorrows and partings, and what shall we say to comfort those who mourn. What, but in the words of the sweet lyrist, bid them

"To lift, through tears, the straining eye, Up to their Father's house on high, Oh! many are the mansions there: But not in one hath grief a share; And there are those, whose long loved mien, In earthly home no more is seen; Whose places, where on earth they sate, Are left unto us desolate. We miss them when the prayer is said, We miss them when the board is spread; Upon our dreams their dying eyes In still and mournful memory lies But they are where the longings vain Trouble no more the heart and brain, The sadness of this aching love Dims not our Father's house above."

# A FEW WORDS TO OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

It has usually been our practice to keep silence respecting the rejected articles—those accepted, of course, were sufficiently noticed by insertion. But often these accepted articles necessarily remain a long time before being published—more than a year; and this, we doubt not, is a severe trial of patience to the writers. We have therefore concluded to give, monthly, a list of our contributions on hand, so far as these have been examined and decided on. But the writers of the accepted articles must not look for their appearance in the next number, it may be months before we shall have room for the following:

- "Anecdotes of General Greene; by his Grand Niece."
- "She came not."
- "Keeping House and Housekeeping."
- " My Childhood's Home."
- "Oh! do not say again Love's Blind."
- " A Sketch of the Season and its Changes."
- " My Mother's Grave."
- " The Bird."
- "Lines to the Memory of Miss Robina Ann Hunter," &c.
- " My Little Boy."

Thus far our editorial duty is pleasant; but now comes the trial—to disappoint the hopes of many a writer who is aspiring to gain a name, and to give a few hints to the authors of the rejected articles. We trust this advice, which is kindly intended, will be reviewed in the same spirit. It would be

easy to show the ridiculous aspect of many of these anonymous articles. But our aim is not to amuse our readers (if we have any who delight in satire,) but to improve those who are earnest in the wish to make their productions worthy of a place in the Lady's Book.

"Ellen Stanley; or, the Victims of Parental Tyranny."—
The writer must study English grammar, and acquire juster
notions of the duty of children to parents, before attempting
to write for the public.

"Lines on the Death of an only Daughter."—This is written with great feeling, but is defective as poetry. The following lines are very beautiful:

"We miss thy tender love, thy ready band,
The prompt obedience of a love-full heart;
The thousand little things that made thee only,
Light to our eyes, joy to our inmost souls."

"Revelations, chapter xxi. verse 2."—A strange tale, but too extravagant, and unsuited to our work.

"Bright be the Summer Beam."—"Thoughts suggested by reading Dr. Olin's Letter," &c..—"Raptures of the Newborn Saint."—"A Dying Child."—"Hopeless Love."—"Ye would not Blush to call me Thine."—"To E———,"—"For Hannah's Album."—"Woman's Love."—All these we must reject. There is nothing particular to be said about them, except that they all come under the description of "mediocre poetry," which neither "gods nor men can tolerate."

"The Tablet of the Rock."—A Tale from the German, is under consideration. We should prefer the story from the pen of "Madame Caroline Pichler," alluded to by the translator.

The foregoing notices regard only anonymous or voluntary contributors. We need make no allusion to the articles of our regularly engaged and paid writers—these we use or return according to agreement.

We have received a piece of music from G. E. Blake, 13, south 5th street—The Angel's Whisper. It is very pretty, but the name sounds familiar. We have not time to look, but we think we published something by this title, long since.

Colonel Stone, of the New York Commercial Advertiser, says of our February number:

"The present number contains original papers, by several of our most popular writers, such as II. W. Herbert, Mrs. Sigourney, Mrs. Seba Smith, &c., and is embellished with a coloured plate of the fashions, an uncoloured ditto, a steel engraving, and two pages of music. The principal fault that we find with the Lady's Book is, that it is too cheap. We do not see how the publisher can afford to give so much good reading for three dollars a year. But that is his business—not ours."

There is a young gentleman of this city, by the name of Robert Cornelius, one of the firm of the well known house of Cornelius, Son & Co., who has more genius than he yet supposes himself to possess. As a designer in the way of his profession, he has no equal; as a ventriloquist—but here we are getting into private life:—as a Daguerreotypist his specimens are the best that have yet been seen in this country, and we speak this with a full knowledge of the specimens shown here by Mr. Gouraud, purporting to be, and no doubt truly, by Daguerre himself. We have seen many specimens by young Cornelius, and we pronounce them unsurpassable-ther must be seen to be appreciated. Catching a shadow is a thing no more to be laughed at. Mr. Cornelius, in one matter, has outstripped the great master of the art, a thing, by the way, peculiar to our countrymen; he has succeeded in etching his designs into the plate, from which they cannot be removed by any effort. A few more experiments in this way, and we shall do without engravers those very expensive gentlemen-

#### DESCRIPTION OF THE TUILERIES.

This residence of the French monarchs, is on the right bank of the Seine, in Paris. Catharine de Medici, wife of Henry II. began the building from the designs of Philibert de l'Orme and Jean Bullant, (1564.) Henry IV. extended it, and founded the gallery (1600.) which was intended to connect it with the Louvre, and form a residence for twenty-four artists. Louis XIV. enlarged it (1654.) and completed the great gallery. The side towards the Louvre consists of five pavilions and four ranges of buildings; the other side has only three pavilions.

In the pavilion of Flora, Napoleon resided, and it was afterwards occupied by Louis XVIII. The exterior of the Tuileries is deficient in harmony, having been built at different times, and on very different plans; but the interior is magnificent. The gallery above mentioned, which connects the Tuileries with the Louvre, is completed on the side towards the Seine; the lower part consists of open Arcades; above is the collection of pictures. The second gallery, leading to the place Rivoli and the rue St. Honore, was begun by Napoleon in 1808, but is not finished. To make room for it, many houses and whole streets were levelled; and much of the ground is still occupied by the ruins of the former buildings. On the west of the palace lie the gardens of the Tuilcries, forming a quadrangle of the width of the palace, and 1800 feet in length; they are sixty-seven arpents in superficial area. Upon two sides they are enclosed by long terraces (that on the side to the Seine commands a beautiful prospect,) and iron railings. This garden, laid out by the celebrated Lenotre for Louis XIV., has, in more recent times, been highly ornamented in the French style, and contains alleys of orange trees, and other trees, groves, lawns with beds of flowers and shrubberies. fountains and basins of water, with swans and goldfish, a great number of vases, and more than sixty statues imitated from ancient works. It is filled at all hours of the day with persons of all classes: chairs and newspapers may be had at a small price. Towards the city, and separated from the court by an iron palisade, is the place du Carrousel, which receives its name from a carrousel exhibited here by Louis XIV., in .1664. The arc du Carrousel, erected by Napoleon in 1806, forms the principal entrance into the court: it was formerly ornamented with the horses of St. Mark and a statue of Napoleon, which have been removed. The French Court was formerly called the "Court of the Tuileries;" but under the three last Louises, who resided at Versailles, that appellation was changed to the "Cabinet of Versailles." Napoleon resided some time at St. Cloud, and the court then received that name. But since the restoration, the kings have again occupied the Tuileries.

In this number we give the whole of Mrs. Harrison Smith's interesting tale of Adosinda. It is long, but it will repay a perusal. In future, if we can possibly avoid it, we will not continue articles from one month to another; we have always done it against our will. Will our contributors aid us in our endeavours?—we assure them that their contributions lose half their value when they are not finished in the number in which they are commenced.

The leading article for this month is a chaste and beautiful effort from the pen of the Hon. Alexander H. Everett, of Massachusetts. The Number is also enriched by a moral tale from the pen of Mrs. Sigourney.

We always give a preference to articles, to which are attached the names of the writers.

In answer to many inquiries we regret to say, that out of 17500 copies published last year, we cannot furnish a single complete set; we were obliged to borrow a few numbers to complete a copy for the Lady of the Hon. Amos Kendall, Post Master General.

Those having files of the Lady's Book from the commencement, must be amused with the various mutations in fashions; from the time we commenced publishing, in 1830, a revolution has taken place in the wheel of this fickle goddess—but just as great a change has taken place in our manner of preparing them for the observation of our subscribers. We have advanced with a steady step, and now compare with the best French or English periodicals that are devoted exclusively to this subject—which, as every body knows, the Lady's Book is not.

We do not promise to return any MSS.; authors sending ought to keep copies.

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Law, and the Means of Social Advancement.—Such is the title of an oration delivered before the Biennial Convention of the Alpha Delta Phi Society, of Yale College, Conn. The writer, Samuel Eells, President of the Convention, appears to have studied his subject, he comes to his task with a full mind and a free warm heart. The noble theme he chose was, we doubt not, in accordance with the philanthropy of his spirit, and bravely has he maintained the doctrine of "Social progress." He says: "Nations may rise and fell, but never, till they have fulfilled their destiny. Civilization may wane and decay; but the principle of its regeneration is immortal. Human society may dissolve and perish; but its very dust is vital, and a new social order will spring out of it, like the Phænix from the ashes of its sire."

After going over many strong arguments, and showing incontestible evidence of the progress of society, he adds:—
"Philanthropy, then, does not delude herself with a beautiful but baseless vision, in anticipating the era of human regeneration. She sees in man himself a capacity for boundless improvement, and that both the desire and expectation of it are native to the human heart. She sees that his whole past history, taken on a complete scale, exhibits, not a retrograde, but a progressive movement. She discerns, moreover in individual events—even those of the most baleful aspect, the marks of a moral providence; the tokens of a beneficent design, which appears to be the law of the whole scheme, and in obedience to which, He who 'seeth the end from the beginning,' administers the moral government of the world." (Page 21.)

The means by which society is to be carried forward to the era of its greatest perfection, is, as Mr. Eells portinently suggests, the cultivation of the moral sentiments, and the diffusion of Christianity over the whole world. The Gospel is the great charter of civil as well as religious freedom, and the principles of social progress are there embodied; so far as the human character can be trained to conform to this standard, will its perfection be ensured.

We wish we had room to give more copious extracts from this very eloquent production. The style is bold, brilliant, and polished; and the rich thoughts and bright hopes of the writer are thus rendered more interesting and impressive. We have had only one regret while reading this sublime appeal to the promise of the future, the writer has made no allusion to that great moral power which is now just beginning to exert its influence-we allude to the cultivated intellect of WOMAN. It is the elevation of the female sex to a participation of moral equality with men, which the Gospel enforces, that ensures the moral improvement of the world. And of this improvement and the consequent increasing moral influence of woman, we add, in the cloquent language of the oration, that "it is ours to witness the coming on of this era of man's regeneration. As yet we are tenants of the Valley of Shadow; but we live in promise of the dawn. Its twilight is already breaking around us. We feel the fresh air of morning-we see the steps of Day upon the mountain tops."

The Intellectual Position of our Country—is the title of an Address delivered before the "Young Men's Association for Mutual Improvement," in the City of Troy. The Lecturer, Rev. Dr. Beman, is well known throughout the land for his great talents and energy of character. The address is worthy of him, and does justice to the important subject. We notice it now to introduce Dr. Beman's authority for the great im-

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portance we attach to female education, and the right direction of female influence. He says, alluding to the causes which most contribute to mould and form society:

"I would point you to the mother, whose very look, though mild and placid, is in the circle of her home a law, and whose lips impart the first impulse to the human intellect, and inspire the first moral pulsation of the human heart. I would refer you to that entire sex, embracing wives, and sisters, and daughters, who, though debarred by the constitution of God and the delicacy of their own instinctive feelings, from the pulpit, the forum, and the senate chamber, and from other conspicuous and bustling scenes, hold in their own hand the sceptre of empire over the social world, and whose influence does more to form the mind, to furnish the elements of moral character, and to controut the destinies of the carth, than any other influence this side of heaven." Good and true!

Pictures of Early Life; or, Sketches of Youth. By Mrs. Emma C. Embury. Boston: Marsh, Capen & Co.

This excellent work for Children was prepared for the "School Library," which is now in progress. This series of books is got up with the most scrupulous attention to every circumstance which can make it perfect—but in no department is more care used than in the moral tone of the literature it embodies. We think Mrs. Embury has been very successful in making her volume attractive as well as good.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of white cambric—apron of changeable silk, trimmed with black lace. Tight corsage, neck ornamented with a tucker of the same material as the dress, trimmed with pink bows; sleeve demi large, plaited at the top, and confined by a puff. The back hair is worn so low behind that it touches the back of the neck, being coiled at the very roots of the hair, and sometimes forms, as in this instance, the figure 8.

Fig. 2.—Silk dress changeable or green. Corsage tight to cross in front. Sleeves made in bishop form, confined at the top with four bands, each trimmed with a button; the lower part of the sleeve to correspond with the top—(see plate)—the skirt is trimmed with five narrow flounces. Hat of straw, trimmed with flowers and ribbons.

Fig. 3.—White figured muslin dress—corsage full, cut in the shape of a V. Sleeves demi large; the skirt is trimmed down the front, and hem with three folds. Hat of silk, open shaped; interior and exterior trimmed with flowers.

## CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

(Caps.—The present fashion for caps is very pretty; the cause are very small, and sit almost close to the head. The borders are very full and deep at the sides; they come very low, and are intermixed with small bouquets of velvet flowers; those called the bell borders are amongst the most fashionable; the ribands for caps are of satin.

Hair.—The present style of dressing for the front hair, is estible long ringlets in very full tufts, plain bands, or bands with the ends braided and turned up again. The buck hair is worn so low behind that it touches the back of the neck, being coiled up in braids at the very roots of the hair. Sometimes it forms a figure of eight placed the cross way; at others the braids are twisted over each other, forming one large mass; pearls, or a gold chain are frequently twisted into these braids and the feathers or flowers spring from this mass, and droop towards the left ear. Feronsieres are still fashionable.

#### DRESS OF QUEEN VICTORIA AT HER MARRIAGE.

Her Majesty's dress was of rich white satin, trimmed with orange flower blossoms. Head dress a wreath of orange flower blossoms, and over this a beautiful veil of Honiton lace, worn down. The bridesmaids or train-bearers were also attired in white. The cost of the lace alone on the dress was £1,000. The satin, which was of a pure white, was manufactured in Spitalfields. She wore an armlet having the motto

of the Order of the Garter. "Honi soit qui mal y pense," inscribed, and also wore the star of the Order.

The lace of her bridal dress, though popularly called Honiton lace, was really worked at the village of Beer, which is situated near the sea coast, about ten miles from Honiton. It was executed under the direction of Miss Bidney, a native of the village, who went from London, at the command of her Majesty, for the express purpose of superintending the work. More than two hundred persons were employed upon it from March to November, during the past year. These poor women derive a scanty subsistence from making lace, but the trade has latterly so declined that, had it not been for the kind consideration of Victoria in ordering this dress, they would have been destitute during the winter.

The lace which formed the flounce of the dress, measures four yards, and is three quarters of a yard in depth. The pattern is a rich, and exquisitely tasteful design, drawn expressly for the purpose, and surpasses any thing that has ever been executed either in England or in Brussels. So anxious was the manufacturer that her Majesty should have a dress perfectly unique, that she has since the completion of the lace destroyed all the designs. The veil, which is of the same material, and was made to correspond, afforded employment to the poor lace workers for more than six weeks. It is a yard and a half square.

Among the morning dresses of the Queen's trousseau is one of very beautiful design, entirely made of Honiton lace, with handsome flounces, and worn over white silk.

\*\*Umbrella for the Queen.—The cover is of the very best rich white satin, the stick a Pastriza came, the hand-part is beautifully carved pearl, with gold eyes. The top, which is in the form of a crown, is of the finest chased solid gold, with a beautiful silver string and two silver tassels in the form of English acorns. The slide and other inner parts are of silver. The case for the reception of the umbrella is lined with rich crimson velvet, and is covered with scarlet morocco leather. Altogether, the appearance is most chaste and elegant.

#### QUEEN ADELAIDE.

The Queen Dowager's dress was of English lace, with a rich deep flounce, over white satin; the body and sleeves trimmed with the same material. The train was of rich violet velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. The whole of this dress was entirely composed of articles of British manufacture.

Her Majesty wore a diamond necklace and ear rings. Head dress, feathers and diamonds.

#### H. R. H. THE DUCHESS OF KENT.

The dress worn by her Royal Highness, the Duchess of Kent, was of white satin, splendidly brocaded with silver, and trimmed with three flounces of blonde, headed with net and silver. The train was of sky-blue velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with ermine. The body and sleeves were tastefully ornamented with ermine and silver, with blonde ruffles. The head dress was of diamonds and feathers, with a necklace and ear rings en suite. The articles in the dress were wholly of British manufacture.

#### H. R. H. THE PRINCESS AUGUSTA.

Corsage and train of rich blue velvet, trimmed with Brussels point lace, and tastefully ornamented with aigrettes of diamonds, sabots and berthe en suite; a rich white satin petticoat, with volants and heading of Brussels point lace.—Head dress, Brussels point lace, with superb lappets to correspond, and a magnificent spray of diamonds.

#### DUCHESS OF SUTHERLAND.

Dress of white satin, trimmed with barbes of Spanish point lace and white roses; stomacher of brilliants, point raffles and berthe; train of white moire, magnificently embroidered in coral and gold. Head dress, feathers and point lappets, with splendid diamonds.

#### COUNTESS OF CARLISLE.

Dress of sapphire-blue velvet, with Brussels point tucker and ruffles. Head dress, a toque of velvet and Brussels point lappets.

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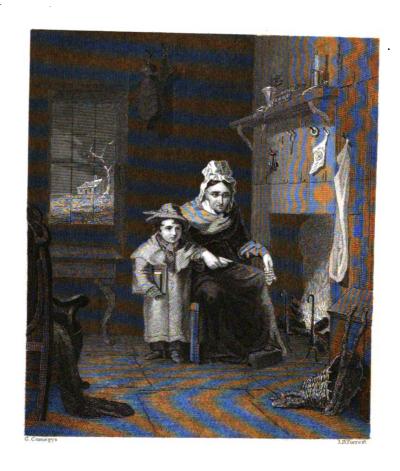


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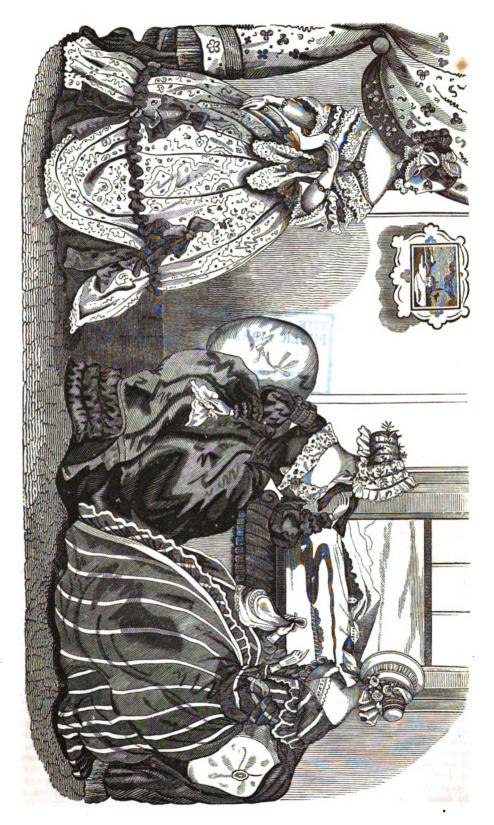
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# L A D Y'S B O O K.

MAY, 1849.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE ARM CHAIR OF TUSTENUGGEE.

A TRADITION OF THE CATAWBA.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS, AUTHOR OF "THE YEMASSEE," "GUY RIVERS," ETC.

#### CHAPTER I.

THE windy month had set in, the leaves were falling, and the light-footed hunters of Catawba, set forth upon the chase. Little groups went off in every direction, and before two weeks had elapsed from the beginning of the campaign, the whole nation was broken up into parties, each under the guidance of an individual warrior. The course of the several hunting bands was taken according to the tastes or habits of these leaders. Some of the Indians were famous for their skill in hunting the otter, could swim as long with head under water as himself, and be not far from his haunches, when he emerged to breathe. These followed the course of shallow waters and swamps, and thick, dense bays, in which it was known that he found his favourite haunts. bear hunter pushed for the cane brakes, and the bee trees; and woe to the black bear whom he encountered with his paws full of honeycomb, which he was unwilling to leave behind him. The active warnor took his way towards the hills, seeking for the brown wolf, and the deer; and, if the truth were known, smiled with wholesale contempt at the more timorous who desired less adventurous triumphs. Many set forth in couples only, avoiding with care all the clamours of the tribe; and some few, the more surly or successful—the inveterate bachelors of the nation—were content to make their forward progress alone. The old men prepared their traps and nets, the boys their blow guns, and followed with the squaws slowly, according to the division made by the hunters among themselves. They carried the blankets and bread stuffs, and camped nightly in noted places, to which, according to previous arrangement, the hunters might repair at evening and bring their game. In this way, some of the tribes followed the course of the Catawba, even to its source. Others darted off towards the Pacolet and Broad rivers, and there were some, the most daring and swift of foot who made nothing of a journey to the Tiger river, and the rolling mountains of Spartanburg.

There were two warriors who pursued this course. One of them was named Conattee, and a braver man and more fortunate hunter never lived. But he had a wife who was a greater scold than Xantippe. She was the wonder and the terror of the tribe, and quite as ugly as the one-eyed squaw of Tustenuggee, the grey demon of Enoree. Her tongue was the signal for "slinking," among the bold hunters of Turkeytown; and when they heard it, "now," said the young women, who sympathised as all proper young women will do, with the handsome husband of an ugly wife, "now," said they, "we know that poor Conattee has come home." The return of the husband, particularly if he brought no game, was sure to be followed by a storm of "dry thunder," which never failed to be heard at the furthest end of the village.

The companion of Conattee on the present expedition was named Selonee-one of the handsomest lads in the whole nation. He was tall, and straight like a pine tree; had proved his skill and courage in several expeditions against the Chowannee red sticks, and had found no young warriors of the Cherokee, though he had been on the war path against them and had stricken all their posts, who could circumvent him in stratagem or conquer him in actual blows. His renown as a hunter was not less great. He had put to shame the best wolf-takers of the tribe, and the lodge of his venerable father, Chifonti, was never without meat. There was no good reason why Consttee, the married man, should be so intimate with Selonee, the single—there was no particular sympathy between the two; but, thrown together in

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sundry expeditions, they had formed an intimacy. which, strange to say, was neither denounced nor discouraged by the virago wife of the former. She who approved of but few of her husband's movements, and still fewer of his friends and fellowships, forebore all her reproaches when Selonee was his companion. She was the meekest, gentlest, sweetest tempered of all wives whenever the young hunter came home with her husband; and he, poor man, was consequently, never so well satisfied as when he brought Selonee with him. It was on such occasions, only, that the poor Conattee could persuade himself to regard Macourah as a tolerable personage. How he came to marry such a creature-such a termagant, and so monstrous ugly, was a mystery which none of the damsels of Catawba could elucidate, though the subject was one on which, when mending the young hunters' mocasins, they expended no small quantity of conjecture. Conattee, we may be permitted to say, was still quite popular among them, in spite of his bad taste, and manifest unavailableness; perhaps, for the very reason that his wife was universally detested; and it will, perhaps, speak something for their charity, if we pry no deeper into their motives, to say that the wish was universal among them that the Opitchi Manneyto, or Black Devil of their belief, would take the virago to himself, and leave to the poor Conattee some reasonable hope of being made happy by a more indulgent spouse.

#### CHAPTER II.

Well, Conattee and Selonee were out of sight of the smoke of "Turkey-town," and, conscious of his freedom as he no longer heard the accents of domestic authority, the henpecked husband gave a loose to his spirits, and made ample amends to himself, by the indulgence of joke and humour, for the sober constraints which fettered him at home. joined with him in his merriment, and the resolve was mutual that they should give the squaws the slip and not linger in their progress till they had thrown the Tiger river behind them. To trace their course till they came to the famous hunting ground which bordered upon the Pacolet, will scarcely be necessary, since, as they did not stop to hunt by the way, there were necessarily but few incidents to give interest to their movements. When they had reached the river, however, they made for a cove, well known to them on previous seasons, which lay between the parallel waters of the Pacolet, and a little stream called the Thicketty-a feeder of the Envawpuddenah, in which they had confident hopes of finding the game which they desired. In former years the spot had been famous as a sheltering place for herds of wolves; and with something like the impatience of a warrior waiting for his foe, the hunters prepared their strongest shafts and sharpest flints, and set their keen eyes upon the closest places of the thicket, into which they They had not proceeded far, plunged fearlessly. before a single boar-wolf, of amazing size, started up in their path; and, being slightly wounded by the arrow of Selonee, which glanced first upon some twigs beneath which he lay, he darted off with a fearful howl in the direction of Conattee, whose unobstructed shaft, penetrating the side beneath the fore shoulders, inflicted a fearful, if not a fatal wound, upon the now thoroughly enraged beast. He rushed upon Conattee in his desperation, but the savage was too quick for him, leaping behind a tree, he avoided

the rushing stroke which the white tusks threatened him, and by this time was enabled to fit a second arrow to his bow. His aim was true, and the stone blade of the shaft went quivering into the shaggy monster's heart; who, under the pang of the last convulsion, bounded into the muddy waters of the Thicketty creek, to the edge of which the chase had now brought all the parties. Conattee beheld him plunge furiously forward-twice-thrice-then rest with his nostrils in the water, as the current bore him from sight around a little elbow of the creek. But it was not often that the Indian hunter of those days lost the game which he had stricken. Conattee stripped to it, threw his fringed hunting shirt of buckskin on the bank, with his bow and arrows, his mocasins and leggins beside it, and reserving only his knife, he called to Selonee who was approaching him, to keep them in sight, and plunged into the water in pursuit of his victim. Selonee gave little heed to the movements of his companion, after the first two or three vigorous strokes which he beheld him make. Such a pursuit, as it promised no peril, called for little consideration from this hardy and fearless race, and Selonee amused himself by striking into a thick copse which they had not yet traversed, in search of other sport. he started the she-wolf, and found sufficient employment on his own hands to call for all his attention to himself. When Selonee first came in sight of her, she was lying on a bed of rushes and leaves, which she had prepared under the roots of a gigantic Spanish oak. Her cubs, to the number of seven, lay around her, keeping a perfect silence, which she had no doubt enforced upon them after her own fashion, and which was rigidly maintained until they saw him. It was then that the instincts of the fierce beasts could no longer be suppressed, and they joined, at once, in a short chopping bark, or cry, at the stranger, while their little eyes flashed fire, and their red jaws thinly sprinkled with the first teeth, were gnashed together with a show of that ferocious hatred of man, which marks their nature, but which, fortunately for Selonee, was too feeble at that time, to make his approach to them dangerous. But the dam demanded greater consideration. With one sweep of her forepaw she drew all the young ones behind her, and showing every preparedness for flight, she began to move backward slowly beneath the overhanging limbs of the tree, still keeping her keen, fiery eye fixed upon the hunter. But Selonee was not disposed to suffer her to get off so easily. The success of Conattee had just given him sufficient provocation to make him silently resolve that the she-wolf-who is always more to be dreaded than the male, as, with nearly all his strength, she has twice his swiftness, and, with her young about her, more than twice his ferocityshould testify more completely to his prowess than the victory just obtained by his companion could possibly speak for his. His eye was fixed upon hers, and hers, never for a moment, taken from him. his object to divert it, since, he well knew, that with his first movement, she would most probably spring upon him. Without lifting his bow, which he, nevertheless, had in readiness, he whistled shrilly as if to his dog; and answered himself by a correct imitation of the bark of the Indian cur, the known enemy of the wolf, and commonly his victim. The keen eye of the angry beast looked suddenly around as if fearing an assault upon her young ones, from behind. In that moment, the arrow of Selonee was driven Digitized by

through her neck, and when she leapt forward to the place where he stood, he was no longer to be seen. From a tree which he had thrown between them, he watched her movements and prepared a second shaft. Meanwhile she made her way back slowly to her young, and before she could again turn towards him a second arrow had given her another and severer wound. Still, as Selonee well knew the singular tenacity of life possessed by these fierce animals, he prudently changed his position with every shaft, and took especial care to place himself in the rear of some moderately sized tree, sufficiently large to shelter him from her claws, yet small enough to enable him to take free aim around it. Still he did not, at any time, withdraw more than twenty steps from his enemy. Divided in her energies by the necessity of keeping near her young, he was conscious of her inability to pursue him far. Carrying on the war in this manner he had buried no less than five arrows in her body, and it was not, until his sixth had penetrated her eye, that he deemed himself safe in the nearer approach which he now meditated. She had left her cubs, on receiving his last shot, and was writhing and leaping. blinded, no less than maddened, by the wound, in a vain endeavour to approach her assailant. It was now that Selonee determined on a closer conflict. It was the great boast of the Catawba warriors to grapple with the wolf, and while he yet struggled, to tear the quick quivering heart from his bosom. He placed his bow and arrows behind the tree, and taking in his left hand a chunk or fragment of a bough, while he grasped his unsheathed knife in his right, he leapt in among the cubs, and struck one of them a severe blow upon the head with the chunk. Its scream, and the confusion among the rest, brought back the angry dam, and though she could see only imperfectly, yet, guided by their clamour, she rushed with open jaws upon the hunter. With keen, quick eyes, and steady resolute nerves, he waited for her approach, and when turning her head aside, to strike him with her sharp teeth, he thrust the pine fragment which he carried in his left hand, into her extended jaws, and pressing fast upon her bore back her haunches to the earth. All this while the young ones were impotently gnawing at the heels of the warrior, which had been fearlessly planted in the very midst of them. But these he did not heed. The larger and fiercer combatant called for all his attention, and her exertions, quickened by the spasms of her wounds, rendered necessary all his address and strength to preserve the advantage he had gained. The fierce beast had sunk her teeth by this time into the wood, and leaving it in her jaws, he seized her with the hand now freed by the throat, and bearing her upward so as to yield him a plain and easy stroke at her belly, he drove the deep knife into it, and drew the blade upwards, until resisted by the bone of the breast. It was then, while she lay writhing and rolling upon the ground, in the agonies of death, that he tore the heart from the opening he had made, and hurled it down to the cubs, who seized on it with avidity. This done, he parted and caressed them, and while they struggled about him for the meat, he cut a fork in the ears of each, and putting the slips in his pouch, left the young ones without further hurt, for the future sport of the hunter. The dam he scalped, and this done, proceeded back to the place where he had left the accoutrements of Conattee, which he found undisturbed in the place where he had laid them.

#### CHAPTER III.

But where was Conattee himself during all this period? Some hours had elapsed since he had taken the river after the tiger that he had slain, and it was something surprising to Selonee that he should have remained absent and without his clothes so long. The weather was cold and unpleasant, and it could scarce be a matter of choice with the hunter, however hardy, to suffer all its biting bleaknesses when his garments were within his reach. This reflection made Selonee apprehensive that some harm had happened to his companion. He shouted to him, but received no answer. Could he have been seized with the cramp while in the stream, and drowned before he could extricate himself. This was a danger to which the very best of swimmers is liable at certain seasons of the year, and in certain conditions of the body. Selonee reproached himself that he had not waited beside the stream until the result of Conattee's experiment was known. The mind of the young hunter was troubled with many fears and doubts. He went down the bank of the river, and called aloud with all his lungs, until the woods and waters re-choed, again and again, the name of Conattee. He received no other response. With a mind filled with increasing fears, each more unpleasant than the last, Selonee plunged into the creek, and struck off for the opposite shore, at the very point at which the tiger had been about to turn, under the influence of the current, when Conattee went in after him. He was soon across, and soon found the tracks of the hunter in the gray sands upon its margin. He found, too, to his great delight, the traces made by the carcass of the tiger-the track was distinct enough from the blood which dropped from the reeking skin of the beast, and Selonee rejoiced in the certainty that the traces which he followed would soon lead him to his friend. But not so. He had scarcely gone fifty yards into the wood when his tracks failed him at the foot of a crooked, fallen tree, one of the most gnarled and complicated of all the crooked trees of the forest; here all signs disappeared. Conattee was not only not there, but had left no sort of clue by which to follow him further. This was the strangest thing of all. The footprints were distinct enough till he came to the spot where lay the crooked tree, but there he lost them. He searched the forest around him, in every direction. Not a copse escaped his search-not a bay-not a thicketnot an island-and he came back to the spot where the tiger had been skinned, faint and weary and more sorrowful than can well be spoken. At one time he fancied his friend was drowned, at another, that he was taken prisoner by the Cherokees. there were his tracks from the river, and there were no other tracks than his own. Besides, so far as the latter supposition was concerned, it was scarcely possible that so brave and cunning a warrior would suffer himself to be so completely entrapped and carried off by an enemy, without so much as being able to give the alarm; and even had that been the case, would it be likely that the enemy would have suffered him to pass without notice. "But," here the suggestion naturally arose in the mind of Selonee, "may they not even now be on the track!" With the suggestion the gallant youth bounded to his feet. " It is no fat turkey that they seek!" he exclaimed drawing out an arrow from the leash that hung upon his shoulders,

and fitting it to his bow, while his busy, glancing eye watched every shadow in the wood, and his keen, quick ear noted every sound. But there were no signs of an enemy, and a singular and mournful stillness hung over the woods. Never was creature more miserable than Selonee. He called aloud, until his voice grew hoarse, and his throat sore, upon the name of Conattee. There was no answer, but the jibing echoes of his own hoarse accents. Once more he went back to the river, once more he plunged into its bosom, and with lusty sinews struck for a thick green island that lay some quarter of a mile below, to which he thought it not improbable that the hunter might have wandered in pursuit of other game. It was a thickly wooded but small island, which he traversed in an hour. Finding nothing, he made his weary way back to the spot from which his friend Here he found his had started on leaving him. clothes where he had hidden them. The neighbourhood of this region he traversed in like manner with the opposite-going over ground, and into places, which it was scarcely in the verge of physical possibility that his friend's person could have gone.

The day waned and night came on, and still the persevering hunter, gave not up his search. The midnight found him at the foot of the tree, where they had parted, exhausted but sleepless, and suffering bitterly in mind from those apprehensions which every moment of hopeless search had necessarily helped to accumulate and strengthen. Day dawned, and his labour was renewed. The unhappy warrior went resolutely over all the ground which he had traversed the night before. Once more he crossed the river, and followed, step by step, the still legible foot tracks These, he again noted, were all in the of Conattee. opposite direction to the stream, to which it was evident he had not returned. But, after reaching the place where lay the fallen tree, all signs failed. Selonee looked round the crooked tree, crawled under its sprawling and twisted limbs, broke into the hollow which was left by its uptorn roots, and again shouted until all the echoes gave back his voice, the name of Conattee, imploring him for an answer if he could hear him and reply. But the echoes died away, leaving him in a silence that spoke more loudly to his heart than before, that his quest was hopeless. Yet he gave it not up until the day had again failed him. That night, as before, he slept upon the ground. With the dawn, he again went over it, and with equal bad success. This done, he determined to return to the camp. He no longer had any spirit to pursue the sports for which alone he had set forth. His heart was full of sorrow, his limbs were weary, and he felt none of that vigorous elasticity which had given him such great renown as a brave and a hunter, among his own and the neighbouring nations. He tied the clothes of Conattee upon his shoulders, took his bow and arrows, now sacred in his sight, along with him, and turned his eyes homeward. The next day, at noon, he reached the encampment.

## CHAPTER IV.

THE hunters were all in the woods, and none but the squaws and the papooses left in the encampment. Selonee came within sight of their back settlements, and seated himself upon a log at the edge of the forest with his back carefully turned towards the smoke of the camp. Nobody ventured to approach him while in this situation; but at night, when the hunters came

dropping in, one by one, Selonee drew nigh to them. He called them apart from the women, and then told them his story.

- "This is a strange tale which the wolf chief tells us," said one of the old men, with a smile of incredulity.
  - " It is a true tale, father," was the reply.
  - "Conattee was a brave chief!"
  - " Very brave, father," said Selonee.
  - " Had he not eyes to see?"
- "The great bird that rises to the sun, had not better," was the reply.
- "What painted jay was it that said Conattee was a fool?"
- "The painted bird lied, that said so, my father," was the response of Selonee.
- "And comes Selonee, the wolf-chief, to us with a tale that Conattee was blind, and could not see; a coward that could not strike the he-wolf; a fool that knew not where to set down his foot; and shall we not say Selonee lies upon his brother, even as the painted bird that makes a noise in my ears. Selonee has slain Conattee with his knife. See, it is the blood of Conattee upon the war-shirt of Selonee."
- "It is the blood of the she-wolf," cried the young warrior, with a natural indignation.
- "Let Selonee go to the woods behind the lodges, till the chiefs say what shall be done to Selonee, because of Conattee, whom he slew."
- "Selonee will go, as Emathla, the wise chief has commanded," replied the young warrior. "He will wait behind the lodges, till the chiefs have said what is good to be done to him, and if they say that he must die because of Conattee, it is well. Selonee laughs at death. But the blood of Conattee is not upon the war-shirt of Selonee. He has said it is the blood of the wolf's mother." With these words the young chief drew forth the skin of the wolf which he had slain, together with the tips of the ears taken from the cubs, and leaving them in the place where assembly which was about to sit in judgment upon his life.

#### CHAPTER V.

THE consultation that followed was close and earnest. There was scarcely any doubt in the minds of the chiefs that Conattee was slain by his companion. He had brought back with him the arms and all the clothes of the hunter. He was covered with his blood, as they thought; and the grief which filled his heart and depressed his countenance, looked, in their eyes rather like the expression of guilt than suffering. For a long while did they consult together. Selonee had friends who were disposed to save him; but he had enemies also, as merit must have always, and these were glad of the chance afforded them to put out of their reach, a rival of whom they were jealous, and a warrior whom they feared. Unfortunately for Selonee, the laws of the nation but too well helped the malice of his foes. These laws, as peremptory as those of the Medes and Persians, held him liable in his own life for that of the missing hunter; and the only indulgence that could be accorded to Selonee, and which was obtained for him, was, that he might be allowed a single moon in which to find Conattee, and bring him home to his people.

"Will Selonee go seek Conattee—the windy moon is for Selonee—let him bring Conattee home to his

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people." Thus said the chiefs, when the young warrior was again brought before them.

- "Selonee would die to find Conattee," was the reply.
- "He will die if he finds him not!" answered the chief Emathla.
- "It is well!" calmly spoke the young warrior.
  "Is Selonee free to go?"
- "The windy moon is for Selonee. Will he return to the lodges if he finds not Conattee?" was the inquiry of Emathla.
- "Is Selonee a dog, to fly!" indignantly demanded the warrior. "Let Emathla send a young warrior on the right and on the left of Selonee, if he trusts not what is spoken by Selonee,"
  - "Selonee will go alone, and bring back Conattee."

#### CHAPTER VI.

THE confidence thus reposed in one generally esteemed a murderer, and actually under sentence, as such, is customary among the Indians; nor is it often abused. The loss of caste which would follow their flight from justice, is much more terrible among them than any fear of death—which an Indian may avoid, but not through fear. Their loss of caste among themselves, apart from the outlawry which follows it, is, in fact, a loss of the soul. The heaven of the great Manneyto is denied to one such outlawry of the nation, and such a person is then the known and chosen slave of the demon, Opitchi-Manneyto. It was held an unnecessary insult on the part of Emathla, to ask Selonee if he would return to meet his fate. But Emathla was supposed to favour the enemies of Selonee.

With such a gloomy alternative before him in the event of his proving unsuccessful, the young hunter retraced his steps to the fatal waters where Conattee had disappeared. With a spirit no less warmly devoted to his friend, than anxious to avoid the disgraceful doom to which he was destined, the youth spared no pains, withheld no exertion, overlooked no single spot, and omitted no art known to the hunter, to trace out the mystery which covered the fate of Conattee. But days passed of fruitless labour, and the last faint slender outlines of the moon which had been allotted him for the search, gleamed forth a sorrowful light upon his path, as he wearily traced it onward to the temporary lodges of the tribe.

Once more he resumed his seat before the council and listened to the doom which was in reserve for him. When the sentence was pronounced, he untied his arrows, loosened the belt at his waist, put a fillet around his head, made of the green bark of a little sapling which he cut in the neighbouring woods, then rising to his feet, he spoke thus, in language and with a spirit becoming so great a warrior.

"It is well. The chiefs have spoken, and the wolf-chief does not tremble. He loves the chase, but he does not weep like a woman, because it is forbidden that he go after the deer—he loves to fright the young hares of the Cherokee, but he laments not that ye say ye can conquer the Cherokee without his help. Fathers, I have slain the deer and the wolf—my lodge is full of their ears. I have slain the Cherokee, till the scalps are about my knees when I walk in the cabin. I go not to the dark valley without glory—I have had the victories of grey hairs, but there is no grey hair in my own. I have no more to say—there is a deed for every arrow that is here.

Bid the young men get their bows ready, let them put a broad stone upon their arrows that may go soon into the life—I will show my people how to die."

They led him forth as he commanded, to the place of execution-a little space behind the encampment, where a hole had been already dug for his burial. While he went, he recited his victories to the youths who attended him. To each he gave an arrow which he was required to keep, and with this arrow, he related some incident in which he had proved his valour, either in conflict with some other warrior, or with the wild beasts of the woods. These deeds each was required to remember and relate, and show the arrow which was given with the narrative on all occasions of great state solemnity. In this way, their traditions are preserved. When he reached the grave, he took his station before it, the executioners, with their arrows, being already placed in readiness. The whole tribe had assembled to witness the execution, the warriors and boys in the foreground, the squaws behind them. A solemn silence prevailed over the scene, and a few moments only remained to the victim; when the wife of Conattee darted forward from the crowd, bearing in her hands a peeled wand, with which, with every appearance of anger, she struck Selonee over the shoulders, exclaiming as she

"Come thou dog, thou shalt not die—thou shalt lie in the doorway of Conattee, and bring venison for his wife. Shall there be no one to bring meat to my lodge. Thou shalt do this, Selonee—thou shalt not die."

A murmur arose from the crowd at these words.

"She hath claimed Selonee for her husband, in place of Conaffee—well, she hath the right."

The enemies of Selonee could not object. The widow had, in fact, exercised a privilege which is recognized by the Indian laws almost universally; and the policy by which she was governed in the present instance, was sufficiently apparent to all the village. It was evident, now that Conattee was gone, that nobody could provide for the woman who had no sons, and no male relations, and who was too execrably ugly, and too notorious as a scold, to leave it possible that she could ever procure another husband so inexperienced or so flexible as the one she had lost. Smartly striking Selonee on his shoulders, she repeated her command that he should rise and follow her.

"Thou wilt take this dog to thy lodge, that he may hunt thee venison?" demanded the old chief Emathia.

" Have I not said?" shouted the scold—" hear you not. The dog is mine—I bid him follow me."

"Is there no friendly arrow to seek my heart," murmured the young warrior, as rising slowly from the grave into which he had previously descended, he prepared to obey the laws of his nation, in the commands of the woman who claimed him to replace the husband who was supposed to have died by his hands. Even the foes of Selonee looked on him with lessened hostility, and the pity of his friends was greater now than when he stood on the precipice of death. The young women of the tribe wept bitterly as they beheld so monstrous a sacrifice. Meanwhile the exulting hag, as if conscious of her complete control over the victim, goaded him forward with repeated strokes of her wand. She knew that she was hated by all

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the young women, and she was delighted to show them a conquest which would have been a subject of pride to any among them. With this view she led the captive through their ranks. As they parted mournfully on either hand to suffer the two to pass, Selonee stopped short, and motioned one of the young women who stood at the greatest distance behind the rest, looking on with eyes which, if they had no tears, yet gave forth an expression of desolateness more woful than any tears could have done. With clasped hands, and trembling as she came, the gentle maiden drew nigh.

"Was it a dream," said Selonee sorrowfully, "that told me of the love of a singing bird, and a green cabin by the trickling waters. Did I hear a voice that said to me sweetly, wait but a little, till the green com breaks the hill, and Medoree will come to thy cabin and lie by thy side? Tell me, is this thing true, Medoree?"

"Thou sayest, Selonee—the thing is true," was the reply of the maiden, uttered in broken accents that denoted a breaking heart.

- "But they will make Selonee go to the lodge of another woman—they will put Macourah into the arms of Selonee,"
  - "Alas! Alas!"
- "Wilt thou see this thing, Medoree? Can'st thou look upon it, then turn away, and going back to thy own lodge, can'st thou sing a gay song of forgetfulness as thou goest?"
  - " Forgetfulness!-Ah, Selonee."
- "Thou art the beloved of Selonee, Medoree—thou shalt not lose him. It would vex thy heart that another should take him to her lodge!"—

The tears of the damsel flowed freely down her cheeks, and she sobbed bitterly, but said nothing.

"Take the knife from my belt, Medoree, and put its sharp tooth into my heart, ere thou sufferest this thing! Wilt thou not?"

The girl shrunk back with an expression of undisguised horror in her face.

"I will bless thee, Medoree," was the continued speech of the warrior. She turned from him, covering her face with her hands.

"I cannot do this thing, Selonee—I cannot strike thy heart with the knife. Go—let the woman have thee. Medoree cannot kill thee—she will herself die,"

"It is well," cried the youth, in a voice of mournful abandonment, as he resumed his progress towards the lodge of Macourah.

#### CHAPTER VI.

IT is now time to return to Conattee, and trace his progress from the moment when, plunging into the waters, he left the side of Selonee in pursuit of the wolf, whose dying struggles in the stream he had beheld. We are already acquainted with his success in extricating the animal from the water, and possessing himself of its hide. He had not well done this when he heard a rushing noise in the woods above him, and fancying that there was a prospect of other game at hand, and inflated with the hope of adding to his trophies, though without any weapon but his knife, Conattee hastened to the spot. When he reached it, however, he beheld nothing. A gigantic and singularly deformed pine tree, crooked and most irregular in shape, lay prostrate along the ground, and formed such an intricate covering above it, that Conattee deemed it possible that some beast

of prey might have made its den among the recesses of its roots. With this thought, he crawled under the spreading limbs, and searched all their intricacies. Emerging from the search, which had been fruitless, he took a seat upon the trunk of the tree, and spreading out the wolf's hide before him, proceeded to pare away the particles of flesh which, in the haste with which he had performed the task of flaying him, had been suffered to adhere to the skin. But he had scarcely commenced the operation, when two gigantic limbs of the fallen tree upon which he sat, curled over his thighs and bound him to the spot. Other limbs, to his great horror, while he strove to move, clasped his arms and covered his shoulders. He strove to cry aloud, but his jaws were grasped before he could well open them, by other branches; and with his eyes, which were suffered to peer through little openings in the bark, he could see his legs encrusted by like coverings with his other members. Still seeing, his own person yet escaped his sight. Not a part of it now remained visible to himself. A bed of green velveting moss rested on his lap. His knees shot out a thorny excrescence; and his hands, flattened to his thighs, were enveloped in as complete a casing of bark as covered the remainder of the tree around Even his knife and wolf skin, to his great surprise, suffered in like manner, the bark having contracted them into one of those huge bulging knobs that so numerously deformed the tree. With all his thoughts and consciousness remaining, Conattee had yet lost every faculty of action. When he tried to scream aloud, his jaws felt the contraction of a pressure upon them, which resisted all their efforts, while an oppressive thorn growing upon a wild vine that hung before his face, was brought by every move-ment of himself or of the tree into his very mouth. The poor hunter immediately conceived his situationhe was in the power of Tustenuggee, the Grey Demon of Enoree. The tree upon which he sat was one of those magic trees which the tradition of his people entitled the "Arm-chair of Tustenuggee." In these traps for the unwary the wicked demon caught his victim, and exulted in his miseries. Here he sometimes remained until death released him; for it was not often that the power into whose clutches he had fallen, suffered his prey to escape through a sudden feeling of lenity and good humour. The only hope of Conattee was that Selonee might suspect his condition; in which event his rescue was simple and easy enough. It was only to hew off the limbs, or pare away the bark, and the victim was uncovered in his primitive integrity. But how improbable that this discovery should be made. He had no voice to declare his bondage. He had no capacity for movement by which he might reveal the truth to his comrade's eyes; and unless some divine instinct should counsel his friend to an experiment which he would scarcely think upon of himself, the poor prisoner felt that he must die in the miserable bondage into which he had fallen. While these painful convictions were passing through his mind, he heard the distant shoutings of Selonee. In a little while he beheld the youth anxiously seeking him in every quarter, following his trail at length to the very tree in which he was bound, crawling like himself beneath its branches, but not sitting like himself to be caught upon its trunk. Vainly did the poor fellow strive to utter but a few words, however faintly, apprising the youth of his condition. The effort died away in the most imperfect

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breathing, sounding in his own ears like the faint sigh of some budding flower. With equal ill success did he aim to struggle with his limbs. He was too tightly grasped, in every part, to stir in the slightest degree a single member. He saw the fond search, meanwhile, which his comrade maintained, and his heart yearned the more in fondness for the youth. But it was with consummate horror that he saw him depart as night came on. Miserable, indeed, were his feelings that night. The voice of the Grey Demon alone kept him company, and he and his one-eyed wife made merry with his condition, goading him the livelong night with speeches of cruel jibe and mischievous reflection, such as the following:

"There is no hope for you, Conattee, till some one takes your place. Some one must sit in your lap, whom you are willing to leave behind you, before you can get out of mine," was the speech of the Grey Demon, who, perched upon Conattee's shoulders. bent his huge knotty head over him, while his red eyes looked into the half-hidden ones of the environed hunter, and glared upon him with the exultation of the tyrant at last secure of his prey. Night passed away at length, and with the dawn, how was the hopeless heart of Conattee refreshed as he again saw Selonee appear. He then remembered the words of Tustenuggee, which told him that he could not escape until some one sat in his lap whom he was willing to leave behind him. The fancy rose in his mind that Selonee would do this; but could it be that he would consent to leave his friend behind him. Life was sweet, and great was the temptation. At one moment he almost wished that Selonee would draw nigh and seat himself after his fatigue. As if the young hunter knew his wish, he drew nigh at that instant; but the better feelings in Conattee's heart grew strong as he approached, and striving to twist and writhe in his bondage, and labouring at the same time to call out in warning to his friend, he manifested the noble resolution not to avail himself of his friend's position to relieve his own; and, as if the warning of Conattee had really reached the understanding of Selonee, the youth retraced his steps. and once more hurried away from the place of danger. With his final departure the fond hopes of the prisoner sunk within him; and when hour after hour had gone by without the appearance of any of his people, and without any sort of change in his condition, he gave himself up utterly for lost. The jibes and jeers of the Grey Demon and his one-eyed squaw filled his ears all night, and the morning brought him nothing but flat despair. He resigned himself to his fate with the resolution of one who, however unwilling he might be to perish in such a manner, had yet faced death too frequently not to yield him a ready defiance now.

#### CHAPTER VII.

But hope had not utterly departed from the bosom of Selonee. Perhaps the destiny which had befallen himself had made him resolve the more earnestly to seek further into the mystery of that which hung above that of his friend. The day which saw him enter the cabin of Macourah saw him the most miserable man alive. The hateful hag, hateful enough as the wife of his friend, whose ill treatment was notorious, was now doubly hateful to him as his own wife; and now, when alone together, she threw aside the harsh and termagant features which had before distin-

guished her deportment, and assuming others of a more amorous complexion, threw her arms about the neck of the youth and solicited his endearments, a loathing sensation of disgust was coupled with the hate which had previously possessed his mind. Flinging away from her embrace, he rushed out of the lodge with feelings of the most unspeakable bitterness and grief, and bending his way towards the forest, soon lost sight of the encampment of his people. Selonee was resolved on making another effort for the recovery of his friend. His resolve went even further than this. He was bent never to return to the doom which had been fastened upon him, and to pursue his way into more distant and unknown forests-a self-doomed exile-unless he could restore Conattee to the nation. Steeled against all those ties of love or of country, which at one time had prevailed in his bosom over all, he now surrendered himself to friendship or despair. In Catawba, unless he restored Conattee, he could have no hope; and without Catawba he had neither hope nor love. On either hand he saw nothing but misery; but the worst form of misery lay behind him in the lodge of Macourah. But Macourah was not the person to submit to such a determination. She was too well satisfied with the exchange with which fortune had provided her, to suffer its gift to be lost so easily; and when Selonee darted from the cabin in such fearful haste, she readily conjectured his determination. She hurried after him with all possible speed, little doubting that those thunders-could she overtake him-with which she had so frequently overawed the pliant Conattee, would possess an effect not less influential upon his more youthful successor. Macourah was gaunt as a greyhound, and scarcely less fleet of foot. Besides, she was as tough as a grey-squirrel in his thirtieth year. She did not despair of overtaking Selonee, provided she suffered him not to know that she was upon his trail. Her first movements therefore were marked with caution. Having watched his first direction, she divined his aim to return to the hunting grounds where he had lost or slain his companion; and these hunting grounds were almost as well known to herself as to him. With a rapidity of movement, and a tenacity of purpose, which could only be accounted for by a reference to that wild passion which Selonee had unconsciously inspired in her bosom for himself, she followed his departing footsteps; and when, the next day, he heard her shouts behind him, he was absolutely confounded. But it was with a feeling of surprise and not of dissatisfaction that he heard her voice. He-good youth-regarding Conattee as one of the very worthiest of the Catawba warriors, seemed to have been impressed with an idea that such also was the opinion of his wife. He little dreamed that she had any real design upon himself; and believed that to show her the evidences which were to be seen which led to the fate of her husband, might serve to convince her that not only he was not the murderer, but that Conattee might not, indeed, be murdered at all. He coolly waited her approach, therefore, and proceeded to renew his statements, accompanying his narrative with the expression of the hope which he entertained of again restoring her husband to herself and the nation. But she answered his speech only with upbraidings and entreaties; and when she failed, she proceeded to thump him lustily with the wand by which she had compelled him to follow her to the lodge the day before: But Selonee was in no humour

to obey the laws of the nation now. The feeling of degradation which had followed in his mind, from the moment when he left the spot where he had stood up for death, having neither fear nor shame, was too fresh in his consciousness to suffer him to yield a like acknowledgment to it now; and though sorely tempted to pummel the Jezebel in return for the lusty thwacks which she had already inflicted upon his shoulders, he forbore, in consideration of his friend, and contented himself with simply setting forward on his progress, determined to elude her pursuit by an exercise of all his vigour and elasticity. Selonee was hardy as the grisly bear, and fleeter than the wild turkey; and Macourah, virago as she was, soon discovered the difference in the chase when Selonee put forth his strength and spirit. She followed with all her pertinacity, quickened as it was by an increase of fury at that presumption which had ventured to disobey her commands; but Selonee fled faster than she pursued, and every additional moment served to increase the space between them. The hunter lost her from his heels at length, and deemed himself fortunate that she was no longer in sight and hearing, when he again approached the spot where his friend had so mysteriously disappeared. Here he renewed his search with a painful care and minuteness, which the imprisoned Conattee all the while beheld. Once more Scionee crawled beneath those sprawling limbs and spreading arms that wrapped up in their solid coarse rinds the person of the warrior. Once more he emerged from the spot disappointed and hopeless. This he had hardly done when, to the great horror of the captive, and the annoyance of Selonee, the shrill shricks and screams of the too well-known voice of Macourah rang through the forests. Selonee dashed forward as he heard the sounds, and when Macourah reached the spot, which she did unerringly in following his trail, the youth was already out of sight.

"I can go no further," cried the woman—" a curse on him and a curse on Conattee, since in losing one I have lost both. I am too faint to follow. As for Selonee, may the one-eyed witch of Tustenuggee take him for her dog,"

With this delicate imprecation, the virago seated herself in a state of exhaustion upon the inviting bed of moss which formed the lap of Conattee. she had no sooner done, than the branches relaxed their hold upon the limbs of her husband. The moment was too precious for delay, and sliding from under her with an adroitness and strength which were beyond her powers of prevention, and, indeed, quite too sudden for any effort at resistance, she had the consternation to behold her husband starting up in full life before her, and, with the instinct of his former condition, preparing to take his flight. She cried to him, but he fled the faster-she strove to follow him, but the branches which had relaxed their hold upon her husband had resumed their contracted grasp upon her limbs. The brown bark was already forming above her on every hand, and her tongue, allotted a brief term of liberty, was alone free to assail him. But she had spoken but few words when the bark encased her jaws, and the ugly thorn of the vine which had so distressed Conattee, had taken its place at their portal.

### CHAPTER VIII.

THE husband looked back but once, when the voice ceased—then, with a shivering sort of joy that his

own doom had undergone a termination, which he now felt to be doubly fortunate—he made a wide circuit that he might avoid the fatal neighbourhood, and pushed on in pursuit of his friend, whom his eyes, even when he was surrounded in the tree, had followed in his flight. It was no easy task, however, to overtake Selonee, flying, as he did, from the supposed pursuit of the termagant. Great however was the joy of the young warriors when they did encounter, and long and fervent was their mutual embrace. Conattee described his misfortunes, and related the manner in which he was taken; showed how the bark had encased his limbs, and how the intricate magic had even engrossed his knife and the wolf skin which had been the trophy of his victory. But Conattee said not a word of his wife and her entrapment, and Selonee was left in the conviction that his companion owed his escape from the toils to some hidden change in the tyrannical mood of Tustenuggee, or the one-eyed woman, his wife.

"But the skin and the knife, Conattee, let us not leave them," said Selonee, "let us go back and extricate them from the tree."

Conattee showed some reluctance. He soon said, in the words of Macbeth, which he did not use however as a quotation, "I'll go no more." But Selonee, who ascribed this reluctance to very natural apprehensions of the demon from whose clutches he had just made his escape, declared his readiness to undertake the adventure, if Conattee would only point out to his eyes the particular excrescence in which the articles were enclosed. When the husband perceived that his friend was resolute, he made a merit of necessity.

" If the thing is to be done," said he, "why should you have the risk, I myself will do it. It would be a woman-fear were I to shrink from the danger. Let us go."

The process of reasoning by which Conattee came to this determination was a very sudden one, and one, too, that will not be hard to comprehend by every husband in his situation. It was his fear that if Selonee undertook the business, an unlucky or misdirected stroke of his knife might sever a limb, or remove some portions of the bark which did not merit or need removal. Conattee trembled at the very idea of the revelations which might follow such an unhappy result. Strengthening himself, therefore, with all his energies, he went forward with Selonee to the spot, and while the latter looked on and witnessed the operation, he proceeded with a niceness and care which amused and surprised Selonee, to the excision of the swollen scab upon the tree in which he had seen his wolf skin encompassed. While he performed the operation, which he did as cautiously as if it had been the extraction of a mote from the eye of a virgin; the beldam in the tree, conscious of all his movements, and at first flattered with the hope that he was working for her extrication, maintained the most ceaseless efforts of her tongue and limbs. but without avail. Her slight breathing, which Conattee knew where to look for, more like the sighs of an infant zephyr than the efforts of a human bosondenoted to his ears an overpowering but fortunately suppressed volcano within; and his heart leaped with a new joy, which had been unknown to it for many years before, when he thought that he was now safe, and he trusted for ever, from any of the tortures which he had been fain to endure patiently so long. When

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he had finished the operation by which he had reobtained his treasures, he ventured upon an impertinence which spoke surprisingly for his sudden acquisition of confidence; and looking up through the little
aperture in the bark, from whence he had seen every
thing while in the same situation, and from whence
he concluded she was also suffered to see, he took a
peep—a quick, quizzical and taunting peep, at those
eyes which he had not so dared to offend before. He
drew back suddenly from the contact—so suddenly,
indeed, that Selonee, who saw the proceeding, but had
no idea of the truth, thought he had been stung by
some insect, and questioned him accordingly.

"Let us be off, Selonee," was the hurried answer, we have nothing to wait for now."

"Yes," replied Selonee, "and I had forgotten to say to you that your wife, Macourah, is on her way in search of you. I left her but a little ways behind, and thought to find here. I suppose she is tired, however, and is resting by the way."

"Let her rest," said Conattee, "which is an indulgence much greater than any she ever accorded me. She will find me out soon enough, without making it needful that I should go in search of her. Come."

Sclonee kindly suppressed the history of the transactions which had taken place in the village during the time when the hunter was supposed to be dead; but Conattee heard the facts from other quarters, and loved Sclonee the better for the sympathy he had shown, not only in coming again to seek for him, but in not loving his wife better than he did himself. They returned to the village, and every body was rejoiced to behold the return of the hunters. As for the termagant Macourah, nobody but Conattee knew her fate; and he, like a wise man, kept his secret until there was no danger of its being made use of to rescue her from her predicament. Years had passed, and Conattee had found among the young squaws one

that pleased him much better than the old. He had several children by her, and years and honours had alike fallen numerously upon his head, when one day one of his own sons, while hunting in the same woods, knocked off one of the limbs of the Chair of Tustenuggee, and to his great horror discovered the human arm which they enveloped. This led him to search further, and limb after limb became detached under the unscrupulous action of his hatchet, until the entire but unconnected members of the old squaw became visible. The lad knocked about the fragments with little scruple, never dreaming how near was his relation to the form which he treated with so little veneration. When he came home to the lodge and told his story, Selonee looked at Conattee, but said nothing. The whole truth was at once apparent to his mind. Conattee, though he still kept his secret, was seized with a sudden fit of piety, and taking his sons with him, he proceeded to the spot which he well remembered, and gathering up the bleached remains, had them carefully buried in the trenches of the tribe.

It may properly end this story, to say that Selonee wedded the sweet girl who, though willing to die herself to prevent him from marrying Macourah, yet positively refused to take his life to defeat the same event. It may be well to state, in addition, that the only reason Conattee ever had for believing that Selonee had not kept his secret from any body, was that Medoree, the young wife of the latter, looked on him with a very decided coolness. "But, we will see." muttered Conattee as he felt this conviction, "Selonee will repent of this confidence, since now it will never be possible for him to persuade her to take a seat in the Arm-chair of Tustenuggee. Had he been a wise man he would have kept his secret, and then there would have been no difficulty in getting rid of a wicked wife."

Written for the Lady's Book.

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# LINES TO MY SISTER.

WRITTEN ON A BLANK LEAF IN THE GIFT FOR 1840-INTENDED AS A CHRISTMAS PRESENT.

BY HENRY E. MORRILL, M. D.

DEAR sister! take the "GIFT" I send—for warm It comes from the deep fountains of that love, Thy brother bears for the! A Brother's love! Tis not a formal word, or empty sound, Just to beguite thy fancy, but a spring, A living spring, whose waters never fail.

Should friends press round in coming time, and thou By many be beloved, some favoured one More welcome than the rest, may in thine car Such pleasing words instil, thou'lt think it strange That love so deep and true, could dwell in breast Of man. But it may be. And thou may'st live, Blest with that love. For men can love with flame As pure as seraph minds inspire, if not As strong.—But then 'tis not the fervent love A Brother knows! His seeks no selfish end. It wanes not when decay those transient charms Which lure the eager sight, but lives for aye, Fed from the ever deep perennial source Whence first its gushings flowed.

My sister dear! Strong are the ties which bind us heart to heart. On the same breast our infant heads were laid; On the same knee we dandled;—and the lip Which caught the incense of thy earliest breath Imprinted on my cheek its holy seal. Round the same hearth we played;—and every joy Thy youthful bosom knew, and every pain, Found here its counterpart.—No common ties Are these. No such will link thy trusting heart To him who holds thy vow. They only bind Affiliated spirits, who, though twain, Are one.

My sister dear! may every day
With blessings crowned, the brightest dreams fulfil,
Which e'er thy fancy drew. But, should thy sun
At noon be clouded, and the chosen friend
On whom you lean prove but a broken reed—
Should the cold wind of this unfriendly world
Blow stern and roughly o'er thy tender form—
Then, DEAREST ONE! fly to thy Brother's arms!
They will enfold thee safe. And, as thy head
Rests softly on his bosom, thou shalt feel,
While nestling there, secure from every ill.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE FOUNDLING.

# A LEGEND OF L'HOTEL DIEU. -- BY MRS. J. THAYER.

"OE, where have I been all this time? how friended That I should lose myself thus desperately, And none for pity show me how I wandered!"

"Sweet mother, gentlest mother! can it be?

and do I look on thee?—Mrs. Hemans.

"Ave Maria!" said the superior of L'Hotel Dieu, how dark it grows—we are surely about to have a fearful storm—ha, do you hear the thunder? and, Jesu, how it lightens! hark, 'tis the door bell—run, Beatrice, let none be kept waiting outside the door, on such a night as this."

The young girl thus addressed, hastened to execute the mission imposed upon her, and soon returned with the intelligence, that a wounded officer desired the blessing of the Holy Mother, and admittance for himself and servant.

"Go, with our benison, and bid them enter. What wait you for?"

"Tis that I fear the stranger is not of our holy religion. He speaks the language of the heretic."

There was a pause, an evident struggle between the kindly feelings of the woman and the superstition of sect; the former, however, prevailed. Addressing the girl, she said, "Go, and admit the stranger; whether Catholic or heretic, bid him enter. The house of God is open to all. Perhaps, we may be the means of converting him to the true faith, and thus save one soul. Go, and admit him, and to you I give him in charge."

"Gently, for God's sake, gently," said the stranger, in a low and feeble voice, to the persons who removed him from the calash, in which he came to the convent, to the sick room of the establishment; but but before he had reached it, he fainted from fatigue and pain, and was laid upon the bed. When he recovered, he gazed wildly around, and asked,

"Where am I?"

"In the sick room of L'Hotel Dieu," answered Beatrice, who was chafing his hands.

A shudder passed over his frame at the answer.
"In the sick room—may I not have a private room,"
said he, "I will pay any price—I am rich—I will
reward you nobly; let me but have a private apartment, and my servant to remain with me."

"I will acquaint the Superior with your request;" and she went, and soon returned with the answer, "That if the gentleman felt himself strong enough, to bear it, he might be removed immediately to a private apartment."

"Yes, yes; I am strong, quite strong; let me go immediately."

"And you say you know not who were your parents?"

"Alas! no. I was thrown, when an infant, upon the mercy of the good sisters of this convent;—the story is short, and if you should like to hear it, I think I can repeat it in the very words of the Superior."

" Do so, my good Beatrice."

STORY OF THE FOUNDLING.

"Twas on a dark, and fearfully cold night, in December of 17—, the nuns were all assembled in the refectory, it not being yet the hour for evening prayers, when one of the sisters thought she heard a slight noise at the outer door, and having listened for some time, was convinced that some person was there: when communicating her suspicion to the Superior, they immediately went, and on opening the door, discovered a basket fastened by a string to the They took the basket in, and after removhandle. ing several coverings, found an infant girl fast asleep; the first thought of the Superior was to have it conveyed to the convent of the 'Les Sœurs Grises,' that being more properly the foundling hospital. stooping down to remove the little outcast from its strange cradle, it awoke, and stretching out its arms to the good mother, smiled sweetly in her face. The kind nun's heart was won, and pressing the poor child to her bosom, she vowed to rear it herself, and as far as it was in her power, supply the place which her unnatural parents had left to a stranger.

"The child was very well clothed, and had around her neck a string of beads, alternate coral and gold; her clothes were marked B. P., and she was, therefore, named Beatrice. The Superior tended and watched over the infant which she had so generously adopted, and was repaid by seeing it become a fine healthy being, with a heart filled with love for the kind mother, and indeed every member of the establishment. It is now going on eighteen years since the child was received into the convent, and by the established rules of convents, all girls, so taken, are at the age of eighteen, either to enter upon their noviciate, in order to become nuns, or go forth and seek a home elsewhere."

"And what do you propose doing? my pretty Beatrice."

"I am not decided; there are times, when I am almost resolved to relinquish the wish of visiting a world which seems so fair at a distance; but which, they tell me is full of deceit and wickedness. me, for you must know, is that world which appears to me like a glimpse of heaven, indeed, so very bad a place; and do men, indeed, deceive poor simple girls, by flattery and every art, till they forget their God, and become great sinners? Say, are there none good beyond the walls of convents? Oh! I should love to be free, if but for one day, to go out into the streets, which we can see from these windows, where so many people are hourly passing, and look so happy, so gay-oh! I think the very air must be sweeter beyond these gates; yet, I love the nuns, and should be very sorry to part with them, they have all been so kind to me." Gogle

The stranger smiled at the visible struggle in the young girl's mind, between a natural affection for the persons who had been as sisters to her, and that curiosity so inherent in every bosom, to see more than what was contained within the high convent walls.

"Well, Beatrice, you do indeed seem undecided; but I am a false prophet, if the world does not gain the day;—how long is it still, before you will be eighteen?"

"Just three months."

" I must leave before then"—he watched her face as he spoke, and saw with pleasure a blush cover her cheek, and a tear dim her eye. He advanced and took her hand. "Why that tear, my kind nurse?come, dry those eyes, and tell me if you will ever think of the wounded officer, whom you so tenderly watched and nursed, and raised from a bed of sickness, that but for you might have been his bed of death; say, will you ever think of me, when I am far away, fighting my country's battles, will tears dim your eyes then, dearest Beatrice, for my possible fate. Should I be wounded again, where, in the wide world shall I find so good, so sweet a nurse, whose hand will so softly bathe my aching head, or chafe my fevered hands, whose arm will so kindly support me, when wearied by the same position, who will so arrange my pillow, and by her presence deprive the listless bed of sickness, of ennui; or who will gather such sweet flowers to adorn my room, till it appears like a blooming garden?—no one—I shall have no Beatrice, and I shall die!"

The tears now chased down the cheeks of the foolish girl at the fancied woes, the officer had conjured up; she laid her head, in the childish innocence of her pure heart, upon his shoulder, and sobbed like an infant; he pressed her to his bosom, and whispered in her ear those honied words which maidens love to hear, from lips they have learned to trust; but which so often mean nothing, and are forgotten as soon as uttered. Beatrice raised her head and smiled through her tears, like the April sun, breaking through his disk, and lighting up the earth, till flowers, trees, and rocks, shine beneath his mighty splendour. Beatrice smiled, but at the same time shook her head.

"No, no, naughty one, I must not listen to you; such are the tales by which, I have been told, men deceive poor ignorant girls; no, no, you do but flatter me. What is this beauty you tell me of? I never heard of it till you came—say, in what does it consist?"

"In large, dark, lustrous eyes, like those beaming upon me now; hair, such as that ill fashioned cap conceals; the rose-like complexion of the cheek, of which I nightly dream; the pouting, ruby lips, whose smiles but now bld me hope; the two rows of pearls which that smile displayed, and the rich, round form, which even that hideous, unbecoming dress, cannot conceal: this is beauty—this is Beatrice."

"And, in that world to which you belong, is this beauty of which you speak, of much account?—are the possessors more loved, more honoured?—of what avail is it?"

"Beauty such as yours, Beatrice, in the world, would be worshipped; were you to go forth and be known, a host of admirers would be at your feet, instead of one devoted heart, a countless number would beat for you. Were I selfish, I should rather wish to prevent your going, that the slight impression,

I trust, I have made upon your heart, might remain; but I cannot wish that such a being, with such a soul, should be immured in a convent for life; no, Beatrice—go! go into that world, of which you will become an ornament; and should some happy being gain that heart, for which I would relinquish the whole world—should some more fortunate being gain the affection, which, to me, would be the dearest boon of heaven, I will pray for your happiness."

"Your language is to me all strange, I know nothing of the love of the love of the world, but if to love be to think of no other, to have no other form appear in my dreams by night, to think the time passed away from him moves on leaden wings, and the hours spent with him as fleeting moments, to have his name in my heart, and on my lips when I pray, and to pray for heaven's choicest blessings on his head, if this be love, then Beatrice loves the stranger, the officer."

"Say you so, dear one; does that kind, innocent heart, and those sweet lips pray for me?—bless you, bless you, for the assurance, and believe me, Beatrice, you shall never have cause to repent it, if the most devoted attention, the most undivided affection on my part can prevent it—tell me, dearest, will you go forth with me into the world, will you, relying upon me for a protector and a friend, tread the paths of life with me?—oh! say that you will."

"Stranger, I have faith in your promises; I will go forth with you; but I have been told by some of the nuns, who lived the first part of their life in the world, that men, after vowing to love and cherish, some foolish, trusting girl, grow tired of her, and leave her desolate, and sometimes the poor victim dies; or if she lives, she is shut out from the society of the good, and the finger of scorn is pointed at her, and in despair, she gives herself up to wickedness and sin: say, is it so?"

"Beatrice, 'twould be vain for me to attempt to explain to you the actions or the motives which instigate some people of the world. There are, dearest, many very wicked, many, who could wantonly trample under their feet, the flowers they had sought after with much pains, and gained, but at the expense of truth and sincerity, and every noble feeling—but why talk of this, you do not surely mistrust me?"

"No, I do not distrust you; you have given to my imagination dreams of happiness, so bright, so glowing, I almost tremble when I think of them. You have planted in my heart hopes and feelings which knew not till you came, and for which, even now, I have no name. You have filled up the deep, deep void, and given me something to think of. Stranger, you have made the last few months happy. I will go with you, I will be your wife."

The last word fell gratingly on the ears of the gallant officer—wife! he had never dreamed of such a thing—true, he loved her—true, she was beautiful as an enthusiast's dream of heaven, and pure as the beings who inhabit it—true, she loved him with a first, an almost holy love, and had confessed it, with such an innocent naiveté as made her still dearer; but then she was a foundling, an outcast, the offspring it might be of guilt, a beggar; no, no, he could not marry her, he could not introduce her as his wife to his brother officers—his family;—and, after all, he reasoned, would she not be happier with him, on any terms, than in a gloomy convent, for which it was very evident she had no inclination. Such being the

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state of his mind, he was (to use a vulgar phrase,) taken all aback, by the artless words of Beatrice.

"Wife!" he exclaimed, but immediately correcting himself, he added, "yes, dearest; a thousand times dearer than wife; surely, loved one, we need no chains to bind us, our love requires no forms, no rules to regulate it; you shall indeed be the wife of my heart, of my soul, but we will not be fettered by any of the formal ceremonies of a superstitious creed, we will be free, dearest, and our love will burn the brighter, our happiness shine the clearer, that we are so; tell me, shall it not be as I say?"

"I understand you not; you speak to me of love, of passing my life with you, did you not mean as your wife? I have heard of marriages—have ever seen the 'gay procession from these windows, and when I inquired the meaning of what I saw, they told me that a couple who loved each other, and who had chosen each other from the whole world, were married, that they were husband and wife, and would henceforwards always live together; I therefore thought, when you spoke of me as you did, you meant to choose me for your wife; set me right if I am wrong, for my mind is all bewildered."

"Beatrice, what they told you about marriage is true; the world is composed, in a great measure, of cold, senseless beings, whose very loves need to be regulated by laws; thus, the laws of the land forbid a man from having more than one wife, and custom and superstition, those foes to freedom, have instituted marriage, by which the couple, in the presence of witnesses, vow to love, and to be true to each other till death; then the priest blesses them, and this is marriage. Surely, my own love, we may dispense with such idle forms, we need no witness but our God."

"But methinks 'twere indeed right to receive the blessing of the holy priest. Love so sanctioned, so blessed, must be surely happy."

"You are a sweet enthusiast, my Beatrice; but come, love, promise to go with me, either way we must be happy together; do you promise?"

"Have I not promised? I will go with you. Yet, I fain would know, why you object to the performance of a ceremony, which you say custom sanctions and authorizes?"

"There are many reasons which I cannot explain to you now. Some day you shall know.

" Like me, did you say?"

"The exact image, I never saw so striking a resemblance; are you sure, Mrs. Le Roque, you never lost a child?—or rather, sister, the lady is too old to be your daughter."

This was addressed to the widow of Captain Le Roque, of the British army, by Lieutenant Davieson, an intimate friend of Feversham's, the person whom we heretofore introduced to our readers as the wounded officer at L'Hotel Dieu.

"No, really, I know of no such loss; a daughter I never had, and my only sister, some fifteen years younger than myself, died while an infant. It was in the year 17—, I think, that my father being ordered to join his regiment in Upper Canada, left Montreal with my mother and infant sister, I was left at school. Arrived at La Chine, the child was taken sick, and my mother found herself obliged either to give up her wish of accompanying my father, or of leaving her infant with strangers. Many rea-

sons conspired to make her adopt the latter course; and seeking a nurse, she confided the little creature, with an aching heart, and streaming eyes, to her care, and continued her journey. In the course of a few weeks she heard of her child's death. So you see the person in question cannot possibly be related to me."

"Well, I can only say it is a wonderful likeness; have you ever seen her?"

"No, what did you tell me was her name?"

"She is called Mrs. Feversham, but has no legal title to the name. The Major found her in a convent, here in Montreal, where it seems he was conveyed, and remained during a fever arising from a wound, which had not been properly attended to, and this Beatrice was his nurse, and, as was very natural, fell in love with her patient; the result of which was her coming away with him; I am afraid Feversham took advantage of her credulity and ignorance of the world. She seems an artless, innocent girl, devoted to him, and not yet aware that the title of mistress is not every whit as respectable as that of wife; if she really is as guileless as she appears, what a desolation the truth will make in her young heart."

"Can it be possible that a person arrived at her age, can be so completely ignorant?"

"Why, madam, if if we consider how she has been brought up, we can scarcely doubt it. Placed while an infant, in the convent, which she never left even for a day, till she left with Feversham."

"I must still acknowledge my incredulity; it requires but little knowledge of the world, to distinguish between the character of wife, and the one she maintains; however, you have roused my curiosity, (the master passion you know with women.) to see her, I think I shall invent some excuse to call upon her."

## CHAPTER II.

AFTER Major Feversham left the convent, accompanied by Beatrice, he immediately hired a neat little house in the outskirts of the city of Montreal, where they lived for some months in uninterrupted tranquillity. In the neighbourhood, were several families of officers of the Major's regiment, then quartered in Montreal, and the news soon spread about that a very beautiful girl was living under his protection, and hosts of young men thronged to the house on one pretence or another, and were all charmed with her mild and naive manners, the air of perfect purity and artlessness that accompanied her words and actions. While she, wholly unconscious of the impropriety, ignorant as an infant of the guilt of her situation, with a natural love for society, received the friends of him she called husband, with evident pleasure; though she sometimes expressed a wonder that no ladies visited her, and even entreated the gentlemen to come accompanied by their wives. On such occasions Major Feversham never failed to bestow upon her a look of pity; and even those who came to find a subject for their mirth, were affected by the guileless request, and left her with a feeling very nearly allied to respect.

Month after month wore away, and still Beatrice found herself excluded from the society of her own sex. At length, vague suspicions arose in her mind, and doubts of her right to the title of wife, began to distract her thoughts. She remembered the conversation that had passed between her and her betrayer,

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before her leaving the convent, and his evident unwillingness to have the marriage ceremony performed; and the conviction struck to her heart that he had deceived her, and that it was owing to the nonperformance of that ceremony, that she was thus forsaken. Tears, the first she had shed since her emancipation from the gloom of the convent, gushed from her eyes. But there was an energy, a decision of character about Beatrice, notwithstanding her usually mild and acquiescent disposition, that did not long permit her to waste her moments in unavailing tears. No, she determined to act; by some means or other to find out the truth-to know the reason of the neglect she received. The plan she adopted, was to visit some lady in the neighbourhood, and explain her situation and the doubts that had latterly filled her mind, and beg to be instructed in the rules and forms of society sufficiently to be enabled for the future to judge for herself, of the proper conduct for her to pursue,

About this time, the conversation took place, as related in the foregoing pages, in which Mrs. Le Roque declared it to be her intention to call upon Beatrice. Taking advantage of Major Feversham's absence for a few days, she, accompanied by her mother Madam Peltier, put her project into execution. Inquiring of the servant who opened the door, for Mrs. Feversham, they were shown into a neat little parlour, now empty, but with evident tokens of having very recently been occupied; a handsome worktable, placed in the middle of the room, was covered with implements of female industry, an embroidery frame, an open port folio of drawings, and one finely painted head, still wet, lay as if just left. The ladies remained standing, and in a short time, the door opened, and the interesting and youthful object of their visit entered. They were rather astonished at her appearance; they had heard a great deal of her beauty, but had no conception of the perfectly easy, and lady-like grace of her manners and appearance. Mrs. Le Roque, who was really a kind-hearted woman, felt an emotion of pity, almost amounting to pain, as she looked upon the young and beautiful being before her, and her heart readily admitted the possibility of her innocence. In the course of conversation, she spoke of Major Feversham's being wounded, and encouraged by Beatrice's ready, and apparently candid answers, she questioned her, of what she knew of her birth and parentage. Beatrice who had not yet learned to blush at her ignorance upon this subject, nor felt that in this cold and heartless world, misfortune and crime are almost synonymous, readily confessed she knew nothing of either.

Mrs. Le Roque, who had made the visit from kind and noble motives, now gently hinted at the character of her connexion with Major Feversham; upon this subject she found the poor girl tremblingly alive: she briefly related the circumstances of their first meeting, her having been appointed his nurse, the interest, which in that character she had conceived for him, and how that interest, unconsciously to herself, had ripened into love; in short, she gave a brief outline of the events of the last half year of her life, and convinced the ladies of her being most vilely deceived. Undecided how to explain to her, the impropriety of her present situation, in such a way as to give the least possible shock to a loving, confiding heart, the ladies remained for a few moments silent. They were at last relieved, by Beatrice herself earnestly desiring to

be enlightened upon the subject of the marriage ceremony, at the same time confessing the doubts, which had lately so disturbed her mind.

Mrs. Le Roque felt the delicacy of the task she had undertaken, but she also felt that the welfare of a most innocent and injured being, both in this world, and the world that knows no end, was at stake; and unshrinkingly she performed the Christian duty of enlightening the ignorant, and pointing out the right path to the benighted sinner. She firmly, but with delicacy, explained to Beatrice, the light in which a person situated as she was, was considered; explained clearly the difference between such an one and a wife. Poor Beatrice sat, pale as marble, the image of despair, during this discourse. Slowly, and by degrees, the whole truth flashed upon her, and clasping her hands, she exclaimed, "And he, he deceived me thus, he told me there was no sin in living thus, he told me our union was as holy and pure in the sight of God, as those who received the benediction of the priest. And I believed him; believed him!yes, I would have believed any thing he could have told me. I deemed him but little lower than the angels; and he deceived, betrayed me-took advantage of my love, my ignorance-what, what will become of me, whither shall I fly to avoid him?"

"Will you leave him?" said Mrs. Peltier.

"Leave him! do you think I could bear to meet him again? Oh! do not think me so vile, so utterly wicked as to continue in guilt, now that I am made aware of it. Oh no; I must never see him again."

"Well, my poor girl, you are certainly right, and if you will accept of a home with me, do so; as long as you please, you shall be welcome."

"Thanks, a thousand thanks; how can I ever repay such goodness?—and may I indeed go with you—now—immediately?"

"Certainly, if you wish it; go, and prepare yourself, and bring the necklace of which you speak, it may be the means of discovering your parents."

## LETTER FROM BEATRICE TO MAJOR FEVERSHAM.

"Farewell, my first, my only love. I have left you-left you and happiness for ever. Oh! I was happy; I dreamed not of sin, my fond heart revelled in the delight of loving and being loved. I was happy, guilty, sinful wretch that I was, happy even in the open disregard of the laws of God and man. I was happy, even while the object of scorn and derision to the world, a despised outcast from my own sex; the virtuous of whom would have turned their eyes from me in disgust. Still I was happy, for I knew not of it all. Confident in your love, your truth, I deemed you would shield me from sin as from death. You deceived me; you have made my heart desolate, my life hopeless; caused me to regret, with soul-felt anguish, that I ever quitted the peaceful convent; but I forgive you, as I hope to be forgiven at the throne of an heavenly Father, for the sins I committed in ignorance, and I pray for you, as in days of my innocence I prayed for you, that you may seek happiness where alone it may be found, in repentance. I do not think you was aware of all the anguish you was preparing for me. I do not think you would wantonly, have continued a deception so flaught with despair to me, had you foreseen the end; no, no, you knew not quite the extent of the evil you was beaping upon my devoted head; you

thought the world, the beautiful bright world, which I so longed to enter-your love, of which I do not even now doubt the extent, would more than repay me for the loss of reputation, character. You knew me not. You never dreamed that the bright world would appear to me, with the weight of sin upon my soul, a dreary wilderness in which would be no spot for comfort, no home for my sorrow stricken heart. You thought not, that your love, which was, and is dearer than life, would be nothing when weighed in the scale against virtue. You knew me not, you knew me not, therefore I forgive you. I am now at peace, conscious I have done right in leaving you. I have found a protector, a friend, in a mother-oh! that we had met ere I seen you, ere my heart had given all its warm feelings and affections to a stranger, and became deaf to the call of nature. I try to love my parent, who lavishes upon me the kindness of a mother's love to a recovered child; but I know and feel that I give but a faint return for her untiring affection. I believe my heart has grown cold and hard; surely, surely it will revive under a mother's influence, I cannot always remain so unnatural. I know that you will not be quite indifferent to my fate, therefore, I have informed you of my restoration to a parent, and now farewell. May the blessings of God abide with you, and enable you to turn from evil, and be happy.

" BEATRICE PELTIER."

When Captain Feversham returned home, after an absence of a few days, his first impulse was to hasten to Beatrice. He sought her in the little parlour, where she usually sat. Every thing remained in the exact order he had left it, but she was not there. He then searched every room in the house, and finally thinking she might be in the garden, he left no nook or corner unexplored. He then called her name loudly, but no answer-fearful misgivings forced themselves upon him, in spite of every effort to banish them; he entered the house, and summoning the servants, inquired for Mrs. Feversham, and received from the young woman who had been her more immediate attendant the above letter. He dismissed the servants, and read it with feelings which admit not of description. At first, he tried to believe it all a joke on the part of Beatrice, and that she was still concealed within the house, and again essayed to laugh at what he termed her scruples of conscience; but it wouldn't do, the fact that she was indeed gone, was too evident to be doubted, and in his heart he could not but acknowledge that it was only owing to her ignorance that she had remained so long.

She was gone; and as he admitted the conviction that it indeed was so, a feeling of desolation came over him; he felt alone, deserted. He looked around, and the usually happy looking room, now seemed drear and lonely; the smile that used to shed its rediance there, lighting with its beams the deepest recess of his heart, was gone. He took up a book to read, but he missed the silver toned voice that formerly commented upon the written thoughts. He essayed music, but where were the rich tones that used to accompany his notes? He would have walked, but again, the hand that used to rest upon him, was gone.

"Oh God!" he exclaimed, "this is unbearable; I cannot live without her; better to have remained shut

up within the gloomy walls of the still more gloomy convent: I should, at least, have been near her, but now, after living with her, now, that my very soul is wound around her, that she should leave me; and she bids me be happy; as well bid the flowers bloom upon whom the sun never shines, the dews of heaven never descend-happy? after I have known the delights of her society!-to talk of happiness without her, as well bid the shipwrecked mariner rejoice who has seen the waves close on all the world held dear to him. Yet stay; she has found a mother—who may this mother be? Peltier-why Mrs. Le Roque's mother's name is Peltier; well, it would indeed be a freak of fortune if she should prove of that race-why, in that case, I may make the amende honorable, and Beatrice become Mrs. Feversham, in good earnest, and set all her scruples at rest about the priest's blessing-how earnestly she plead for it; she was a good creature and loved me. Yes, I will make an offer of my hand, now the only objection I ever had is removed. In fact, I love her too well to live without her; I should die, I verily believe, of ennui. She had such a sweet art of beguiling time of its length, and her mind is well cultivated too; certainly the good superior deserves credit on that score .-Heavens! when will this evening come to an end! Let's see if I can collect my thoughts sufficiently to write a letter to my pretty Beatrice; had I better propose being married to-morrow? I suppose those proud Peltiers will be for making a great parade and put it off for a week-well, I will write, and do my best to hurry matters."

How different the feeling which men call love, to that which fills a woman's heart. Major Feversham thought he loved Beatrice, and so he did, with the love of man, which admits of no sacrifice for its object, his heart wrapped in worldly prejudices of rank and birth, stoops not to wed with one, whom the caprice of fortune may have placed beneath him; no, no, he must not ally himself to beggary, to one without a name; but woman, when did the thought of rank, or wealth, or birth, intervene between her love and its object? when did woman ever shrink from the most appalling sacrifice, for him on whom she had bestowed her affections?-never; she gives up all for him, and finds her happiness only in his. \* \*

"Beatrice," said Mrs. Peltier, "here is a letter for you; I know not the hand writing."

"Tis his—'tis from Major Feversham; give it me, dear mother. I knew he would write—I cannot break the seal."

"Give it to me, my child—let me read it for you."

LETTER FROM MAJOR FEVERSHAM TO BEATRICE,

"My beloved Beatrice, can you forgive me for all I have made you suffer? and yet, I scarcely need ask, when were you otherwise than perfect? I know, dearest, you will forgive me when I tell you all suffered when I came home and found the angel that made my home an elysium, gone—when no sweet voice welcomed my return, when no loved hand was extended. Oh, Beatrice, you cannot know the utter desolation that fell upon my heart with the conviction that you were indeed gone. At first I accused you of coldness, of not loving me—forgive me, dearest, I know it was wrong, I know thy pure heart was (and may I say is,) all my own; and I feel 'twould be but my desert were you to cast me off for ever, were you

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to doom me to the misery of an eternal separation: I know, I feel, I should deserve it all at your hands. Fool that I was-what demon could have possessed me, that I did not make you mine, by all the laws of God and man. No, I must needs have no fetters. but those of love, no laws but our wills, and while all conscious that the former was sufficient to bind our hearts. I forgot that my beloved Beatrice was as pure, from even the thoughts of sin, as the angels above. I dreamed not that as soon as the knowledge of guilt beamed upon her mind, she would fly it as the pestilence. You have punished me, love, for the wrong estimate of your character. I own not half what I deserve, and yet, I dare to hope-yet, I dare to beg for mercy, to be received again to your love, to live again in your smiles, to claim you as my wife, to ratify in the presence of man, the union which is registered in heaven.

"Will you, dearest, be mine, all mine? Oh, I shall prize my treasure more than ever, for you have taught me by your absence how much my happiness, my life depends upon you. I will watch over you, as a mother watches over her cradled infant. Say you will be mine, Beatrice; and oh! let no delays of form, or etiquette, keep us separated; be mine immediately; write to me, my love, O quickly write, and leave me not in suspense. I would not pass another twenty-four hours like the last, for the wealth of India; write, my love, and give peace to your own " FEVERSHAM."

" But how was the discovery made? come, Beatrice, give me the whole history, for I scarcely heard it from your mother, my thoughts were so filled with you, naughty one, and wondering when you would come; confess now, that mischievous heart was actuated by a little feeling of coquetry, a slight desire to make me feel the value of your presence.

"Nay, now, you do me wrong; surely, 'twas not strange that I should delay an interview, which I knew, on many accounts, would be so very embarrassing, 'twas no feeling of coquetry, but rather want of courage."

"I was jesting, love; full well I know my little

wife was never actuated by so weak, so trifling a motive; but, answer me, Beatrice, how was the relationship discovered?"

"You remember the necklace, which I mentioned to you, as having been around my neck, when I was left at the convent door; speaking of it to Mrs. Peltier, she desired to see it. I saw her turn very pale while looking at it, and, to my repeated inquiry of whether she was ill, she only answered by bidding me bring a box from her chamber, which she described; I brought it, it was a jewel case, and she took from it some ornaments, exactly corresponding with the necklace; she then inquired particularly, whether I was certain it had been around my neck, and whether I had any other article of the clothing I wore at that time. I answered that I believed the superior of the convent had all the clothes in which I was dressed. My mother immediately taking me with her, visited the superior. From her she obtained the articles in question; upon which, clasping me in her arms, she called me her child, her poor lost infant.

"Her next endeavour was to find the nurse, with whom I had been left in La Chine, but we could find no traces of her. However, an aged couple who had lived near her, and had known of my having been placed with her, asserted, that after the departure of the child's parents, it recovered rapidly; indeed, in a few weeks was a fine healthy looking babe, that about that time, the nurse had disappeared, and nothing had ever been heard of her since. nurse's disappearance and my being placed at the convent, were found to have taken place at the same time, and my resemblance to her other daughter, convinced Mrs. Peltier, when coupled with the other circumstances, that I was indeed her lost child."

"But what motive could induce the woman to

forge the story of your death?"

"My parents left a considerable sum of money to defray my expenses, and to repay her for her trouble of taking care of me. By getting rid of me she insured to herself the money, without any further trouble. This seems to be the only probable reason to assign for her conduct."

"Well, it was a most inhuman act! yet I must not blame the poor woman neither; had it not been for her. I might never have seen my sweet Beatrice-certainly should not have been nursed by her, through that long and tedious illness. So, you see, dearest, I must thank the old woman, after all, for making you a foundling."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## RETROSPECTION.

BY P. KENYON KILBOURN.

I would not live life o'er again, -Mrs. Embury. For all its joy, to share its pain .-

OH! I would live life o'er again, To seize its joy, to shun its pain, To spend aright its mis-spent hours, To shun its thorns, and pluck its flowers! They err, who deem a world like this Hath more of sorrow than of bliss: Joy singeth gaily on the mountain, It sparkleth in the sun-lit fountain, It echoeth in glen and grove, And beameth from the eye of love; 'Tis painted on the sky of even, And comes to us in thoughts of heaven! Oh then, sweet minstrel, why should'st thou Wear gloom and sorrow on thy brow? Why wake thy lyre to saddening themes? Since life is filled with pleasant dreams And friends, and love, and hope are thine, And holy lights around thee shine? Yet will I not upbraid the view Thou tak'st of life, though dark its bue: I will not chide: I too have felt My heart, when nerved most sternly, melt: I know that tears may dim the eye; And mists may sometimes veil the aky, Yet Faith's pure star, for ever bright, Will tinge the darkest cloud with light.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## JULIA.

#### BY MISS H. L. JONES.

On a summer evening, at the beginning of the fifth century, two females might be seen reclining in pensive attitudes near an open verandah in one of the most splendid quarters of Rome. It was not the "eternal city" in her day of pride, of just pride, when noble and true hearts beat for the empire; when her citizens united the simplicity of the ancient with the polish of modern manners; when rude virtue won the prize from graceful vice; and her mailed legions went out from her borders to conquer and add new kingdoms to those they had already bravely gained, and worthily kept. Rome had shrunk, timid, terrified, and ashamed. A feeble bravado had taken the place of conscious power; and words, not deeds, were the fashion of the time. Weakened by luxury, and debased by vice, she trembled at the sounds which, year after year, came nearer and louder to announce her destruction. But she was incapable of defence, and with the desperate shouts of revelry she drowned the voice of patriotism. Silken robe and scented tress took the place of glittering cuirass and ponderous javelin; and the banquet song and dance that of the fatiguing military evolution. The Roman legions had declared that armour was " too heavy" for them to lift.

A pusillanimous coward sat on the throne of the brave and wise Theodosius. Alarmed by the first echo of the approach of a hostile force, he had hurried from Rome and shut himself up in a secure and distant fortress, whence he despatched from time to time promises of relief and succour, which he had neither the means nor intention to fulfil. Meanwhile, left to their own resources, the people, worthy of such a ruler, gathered in their splendid palaces, or loitered in their public streets; and with perfume, song, and wine, wiled away the hours, which each brought closer to their walls, a fierce and savage foe, irritated by long injuries and burning with ambition and revenge.

Of the two females mentioned at the opening of our tale, one was of mature years, and the other in the first blush of life. They were mother and daughter. The close mourning weeds, that swept the pavement of coloured marble; the sad brow, which now anxiously fixed on the vacant sky, and then on the young face before her, spoke of trials endured and submitted to, as best she might; but there was little of animation in the aspect. The wife and widow of a murdered hero, the daughter of the dead emperor, and the sister of the reigning coward, had little to hope, and nothing to cheer her.

With her soft eyes raised to her mother's face the young girl said,

"You are often sad, my mother, but to-day there seems something ominous and fearful in your depression; you look continually to the north, as if you expected something terrible from thence. Tell me, my mother; let me at least share your sorrow."

The widow of Stillicho looked mournfully at her daughter's young brow, and parted the golden curls on her neck.

"Are not the foes of my country so near that I can catch the sound of their coming? and do you, my daughter, ask why I fear? It may be fancy, but

in every breeze I hear the ring of steel, the whirr of the axe, the heavy tread of thousands! I could bear to die—but to see thee die! best beloved—to be girt round—hemmed in—crushed, slaughtered like beasts! to be knocked down without a blow struck in our defence. Oh! for a trumpet note that would stir up one throb of the ancient manhood of Rome!" She bent her head in her robes to hide the sobs of grief and rage that burst from her.

"And is it, indeed, so near, and so real? And do you fear the danger, my mother? Why did you not tell me of this before?"

"To what end, my Julia? to see that cheek, whose rose-hue is all that now keeps life in my heart, withered by mortal fear? to see that eye dilated by terror, hopeless terror; for what can see do?"

But youth never despairs, and with her face overapread with a smile of hope, Julia replied,

"Be comforted, my mother; I know not why, yet I am sure we shall not be left a prey to the spoiler."

"Dreams, daughter of my heart. Alas! you, who have known and heard from year to year of the occasional sallies and attacks of the barbarian hordes, and have seen the comparative ease with which they have been repulsed, have no conception of the enemy who now menaces us. At the head of myriads of fierce savages, sanguinary as the panther of the desert, is a warrior so dexterous and subtle, so cruel and heartless, that to mention his name is to say at once there is no hope for enervated, debased, wretched Rome. I know not what I fear, but I hope nothing. Alaric, is a name to chase the blood from my cheek. It is the spell, Julia, of every Roman mother to frighten her refractory child to submission and silence."

"The Visigoth must be very terrible!" said Julia, in a trembling voice, "but yet, my mother, let us hope! I cannot bear thus to see you give way to despair. Be comforted."

The matron shook her head and smiled fondly at the young enthusiast, as she wrapped her head in her veil and descended towards the grove that bordered aside of the palace, to take her accustomed walk.

"It is the hour," whispered she, and her heart beat thickly as she wound rapidly into the heart of the wood. "The sun is low on the spire of St. John. The nightingale's first note is in my ear. But is this a time for love-tales? Heartless Julia!"

While she thus accused herself the young girl hurried on, faster and more fast; her heart fluttered, her eyes swam, her cheek deepened, her step faltered, her blood stopped—she was in the arms of her lover.

She had paused in a fitting spot for the consecration of pure and holy affection, like that which warmed the heart of the two. It was an area of a few feet, over which the blooming magnolia and the drooping acacia bent in a fragrant arbour, and in the midst of which a fountain stood, so exquisitely chiselled that it seemed worthy the place it had once held as the tutelar deity of the spot. Psyche reclined, dreaming of her boy-god lover, meanwhile he was bending over her, his beauty softened and etherialized by the contemplation. The lover of soul is worthy

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to confer the gift which he possesses, of immortality. "I have but an instant to be with you, beloved," said the youth in evident haste and agitation. "Danger is nearer than we have apprehended. But you are safe now. Whatever comes, trust to my arm and heart, which can never fail you while the lifeblood nerves either. I can see you no more for a few days; but if, in the period of danger which I fear—if insult or cruelty, which God forbid, should threaten you, show this ring; it is a certain protection. I cannot now tell you how it became mine, but it was once the fierce tyrant's, and will be respected by all who follow his banner."

"Ah! Manlius," said the weeping girl, "will you not go and console my mother with the assurance of our safety? She is wretched, and I am so that I cannot comfort her."

"Some happier day, my own Julia, but not in this moment of terror. Farewell. I ought even now to be miles from you." He pressed the weeping Julia to his heart, and was lost in the wood. She carefully placed the ring upon her finger, and examined the stone. Apparently it was of little value. It was an agate of a sea-green colour, and carved with a device of a sword half buried in the earth.

A sigh of disappointment mingled with the regret with which Julia turned towards the palace. True, her lover had given weighty reasons for their hitherto clandestine meetings; true, his duty to Rome called him away from her, but Julia was young, and love is selfish. She almost wished he were less dutiful, less considerate even of herself; she wished he could be by her side, and then she felt she could meet danger and death with fortitude. But the untold and immediate danger unnerved her; she quickened her pace and hurried to the arms of her mother. As she emerged from the wood she met one of the slaves of the household, bearing a silver chalice. menial was a barbarian; one of the myriads of Goths who had been brought by the fortune of war, from the freedom of his mountain home, to study the caprices, to watch the humours, and to die at the bidding of his captor. He stood respectfully, till Julia had passed him, but with eyes fixed on her face, with an expression so intense and peculiar, that she stopped and said with her accustomed kindness,

"Did you wish to speak to me, Bleda?"

The slave cast down his eyes, and replied in a sifled voice,

"No, lady."

He waited a moment for her to pass on, but she remained standing. Looking irresolutely at her and then around him, as if to ascertain that no person was near, he said, emphatically,

"Lady! know you what awaits you? The sun has set whose rising will see Rome a captive. Death or slavery is the portion of every Roman. not your cheek pale. You have been kind to the stare!" he spoke with bitter emphasis. "You have not scorned, and buffeted, and lashed; and, therefore, you need not fear. Place that hand in mine-say to me, 'Bleda, I will be thine!' and more than safety. honour, happiness, and power await you. more, lady, more!" he added, eagerly, as Julia stood in silent and haughty astonishment-a heart whose every pulse beats now and ever shall only to give pleasure to yours! Stay, lady-you had best!" he took hold of her robe, respectfully indeed, but so as to prevent her moving, while he urged his suit. Julia's eyes flashed with anger, while her frame trembled with fear. She was not ignorant that many of the menials, who thronged the households of the wealthy Romans, had, in their own land, been princes and nobles; for it took but a brave heart, and a strong hand, to form of the tented warrior a chief whose tribe would follow his bidding to death. Bleda, she knew, had been one of these. In one of the barbarian invasions which were now almost annual, he had been taken alive, after every one of his tribe had fallen slaughtered at his feet. He resisted no more, and became a slave to the first bidder.

"Release me, Bleda," said Julia, her manner softening as these remembrances passed through her mind. "I thank you for all you would do for me—I wish—"he dropped her mantle, and looked anxiously at her, while his quick eye flashed with hope; but I can do nothing, say nothing now—another time—to-morrow—"

"There is no to-morrow. Have I not said that Rome is already a captive?" said the slave, sternly. "Tell me," he added, his manner changing to entreaty; "tell me if I may hope; for if I can hope I will, I can save."

"Hope for my eternal gratitude-no more."

The eyes of the slave fell on his tattered garment. His cheek became crimson with shame and anger. He tore it from his breast, and exclaimed, fiercely,

"Perish the badge of my shame! Julia, the hour that sees Rome captive sees me free!—a slave no more—but in my own land a noble, whose blood is not unworthy to mingle currents with thine. The hour that prostrates Rome places my foot on her neck. Bethink you, lady, of all that is before you—say you will be mine; say I may protect you!"

"Never!" replied the agitated girl, with a firmness that surprised herself, and breaking from his entreaty. The slave turned suddenly from her with a flashing eye, and walked hastily away. With a frame trembling from a variety of emotions, Julia flew to her mother's apartments. The confusion about the palace had already alarmed her, but the widow of Stillicho looked danger in the face with a steady eye. In a few incoherent words Julia related what had passed during the last few minutes, though she suppressed the incident which had previously agitated her. Her mother listened with calm attention.

"I am not surprised at what you tell me, Julia. The position of Rome must be known even to the slaves. Our senate has defied the Goth, and been answered by his sneer; it has supplicated his mercy, and we have been promised 'our lives?" as dogs which are not worth the trouble of destroying. What remains, but to die?"

Julia could refrain no longer, but throwing herself at her mother's feet she murmured, in a faint voice, "Manlius!"

- "Manlius! the son of Constantine! the son of my husband's bitterest enemy!"
- "I have seen him, my mother. He is not our enemy; he will protect us; he has promised it!"
  - " And how, my poor child?"
  - " Alas! I know not."

Serena looked at the bowed form of her daughter. It was no time for reproach; suddenly she exclaimed, as if a new thought shot into her mind,

" Describe to me the person of Manlius."

"Tall, my mother, above the common height of men, with light hair that floats upon his shoulders; and his eyes..." she faltered, and her mother said in a tone of bitterness,

- "Go on, finish the picture."
- " His eyes are blue, and bright as the eagle's, but soft too—"

Serena placed her hand upon her daughter's mouth.

"The eyes and hair of the son of Constantine are black as night. You have been deceived."

She was interrupted by the entrance of a slave, who preceded into the apartment two deputies from the senate. With irreverent haste, disregarding the rank and exalted virtues of the wife of their most renowned general, and the sister of their emperor, they at once read their accusation of a treasonable correspondence with the enemy. Having waited a short space for her defence, which produced only a disdainful silence, they proceeded to read to her the sentence of death which had been passed upon her. It gave her one day to prepare for death.

"The senate know that my guilt is impossible," said Serena, calmly, "nevertheless, I am ready to die." She waved her hand for their departure, and proceeded, as if nothing had happened, to soothe and revive the senseless Julia.

That night the Gothic army sat down before the walls of Rome. That wretched city experienced the horrid calamities of famine. Without preparation, and without succour, she endured as she might the miseries of a siege. The poor begged of the rich, till the rich had nothing to give. Then rich and poor died together. The living kept life by devouring the most repugnant and unwholesome aliment. The dead strewed the streets. The people begged to be delivered to the sword of the barbarian, rather than meet a pestilential and certain death within the walls. But the senate still kept up the hopeless resistance. However the enemies of Rome were within her own bosom. At the hour of midnight, the gates of the city were silently opened by the Gothic slaves within, and the trembling inhabitants were awakened by the tremendous note of the barbarian trumpet. dismay, the confusion, the slaughter are for the pen of the historian, and not for this slight sketch of the fortunes of one whose gentle nature was prompted to suffer rather than to act.

In the midst of the shrieks of flying women and children, who ran, they knew not whither, and the groans of dying men, the form of Julia was seen, by the light of her flaming palace, rushing distractedly out, closely pursued by a Gothic soldier. She was too feeble long to escape, and with the last strength of despair, as she heard his step closer and closer, she turned, and gazed in his face. The soldier paused and wiped the blood from his brow. It was the some-time slave Bleda.

"Resistance is vain, Julia," said he, a smile of triumphant pride lighting up his face. "If you are not mine, you must be the prey of the next who can win a race with you. Come, you are mine whether you will or no."

"Sooner will I be death's!" said Julia, firmly, as drawing from her bosom a dagger, she pointed it at her breast. "One step nearer, and I can, and will release myself for ever from you."

The barbarian hesitated at her firm and even fierce demeanour. Immediately after, with a strong expression of surprise, he asked, "That ring! whence came it?" In the turmoil of her feelings, Julia had forgotten the ring, which as a talisman of safety, she had almost hopelessly placed on her finger. Her mother had been taken from her by a murderous mandate of her country, and she was left alone to act for herself. She remembered the injunction she had received with the mysterious stone, and holding it towards the soldier, said, with assumed firmness, w Respect it!"

"I do respect it. Henceforth you are safe, lady. I swear that the heaven above us is not more inviolate than you from danger or insult. Follow my steps with what speed you may, since you will not trust me to support you."

With faultering steps the maiden followed the barbarian till he paused before the sanctuary of the Vatican. Here he respectfully conducted her into the church, and left her in charge of the guardians of the place. As he turned to go, and Julia attempted through tears of joy and fear to thank him, "Farewell, lady," said he, "if I have rendered you some service, you will the more readily forgive in me a presumption and cruelty, which I can never forgive myself."

Julia had no time for surprise, and indeed such was the horrid tumult in the city that her personal interests seemed too insignificant for a moment's consideration. Her safety, however, seemed provided for. The Goths, many of them, themselves Christians, respected the Christian sanctuaries, and barbarians as they were, might have given to Rome a lesson of clemency and moderation. But it was an age when war was mere slaughter.

It was night, and carnage itself lay down, wearied, to rest. The morning light brought a message to the trembling gatherers in the church, to join the procession of the Romans who had survived that terrible day, and to pass before the conqueror to receive their sentence. The senate marched first with bowed heads, and were followed by the drooping and dejected soldiers. Then followed the wretched populace, in order and silence. They passed two by two before the imperial canopy which had been erected in one of the public squares, for the temporary accommodation of the barbarian chief. Scarcely dared they raise their eyes to the stern face of the victor, but glanced restlessly from side to side, as they passed through the long glittering lines, and waving banners of the Gothic soldiery.

Pale as marble, and her face closely wrapped in her veil, Julia tottered along, leaning on the arm of a slave, who even in that terrible hour, remained faithful. As she passed before the canopy, the files of soldiers closed in before her, lowered their banners till they swept the ground, and a long, wild shout of triumph burst from the assembled armies. Alaric descended from his throne, and taking the maiden's hand in his, placed her by his side. Another shout broke from the Goths. Julia looked around with a bewildered air, and then for the first time at the face of her companion.

- " Manlius!" said she, at length.
- " My own Julia!"
- "Do I dream?"

"A dream that you may be long in awaking from, my Julia. Manlius is no more, or rather he never was but a shadow, to remind you of happy days, and to tell you that the Rome which could sacrifice Serena, is unworthy the regret of Julia. Am I so very

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dreadful as your Roman nurses tell you, my Julia?"
She looked in his smiling face and was silent.

History has preserved for us, a slight record of the daring deeds, the desperate valour, and the indefatigable ardour of the mirror of barbarian chivalry. It has given us, too, the mournful record of his premature death. With the assistance of the slight outline which it marks out for us, we may picture to ourselves the fierce mountain torrent, diverted by the

stern efforts of his weeping soldiers from its native

channel, to receive in its bed the last remains of the hero: we may see the splendid trophies, the rich spoils, the uncounted treasures that adorned the royal sepulchre; through the ages that have since gone by, we may hear the wild wail of his devoted warriors, the long melancholy note that told his descent to his strange and splendid resting place. We may see the rushing of the river, once more into its natural channel, and hear its moanings for ever over the hero's dust in its bosom. But who shall paint the sorrow of the youthful wife? who shall describe the desolation that struck deadly on the heart of Julia?

## Written for the Lady's Book.

## EVENING AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

#### BY MRS. S. J. WALE.

" I Am first this time." said the schoolmaster.

"Yes, Cousin Charles has proved himself a most recreant knight," said Ellen Marvin, with a half playful, half pouting curl of her pretty lip; "he promised to come to tea, and we waited till half past six. It is too bad to break promises in this careless way."

"Why Ellen, child, you forget that men often have business which they cannot leave," said Mrs.

Marvin

"No, my dear mother, I don't forget that men always urge this excuse of business! business!" said Ellen. "It is a very convenient word for them, but a poor excuse in my mind for disappointing friends and destroying the pleasures of a social party."

"And this important business is often only the smoking of a cigar, more or less, or taking a siesta,

or a lounge," said the schoolmaster.

"You wrong Charles there," said Ellen, quickly; he never smokes, and I am sure that dozing or lounging has not detained him."

"Why then blame his delay, if it has been involuntary and unavoidable?" inquired the schoolmaster,

archly.

Ellen's bright cheek deepened, and she might have been a little embarrassed in her reply; but Charles Howard at that moment made his appearance, and gave such good reasons for his tardiness as satisfied his cousin, and no other had been disposed to blame him.

"And now for the story," said Ellen, "I hope it is a real romance."

"Not a falsehood?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"Oh no—not exactly fiction, which I think a much prettier word than falsehood, but something a little mysterious and marvellous. I do hate your common lot' poems and stories, which always seem stereotyped from every day life," said Ellen.

"Every day life, as you call it, is full of pathos, beauty, and sublimity," said the schoolmaster. "It is the field where genius finds its fairest flowers, the spring from whence is drawn its purest draught."

"Oh, I do not question the power of genius," said Ellen, "but I still think the matter of fact manner in which some of our popular writers detail unimportant particulars, and draw out a story by dwelling on trifling incidents, such as we all know are constantly happening in common life, is very tedious and ridiculous. Such an array of facts always reminds me of a

dolorous song, 'a pair of verses,' the woman called it, which our cook used to sing. It described the manner in which a young man was killed by the bite of a rattlesnake. I recollect the first stanza ran thus"—and with a demure face, Ellen, in the true old-fashioned ballad style, sung, or rather recited in a singing tone, the following lines:

- "In Springfield mountain there did dwell,
  A likely youth, as I've heard tell—
  A likely youth, just twenty-one,
  Leftenent Curtis' only son.
- "One summer morning he did go
  Down in the meadow for to mow—
  He mowed around, till he did feel,
  A piese sarpest bite his heel—
  Bite his heel—

Bite his heel— A pisen surpent bite his heel!"

A hearty laugh from her hearers was the chorus, as Ellen concluded her performance.

"That you call matter-of-fact poetry," said the schoolmaster,

" Yes"-

"And persuade yourself that it is the array of these facts which makes it ridiculous?" added the school-master.

"Certainly," replied Ellen. "The death of an only son would be no subject for mirth, if it were not for the abourd way in which it is described.

- "It is not more minute, however, than the description of the terrible catastrophe in 'Lord Ullin's Daughter,'" replied the schoolmaster. "Do you recollect when the lovers embarked"—and he repeated,
  - 'The boat has left a stormy land, A stormy sea before her— When oh! too strong for human hand, The tempest gather'd o'er her.
  - And still they rowed amid the roar Of waters wild prevailing— Lord Ullin reached that fatal shore— His wrath was turned to wailing.
  - For sore dismay'd, through storm and shade, His child he did discover, One lovely hand she stretched for aid, And one was round her lover!
  - "A very particular description of facts, you per-

ceive Ellen," continued the schoolmaster; then he repeated in a tone of deep and thrilling emotion, that burst of agony from the repentant father:

'Come back! come back! he cried in grief, Across this stormy water; And I'll forgive your Highland chief— My daughter! oh! my daughter!'

"There is hardly in our language," resumed the schoolmaster, after a long pause, which no one had seemed inclined to break, 'a poem more fraught with the power of moving our deepest emotions—hope, fear, love, admiration, pity, horror—than this; yet it describes but a simple, and, in Europe, not uncommon scene, a lady eloping with her lover. And, moreover, the whole is so particularly described, that it seems as it were painted before us."

"Yes," interrupted Charles Howard, "an artist of soul and genius, like our Leslie, might embody the scene from the description almost as easily as though it were passing before his own eyes."

"I wish Leslie would attempt it," said the schoolmaster. "It is a subject worthy of his pencil. But what I was intending to say, is this—we do not feel these minute descriptions wearisome, when the subject is properly managed, the groupings in good taste, and traits of character or features of scenery are brought out, as it were, by every trifling touch and word. But to do this a man must have the genius and taste of a Campbell."

"A poet of true genius always selects happy subjects for his muse," said Ellen.

"It seems so only because he has the power to understand and describe their beauties," said the schoolmaster. "The difference between Michael Angelo and a common sign painter. But here we are discussing the question of true genius when we should be listening to its creations. Come, Mr. Howard, we will now give you the floor."

"And the chair, too," said Ellen. "Here, cousin Charles, take this seat, which is in the best light, and pray don't make a single excuse, as you say, when I am invited to sing."

"No, I will not, Ellen; only I must correct one impression—mine is not a creation of fancy—it is only the report of a curious case of mental hallucination," said the student.

"Did it fall under your own observation?" inquired the schoolmaster.

"The account was given me by the man who experienced it," replied Charles. "I made a record of his story at the time, in his own language, and shall read it from that memorandum. I wish I could give his intonations and expression of countenance, while he related it. We had been talking of a case of suicide, which had recently occurred, and of its probable cause, when he observed that he had been through the ordeal of temptation; and as I expressed a strong desire to hear the story, he related what I shall call

# CONFESSIONS OF A SUICIDE.

'The temptations that assail our hearts; whence do they come? It is easy enough to follow a train of reasoning to its source, but the involuntary suggestions of the imagination are inexplicable.

I recollect the first time I was assailed by the temptation to commit suicide. I was about nineteen, and had never contemplated death as an acquaintance

I should choose to make, except through a vista of seventy years. Seriously, I had never thought of dying, only I knew that I could not live always. The world was a pleasant place. I had a pleasant portion for my share, and I wondered when I heard the repinings of those who found it all barren. It will never be thus to me, thought I. But it has been thus.

· It was, I think, in the month of September, the first of the month, probably, for I recollect it was a very warm evening. I was fatigued. I had been at a gay party, and had danced with the fairest girl; my favourite girl, though it was not for her beauty that I loved her. But the dancing and excitement of the scene had completely wearied me; and when I threw myself into my own arm-chair, beside the open window, and looked out on the clear, calm, moonlit scene, I recollect I thought what blessed things rest and quiet were, and what fools men were to relinquish these for the pleasure, so called, of being squeezed and elbowed in a crowded apartment, suffocated with the heat, bewildered by the noise, and half blinded by the glare of lights. Such thoughts might have crossed my mind before, but I never felt their truth till that moment. And as I looked on the moon and stars, that seemed so holy, calm, and beautiful, only because they were removed beyond the sphere of man's petty ambitions, I felt a wish that thrilled my heart, to go to them and be at peace.

"You must die, then!"-I thought I heard the words spoken, and I started up. I was not frightened. There was not, at that moment, any fear of death in my fancy. I looked around my chamber, where, by the moon's clear light every object was revealed as plainly as at noon-day, to find the speaker. I was alone. After a few minutes' investigation, I became convinced that the voice I fancied I had heard, was but the idea which had come from the depths of my own heart. I sat down to contemplate death. It may appear incredible to those, who have only thought of it under the terrifying aspect of a sick room; the coffin; the grave; the pale mourners, and the separation from all we know and love, to hear that death can come in a pleasant guise to such as are not sustained by the Christian's hope. It did appear pleasant to me, for I thought only of the privileges of spiritual beings-how they could be happy without satiety; and gain knowledge without being envied or obstructed; and move from one bright world to another through all the vast universe, without annoyance or fatigue.

'The world grew darker and the sky brighter as I pondered, until I had come to the resolution that it was really gain to die; and I almost concluded to try the effect of an ounce of opium that very night, when a flash of lightning, which seemed to dart directly from the sky, for I could discover no cloud, broke the chain of my speculations. I actually shook with horror and fright, when the idea of self-murder, I had been thus placidly contemplating, came home to my reason and conscience.

'It was some months after this, indeed more than a year, before the image of suicide again arose, like a tempting spirit on my imagination. The thought to be sure, had occurred, but I resolutely drove it from me. I made one or two observations on this species of mental hallucination, which it may be well to describe. They may serve as hints to the moralist and metaphysician,

In tracing the operations of my own mind, I can almost every instance, feel that I was not prompted by any selfish cowardly wish of escaping pain or sorrow here; but it was disappointment in the pleasures I had anticipated which made me willing to leave the world. Whenever an enjoyment in expectancy was before me, I invested it with the brilliancy of my own fancy. But, alas! for the reality. It was dull as the puns of S——, and blank as poor O——'s rhymes. And then I could not help thinking what a poor, miserable world and life were ours.

Another observation I made was, that these misanthropic thoughts never obtruded themselves when I was engaged in business or studies. It was only when wearied with pleasures or their disappointments, that I was anxious to quit this worthless scene. The philanthropist may hence find new motives to urge on the young, the necessity, as well as advantages, of having some serious and useful pursuit. The desire to live in idleness should never be fostered in children. They ought not to hear it counted among the privileges of a gentleman or a lady, that he or she can afford to live without exertion. We should teach them that it is the perfection of happiness as well as character to be active; only as some kinds of labour are less congenial with particular minds, the privilege of choosing our occupation or profession, and the power of obtaining all the aids we may desire in its prosecution are the highest blessings earth bestows on its richest possessor, except that of doing good to others.

I could tell a long story of temptations, and the varied feelings which, without any real change of condition, at one time made life seem a boon an angel might covet, and at others, a curse from which a demon might shrink. But I will only relate the last struggle.

'I had passed a brilliant winter. New York had never been so gay; balls, routs, dinners, plays, operas, had succeeded each other with that comet-like rapidity with which Fashion goes on, when her whirl is, at the outset, accelerated by what is popularly termed a rage. In the present case, there had been a great sensation at the beginning of the season, in the efforts made by some of the most potent fashionables, to entertain a titled and distinguished foreigner; this rage had been continued by the arrival, at suitable intervals, of some exquisites from other cities, particularly Boston and Baltimore; with now and then an eminent senator or politician, or savan from Philadelphia or Washington.

· Towards the close of the season, when it seemed as if the ingenuity which had been studying to throw somewhat of novelty over the same hackneyed amusements, must have become exhausted and give up the attempt in despair-at least, I certainly was in despair, and regarded every new fête as a plague from which I should have been glad to have escaped, even at the risk of encountering the cholera—at that time there arrived in our good city of Gotham, a gentleman from the West Indies, with his two daughters and ward. The gentleman was reputed to be immensely rich, as all are who come from the West Indies; and his ward was, it was said, the heiress of millions. Yes, millions at first-afterwards this indefinite rumour was qualified, and two millions only assigned as her fortune. Even this modest sum was gradually diminished by the ill-natured and envious, till at length, some even doubted if she were really worth one million. These, of course, were your scrutinizing, calculating, common-sense characters, who always have in their mouth that old, musty proverb, "All is not gold that glistens."

For my own part, I never doubted that she was worth at least two millions. She was tolerably pretty, too, had large, loving, dark eyes, and beautiful glossy hair. I might have loved her, if my heart had not been partly enthralled by a dear little blue-eyed maid. with whom I had been acquainted from childhood. But, as her father was a clergyman, and she seldom went into gay society, I had seen very little of her for several previous months. And so-for I may as well be candid-I yielded to the temptation of marrying a rich wife, and paid my devoirs to the West Indian heiress. It was not entirely a mercenary match, or at least I persuaded myself that I had nobler motives. She was an orphan, and alone in the world. I intended to be a kind protector to her, to instruct her, to love her, if possible, and to take care of her money.

'So I offered myself, and she referred me to her guardian. He, after hearing my proposition, asked me very gravely, if I had the means, separate from my father's fortune, of supporting an establishment.

'It was a simple question, yet it perplexed me exceedingly to reply. I had thought more of the money of the young lady than of my own means. I knew that my father, though reputed a rich man, expended nearly all his income annually, and would not, indeed could not, allow me at that early age, sufficient to support a separate establishment.

" Perhaps, young gentleman," said the cool guardian, "you are calculating on the fortune of my ward. I know that your American partiality for rich and distinguished strangers, usually endows every adventurer with wealth and talents. It is a very convenient weakness for us foreigners. But in this case I should act dishonourably to take advantages from it, which I probably might. My ward has no fortunesave one thousand pounds"-he dwelt most particularly on this part of his information. "Her father was my most intimate friend; I therefore received her into my family as my own child, and while I live she shall never want for a home. If you love her, and she is willing to marry you, I shall not object, provided I can feel assured that you are able to provide for her support in the style she has been accustomed to live. She is amiable and good, and we love her very much, but she has little energy of character, and would never be any assistance to a husband who has his way to make in the world."

· What could I say to him? What did I say? you probably wish to know. It is no matter. I cannot now bear to think of that scene. I got off; and hurried home, and in my own chamber sat down to consider of my ways. All the follies of the winter; the precious time I had spent in the round of those amusements which had not amused me; the absurd ideas I had adopted, because they were current with the fashionables; but more than all, the exaggerated reports and false statements by which the world supports its favourites or condemns its victims, seemed spread out as on a map or chronological table; and I easily traced my own course. It had been fantastic indeed. I had followed in the train of pleasure, while it had seemed as much drudgery as the tread-mill; and though I knew the general falsity of rumour and appearances, I had on the truth of such delusions

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staked my chance of happiness for this life. I had wilfully thrown away the opportunity of winning the affections of the girl I really loved; and I had endeavoured, and I feared successfully, to interest the heart of one for whom, divested of wealth, I now found I did not care a straw. But should I prove myself such a selfish villain as the desertion of her would stamp me?

'There would be none to vindicate or pity me; for though a mercenary marriage may be sometimes perpetrated among us, yet it is no subject for boasting. To break off the negotiation at the point it had reached, would, I well knew, subject me to a torrent of gossip and censure. Ridicule and reproach awaited me if I did not marry; if I did, why, a life of expedients, with a wife, who would be powerless to aid me, or understand me. I now saw clearly that the education and character of the West Indian heiress were not such as I should have been satisfied with, if her expected fortune had not been allowed to atone for many deficiencies.

'To be brief, I could not marry her; I dared not desert her, for—I will make a clean breast of it—I had hinted my success with the young lady to several of my associates, and had assumed high airs in consequence of winning such a rich heiress, and I knew that these were devices which return to plague the inventor.

Besides, the season was almost over, and grown dull, and the delightful excitement it must afford my fashionable friends to dissect my reputation, would be a temptation irresistible. I should be called a designing and dangerous man. Mothers would can sure me; daughters cut me; aunts—and the thought threw me into a cold perspiration, for I had always been a favourite with the elderly maidens—consign me to perdition.

'I could not endure this quizzing; and so I deliberately went out, at twelve at night, and purchased at several apothecaries' shops—in small quantities, that my purpose might not be mistrusted—sufficient laudanum to kill a dozen Chinese opium-eaters. Returning to my chamber, I locked the door, and drank the whole at once.

It was not till after I had swallowed the laudanum, that the certainty that I must really die in order to be dead, was made clear to my mind. It was then, as I may say, palpable. O, what agony I endured as I felt the cold grasp of the king of terrors was on me. I would have given the whole world, had it been mine, to have had the power of freeing myself from the opium. I would have accepted life on almost any terms of misery—only I could not bear the humiliation of being thought a coward, which summoning assistance then would fix on me.

'From what I then suffered, I am persuaded there is no earthly misery so severe as an awakened conscience, and that of those who commit suicide and have an interval of reflection between the means and the end, there is not one in ten who would not, if they could, recall the rash and wicked deed.

What I should have done, (it makes my blood cold and my arteries rigid even now to think of my agonies,) I cannot say. Happily for me, a cousin of mine, who slept in the next chamber, was awakened by a raging tooth; he heard my groans, and finally succeeded in persuading me to open my door and explain the cause of my distress. In a few minutes my room was filled with the affrighted family. My

parents, brothers, and sisters were around me in tears and terrors. The doctor was summoned in quick, time, and though I repeatedly assured them all that I was willing to die, and would die; nevertheless, I blessed the sight of the doctor and his stomach pump, and bless them I shall till my dying day.'

and bless them I shall till my dying day.'

"Is the story finished?" inquired Mrs. Marvin, with a look of disappointment.

"All that he then told me," said the student.

"But what became of the heiress? Was she willing to give up the engagement? Did he not tell you more of her?" said Ellen.

"Not then, for he told me his story in a stage coach, where we two were the only travellers, during the day. Just as he concluded, we reached the stage house where we were to separate. He gave me warm invitation to visit him, if I ever travelled in Illinois, which you know I did last summer. There I again accidentally met Mr. Somers—that was his name. He so strongly insisted on my passing a day with him, that I could not refuse. The appearance of his wife, who was a lovely woman, with beautiful blue eyes, immediately recalled to my mind his confessions. He undoubtedly understood my look of inquiry; for he made opportunity to tell me that by the blessing of Providence, he had obtained the hand of his first, his only love.

" But,' said he, ' I had to suffer most severely first. After my attempt at suicide, I called on the West Indian lady, and told her the truth in regard to my prospects of living-I did not tell her that I loved another-and I offered to continue our engagement, if she wished it, till I had obtained sufficient property to make it prudent for us to marry. This proposal she acceded to, without any appearance of regret at the delay. So I resolutely set off for the far West, to make my fortune; and for three years I toiled and planned and prospered, without ever hoping to be happy. I had determined to be just to that poor girl, whose affections I supposed I had engaged. In truth, ás my life had been so, I may say, miraculously spared, when by my own folly and sin, I had as it were, thrown it away, I felt that I ought not to shrink from the penalty my own selfishness had incurred. So I was true to my engagement. But I was not sorry, as you will easily understand, to learn that my betrothed had been persuaded to accept a richer man. She married, and is now living in New York.

"As soon as the intelligence reached me, I set out for the home of my first love—my dear Clara. I had not seen her for four years—but she had not forgotten me.'"

"And so they were married, and the suicide is now a very happy and respectable man, I suppose," said Ellen.

"Yes, for he is now a good, and exemplary man. But no one can more feelingly condemn the course of fashionable follies by which his mind was nearly overthrown and his life all but destroyed. He declares that his sons shall all learn to work."

"He has gained practical wisdom then," said the schoolmaster; "if he has learned that idleness is the root of all evil. I do not mean by idleness sitting still—but the desire to live on the labours of others, to enjoy luxuries without exertion, and wealth without earning it. Such desires always render men selfish; and when fashion makes it vulgar for men to work, we may be sure that they will soon become corrupt and wicked."

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### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### HOW TO BE HAPPY.

#### BY MISS M. A. FAIRMAN.

" Is she not very beautiful?" said Sidney Randolph to his friend Harry Westcot, at the same time touching his arm to awaken his attention.

"She-who?" replied Harry, laughing, "as if I should know by instinct or intuition."

"Nay, Hal, you could not mistake her among a thousand, for she possesses more truly than any woman I have ever seen the essential attribute of beauty—the soul breathing its inspiration from every speaking feature. Kindly affections, pure principles, and high and holy aspirations, have left their impress upon that sweet and lovely face; we can hardly help fancying as we look upon it, that she has just left communing with the angels."

Harry smiled at the enthusiasm of his friend. "Yes, and if you knew the trials of temper to which she is subjected, and the patience with which she bears them, you would be half tempted to think she was one herself."

- "Trials of temper! yet they have left not a trace upon her placid brow. Who is she Hal? and can you introduce me?"
- "Her name is Catharine Sunderland, daughter of Judge Sunderland late of Boston, now a resident in our village."
- " Catharine Sunderland—is it possible!" he paused for a few moments with his eyes fixed upon her face, and then continued in a low and earnest tone, "Now I know why, since my eye first rested upon her, memory, with her magic pencil has been busy sketching pictures of the past-pictures shadowy and indistinct as the remembrance of a half forgotten dreambut now they come thronging to my mind fresh and vivid as the events of yesterday. The beautiful child rises before me with her bright clustering ringlets, laughing eyes, and sunny smile; her merry shout falls like music upon my ear; I hear again the pattering of her little feet, as she runs round the family circle and holds up her sweet mouth for a kiss; I listen as I was wont to the lisping of her infant voice, and try to make out the meaning of the half-formed words."
- "Then you knew Miss Sunderland in her child-hood?"
- "Yes, Westcot, our mothers were as sisters to each other; and while they lived, an uninterrupted intercourse was kept up between the families. My father lived in the country; and from my earliest remembrance Mrs. Sunderland and the little Catharine spent a few weeks of every summer with us, and we returned her visit in the winter. Ah! those were bright spots in my existence even at that sunny time of life-but they soon passed away. Mrs. Sunderland came to us one season earlier than usual, with her cheeks wan and sunken, and her fragile form wasted almost to a shadow. My mother's care and the devoted tenderness of her sweet child, were all in vain; she faded gently and quietly away, like the hues of a summer sunset, and in a few weeks slept beside her parents in the secluded cemetery of our beautiful valley. My mother survived her but a little time; our fathers married women who were strangers to each other, and intercourse between the families was at once broken off."

It was a bright, soft, summer evening; the gentlemen had paused in the piazza to enjoy its beauty; their position commanded a view of the drawing-room and many fair faces within it, and Westcot seized the opportunity to make his friend, who was a stranger in the village, acquainted with the characters to whom he was about to introduce him. They entered the house, and when they had made their bows to its mistress, Randolph, following the impulse of his friend, eagerly, yet fearfully, pressed towards Miss Sunderland. She will not remember me, he thought, as he stood before her with a beating heart-but her recognition was almost instantaneous, while her sparkling eye and flushing cheek told with what pleasure it was made; and in a few minutes they had forgotten the world about them, and were gathering afresh the flowers of their happy childhood.

Memory loves to linger about early associations; and the pulse throbs with a warmer, quicker motion, as we clasp the hand of a long absent early friend; in a moment the years of separation are forgotten, and we pour forth the warm gushings of the heart, without distrust or reserve, as if we had never parted. Ah! it is very, very pleasant, so to live over again the sweet spring-time of life—to call back the verdure and fragrance, and sunshine of May, amidst the clouds, it may be the storms, of autumn and winter. We are sure Randolph and Catharine thought so; for they were yet dwelling upon early reminiscences when the company commenced taking leave.

- "To-morrow you will come and see my father," she said, as she bade him good-night; and he did not forget or neglect the invitation—the morning found him and his friend Westcot at Judge Sunderland's door.
- "You will find Miss Sunderland an original worth studying," said Westcot as they were waiting for admittance.
- "That is gratifying, Hal; pray what are her peculiarities?"
- "Nay, it is your province to find out," returned Westcot, smiling, just as the door was opened to them.

They were shown into the sitting-room, where Mrs. Sunderland was reclining upon a sofa, and Catharine sitting upon a low stool showing some fine prints to two thin sickly looking children, beside her. A bright smile of welcome passed over her beautiful face as they entered; Mrs. Sunderland smiled too, very languidly, and held out her hand, without even raising her head from the pillow upon which it rested.

To Westcot's inquiries respecting her health, she replied, "Oh! I am very miserable; much worse than usual to-day, for Catharine was out last evening, and I found the care of the children quite too much for me. You know they inherit my wretched constitution, poor things, and are so delicate I cannot trust them with a domestic. But Catharine they must be very weary looking at those prints so long; let them come and rest themselves upon the sofa."

Westcot kindly lifted them up, and was returning to his seat, when Judge Sunderland entered, and leaving the door open, with an outstretched hand hurried towards Randolph.

"Pray, pray Judge shut that door," exclaimed Mrs. Sunderland, in evident alarm, " neither I nor the children can bear such a draught of air."

"Surely, my love, the air cannot harm you this fine day," returned the Judge, stopping mid-way.

"Yes, if it were the finest day that ever shone," she replied. And he shut the door of course, before he shook hands with his friend.

"Mother, I want a piece of cake," said Charlie, just as they were all comfortably seated.

" I want one, too," said Fanny.

"Will you be so obliging as to ring the bell, Mr. Westcot," asked Mrs. Sunderland. He obeyed. And in a few minutes the judicious mother had gratified the wishes of her darlings.

Cake, and such pieces, too, to children too delicate to bear a breath of fresh air, thought the gentlemen.

Conversation had just commenced again, when Charlie, after crumbling the largest portion of his cake upon the sofa and carpet, said, " Mother, I want to go out in the yard to play."

"So do I, mother," said Fanny.

" No, no, my dears, you must not go; the morning is too damp and cool."

"Mother, I want to go," they both continued to repeat again and again, and the mother to reply "No, no," till Charlie quite out of patience, jumped down from his seat, exclaiming, "I will go-come, Fanny," and rushed to the door.

"Catharine, Catharine, pray take care of those children," exclaimed the helpless mother, in great agitation, " and if they will go out, put on their cloaks, they will get their death of cold."

"Now," thought Randolph, as the door fairly closed after them, "we shall have a little quiet," but he was mistaken. The much-enduring Catharine had just sat down, when screams really alarming were heard from the yard. The whole party, inclu-

ding the invalid mother, hurried to the door, where

they found Charlie tugging most manfully at his cloak and screaming in unison.

strength.

"Charlie, Charlie, what is the matter?" exclaimed Mrs. Sunderland.

" I don't want to wear this old cloak; I can't play a bit in it."

"But, my love, you must wear it, or come in."

"No, I wont. I don't want to, and I wont." And again he pulled and screamed with all his little

" Stop, stop, my love, don't exert yourself so-you will make yourself sick. If you must take off the cloak, come here, and Catharine will unhook it for you."

The child did as he was desired, just because it suited him; and while Catharine unfastened the offensive cloak, the mother fondly patted his cheek, and said, " Poor boy, how hot and tired you look -wont you go in and rest you, love?"

"No, I wont, I am going to play." And away he ran.

Mrs. Sunderland was supported back to the sofa by her husband, upon which she sank quite overcome by the excitement, and unwonted fatigue; and the gentlemen hopeless of reawakening an interest in the often interrupted conversation wisely took leave.

"Are those children always so troublesome, and Mrs. Sunderland always so miserably helpless, and foolishly indulgent, and Catharine always so kind and active and useful?" asked Randolph as the gate closed after them.

"Always," replied Westcot, laughing at the long string of very significant questions which one word sufficed to answer.

" Poor Catharine!" sighed Randolph.

"Nay, it would be wiser to say 'poor Mrs. Sunderland,' 'poor children.' They are indeed miserable enough: while Catharine is as happy as a consciousness of usefulness, a sweet temper, and peaceful conscience can make her."

"Yes, but the mother and children make their own misery-every external circumstance is in their favour-the roses of life, without the thorns, strew their pathway-what real care or sorrow have they? not one-all the allotments of Providence to them should swell their hearts with gratitude, and call forth songs of praise; but their perverseness extracts poison instead of honey from the flowers, and turns the full chorus of praise to murmurs of discontent."

"Aye, and tempts all who are connected with them to murmur too-but still their sufferings are real, and Mrs. Sunderland's without hope of alleviation-her health is gone beyond recall, even if she would now submit to the regimen and exercise which would once have preserved it; and her utter selfishness, after forty years' indulgence, will hardly be broken up." "Undoubtedly Harry, the workings of a perverse

cause real, and often intense suffering; but let the blame rest where it ought-on herself, not on a good and gracious Providence. If we choose habitually to violate the perfect physical and moral laws which God has ordained for our government, what right have we to complain when compelled to pay the

heart, ill health, and sickly and self-willed children,

penalty?"

"Certainly none. And in moments of chastened and sober reflection, such as I hope comes to every one, I love to think how few, how very few of our troubles are occasioned by the direct inflictions of Providence, and how many by man's crimes or follies. Seldom indeed is the flood, the tornado, the lightning. the earthquake or volcano, those fearful ministers of wrath, commissioned to destroy; but man's evil pasaions are for ever busy, stirring up strife and causing sorrow. Interest, envy, jealousy, perhaps only an unkind or careless word, come between friends and sunder the bonds of love-the meddler has been busy in other men's matters, or the slanderer has uttered bitter words, and thoughtless lips have repeated them, till dissensions and heartburnings pervade the neighbourhood-vanity tightens the corset, uncovers the neck, puts on the very thin stocking and shoe; and the wan cheek, or the hectic flush, the eye lustreless, or gleaming with the brightness of consumption, too plainly tell that comfort and health have been laid upon her altarthe inebria e drains the maddening cup, and then staggers home to add another pang to the heart of his wretched wife, and snatch the last morsel from the lips of his famishing children-pride and luxury build us magnificent houses, and crowd them with costly decorations, pile our tables with dainties and fill up the sparkling wine cup, till exhausted fortune and ruined health at last remind us that God gave us life and wealth for other purposes than self indulgencerice awakens a wild spirit of speculation in the land, and ruin follows in its train; thousands, from the highest prosperity, are plunged into poverty, and tens of thousands, dependent on them for employment, know not where to look for bread—ambition stirs in the hearts of princes, and war with his desolating scourge, sweeps over the nations—all over the earth, power tramples on right, oppression's iron hand crushes the weak and defenceless, and—

'Man's inhumanity to man Makes countless thousands mourn.'

"And yet all this, mournfully true as it is," returned Randolph, " is as nothing to the restless discontent for ever working within the heart—the unhappy propensity to be dissatisfied with every thing, and to be reaching and striving for something we have not. Alas, in how many ways we make our own misery!"

"Yes, Sidney; and in how many ways does this propensity manifest itself? The showers of heaven never fall at the right time, or in proper quantity, and we contrive to find something amiss even with its blessed sunshine-the late frosts have nipped the fruit in the bud, and the early ones destroyed our hopes of the latter harvest-the excessive drought has blasted the expectations of the husbandman, or the incessant rains render it impossible to secure the abundant harvest-we are incommoded by the dust and the mud, by fair weather and foul, the heat of summer and cold of winter-and so we go on distrusting the tender Father who has guided and sustained us all our lives long; and murmuring at every fresh blessing which descends upon our unworthy heads. Oh! when shall we cease to give ourselves this gratuitous trouble about matters too high for us; and learn, with simplicity and child-like confidence, to cast all our care upon him who careth for us, and just believe that every thing is ordered for the best, because He who is wisest, best, has ordered themthat is the true secret of happiness."

"But we have made a long digression from Mrs. Sunderland and Catharine," said Randolph, throwing open the door of his friend's office.

"To the purpose, nevertheless; for we wished to show that the deep springs of happiness or misery are within the heart, and that as we keep that, so shall be our portions of each; and those two women are illustrations to the point. Mrs. Sunderland was an only child, a beauty, and an heiress; her mother was weak and indulgent—the prototype of herself; and she just what her own children are now-the plague of every one about her. She early learned to consider herself the most important personage in the house, and of course her wants were to be first attended to, her fancies all gratified. The natural consequence of this management was a total absence of the self-controlling, self-disciplining, self-educating spirit, which can alone make a valuable character; an entire indifference to the wants and feelings of others, and a restless, discontented disposition, which has through life made her miserable, and been a source of vexation to all connected with her. Then her selfindulgence, and listless indolence, have ruined her health, and made her not merely useless but a burden to others. She is indeed a melancholy instance of the truth of our position. Every earthly good was hers-God's gifts were precious, most precious-and how has she improved them?-No gratitude swells her heart, no praise dwells on her lips, no good is dispensed to her fellow-beings. Alas! what an account must she render of her stewardship."

"It is a sad thought," said Randolph. "But let us reverse the picture."

"Most willingly, for the very thought of Catharine's bright face, and sweet smile, sends a thrill of gladness to my heart. Every thing seems to minister to her happiness—the showers and sunshine—the fresh green leaves of spring and the gorgeous drapery of autumn-the trembling rain-drop and the brimming river-the music of the birds and frolics of the lambsher face is radiant with gladness at the opening flower and the first spring-bud, and I have seen her with almost the simple and joyous admiration of childhood gazing upon the parting tints of a summer sunset, or the fading hues of the glorious bow. Now it is not merely because she has a taste for the beauties of nature that it ministers to her such exquisite enjoyment, but chiefly because she throws over its fair face the light of her own soul-because the sweet springs of affection within her heart gush out at the lightest touch, for no secret bitterness, no concealed discontent, or unkind thought, or lurking envy, is hidden The admirable Payson, on his death-bed, while enduring the most intense corporeal suffering, and enjoying the most exquisite spiritual happiness, says, 'I am more and more convinced that the happiness of heaven is a benevolent happiness,' and adds, that in proportion as his joy had increased, so had his love to all creatures."

"Yea," said Randolph, "though man search earth, sea, and skies for their coveted good, he shall find it only here. Let us but trust entirely our beneficent Father, and seek to do good to all his creatures; but ask ourselves 'What ought we to do,' instead of 'What should we like to do,' and act upon the answer which conscience and right dictate, and the light will shine within; nor only there, it will throw its beams abroad till thousands feel its blessed influence."

Randolph went to his own room to muse upon the character of Catharine; day after day found him at her side, and as her gentle influence diffused itself more and more about him, he learned to pity Mrs. Sunderland, and have patience with the children. Every day, too, he found some new trait to admire. "Certainly," said he to Westcot, "she has the patience of Job and the meekness of Moses; she is constantly assailed by trials of temper that would overset the philosophy of a better man than myself, and yet a frown never contracts her brow nor a hasty word drop from her lips.—That is indeed a blessed alchemy which transmutes the dross of life to pure gold."

But "the course of true love never did run smooth," nor did it now. Perfect confidence, indeed, that most sure bond of union, was established between the lovers, and the father had given them his hearty blessing, but opposition arose from an unlooked for quarter.

Mrs. Sunderland said she was grieved and astonished at Catharine's selfishness; how could she think of going away and leaving her with the care of the family and children, when she knew her health was so wretched?

Her husband tried to reason with her, but to no purpose; she could not reason, indeed, but she said if all this care was put upon her she was quite sure she should not live a month.

Catharine listened with a cheek alternately red and pale, and at length she murmured in a voice hardly

andible, "I ought to have thought of this before; your comfort should have been my first concern."

And to the vehement remonstrances of Randolph afterwards, that his happiness, perhaps her own, should be sacrificed to the whim of Mrs. Sunderland, she replied, "It is not a whim, Sidney; she is right. Her frail health would at once give way under the accumulated care which would come upon her. And may we follow our own inclinations at the expense of her life? No, no, Sidney. Let us do right at whatever sacrifice."

Randolph was opening his mouth to answer, when Judge Sunderland entered the room. "My children," he said, "I have come with a proposal, which I trust will obviate all difficulties; and which I am sure will remove a weight from my heart, if you accede to it. You know, with our well-trained domestics, the care of the family is a small matter, compared to that of the children; now, if you can consent to take them

with you, when you leave us, the chief objection will be removed."

"My dear father, I have often thought of this; but will the mother consent?"

"I hope to induce her; for the advantages it promises to the children are so great, I shall not easily relinquish it. I am aware it is not a light thing I ask of either of you; I know the children are self-willed and very troublesome, but under your sole management they will soon become less so—it is my only hope for them."

This difficult affair settled with Mrs. Sunderland, every other arrangement was speedily made. And when Randolph, a few weeks afterwards, handed his fair bride into the carriage which was to convey her home, and placed himself beside her, he felt that though a portion of happiness be the lot of all whose hearts are right, yet there may be a combination of outward circumstances greatly to increase it.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### TO MY WIFE.

ABSENT ON A VISIT.

#### BY SEBA SMITH.

Come home, my dear Elizabeth, I'm sure, could you but know The sadness of my lonely hours, You would not leave me so.

If love could not restrain you,
Sure the kindness of your heart
Would not allow that mine so long
Should feel this aching smart.

Like the dove that found no resting
On the weary waters wide,
I wander, but I find no rest
Apart from thee, my bride.

Yes, brids I still must call thee, Though sixteen years have fled, Fraught with the ills and joys of life Since the day that saw us wed.

Yes, bride I still must call thee, For still I feel thou art The morning light unto my eyes, And the life-blood to my heart.

Kind friends may be around me,
With gentle word and tone,
And all the light gay world may smile,
But still I am alone.

The bright bird that you left me, Chirps often through the day, And his music but reminds me That you are far away.

For your sake I will feed him
With fresh seeds and flowers,
And his morning and his evening song
Shall count my weary hours.

And oft our little Edward
Comes clinging to my knee,
And says with loud and hearty laugh,
"Dear father, play with me."

And when I kiss his little cheek
His bright blue eyes look glad,
And I talk with him and play with him,
But still my heart is sad.

My sun of life, Elizabeth, Hath pass'd its fervid noon; I feel the sere and yellow leaf Will be upon me soon:

But though misfortunes press me, And the world be false and cold, Let thy love and presence bless me, And I'll mind not growing old.

And I'll mind not fortune's frowning, Nor the heartlessness of men, When I see thee home returning, Our abode to cheer again.

BENEVOLENCE.—When death would deprive a man of the possession of his property, there can be no benevolence in his giving it away. True, many such bequests are benevolent in their operation, and some doubtless are so in intention, but then the "last will and testament" must harmonize with the previous conduct of the individual, or men will not give much credit to the real charity of the testator.

No truly good man ever waited till he made his will for an opportunity to do good.

Woman's Sphere.—The sphere of woman is constantly enlarging, as she becomes qualified by a better education, and is encouraged by Christian philanthropy to exert more and more, her power of doing good.

H.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### PRIMARY SCHOOLS.

BY MRS, LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

MUCH light on the great subject of Education, has dawned upon the present age. Yet broad wastes are still unilluminated. "There remaineth yet, very much land to be possessed." The theorist may have made prosperous way through the wilderness of conflicting opinions; but the practical teacher seems yet to stand upon Pisgah, exploring a varied and beautiful heritage, not yet fully reclaimed from the heathen.

Philosophical writers have laboured to illustrate the different departments of mind. They have unfolded its chart, and said, "here is a stream, and there is a mountain, and there a valley." But have they told us how the stream may be guided, until it becomes a river? how it may fertilize and gladden its banks, until it meet the sea? Have they pointed out among the rocks, and tangled foliage of the mountain, the sunny spots which are capable of culture or ornament? Have they instructed us, how the valley may be best made rich for the harvest? how its fruits may be safely gathered into the garner of eternal life?

It is the province of the faithful teacher to enter the field which the philanthropist has described; to test the validity of the precepts, which the sage has promulgated. And is not this office as honourable as it is responsible? The Emperor of Russia has directed the females of his family to engage in the work of instruction, and in St. Petersburgh are several schools over which they preside. The Pacha of Egypt has induced an English lady to take charge of one hundred female pupils at Cairo, and to give countenance to so strange a movement in a Mahomedan realm, where it is doubted whether women have souls, has placed his own daughters under her tuition. The king of Greece treats, with respect and confidence, the lady from our own land, who educates several hundred children at Athens, and causes to be supported at her school a delegation of girls, from the different provinces of that classic clime. If the rulers of the Old World, even in some of the strong holds of despotism, are disposed to show honour to teachers, our own country, where a right education is emphatically the safety and defence of the people, ought not to be backward in following the example.

It is but too often the case, that primary schools are undervalued, or their interests committed to unskilful hands. The assertion is sometimes made, that "any one will do to keep a school for little children." Any decayed, ignorant woman, unable otherwise to earn a living, whose dim eyes fail to guide the needle aright, or from whose palsied hand, the distaff had fallen, she is pronounced fit to gather around her the freshest, youngest spirits; to spread out, and to inscribe at pleasure, the tenderest, most impressible page of human existence. Should this be so? Is he who builds a house inattentive to its foundations?—he who would erect a pyramid, careless to give solidity to its base? So, they who aid the mind in its earliest developments, should be qualified wisely and efficiently to use their delegated authority.

Primary schools are assuming more importance, in the opinion of the public, as the necessity of moral training becomes better understood. Intellectual education was formerly considered almost the sole object of schools, and the oulture of right principles pursued only as far as they advanced or impeded it. Yet is it not rather the true order of things, to give the highest place to that which regulates our duty here, and affects our happiness hereafter? If so, Knowledge should be enlisted in the service of Virtue, as a powerful ally; for we have too often seen, that when uncontrolled by such sacred influence it has been placed on the throne, its tendency is to blind and wayward, to selfish or criminal courses.

If we view the intellect as an instrument by which we arrive at the heart, those who educate the young should make every science, every lesson, an adjunct in the culture of right dispositions and correct conduct. Under such a system, the pupils who are least advanced in age, may prove their most promising subjects; for their hearts ripening sooner than their understandings, are more readily reached, more easily modified, less permanently injured by evil habit or example. Formerly, they were held in promiscuous schools, as a sort of hindrance or interruption to the elder classes. To keep their station on a hard bench with their little feet vainly reaching after the floor; to study strange characters; to be occasionally called to utter unintelligible sounds; to be bidden by nature to move, and by the teacher to sit still, and to be still; to wait with wide-open, wondering eyes, at a mysterious banquet of knowledge, and to find scarcely a crumb falling from the table for them, was but too often their portion. Like the children of Israel, in the land of bondage, they could not but "see that they were in evil case." Yet, as moral culture gains its true prominence, the "prisoners will be brought forth from the prison-house," and admitted as favoured students of that science which endureth, when "if there be tongues they shall cease, if there be knowledge it shall vanish away."

In bespeaking a due share of attention for those almost infantine pupils, which surely in promiscuous schools have been too much, and too long neglected, it may be well to consider the force and vitality of early impressions. Close observers of character perceive that they may spring up in unexpected forms, through every period of future life. When the seed is forgotten, when the hand that sowed it moulders in dust, it may be perfecting its fruit.

With what tenacity do the aged cling to the memories of their early years. Passing events are to them comparatively divested of interest. The hopes and passions, which agitate young hearts, have grown powerless. They are pondering the far-off lines of life's first pages, and the atmosphere of age, seems to act like the chemist's art, in restoring the time-worn manuscript. Tell them of the news, the fashions, the changes of the day. You win but a divided attention. The heart is elsewhere. The past has taken possession of their whole being. They are with the dead, burying their dead, or causing the dry bones to be anew covered with living flesh. The voice of their mother in the cradle-hymn, comes back to them, when the ear is deaf to the melody of "singing men and singing women." The lessons of their earliest

teachers, the scenery of their first school, are vivid before them, when they are about to pass from the discipline of earth to the rewards of eternity.

It is said of the aged Swiss and Germans, in the more anciently settled parts of Pennsylvania, that when death approaches, they are heard to speak in the languages learned in infancy, though they had been for years unaccustomed to their use. Teachers of primary schools! have you ever thought that the words which you utter to the little ones at your feet, the counsels which now they seem so lightly to regard, may grave themselves as with the point of a

diamond, and go with their souls to the judgment of the Great Day? Have you not, indeed, a dignified vocation, standing as you do, next to the mother, and she next to God? taking into your hand that which is never to die, and promising to restore it, to those who entrusted it, not only uninjured, but brighter, and more precious? Let your own deportment, your own life, be the lesson of your young pupils. Be diligent, be conscientious, be prayerful, be yourselves what you require of them to become, and doubt not that the Divine blessing will animate and repay your labours.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### BONNETS.

.....eee.....

BONNETS, bonnets, boundless bonnets!
Broad, immense, huge, endless, vast!
Far more worthy ye of sonnets
Than the clouds whose bosoms cast
Shadows not so wide spread o'er us,
Clouds which less conceal the skies,
Than yon heaps of straw before us
To obstruct our vision rise!

Dizzily your tints perplex us;
Satin, velvet, leghorn, crapes,
Rise, like Hamlet's ghost, to vex us,
With your strange, unearthly shapes.
As the rainbow's colours, various
Are the hues which ye display;
And chameleon-like precarious,
Changing one by one away.

Black, then purple—pink, then yellow; Green or scarlet, gay or grave; Now, like sunset, soft and mellow, Now ye mock the deep-blue wave. Both in tint and form fantastic,

As the dreams that mock poor men,
Changing shape, like gam-clastic,
Only to be changed again.

Never Jewish priest's tiara,
Never Persia's bridal queen,
Never, 'mid the hot Zahara,
Turban'd Turk or Bedouin,
Never head-dress, mixed and blending
In most heterogeneous piles,
Equall'd half the forms ascending
In your ever changing styles.

Oh, that I could wield the thunder!
Scorching bolts should burn your pride,
Ribands should be rent asunder,
Ruin o'er the whole should ride.
Thus in rage I ring my toesin;
Vengeance to each rye-straw tower!
All of which may hungry oxen,
Hogs, and cows, and sheep devoar.

FRANCIS.

#### For the Lady's Book.

#### ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN BRITISH HISTORY.

## THE FIELD OF FLODDEN, (1513.)

#### BY W. J. WALTER.

THE anthem was hushed, and the last pealings of the organ had died away along the vaults of the royal chapel of Linlithgow. With his head resting upon his arm, James the Fourth of Scotland sat absorbed in meditation. Suddenly he was aroused from his reverie by the appearance of a tall majestic figure, clad in a robe of azure colour, girt around him in ample folds by a linen sash; he had sandals on his feet, long auburn locks waved around his forehead, and the expression of his countenance was grave and commanding. He paid little or no reverence to the royal presence, but pressing up to the desk at which the king was seated, leaned down on it with his arms, and addressed him in a slow and impressive tone. He solemnly warned him " to forbear from his purposed inroad into the land of the Southerns, seeing that neither he, nor any who accompanied him would return from the undertaking." He concluded with a menace against the king's indulgence in forbidden amours, "in which if thou continuest," said he, "thou shalt be confounded and brought to shame." Fear-

less as were the nobles by whom the royal seat was surrounded, not a hand was raised to arrest the departure of this daring personage. He disappeared at the western porch of the chapel, and every one recognized, or thought he recognized in the mysterious stranger, the Patron Saint of Scotland. At the dead of night, of the same day that had witnessed this apparition, the unearthly voice as of a herald was heard at the Market-cross of Edinburgh, summoning the king by his name and titles, and many of his nobles and principal leaders to appear before the tribunal of the great judge, within the space of forty days. James was naturally superstitious; and the probability is, that these pageants were devised by the queen and the more prudent among the nobility, to deter him from his intended expedition. But the impression, if any, made on the mind of the king, was soon effaced by an appeal to his chivalrous feelings, which it was impossible for him to resist. Anne. the fair queen of France, had written him a letter with her own hand, in which designating him as her

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knight, she besought his assistance on behalf of herself and kingdom, in the tone and manner of a distressed princess of romance, imploring the succour of some valiant paladin. A brilliant ring from the queen's finger was the pledge of faith by which she conjured James to risk but one day's march into England for her sake. A less romantic, and more solid present of fifteen thousand crowns, came opportunely to remove certain financial difficulties which might have seriously interfered with the projected campaign. He immediately despatched a herald at arms to Henry the Eighth of England, who, joining the league against Louis the Twelfth of France, had invaded his dominions, and was at that moment in his camp before Terouanne. Suddenly a messenger is announced from James of Scotland. It was Lyon, King-at-arms, who was the bearer of an angry expostulation, accompanied by a requisition for the immediate retreat of the English army out of the French territory, or a denunciation of war in case of refusal, Henry returned a haughty answer, commanding the envoy to inform his master, that he had left an earl behind him in the north, who knew well how to defend the kingdom against the attempts of his master. The herald, however, declared such a mode of proceeding informal. He pleaded the privilege of his office, and refused to be the bearer of a verbal message. Henry deliberated, and at length condescended to embody his reply in a letter, which, however, it was decreed should never reach its destination; for impatient of delay, James had rashly hurried to the borders. Of the result of that rashness who is ignorant? To whom is not the name of Flodden familiar, where, after one of the most hard fought days that the fields of Scotland had ever witnessed, lay weltering in their blood, the king himself, two mitted abbots, twelve earls, thirteen lords, and five eldest sons of peers, besides fifty chiefs, knights, and men of eminence, and above ten thousand common men? All this is matter of familiar story, but there are some more minute details connected with that fatal day, as well as official papers and private correspondence, which, as they have only recently come to light, will not be unacceptable to the lovers of the olden time.

The first of our illustrations is an original letter, addressed by the Earl of Surrey, the English commander at Flodden, to Cardinal Wolsey. It presents a lively picture of his own feelings, and of the monarch over whom he is destined to triumph.

" I most humbly beseech your Grace to help that some noblemen and gentlemen of the king's house and of the south parts, may be sent hither, though they bring no great numbers with them. God knoweth that if the poorest gentleman in the king's house were here, and I in London, and were advertised of this news, I would not fail to kneel upon my knees before the king's grace, to have license to come hither post, to be at the day of battle. And if young men and gentlemen be not desirous and willing to be at such journeys, and to take the pain and give the adventure, and the king's highness be well contented with those that will do so, and only regarding others that will be but dancers, dicers, and carders, his grace shall not be well served when he would be. For men without experience shall do small service, and experience of war is not to be had, without it be sought for, and the adventure given. Of likelihood no man living shall ever live to see the Scots attempt

again to invade this realm with the power of Scotland, if they may be well resisted now. And, byways, I am advertised that the king is a marvellous wilful man, and will believe no man's counsel, but will have his own opinion followed. I am also advertised that he is so passionate, that, if he be opposed by his familiars, and do hear any thing contrary to his mind and pleasure, his accustomed manner is to take his bonnet suddenly off his head and throw it in the fire; and no man dare take it out, but leave it to be burned. My Lord Dacre doth affirm that at his last being in Scotland, he did burn above a dozen bonnets after this manner. And if he be such a one, with God's grace we shall speed the better with him."

Our second document is

### The Earl Surrey's Letter of Challenge to King James the Fourth of Scotland.

"Right high and mighty Prince-So it is, that lately I sent unto you Rougecross, Poursuivant at Arms, and by him advertised your Grace, that I, and other my Sovereign Lord's subjects, were come to repress and resist your invasions of this the King my Sovereign Lord's realm. And for that intent, I offered to give you battle on this behalf, Friday next coming, which my message your Grace took pleasure to hear, as I am informed. And by your herald Isley, ye made answer, that you were right joyous of my desire, and would not fail to accomplish the same, and to abide me there, where you were at the time of my message so showed unto your Grace. And albeit it hath pleased you to change your said promise, and put yourself on to a ground more like a fortress or camp, than upon any indifferent ground for battle to be tried; therefore, considering the day appointed is so nigh approaching, I desire now of your Grace, for the accomplishment of your honourable promise, you will dispose yourself for your part, like as I shall do for mine, to be to-morrow with your host on your side of the plain of Milfield, as likewise I shall do for mine; and I shall be with the subjects of my Sovereign Lord on my side of the plain of the said field, to give you battle betwixt 12 of the clock, and 3 in the afternoon, upon sufficient warning by you to be given by 8 or 9 of the clock in the morning, by the said Poursuivant. And, like as I and other noblemen, my company, bind us by our writing subscribed with our hands, to keep the same time, to the intent above said; if it may like your Grace, by your honourable letters, subscribed with your hand, to bind your Grace for the accomplishment of this desire, trusting that you will despatch our said Poursuivant immediately: for the long delay of so honourable a journey, we think, should sound to your dishonour. Written in the field in Wollerhaugh, this 7th day of September, at five of the clock in the afternoon.

(Signed) "THOMAS SURREY."

"Thomas Howard, Tho. Dacre, Clifford, Henry Scrope, Ralph Scrope, Rich. Latimer, Wm. Conyers, J. Lomley, R. Ogle, W. Percy, E. Stanley, Wm. Molyneaux, Marmaduke Constable, W. Gascoigne, W. Griffith, Geo. Darcy, W. Bulmer, Tho. Strangways."

The king's answer was verbal: "It did not become an earl to dictate to a king. He expected victory from the justice of his cause; not from any vantage of ground."

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Next comes the official bulletin of the battle, as transmitted to Henry in France. It is translated from the French original.

"Bulletin sent Post to the King of England, by his servant the Lord Howard, concerning the form and manner of the battle between the King of Scotland and his Lieutenant, the Earl of Surrey, in Brankstone Field, the ninth day of September.

First, when the two armies were a league and a half from each other, the Earl of Surrey sent Rouge-cross to the King of Scots, desiring battle of him; and he answered he should abide there till Friday at noon. The Lord Howard, about eleven o'clock the same day, passed the Bridge of Twissel, with the vanguard and artillery, and the Earl, his father, followed with the rearguard, divided into two battalions, and to each batalion two wings.

Also, the army of the King of Scots was divided into five batalions, each batalion an arrow-shot from the other, and each of these five great masses at equal distance from the English army; part in squares, and part arrow-wise; and were on the height of the hill, full a quarter of a mile from the foot thereof.

The Lord Howard halted with his vanguard in a little valley, till the rearguard had joined one of the wings of his batalions; then both advanced in one front upon the Scottish army, the said Scots descending the hill in good order, in the manner that the Germans march, without speaking a word, and without the least noise.

The Earls of Huntley, Arrol, and Crawford, with their host of 6,000 men, came upon the Lord Howard; and, in a short space, they turned their backs, and the greater part of them were slain.

The King of Scots came with very great power upon the Earl Surrey, who had Lord Parcy's son on his left; and these two bore all the brunt of the fight. And here the King of Scots was slain, a spear's length from the said Earl Surrey; and many also of the nobles were slain there, and none of the Scots taken prisoners in these two batalions. And at the same hour, the Earls of Lennox and Argyle joined battle with Sir Edward Stanley, and both with their troops were put to flight.

Edmund Howard, second son of the Earl of Surrey, had with him 1,000 Cheshire, and 500 Lancashire men, and many gentlemen of Yorkshire. And the said Edmund sustained the right wing of his brother Lord Howard, upon whom fell the Lord Chamberlain of Scotland, and many others who gave in. Mr. Gray, and Sir Humphrey Lyle were taken prisoners, and Mr. Richard Harbottle, and Maurice Barkleyshire. And the said Edmund Howard was thrice felled down; and to his relief came Lord Dacre with 1500 hundred men, and so distinguished himself that he put the Scots to flight, and had about eight score of his men slain. In the same attack, a great number of Scots were slain.

Also, the conflict began at about four and five, after dinner, and the pursuit continued for a league and a half, with a marvellous great slaughter; and ten thousand more would have been killed, had the English been mounted on horseback.

Also, the Scots were about 80,000, and about ten thousand of them slain; and of the English under four hundred were killed. The soldiers took only five thousand horse from the Scots, but all the oxen that drew their artillery; and afterwards they came to

their tents, and took all the stuff that was therein, killing several of the Scots who guarded the same.

The Scotch and English artillery was conveyed by the aid of the said Lord Dacres, to Etal Castle, in England.

The body of the King of Scots was carried to Berwick. There is scarcely one of the great personages of the kingdom of Scotland returned home, but the Lord Chamberlain; and it is thought that few of them are left alive.

Signed by Thomas Lord Howard, Admiral of Eng-

James fell by an unknown hand, at about a spear's length from the feet of Surrey. In a letter from Lord Dacre to the Council, we have the following interesting particulars. "As for any intelligence had with any Scot in Scotland, I assure your Lordships, of a truth I have none, as shall be sufficiently proved; for they love me worst of any Englishman living, by reason that I found the body of the King of Scots, slain in the field, and I advertised the Lord Norfolk thereof by writing: and, thereupon, I brought the corpse to Berwick, and delivered it to my said Lord. At which time, I was ill-treated in my said Lord's presence, by one Langton of Berwick, and whereof I report me to his Lordship, as it is not yet punished. To have daily encumbered the King's grace, or you, by sending by post writings of trifles, and flying tales of no certainty, as I suppose others have done, to no little cost or charge of the King's grace, I would have been loth so to do."

Previous to Henry's departure to France, he had appointed "his most dear consort, Queen Catharine, rectrix and governor of the realm," as we learn from the instrument preserved in Rhymer's Foedera (xiii. 370.) Two interesting letters from her pen have been preserved, the first to her royal consort, the second to Cardinal Wolsey, which show us the feelings on such an occasion of this noble lady, the worthy daughter of Ferdinand and Isabella.

## Queen Catharine to King Henry 8th.

"SIRE, My Lord Howard hath sent me a letter open to your Grace, within one of mine, by the which ye shall see at length, the great victory that our Lord hath sent your subjects in your absence: and, for this cause, there is no need herein to trouble your Grace with long writing, but, to my thinking, this battle hath been to your Grace and all your realm the greatest honour that could be, and more than should ye win all the crown of France. Thanked be God for it! and I am sure your Grace forgetteth not to do this, which shall be cause to send you many more such great victories, as I trust he shall do. My husband, for hastiness I could not with Rougecross send your Grace the piece of the King of Scots' coat of mail, which John Glynn now bringeth. In this, your Grace shall see how I can keep my promise, sending for your banner a king's coat. I thought to send myself unto you, but our Englishmen's hearts would not suffer it. It should have been better for him to have been in peace, than have this reward. All that God sendeth is for the best. My Lord of Surrey, my Henry, would fain know your pleasure in the burying of the King of Scots' body, for he hath written to me With the next messenger, your Grace's pleasure may be herein known. And with this I make an end, praying God to send you home shortly, for, without this, no joy here can be accomplished; and

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for the same I pray, and now go to our Lady at Walsingham, that I promised so long ago to see.—At Woburn, the 16 day of September.

"I send your Grace herein a bill found in a Scotchman's purse, of such things as the French King sent to the said King of Scots to make war against you; beseeching your Grace to send Mathew hither, as soon as this messenger cometh to bring me tidings from your Grace.

"Your humble wife and true servant,

" CATHABINE."

She also wrote the following letter, of the same date to Cardinal Wolsey.

"Master Almoner-When the last messenger went, I wrote not to you, because I had not the surety of every thing that was done in the battle against the Scots. Now, since that time came a post from my Lord Howard, with a writing at length of every thing as it was, which I now send to the king.\* And ye shall thereby perceive how great a gift Almighty God hath sent to the king; for to me it is thought the greatest honour that ever Prince had; his subjects, in his absence, not only to have the victory, but also to slay the king and many of his The matter is so marvellous, that it noblemen. seemeth to be of God's doing alone. I trust the king shall remember to thank Him for it; for so all the realm here hath done. And because ye shall know by my Lord Howard's letter every thing better than I can write, it is no need herein to say any more of it. And with this I make an end, praying you to continue your writing, which is to me a great comfort, and methinketh it is a great while ago that I received any from you. At Woburn, the 16 day of September.

## "CATHARINE THE QUEEN."

Henry did not forget the pious suggestion contained in this letter, as we learn from the good old chronicler, Hall. "On the Monday, at night, the 26th of September, the Lord Herbert and the Earl of Shrewsbury made great fires in their armies, in token of victory and triumph: and, on Tuesday, the 27th day, the tent of cloth of gold was set up, and the king's chapel sang mass, and after that a Te Deum; and then the Bishop of Rochester, (the good Fisher,) made a sermon, and shewed the death of the King of Scots, and much lamented the ill end and perjury of him."

The defeat at Flodden filled the whole of Scotland with desolation. From the peasant's cot to the bower of the princely dame, all was grief and lamentation; silence reigned in the scenes where the voice of festivity was lately heard, while every church and chapel resounded to the music of the funeral dirge. A monarch beloved for his social virtues, had, in an evil hour, sacrificed to no worthy ambition, and to the precipitation of misguided courage, the glories of a memorable reign; he had fallen in the vigour of his life, and his mangled body had become the prey of his enemies. The national sorrow was heightened by terror at the prospect of ruin and servitude that presented itself. The defeat at Flodden had left Scotland defenceless and prostrate before her enemies. The life-blood seemed curdling around the heart of the nation, and it required some extraordinary stimulant to restore the circulation. The energy and promptitude of the magistracy of Edinburgh

\* This is the account of the battle given by him as above.

gave the healthful impulse which such a crisis demanded. The following Proclamation has reached us, and to use the words of Sir W. Scott, "It is the language of Rome when Hannibal was at her gates."

Edinburgh, this tenth day of September, 1513.

We give you to know, Foresmuch as there is a great rumour lately arisen within this town, touching our Sovereign Lord and his army, of which there has come as yet no certainty: Therefore, we strictly charge and command, in the name of our said Lord the King, and of the Presidents in the place of the Provosts and Bailies of this borough, that all manner of persons, neighbours within the same, have ready their arms of defence, and weapons of war; and repair therewith to the said Presidents, at the jawing [tolling] of the common bell, for the keeping and defence of the town against them that would invade the same. And we also charge, that all women, and especially vagabonds, do pass to their labours, and be not seen ganging their gait, clamouring and crying, under the pain of banishment of their persons, without favour; and that the other women of gude [of the better sort] do pass to the kirk and pray, when time requires, for our Sovereign Lord and his army, and for their neighbours being thereat; and that they hold them at their private labours, off the gait, [not running in the street,] as becometh them.'

Jealousy for the honour of their nation led the Scots to doubt the painful fact, that their king had fallen on the Field of Flodden. James usually wore about his body an iron belt, in token of his repentance for his father's death, and the share he had therein. It was objected to the English that they could never produce this token; but the probability is that he would have laid it aside on the day of the battle, as likely to encumber him in his personal exertions. Some said, that, in obedience to a religious vow, he had gone on a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Others had a still more circumstantial story. They said, that in the twilight, when the fight was nearly ended, four tall horsemen were seen to come into the field, having each a wisp of straw on the point of their spears, as a token by which to know each other. They stated that these men mounted the king on a dun horse, and that he was seen to cross the Tweed with them at night-fall.\*

Nor were strange fancies and superstitious fears confined to the vulgar only. In a letter from the Earl of Surrey to Cardinal Wolsey, he says: "I dare not write the wonders that my Lord Dacre, and all his company do say they saw that night, six times, of spirits and fearful sights. And universally all this company says plainly, that the devil was that night among them six times." And yet he adds, a few lines after, "There is no hardier nor better knight than the Lord Dacre."

Henry, probably with a view to blazon the death of James, and do away with these popular impressions,

\*A still more curious circumstance has recently come to light, by the publication of the "State Papers." Margaret, sister to Henry, and wife of the deceased monarch, had married the Earl of Angus; but having quarrelled with him, she sued for a divorce—a remedy which her brother had brought into fashion. But upon what plea did she urge this? A letter from Thomas Magnus to Cardinal Wolsey, dated June 23, 1525, makes us acquainted with the extraordinary ground upon which she rested her suit; "submitting her cause to be, that she was married to the said Earl, the late King of Scots, her husband, being still elive?"

obtained from Pope Leo the Tenth, permission to bury the body in consecrated ground; the king having died under sentence of excommunication, to which he had subjected himself by breaking the treaty. The license for interring the body in St. Paul's, dated November 29, 1513, is still extant among the Cotton MSS., in the British Museum. Stowe, in his "Annals" confirms this statement, and adds the following particulars: "The body of King James was afterwards conveyed to the monastery of Sheen, but by what order I am not certain. After the dissolution of that House, in the reign of Edward the Sixth, Henry Grey, Duke of Suffolk, being lodged and keeping house there, I was shown the same body, so lapped in lead close to the head and body, thrown into a waste room, among old timber, lead, and other rubbish. Since the which time, workmen there, for their foolish pleasure, hewed off the head; and Lancelot Young, master-glazier to Queen Elizabeth, feeling a sweet savour to come from thence, and seeing the same dried from all moisture, and yet the form remaining, with the hair of the head and beard red. brought it to London, to his house in Wood street, where for a time he kept it for its sweetness; but in the end, caused the sexton of that church (St. Michael's, Wood street) to bury it amongst other bones taken out of that charnel." So much for the true and particular account of these unfortunate relics. We may be pardoned the observation, that, as James died under sentence of excommunication, and not in the odour of sanctity, it may be nearer the truth to conclude, that the marvellous "sweet odour," in question, arose from the aromatics used in embalming the body.

Many have been the poetical effusions, as well of the older, as of more modern times, upon the melancholy theme of Flodden Field. By far the most touching is that known by the name of "The Flowers of the Forest," written in 1755, by a sister of Sir Gilbert Elliot of Minto. It will be found in the first volume of the "Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border," where Sir W. Scott thus characterizes it: "The manner of the ancient minstrels is so happily imitated, that it required the most positive evidence to convince the editor that it was of modern date."

One of the latest travellers over the memorable Field of Flodden—the Marathon of the North of England, thus expresses himself: "Wild as the project may seem, I honestly confess that I should like to have a dig in this spot, with the aid of fifty pickaxes and spades supplied by the poor of the parish." Northern Tour," by T. F. Dibdin, the well-known bibliomanist. This process of his transition from the book-worm state, to that of the earth-worm is whimsical enough.

Mr. Dibdin gleaned the following anecdote in the neighbourhood, which proves that Spartan virtue is not yet extinct in the world. "A lady, on her return to Scotland, after many years absence, alighted from her carriage on this spot, and kissing the earth, thanked heaven that not one of her ancestors had returned from that fight—as a fugitive: they all perished in the field!"

We close our anecdotes of the Field of Flodden, not forgetting, that, according to Sir Walter Scott, an unhewn column marks the spot where James fell, which is still known to tradition by the name of

The King's Stone.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE WIDOW'S CHARGE, AT HER DAUGHTER'S BRIDAL.

BY MRS. LYDIA M. SIGOURNEY.

DEAL gently thou, whose hand has won
The young bird from the nest away,
Where carcless 'neath a vernal sun
She gaily caroll'd, day by day—
The haunt is lone,—the heart must grieve,
From whence her timid wing doth soar,
They pensive list, at hush of eve,
Yet hear her gushing song no more.

Deal gently with her,—thou art dear,
Beyond what vestal lips have told,
And like a lamb, from fountains clear
She turns, confiding to thy fold;
She round thy sweet, domestic bower,
The wreaths of changeless love shall twine,
Watch for thy step at vesper hour,
And blend her holiest prayer with thine.

Deal gently, thou, when far away,
'Mid stranger scenes her foot shall rove,
Nor let thy tender cares decay,
The soul of woman lives in love;
And should'st thou, wondering, mark a tear
Unconscious, from her eyelids break,
Be pitiful, and soothe the fear
That man's strong heart can ne'er partake.

A mother yields her gem to thee,
On thy true breast to sparkle rare—
She places' neath thy household tree
The idol of her fondest care;
And by thy trust to be forgiven,
When judgment wakes in terror wild,
By all thy treasur'd hopes of heaven,
Deal gently with the Widow's child.

CONTROUSNESS.—I cannot discover an adequate cause for covetousness. What should move a man to undergo trouble, anxiety, and disquietude, in taking up money, not for himself but another, perhaps a profligate, or even an enemy? I, therefore, attribute this passion to the folly of man; which, we see, may sometimes rise so high as to make some misers actually starve themselves. Avarice, in such a degree,

is a shocking disease; and properly compared to that dropsy, wherein the more a man drinks, the more thirsty he grows, and the sooner he dies. Nay, this disease is like witchcraft; for the miser does not possess his money, but his money possesses him. Hence, though covetousness be an odious failing, it seems a characteristic of man, as a creature that does not know himself.

## Written for the Lady's Book.

#### GAMBLERS. THE

"LAURA STANLEY'S marriage with a Southerner, obliging her to reside in Virginia, must be quite an unfortunate event for Alice, as well as for the remainder of the family," said Mrs. Linwood to her daughter as they returned from the wedding visit, " for Laura, since her sister Stanley's death, has proved herself a mother to Alice."

" But, mother, what a sweet girl Alice Stanley is; and though she has judgment and knowledge beyond her years, yet I should scarcely think her old enough to be housekeeper."

" I have no fear, Mary, but she will prove herself fully capable of those duties," replied her mother, "but as she has now left school, and is beginning to mix more with the world, and will, of course, make many new acquaintances, she needs some one on whose experience she can depend, to guide her aright. I am aware, in general, she reads characters very easily, but her own heart is so pure and good she is unwilling to impute evil motives to any one."

Alice Stanley had lost her mother when quite young, but not too young to forget the sweet expressive face, or the voice which, whether heard in chiding or in praise, had the same kind, gentle tone. Since that event, she had been under the care of her father's sister, and well did she fulfil her trust; for, though pleased to have Alice learn the various fashionable accomplishments, she, at the same time, did not permit her to neglect the more solid branches, and desired especially she should be well versed in the various duties of a housekeeper; for she wisely considered that as a most necessary part of a young lady's education. Alice was not much more than sixteen at the time of her aunt's removal, but still fully competent to the various duties required of her, And in these she was assisted by a volatile little fairy, called Emma Wadsworth. Perhaps it is not exactly in accordance with truth to use the word "assisted," but still she was certainly useful in enlivening many a tedious hour of a rainy day, and in turning more than one "sombre look of dear cousin Alice," into a hearty laugh.

But though she called her "couisin Alice," she could hardly be said to be a relative. She and her brother Henry were orphans, and distant connexions of Mrs. Stanley. At the time of their father's death, both being very young, Alice's mother had offered them a home in her house, and as the Stanleys were the nearest relatives able to make such an offer, it was gladly accepted. Wadsworth was now twenty, but rarely at home, being just upon the point of finishing his law studies, in which profession his teachers prophesied he would excel. Emma was just fourteen, with that union, so rarely to be found, of a beautiful clear complexion and hair almost black, which curled in ringlets round her head; and she had such a pair of bright, black, laughing eyes, that no one, even of the most morose disposition, could look on her without feeling, in some measure, the influence of her happy and joyous temperament.

But, with the reader's permission, we will advance nearly three years, and again join the Stanley family, which we shall find has not undergone much change. Mr. Stanley is still residing in the country a few miles from New York, but the girls are now in the city on a visit to Mrs. Linwood. Wadsworth is in excellent practice, and for that reason obliged to make his home chiefly in the city.

It is now late in the evening, and the whole family have just returned from a party. "Well," said Alice, "I must acknowledge I am almost tired of these parties; here I have been to three in succession, which I certainly should not have done, had I not in some measure felt obliged; but, unfortunately, these two last were made on our account."

"Why, Alice," exclaimed Emma, "tired of parties! Do'nt, pray, say so yet, for by the time I shall make my debut, I am afraid you will have given them up; and then what shall I do? for I shall not go without you. Oh, they are so delightful! I think I could go to one every evening. But you do not really mean you are tired of them?"

" Certainly I do Emma; and when you have attended as many as I have, you will say so too."

" Not if I am such a belle as you are," continued Emma, " and every one tries to please me as much as they do you. Alice, who was that handsome gentleman with large black whiskers that almost covered his face-rather tall and thin?"

"Mr. John Badger. Why?"

"I was going to ask you, why you put on such a sombre face when he spoke to you, for I thought I heard him say some very pretty things."

"You would not surely have me look as though I believed, or was pleased with them?" rejoined Alice. "Such as what, Emma?" said Mary Linwood.

"Oh! I cannot remember all, but I will give you one or two specimens. Will Miss Stanley drink a health with me? To the most beautiful person in the room, accompanied with a look and bow which plainly said, you, of course: then- Does not Miss Stanley dance this evening? I love to see that graceful figure upon the floor, every movement is so easy, and -"

" Do stop, Emma," said Alice, " this is enough for one evening."

"Have patience one moment longer, I have not quite finished. You must know this is all said with so many bows and knowing looks, it is quite irresistible—so he finishes with another bow and most affecting smirk, and a 'Shall I have the pleasure?' For instance, like this"-and going up to Alice, imitating his walk and manner, she laid one hand upon her heart, as she offered the other, saying "Shall I have the pleasure of your hand for this dance, Miss Stanley?" The effect was too ludicrous; even Alice could not avoid joining in the general laugh, while Emma, with a grave countenance, resumed her seat upon the sofa.

A few minutes after, turning to Alice, she said, "Pray, Mrs. Selwyn, why did not Charles come home with us to-night?" Then, as if she had made a mistake, corrected herself, saying, " Oh! I beg your pardon, my dear Alice, but I hope you will forgive me, as it was only anticipating a little."

But though a deep colour suffused her face, Alice made no reply; and they all shortly retired to their different apartments.

The next morning Henry Wadsworth called early, to inquire after the health of the ladies. He found Emma and Mary ready dressed for a promenade, but as Mrs. Linwood was slightly indisposed, Alice had determined to remain at home with her.

"Henry," exclaimed Emma, "you have come just in the right time. I was this instant wishing for an escort."

"I should be very happy," replied Wadsworth, " to wait on you, but I have urgent business this morning which will not permit me to do myself that pleasure; I will attend you, however, as far as—the door."

And after hearing Emma say, "Much obliged for your services, sir, hope it has not incommoded you too much," he returned to the parlour.

"Alice," said he, as he seated himself beside her, "I have been wishing for some time to speak with you on an important subject. I may lose your good opinion in doing it; but, believe me, a brother could not feel a greater interest in your fate than I do, and it is as such, I now wish to warn you"—he hesitated, "concerning Charles Selwyn."

"Warn me concerning Charles Selwyn! What do you mean?"

"I have reason to believe, Alice, he is not such as he appears to you."

"Henry," said Alice, "you must give me good reasons for believing so; or I am very much afraid I shall be obliged to impute wrong motives to yourself; for how can I, without ample evidence, believe ill of one who certainly appears most virtuous and amiable, and whose father was my father's most intimate friend? And why have you not told me this before, for you were aware of this engagement from the commencement?"

" Engagement! No, Alice, I was not before aware it had gone so far."

"As such I have ever considered it Henry; for I have ever thought it my duty to comply with my father's slightest wish. True, my consent was not to be asked until my nineteenth birth-day, which will be a fortnight from to-morrow."

"AThen there is yet time," exclaimed Wadsworth. "Alice, this affair originated between your father and Mr. Selwyn, when you were both too young to have any voice in the matter; Mr. Selwyn, as you know, died shortly after. There was this condition to the agreement, that when you had arrived at a certain age, if both of the parties were not pleased, it should not take place. Now, as this is only the second visit Selwyn has made you, his residence being at the shout, I think you cannot have become so partial, as not to believe what I have said, when his character shall have been rightly placed before you."

"I cannot believe imaginary faults, Henry; I fear you are prejudiced."

"Alice, you asked me why I had not told you this before—the reason was this. When I was at the south last summer, I met this man several times at parties, and his conduct then was very different from his present; but at that time I was not aware it was the Mr. Selwyn of your acquaintance, and I was never introduced to him until his arrival this week. And then, my dear Alice, I wished to assure myself I was not mistaken, before I communicated my suspicions: all that I ask of you now, is that you will

watch him closely, and before the fatal day arrives I will endeavor fully to satify you concerning his real character."

At this instant the door-bell rung, and Mr. Selwyn's voice was heard in the entry. Henry had just time to say, "Promise, my dear Alice, for the present, not to mention this conversation to any one."

"May I not to Mrs. Linwood?"

"Yes—her judgment may be of great assistance to you, and it will be likewise necessary for me to speak to Mr. Linwood on the subject."

"I promise," said Alice. And Wadsworth left the room as Mr. Selwyn entered.

Although Alice was not inclined to believe Henry's statements, thinking he must be labouring under some great mistake, still she could not help noticing in Selwyn's conversation several inconsistencies. She had, indeed, observed such things before, but had imputed them to absence of mind, or thoughtlessness; now, however, she resolved to prove them.

In the course of the afternoon, Mrs. Linwood and Alice had a long conference, but what passed at the time must be known by the results.

The next week, Monday, Alice received a letter from her father, stating that an unexpected turn in his affairs would compel him to sell his house, and hire a smaller one; that it was not yet a failure, but might become so if he did not immediately retrench his expenses; and concluded with requesting her and Emma to be at home by the last of the week. was for returning the next morning, but Wadsworth advised otherwise, and taking an opportunity when the others were deeply engaged in conversation, said in a low tone, " I promised a few days ago to give you proofs that my opinion concerning a certain character were correct. If you will remain to-morrow, and accompany me with Mr. and Mrs. Linwood, in the evening, I think I can likewise convince you." Seeing that Alice hesitated, he continued, " If, however you do not wish this veil removed" .

"No-no," interrupted Alice, "that was not the reason of my hesitation—I will stay and go with you."

"Oh, Alice, I am so glad of your father's misfortune—" said Emma as she turned towards them.

"Emma Wadsworth! What are you saying?" exclaimed her brother.

Emma blushed deeply and said, "You should have let me finish my sentence, Henry. I intended to say, that now I hoped I should, in some measure, be able to repay her kindness and attention to me, for I intend to be more obedient, sedate, &c.—if possible."

During the last of this sentence, Emma's eyes were suffused with tears; but at the words, " if possible," Henry was obliged to turn away in order to conceal a smile.

"I have always been satisfied with your conduct, my dear Emma," replied Alice, "but am glad to hear you intend to do even better."

Selwyn had promised he would be there in the evening to tea. He came early, and Alice had an opportunity of seeing him for a few minutes alone. She placed in his hand her father's letter, saying, "There is a letter, Mr. Selwyn, of some importance, which I think it necessary you should read."

Mr. Selwyn paused a few minutes after reading the letter, then said, "Miss Stanley, this is truly an unfortunate affair, and very deeply do I feel and sympathize with you in this calamity. But, may I ask,

why you deem it so necessary to inform me of it? I trust you do not think my regard for you will be at all diminished by the loss of a few dollars?"

"You are aware, Mr. Selwyn," replied Alice, "that on the thirtieth of this month the final decision is to be made; and before that day comes I wish you to be as fully acquainted as possible, with my temper, character, property, connexions, &c. that you may not hereafter say you were deceived. I wish to be perfectly frank and open with you."

"My dear Miss Stanley, I am quite sure I already understand your character. And concerning property, is not an intelligent, amiable person of more value than all the property she can bring with her? And, besides, have I not more than sufficient for our living in fashionable style? I trust you now no longer doubt that—"but he was prevented from finishing his sentence, by the entrance of some of the family.

Mr. Selwyn appeared remarkably cheerful this evening, though it must be confessed he did one or two very awkward things at the tea-table, and once highly amused Miss Emma, by putting the salt which she had asked for her radish, not on her plate, but in her cup of tea. This, fortunately, was his last blunder, and for the rest of the evening he was uncommonly gay and talkative. Alice began to think she had done him injustice, and almost was inclined to blame herself, for allowing even a doubt to cross her mind concerning his character.

Mr. Sclwyn called the next morning, but finding the ladies were all out, wrote a few words on his card, stating he had an engagement, which would unfortunately prevent his visiting them that evening; but said he would be there early the next morning, to receive Miss Stanley's commands relating to her return home.

Wadsworth called in the evening and claimed of Alice the fulfilment of her promise. Mr. and Mrs. Linwood attending them, Henry proceeded through several streets, and at last stopped before a large house, situated in one of the most fashionable quarters of the city. "A short time ago," said Wadsworth, "I boarded in this house, and some of my most intimate friends are residing here at this moment, some whom I value very highly; but there are also others to whom I would not wish even to be introduced. I am perfectly acquainted with every part of the house, and am now going to lead you where you must be careful not to make the slightest noise, and all I shall require of you will be to look and hear."

"I do not wish to be a listener, Henry," said Alice. But they had already entered the hall, and he replied hastily, as he hurried her forward, "it is too late now to return. Be silent, as you value your future happiness."

They crossed the hall and ascended a winding stairway, at the head of which were rooms and passages branching off in various directions; but Wadsworth did not allow them to stop a moment here, but proceeded up another pair which led into a large hall or entry, from whence extended two narrow passages, on either side of which were doors, apparently opening into sleeping apartments. Henry took the one to the left, and had only gone a short distance when he came to another entry, which met this at right angles; he again turned to the left, and although this part of the house appeared to be unoccupied, the passages thus far were carpeted, and they moved noise-

lessly onward. They, however, soon stopped before a large double door, one half of which was partly open. Wadsworth gently swung it further back, and discovered a small room with a dark curtain drawn across the further end. After closing the door, he bade them remain perfectly still, and opening a side door disappeared and left them in darkness; but he soon returned bearing a small lamp, which gave only light sufficient to enable them to distinguish the nearest objects, and which he set down in a corner of the room.

Appproaching Alice, he led her towards a remote corner of the room, desiring her in a whisper, whatever she might see, to utter no exclamation, or by any movement betray she was there. He then directed her to lay aside her bonnet, and every article of a light colour; then drawing the curtain only so far open as just to admit of her passing through, he followed, and beckoned Mr. and Mrs. Linwood to do the same, immediately closing it after them.

They found themselves standing on a sort of balcony, in a large hall. The hall had evidently been made with a reference to balls and cotillon parties; the balcony, though intended for musicians, was quite small, and surrounded by a circular railing. But the object which riveted the attention of all was directly beneath them. At a small table, dimly lighted by two lamps, sat four gentlemen deeply engaged at a game of whist. On the table were wine glasses, and a decanter more than half empty.

"Come Delwood, they beat us last time, and we must be more careful now—this is the rubber, and I do not care to lose any more money to-night," exclaimed one, whose voice Alice had no difficulty in recognising, "my good fortune seems to have failed me this evening."

"I thought, Selwyn," said another, "you were remarkably inattentive this evening. You, who are generally our leader, seem to-night to have resigned your office. Pray, have you not been able to see the fair démoiselle to-day?"

"Pshaw! I hope you do not think I go there every day; and unfortunately her charms are fast fading away."

"Miss Stanley growing homely!" exclaimed Delwood.

"Ha! ha!" interrupted another, "Delwood, my dear fellow, you do not understand her solid charms—those which are called the 'brightest and best'—the shiners, my dear sir, are slipping away ere he has scarce touched them."

"I have not touched them, Clifton, for I have not yet received even a present, that is to say, a token of what my future acquisitions were to be. But, alas! the golden dream is vanishing away, and I must get out of the scrape, as well and as soon as possible."

"But, my dear chum," said Clifton, who seemed, by his dearing every body, to be of a very affectionate disposition, "I wonder at your resigning the prize, for a prize she certainly is, so easily. She has one of the most beautiful faces I ever saw; and her figure—it is well Juno is not now in existence, her jealousy would certainly be aroused," and here he laughed at what he thought was wit, "and then her disposition and manners, so different from haughty, but pretending to be condescending beauties—"

"What do you mean?" exclaimed one who had not yet spoken, "she is one of the most reserved characters I ever met with. Why, she is as cold and stiff as an ice mountain. I never could yet manage to get her into a sociable conversation."

"Prejudice! prejudice!" returned Clifton. "You happened to hear beforehand that she did not wish for your acquaintance, and were fool enough to believe it."

"And because she said so, I was determined she should have it; and so persevered for weeks, until I at last obtained an introduction."

"I have no doubt you are correct in your suppositions, Leighton," said Selwyn, "for when in her most worshipful presence, I am obliged to be very careful how I use my tongue; and have more than once bit that most useful member, until I thought it was actually bleeding, for some slight inadvertence of speech.—But stop one moment, gentlemen, how was that last trick played? There! we have lost that—I put down a wrong card—what, in —'s name, was I thinking about?"

"A pair of blue eyes, my dear fellow," said Clifton, "and I am sure that is a sufficient excuse for the mistake; for such a pair of melting blue, I think I never beheld. Such a depth of feeling there! Blue eyes for me!"

"I must disagree with you there," exclaimed Selwyn, "a pair of flashing black ones does the work with me much quicker. I have really had serious thoughts of transferring my devoirs to Miss Emma Wadsworth, for that very reason."

"Not if I can prevent it," said Wadsworth to himself.

And here followed a discussion upon blue and black eyes, interspersed with various remarks upon the game, and such language as is to be expected from such characters; when Delwood at last asked Selwyn, if he was really in earnest in his intention of preventing the engagement.

"Certainly," was his reply, "but I seriously hope it will not make her feel very bad. I shall commence very gradually, with perhaps relaxing in a few of my attentions, and possibly bestow them on Miss Emma; and if that does not arouse her jealousy, when the thirtieth comes, I can at least politely send in my negative. But it would never do for me to marry her without property, for mine has already more than half disappeared. I wonder if my father was alive, what he would now say of his hopeful son? No—no—I must marry one who has a somewhat more substantial recommendation."

" Miss Wadsworth ?-hem-" said Clifton.

"No—unfortunately she has not that which my pockets so much need. I really wish it were otherwise."

Alice had remained until Selwyn's last speech, as motionless and as pale as a statue; all faculties, but that of hearing, appeared to have been paralyzed. But as Selwyn explained his intentions, the colour mounted to her face and temples, and she pressed for an instant her clasped hands to her forehead; it was, however, but for a moment, for before he had finished, she had assumed a firm and collected demeanor, and seemed like one who could, with dignity and calmness, overcome every difficulty, and whom nothing could swerve from the path which she believed to be duty. As soon as he had concluded, she signified to Wadsworth her wish to leave; and carefully pushing aside the curtain, they were again all safely within the room.

"I am afraid, my dear Alice, this will prove too much for you," said Mrs. Linwood.

"Oh, no!" exclaimed Alice, "I am most thankful for the lesson of this evening: but ought we not now to return?"

"Henry," said Mr. Linwood, "I think we had better get the ladies into the other room, our voices may be heard here; and, as I left the balcony, I thought there was some remark made concerning the curtain.

Wadsworth immediately led them through another door, and into a smaller room, then shutting the door said, "Here you can remain without fear of exposure for half an hour, but about that time the outside doors are always fastened; and—"

"Oh! do not let us stop here one moment longer," exclaimed Alice, "I am perfectly ready now to depart."

Wadsworth then brought them, by two dark and narrow flights of stairs, to the lower hall, which they crossed and once more found themselves in the open air. As soon as they were in the street, he said to Alice, "This was a cruel trial for you; but my intention was merely to convince you of Selwyn's principal amusement, and the general tenor of his conversation, but had I known he would have spoken so publicly in that manner of you, I do not think any thing would have tempted me to take you there. Will you forgive me, my dear Alice, for meddling so much with your affairs?"

"Forgive you, Henry! I can never be sufficiently grateful for the interest you have shown; and hope you will, for the present, accept my humble but heartfelt thanks. I shall ever consider the events of this evening, as among the most fortunate of my life; but Mr. Selwyn shall not have the trouble or embarrassment of being the first to give a negative."

The next morning, Alice received Mr. Selwyn coldly, but politely, and continued so to treat him, until the thirtieth, giving him no opportunity for an explanation, on the morning of which she delivered a note into her father's hands, which he immediately carried to Mr. Selwyn; and from that moment all acquaintance between the families was at an end.

About a year from the time of the former events, we shall find Miss Emma seated in Mr. Stanley's parlour, and endeavoring to entertain in her way, Mr. Herbert Linwood, who has lately returned from his European tour.

"Well," exclaimed Emma, "do you not think it a most romantic story? And then for her to try even Henry's motives, pretending to be sick, and wearing a veil for so long a time, in order to make him think she had lost her beauty—how could she doubt him?"

"Probably she did not doubt him;" rejoined Herbert, "but finding herself so much deceived in the character of one, she wished to be certain that she was not now mistaken. But is your brother aware that her father's losing his property was also a pretence?"

"Oh! yes. She and your mother acknowledged last week to him, their plans of deceiving—oh! I beg your pardon—I should have said, trying the motives and feelings of two certain gentlemen. They explained that the 'unexpected turn of Mr. Stanley's affairs,' resulted from the suspicion that Selwyn's apparent acquiescence to the match arose, not from affectionate regard for the daughter, but the money. Upon the whole, I believe it was arranged very

well, and think I may follow the example my-self."

- "Pray upon whom do you intend to practise it? I should like much to know if I am to come in for a share?"
- "Oh! you need have no fear concerning yourself, Mr. Linwood, for I perfectly understand your character," rejoined Emma. "I assure you it was all they could do, to persuade me to stand up with you in the approaching ceremony. I begged hard for them either to get rid of you, or obtain another to supply my place, but neither Henry nor Alice would consent to either proposition."
- "Miss Wadsworth," said Herbert; but for some reason he did not finish the sentence.
- "Well," exclaimed Emma, "what is the matter? Are you much offended?" She was occupied in finishing off a pair of cuffs, which she had been working for Alice, and as she asked the last question she looked up with an arch smile; but his eyes were

bent upon her with such an expression, that almost without knowing why, she found herself for once feeling very uncomfortable, and at a loss what to say. Wishing herself anywhere but in that room, she started up, saying, "There! Alice is calling me." But Herbert caught her hand as she was about passing him, and said, "No—it was my sister she called. My dear Miss Wadsworth, will you do me the favour to listen to me for two minutes?"

Just then the door was shut, and it never could be found out exactly how the conversation terminated. But a few days afterwards, Mary Linwood was heard advising Alice to obtain two more assistants, for it would never do, she said, to have a couple who were engaged: and Emma, strange to say, was as strongly insisting upon the honour of being one of Miss Stanley's bridesmaids, and also requesting, that Mr. Herbert Linwood should not be deprived of his office as groomsman.

C

## Written for the Lady's Book. SIGH NOT.

#### BY H. W. ELLSWORTH.

Storn not—sigh not!
Tho' the flowers fade,
Bright things that die not,
Never were made!
Each bliss, while fleeting fast,
Woo for thine own,
Ere to the cherished past,
Fading, 'tis flown!

Hopes meet us here below
Charming awhile,
Bright gleams affection's glow!
Brighter Love's smile!
Fond hopes—alas! their power,
Dream-like they fly—
Friendship—how brief its hour!
Love, too, may die!

When joy's glad waters meet,
Gemming life's path;
Taste thou each treasur'd sweet,
Fond pleasure hath;
Still hold each dearer thing,
Loose to thy heart,
Ready more close to cling,
Ready to part!

Sigh not, then sigh not
Tho' the flowers fade,
Bright things that die not,
Never were made!
"Leaves have their hour to fall,"
Storm-tost they fly—
Nature! 'tis changing all—
Time, too, shall die!

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE RED HAIRED BELLE.

BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

In a little room of the thousand and one that divide the principal hotel at the —— Springs, a young gentleman was seated, whom we shall introduce at the moment of his flourishing his name to a letter before him—that of "Phil. Prescott." He was very handsome, very fashionable, and very rich, had just left college with a respectable quantity of honour, and possessed a proper idea of the immunities attendant upon all these qualifications. He had commenced scanning his pages, whistling the while in a manner that indicated his seeing something particularly either wise or witty upon them, when a loud rap sounded on the door.

He was in the most brilliant passage of both the tune and letter, and deferred answering.

- "Are you here, Prescott?—why don't you open?" said a voice, with another knock.
- "Come in, man, the door isn't locked," at last returned Mr. Prescott, having finished both his occu-

pations, and a gentleman appeared who looked a few years older than himself, and was quite as handsome, though, perhaps, not quite as fashionable. His name was Ashton.

- "She has come !—have you heard of the arrival?" said he, before he had rightly emerged from the doorway.
  - " Whose?"
  - "Ruth Arden's, to be sure."
  - "Who the deuce is Ruth Arden?"
- "Pho, Phil, none of your affectation!—the Tennessee beauty I so often talk about."
  - "O-h! the girl with the red hair is it?"
- "The same, only I should prefer your using a different manner."
- " I can't conveniently; you know how I detest red haired women."
- " I am astonished, my dear Phillip," said Ashton, in a reasoning tone; " that a man of your pretensions

to refinement, should persist in cherishing that vulgar prejudice—certainly one of the most absurd corruptions of the age. This we must admit it to be, as long as we concede to the ancients a superiority of taste over ourselves, with regard to beauty. The allusions to golden or yellow hair, with which their poets abound, ought to have cured you. Nearly all the goddesses had it—Homer's Juno, for instance, tied her 'shining ringlets,' that

#### "' Waved like melted gold."

"The old Greek understood that matter well enough not to make a mistake there;" interrupted Prescott; "his celestial queen was too much of a shrew not to have the badge."

" Tush !--and then we find

"'Amathea with her amber hair;"

and again the radiant Brise's, who

" 'Tore her golden hair;'

I could quote you similar lines by the hour. The colour has always been in favour with genius. Milton's Eve had 'golden tresses,' and so also had Dante's Beatrice, and golden and amber hues are just the fainter shades of what you contemptuously call red."

"True, I recollect that the lady-poets say a great

deal about 'red gold.'"

"Now," pursued Ashton, "Miss Arden's hair is so very glossy, that though the colour ordinarily might be thought too high, in some particular lights it looks precisely like gold thread."

"Well, only take care lest you be entangled in it. For my part, I would as soon encounter the head of an Alecto as a red one; and as to a woman who bears it, I would not follow in her train for a fortune, nor marry her for a kingdom;" returned Prescott energetically.

"I have no notion to insist on your acting against your will in this case, my dear Prescott," said Ashton, laughing; "so you may spare your warmth for a more urgent occasion."

"However, what does she look like, really?—you seem so much interested about her;" resumed Prescott.

"Prettier, tenfold, than the prettiest woman you ever saw."

"Freckled, isn't she?—red haired people mostly are."

"Freckled!—no!—her skin is pure as this;"
pointing to the mother of pearl handle of his penknife;
"her eyes are of the clearest blue; her checks—no
roses could match them; her teeth are beyond all
similes, and her lips are as red as—"

"Her head," interrupted Prescott.

They were now standing on the balcony, upon which the room opened, and were about to walk away, when a chambermaid tapped at the door of an apartment close by, though not immediately in the range, and announced that dinner was on the table. In a few moments, a gentleman presented himself coming along a passage, and, unperceived by Prescott, led off, by another, the lady for whom the summons was intended.

"By Jove! Prescott," exclaimed Ashton, and stepped forward, all aghast, to look after the lady, who, however, had disappeared.

" What's the matter?"

"There was a lady in that room, and she must

have overheard us," replied Ashton, recovering him-

"Not at that distance—how's the wind?—the sound could never have got in there."

"By what law of acoustics do you make that out? She could hardly have failed hearing us even when we were at your table. The windows of both rooms were open."

"Well, no matter, she could not see us, and no one who would recognise my voice has that room. I suppose it is time for you to look after your aunt, isn't it? You know I don't go with you; being here solus I have no admittance to the ladies' table."

"That's lucky enough for you, under present circumstances, I apprehend," said Ashton, smiling.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, nothing! only I shouldn't like you to go in with me just now—Good by. Kitty," to the servant who was again passing, "who occupies number 70?"

"The new southern lady, sir—General Arden's daughter."

"In what part of the room was she when you called her?"

"Sitting by this window, sir."

"I was right," thought Ashton," but it would be useless to disturb him by letting him know of the matter; she does not know him, and the only chance against him, is her having caught the name by which I addressed him," and he hurried off, speculating on the absurdity of his friend and its impression on the lady; though friend is hardly the word. Ashton was a high minded, sensible man, who had known Prescott half his life, always told him of his faults, excused his follies, helped him out of his difficulties, and troubled him with very little confidence in return.

In the afternoon Prescott made one of a party on a short equestrian excursion, during which, in consequence of the awkward horsemanship of the lady he attended, he was obliged in saving himself from being thrown on a rock, to dismount in a puddle. His appearance suffered considerably from this manouvre, and not having been able to avoid an exhibition on his teturn before the numerous occupants of the windows and piazzas, he was in an ill humour for the remainder of the day, satisfying himself, however, that his ailment was depression of spirits.

"What has become of Prescott this evening?" asked one of his aquaintances.

"Gone, I suppose to be presented to the newlyarrived," replied another; "poor Prescott! from having been the grand hero among the professor's daughters and needy young ladies in the students boarding-houses about college, he imagines himself irresistible, and, no doubt, rejoices in a chance to experiment with his attractions upon a belle so renowned as this fair Tennesseean."

"But, unfortunately, her hair is red, and if Prescott is natural in any thing, it is in his professions of abhorrence with respect to tresses of that colour. He has been satirizing them all day whenever an allusion was made to Miss Arden, and, of course, would not commit himself so much as by seeking an introduction. Yonder he is, and alone, for a wonder—I'll get him to join us," and he immediately hailed Prescott, who, apart from all companionship, was misanthropically pacing a piazza with his hat over his eyes.

"Will you take a walk, Prescott?"

"No, I'm not 'i' the vein;' I have been wonder-

ing how we could contrive to have a little music—I am in great want of it."

- "What has been acting tarantula on uou?"
- "I don't know—I'm wretchedly out of spirits, and music is my grand panacea."
- "Well, can't you get some of the ladies to sing for you?"
- "Abominable! I never heard so many cracked fiddles of voices—such unvarying flats and sharps in my life. There is not one among them that ought to attempt music."
- "No, as something remarkable where there are so many, they are nearly all too pretty to excel in it. Very pretty women are rarely very musical, or vice persa."
- "You are right, and that's the reason I can't fall in love—my wife must be both."
- "This Miss Arden is said to be beautiful, and, in song, a very Grisi."
  - " Pshaw!"

The gentleman laughed; "I suppose you won't admit that the spirit of melody would condescend to exist beneath red ringlets?"

" Exactly."

They were interrupted by a prelude on a pianoforte, in a private parlour near them, so brilliantly performed that they looked at each other in surprise. This was followed by a song from a voice of surpassing sweetness and power.

- "Who can that be?" inquired Prescott.
- "Some new-comer, of course—Miss Arden, I suppose, her red locks to the contrary notwithstanding. There is Ashton at the window—I'll beckon him here and find out," he did so, and at the end of the
- piece Ashton presented himself.
  "Was that Miss Arden?"
- "Yes—you wish to be introduced, don't you?—come along;—will you go in, Prescott?"
- "Excuse me," said Prescut, with immense dignity; at which the others laughed and left him.

Prescott resumed his promenade, and in a few minutes Miss Arden's voice again caught his attention. His passion for music was not affected, and his "savage breast" was opportunely in order to be soothed by it. Accordingly he stretched himself on a settee to listen. Song followed song—the most admirable of selections. Gay and pathetic, bold and tender, all were executed to perfection. The expression fascinated, the versatility astonished him. "She has the voice of an angel," thought he; "a few more such endowments might atone almost for red hair."

The next morning Prescott joined a group of gentlemen who had stationed themselves conveniently for observing a party mount their horses for a ride. "You missed a rare treat, Prescott," said his companion, whose name was Lamberton, "I never was so completely bewitched with music in my life."

- " I heard it all," returned Prescott.
- "Surely that was enough to change your mind; you'll pay your devoirs now, won't you?"
- "I am principled against seeking the acquaintance of any red haired woman, as you have heard me say before. Who are to ride?"
- "Ashton got up the party, and I believe he is to squire Miss Arden."
- "I pity him, unless her equestrianism is good. I don't know a greater trial than to be tacked to the rein of a lady deficient therein. I hold riding as the most

distingué of accomplishments, always a mark of thorough breeding."

"Pshaw, Prescott, don't be so ridiculous! I could tell you of squatter damsels beyond the Mississippi who could distance either Victoria or her mistressof-horse, in both grace and spirit."

"Well, you will admit, I suppose, that a lady never looks so much the lady as on horseback. With me bad riding would be a signal objection to any woman. Now, there is little Clara Ball—I was really half-smitten with her pretty face and sprightly manners, but her performance of yesterday cured me entirely. To be tied to any one who would bob and wriggle about at my side as she did, would be a disgrace I could never bear."

The discussion was stopped by the appearance of the ladies. The one who led the way was escorted by Ashton, and on her all eyes were turned. There could be but one opnion about her; she was incontestibly beautiful. Features, expression, complexion, figure and carriage, all were unrivalled. "What ease! what elegance! what freedom!" were the exclamations that attended her movements. Prescott looked after the party in silence, and took a glass from his pocket to follow them as they receded.

"Nature has been unjust to that girl," said he, laying down his glass, as the profile of Miss Arden was presented by a turn of the road. He had caught a view of a long red curl, which had escaped from under her cap and was streaming in the wind; "after bestowing on her capabilities for the greatest of female accomplishments, it is most deplorable that their effects should be neutralized by such an infliction as—"

A laugh, loud and long, from his companions finished the sentence.

"There they are again, just turning that hill," resumed Prescott, "Ashton deserves to be pistolled for placing such a rider on a sorry nag like that."

"It was unavoidable," replied Lamberton; "the horses he might have borrowed would not have submitted to a lady's rein, and of those he could hire, be selected the best. Her skill might have been displayed to some advantage on either of your two greys."

"I must contrive to have them offered for her use, I should like above all things to see her show off on one of them," returned Prescott, his countenance changing with a new idea.

"And yourself beside her, ha! ha!"

Prescott vouchsafed no reply further than a "good morning."

"She is exceedingly to be pitied," thought he, when he was alone, "one who can sing and ride as she does is certainly worthy of notice, and it would be uncharitable, though her defect is indeed flagrant, that she should be neglected by the world, on that account alone." Prescott's world, at least the most important part of it was usually comprised in himself. The result of his reflections was, that if an opportunity should present itself for him to do so, without too open an infringement of what he had threatened to the contrary, he might possibly lend her his countenance.

The riding party returned, and Prescott was on the piazza when they alighted. Miss Arden again somewhat preceded the others, when, as she drew near him, in swinging her whip, it flew from her fingers, and fell almost at his feet. Her escort having looked back to answer a question of some one

behind him, did not perceive the accident, and Prescott, with his very best grace, restored the weapon to her hand. Ashton by this time had turned round and an introduction followed. As he gave it, he watched the countenance of the lady, and was convinced by the quick glance with which she scanned our hero, and by a peculiar smile that his name was recognised. "What is to come next?" thought he, and his impression was almost changed by the extreme complaisance with which the offender was received, as they both attended her to the stairway.

In the evening, Prescott, who had been amazingly exhilarated at having accomplished his benevolent purposes without violation of his conscience or compromise of his dignity, felt it incumbent on him to make a call at Miss Arden's room. Music, of course, was the consequence, and if he had been charmed with her voice when he had caught it only imperfectly and by stealth, he was not the less so now that it was directed towards him with the full accompaniments of the most magnificent of eyes and the most radiant of smiles. He grew quite sentimental and poetical, almost ceased to think about the vexatious tresses, and, when they did recur to him, endeavoured to recognise Ashton's discovery in them that they were golden and not red.

The next morning Prescott's beautiful grays were brought to the door, one of them with a side saddle, and in due time the gentleman made his appearance leading Miss Arden. He might have been a little disconcerted, as in passing some of his friends they gave him a significant nod, and pointed to their temples, but several exclamations that reached him of "what a splendid woman!" satisfied him as to the excusableness of his proceedings. This was confirmed, as in riding round the house, many of the windows flew open, and he knew from the expressions of the fair faces, exhibited thereby, that a similar degree of admiration was possibly being extended towards himself, even though it might be qualified by the expression of "what a splendid couple!"

Never had his greys appeared to so much advantage, and never had his own graces been so strikingly enhanced by those of a partner. He was in the highest spirits and the ride was long and delightful. He was all gallantry and the lady all graciousness. He quoted poetry and gathered wild flowers for her, and cut away the bushes that impeded her sight when she once took a fancy for sketching; and she, in return, twisted the flowers in her cap, and gave him the sketch to keep as a souvenir.

- "I wonder what fortune Miss Arden will have?" said Prescott to Lamberton, some three or four days after, and in the presence of several acquaintances.
- " I don't know exactly, but they say a very large one."
- "I am glad to hear it; I have just been thinking what a folly a man who has money commits in marrying a girl that has none. It is descending entirely too much, that is, if he is comme il faut otherwise. It looks as if he could not get an equal, or had not a proper appreciation of his own advantages."
- "Do you intend that we shall make a personal application of that?" asked a gentleman; "I hope you are not already thinking about Miss Arden—a girl with red hair!"
- "Nonsense!-but you know it is best to be prepared for contingencies. There is no telling what a

fellow might do in an unguarded moment, and it would be confoundedly awkward to find one's self accepted unexpectedly by a girl whose circumstances would place one under such an imputation. I have the greatest horror of unequal matches."

"You need hardly give yourself any uneasiness about getting into such a dilemma there," said Lamberton; "Ashton seems to have the start of you."

"Ashton!—preposterous!—they were acquainted in their school days, and it is altogether for old friendship's sake that he receives so much favour. Ashton, indeed! a plodding fellow as he is, who can be content to study his ledger by day and pore over the classics at night, would stand little chance with such a woman as Ruth Arden."

"Then you will have the field pretty much to yourself; however, before you enter it, I would advise that you make her a present for her toilette, of a bottle of that Indian dye, which we see so constantly puffed in newspaper advertisements."

Prescott's attentions to Miss Arden now became so pointed that the gentlemen felt themselves obliged to cease their bantering, and agreed to await the result in silence; and the ladies, whose hearts she had entirely won by her sweet disposition and unassuming manners, thought it would be nothing but proper that the fair southerner should know of the efforts he had made to bring her into ridicule on her first arrival. The belle, herself, though she evidently had read his character, showed no effort to repulse his advances. Ashton, for a time, had been looked upon as his rival, but for three or four days previous to the one appointed by General Arden for the departure of his daughter, he was confined to his room, from having sprained his foot in attempting to rescue the old gentleman from an upsetting tilbury.

The last night of their stay was the one fixed upon for a ball, and Prescott, after dressing himself with more than usual care, entered Ashton's room to make him a visit.

- "They tell me you are able to walk a little to-day, Ashton," said he, "will you venture into the ball room?"
  - " Hardly."
- "I am glad of it—don't think me hard-hearted but this is Miss Arden's last night, and I shall have her all to myself."
  - "You are to be envied."
- "I am over my phantasy about red hair—what a fool I was!—and have concluded to take a trip into Tennessee this fall."
  - " Have you ?-I shall make one to Europe."
- "Tut! tut! my dear fellow, don't let the fair lady expatriate you! that's taking the matter entirely too deeply. There are plenty left that may suit you. There is little Clara Ball, for one—I don't believe it true that Lamberton is going in for her—at any rate, you can easily push him aside—why do you smile? are you really trying it already."

A servant entered and handed Ashton a note—the prettiest, most graceful looking imaginable. He opened it with heightened colour, glanced on it, and without a reading placed it in his bosom.

"Aha!" laughed Prescott, "that looks rather suspicious; I see by your countenance that you are making fair sail; however, I shall not be so cruel as to keep you from the enjoyment of your billet-doux. How do I look? can I complete the conquest think you? I intend to try."

- "How could you fail?" replied Ashton with a deferential bow.
  - "What shall I say to Miss Arden for you?"
  - "All the pretty things you can imagine, of course."
  - " Shall I make your adieux? you had better let me."
  - " No, I shall make an effort to do that myself."
- \*As you please, but sprains are dangerous sometimes, so take care of yourself;" and Prescott soon after showed himself in the ball room. Miss Arden had already made her appearance with her father, and was the focus of all eyes. She had always declined joining the little quadrille parties that had diversified the evenings, and Prescott had never seen her dance. He now claimed her hand, and was in extacy with the elegance of her performance.
- "Her dancing equals her singing and her riding;" said Lamberton, "What a pity that she should leave us so soon! this is her last night isn't it?"
- "Yes, and I must not let it slip. Such a woman is worth securing. I must find a chance to make my arrangements before the evening is over."
- "Are you so sanguine? supposing you be disappointed, and I tell on you?"
- "Tell whom and what you please;" said Prescott, in full confidence of triumph, and Lamberton, who never made pretensions to keeping a secret of any kind, accordingly discovered the aspirant's intentions to every one that came in his way.
- "Is not the room too warm for you?" said Prescott to Miss Arden, "shall we walk on the gallery? there is a delightful breeze there;" and he led her out.
- "My time in the ball room has more than expired;" said the lady, "I intended to remain but an hour, as my preparations for to-morrow's journey have yet to be completed. And, besides, I very much dislike dancing in summer."
- "I should not wonder at that, if the exercise affected you as it does some of the unfortunate ladies flourishing yonder. Their flushed faces and uncurling hair are enough to give any one a distaste to it, even as a spectator."

They took a turn or two on the gallery, and Prescott led his companion to a settee. All the auxiliaries favoured him that a lover could desire. The moon was shining gloriously, the music of a flute came from a distant piazza, the flowers that ornamented various of the windows breathed their very sweetest for the occasion. Prescott felt himself full of eloquence, courage it never was his misfortune to

lack; and he commenced an impassioned declaration, unreservedly resigning his hand, heart, and fortune, and even life, if that should be demanded. Miss Arden listened in silence, but with a smile on her face. The suitor grew still more impassioned, and, in the most improved dramatic fashion, threw himself on his knee, begging for one word—but one word.

"What can I say, Mr. Prescott, but that I ought to be immeasurably surprised?" at last returned the

lady.

"Surprised! have I not followed you constantly, showed myself devoted to you, so that I could not for an hour exist out of your presence? Surely, surely, you must have interpreted my feelings!"

"Under ordinary circumstances it would have been natural to understand you, but would it have been reasonable in me to presume after the warning I received from your own lips? It was in a conversation I chanced to overhear, an hour or two after my arrival; shall I give you one of my ringlets as a memento of it? the chamber I then occupied adjoined yours. I have since engaged myself to my old friend Mr. Ashton;" and, with a most provoking smile and a profound curtesy, she vanished.

Prescott remained transfixed. Every word he had uttered to Ashton returned to his memory, and with it came a full conviction of his present situation. To be designedly, maliciously secured, coquetted, rejected-it was insupportable. A half-smothered titter aroused him, and in springing from his knee, he caught a view of little Clara Ball, and three or four girls, all old enough to enjoy his situation, but too young to have any discretion, flying away from a window behind him. It belonged to the dressing room appropriated to the ladies for the night. Thus was the blow redoubled. He knew that in less than ten minutes the affair would have circulated over the ball room. Full of feelings unutterable, he strode from one passage to another towards his apartment, and as he was approaching General Arden's parlour, on his way, he saw Ashton limp to the door, and Ruth open it to admit him.

The next morning Prescott and his rejection were sounds upon every tongue, but he had taken means even to avoid an echo, having set off, no one knew whither, an hour or two before day.

Our readers will anticipate that Ashton's foot got well, and that his projected trip to Europe was accomplished as his wedding excursion.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## MY SISTER IN HEAVEN.

A SISTER, near in age to me,
Like some sweet flower that blooms in May,
With gladness and simplicity,
Made me and all around her gay.

We wandered by the river's side, Whene'er the winds blew gentle weather; She watched my boats upon the tide, We gathered flowers and nuts together.

Grim death came by in search of flowers
To bear to heaven, one summer day,
To beautify the angels' bowers,
And took her cruelly away.

Hope whispers I shall find her there, Fairer than when she left the earth— 20\* Methinks the heavenly soil and air
Must make her seem of heavenly birth.

She left me here to weep alone,
'Mid men, and yet in solitude;
But sometimes a mysterious tone
Comes on the winter breezes rude;

"My brother, weep not! bard or seer The spirit's secrets hath not told; Our happiness to human ear The words of earth may not unfold.

"My brother, love the spirit land, For there thy sister dwells in light; She waiteth with an angel band, To welcome thee from earth and night?"

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O. B. F.

## HER MIGHTY SAILS THE BREEZES SWELL.

WORDS BY J. MALCOLM.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

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II.

In her was many a mother's joy,
And love of many a weeping fair;
For her was wafted, in its sigh,
The lonely heart's unceasing prayer;
And, oh! the thousand hopes untold
Of ardent youth, that vessel bore;
Say, were they quenched in waters cold?
For she was never heard of more!

III.

When on her wide and trackless path
Of desolation, doomed to flee,
Say, sank she 'midst the blending wrath
Of racking cloud and rolling sea?
Or, where the land but mocks the eye,
Went drifting on a fatal shore?
Vain guesses all—her destiny
Is dark—she ne'er was heard of more!

Written for the Lady's Book.

MAY.

1.5

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

Asan thou comest, month of love and roses,
Making thy presence felt through all the earth;
Thy warm life-giving smile once more reposes
On hill and dale; and flowers, which owe their birth
To thy bright ray,

Spring up to greet thee as thou passest by, With all the odours of blest Araby, May, lovely May.

Thou comest, and to earth glad sounds art bringing:
From the small insect that with cheerful hum,
Flits through the sunbeam—to the wild bird singing—
Rejoicing strains of nature's music come;
And each young spray,
Which thou hast clothed in dew-gem'd robes of gr

Which thou hast clothed in dew-gem'd robes of green, Bows with a courtier's grace before his queen, May, merry May.

The axure sky o'er which no cloud is stealing, Grows more intensely axure, like the eyes Which meet from other eyes a look, revealing Unspoken volumes of deep sympathies: And blest are they—

The young, light-hearted, beautiful, and true,
Whose hearts are tinged with thine and love's own hue,
May, happy May.

Alas! for those to whom thy presence bringeth
No quickened pulse, no heart-throb of delight;
Who loathe thy brightness, while the fond thought wingeth
To distant scenes, its swift, unfetter'd flight,
Far, far away;

Perchance to linger where the marble tells, Of friends who slumber in earth's silent cells, May, sunny May.

Upon the dust of those who sleep thus lowly,
Thy smile, sweet May, hath no reviving power;
But round the living shed thy influence holy,
And cheer the heart which like a storm-crush'd flower,
Sinks to decay—
With beams of hope, and dews of heav'nly love;

With beams of hope, and dews of heav'nly love; And brightly on despair's dark waters move, May, gentle May.

We welcome thee again with unfeign'd gladness, May, loveliest daughter of the circling year; Life's sweetest cup is ever dash'd with sadness— Lo! while we speak, thou'rt drooping to thy bier; Passing away

Like all that's earthly—lingering but to show That unmix'd happiness dwells not below— May, Secting May!

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE GRANDAME AND HER PET.

[See Plate.]

#### BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

HARR! how the blasts are raving round, See where the snow-heaps pile the ground; The sky is all of leaden hue, Ice-bound the brooks and rivers too; Hush'd is each merry songster's lay, All mirth, all music far away; Gone is the foliage, trees are bare:—Look through you window, Winter's there!

How precious are the gifts of knowledge, Won or in village school or college;-In village-school, midst busy hum, Where urchins ply the learned thumb; In college, where, though richly dress'd, Their learning's oft a Aum at best .-And yet this learning must be sought, Though hardly earn'd, and dearly bought; It is a treasure we must get, Whatever toils the path beset. Whate'er obstructions crowd the way. Howe'er appalling their array: Danger and toil we must despise, Press through the throng and seize the prize. Though oft the thorns of rugged lore Have pierc'd the hands that boldly tore Their way through thickets to the fruit; Hearts must not faint in the pursuit. Yes, knowledge, pearl of richest price, The fruit of long-lost Paradise, By hard privations must be won, And by held accessed caring dere-

The ground, and though the fierce siroc Spreads fiery death, still hunts the prize, Although it mock his cheated eyes, As doth the mirage, 'mid the sand Of parch'd Arabia's thirsting land. Who loves it, will not turn him back. Though Ignorance present her rack, But, martyr-like, through torments dire Will seek it, at the stake and fire. And shall not, then, our hardy boy, His grannam's only pride and joy, Shall he not seek it through the snow. Through sleet that cuts, and winds that blow? That grannam, with what care she may, Arms her young champion for the fray,-He fights 'gainst ignorance to-day! His woollen frock his coat of mail. Impervious though blasts assail: His mittens are the gauntlets too. In which he grasps his buckler true; His shield against the tyrant's hate. His spelling-book and tin-bound slate, His hat a casque 'gainst fiercest weather; Then, there's defiance in that feather Which tops his beaver, nor in flight Will he e'er show that feather white. Not the late joust at Eglinton, I trow, when all is said and done. In its array, could boast a knight Better caparison'd for fight.

The traveller, though earthquakes rock

## EDITORS' TABLE.

"On home's high duties, be your thoughts employed, Leave to the world its striving and its void."

The sentiment, that "there is no place like home," finds a response in every heart. Even those who have never enjoyed the blessing of a good home, or have proved themselves unworthy of it, still cling to the remembrance or the dream, as their sweetest vision.

Why, then, should woman complain that her lot is inferior, when each individual is destined to become the centre of attraction in her home, and may there reign over hearts with a sway more perfect than ever monarch enjoyed; and form minds, and thus direct the movements of society by her influence, more surely than the legislator can by his laws?

But "those who would be the agents of Providence," says the accomplished author of "Woman's Mission," must observe the workings of Providence, and be content to work also in that way, and by those means, which Almighty wisdom appoints. There is infinite littleness in despising small things."

In truth, there are no "small things" connected with our duties. Nothing that influences human virtue and happiness can be trifling, and what more influences them than the despised, because limited duties assigned to woman?

We wish we could induce our young friends and readers, each and all, to ponder, for one half bour, every morning during this month on the following questions—

1st. Is it not woman's province to order and conduct the domestic establishment?

2d. Is it not, generally speaking, in her power to make her home a place of improvement and happiness?

Then let each individual seriously consider whether she has done, or is intending to do, all that she can to make the home

in which she dwells this place of improvement and happiness.

Now, one of the most frequent causes which interrupt the harmony of home, introducing harsh discords in the concert which should only breathe peace and love—is the taste for show and extravagance. At the present time, this taste has become an evil of great magnitude. It is not confined to either sex. In truth, we think our young men are quite as eager for the display and eclat of wealth and fashion as our young women—but then, we believe that the moral influence, which only can correct this evil, must be chiefly exerted by our own sex. We would, therefore, earnestly press upon the attention of those ladies who are leaders in the world of fashion, to study the beauty of simplicity and appropriateness, rather than style and expensive decorations in their dress and demestic arrangements.

There is much useless, we might say wicked, expense incurred when one yields to a passion for dress. It shows a weak judgment, or perverted taste, to strive to be always fine. As an example of this needless expense—we saw, on a Sabbath in February, a lady returning from church, arrayed in a lilach coloured satin dress, the akirt elegantly embroidered with a wreath of flowers, and this rich dress was draggled all around the bottom in the water and mud which covered the crossings and most of the side-walks. It was a glorious day, bright and serene as the "leafy June," if you looked upwards, but all beneath the feet was dirt and discomfort. We did not wonder that ladies were tempted to lay aside cloaks and furs, and sport their elegant cashmeres—but how any woman, not an idiot or insane, could put on a dress only fit for the drawingroom, and wear it abroad at such a season, was a wonder. For the credit of the lady's judgment, we are happy to state that

she wore Indian rubbers! Would she not have appeared more like a lady of refined taste had her dress been plain dark silk, or merino, rather than the gay, embroidered one she wore?

It is this wanton waste in dress and decorations which so swells the amount of domestic expenditure. An income like that of Queen Victoria would never satisfy the cravings of fashionable vanity. We must never deceive ourselves with the idea that a few more fine things will make us contented. The tendency to extravagance is fostered, not satiated, by indulgence.

Every lady who wishes to discharge, with credit to herself, her "home's high duties," must study economy—strict or liberal, according to her husband's circumstances—and the justness of her taste will be seen in the manner in which she consults the health, comfort, and real good of those around her. And let hernever forget that consistency of principle is brought to the test in every daily, hourly occurrence of woman's life; and that this quality, consistency, next to simplicity and benevolence, or love, is essential to sustain the influence of woman, and give her character that dignity which will secure respect to herself, as well as the benefit of her example to others.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Notwithstanding all our industry in examining the mass of MSS which fills our editorial cabinet, we do not make much apparent progress. It is still full. "Patience" is our motto—and it must also be the motto of our correspondents Occasionally we find an article which richly repays our trouble—"The Dying Wife," is one of these gems, which will soon have a place in the "Book." The following also are accepted, "My Sister;" from a Pastor's Journal; "The Father's Favourite;" "The Wife's Lament;" and "I've seen a fair-haired boy at play."

We are sorry to say, that we have a much longer list of rejected articles to give. And loth as we always are to wound the feelings of the sensitive, or crush the hopes of the aspiring, we still think that the writers will suffer less to know the fate of their communications with as little delay as possible, than be kept in suspense for a year or two. The following are among those we have examined.

"The Dream of Nations," bears evidence of genius, and a fine perception of moral beauty and fitness—but is too long.

"A Shipwreck." In this instance the muse was not buoyant enough to escape the general doom.

"To my Father in Italy," has one or two stanzas of great excellence. The writer has only to cultivate her talents with a little more care, particularly in the choice of words, and she need not fear a rejection.

"Murat-or Le Prieux Chevalier." Quite spirited, and well written, but not adapted exactly to our "Book."

"To E. A. W." Written with much feeling and tenderness. We regret that some inaccuracies make it not quite worthy of an insertion.

"Parting." Very poor.—Simon had better learn to "make the paper that he spoils" with his rhymes. Here is one stanza as a sample.—

"Thoughts of the present take their leave, Sensations sad are swiftly darting Into each crowded mind—Alas!

How sad we feel! We now are parting."

"Land of my birth so free;" "A Prairie on Fire;" "The Bride;" "The Burning of the Lexington;" "Lines to the Memory of Tho. Haynes Bayley;" "Life;" "The Gifts of the Flowers;" and "Lines occasioned by the Death of a Priend," are all declined.

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

New Family Library, No. 2.—"Mary, Queen of Scots, a Journal of her Twenty Years' Captivity, Trial, and Execution, from State Papers, Contemporary Letters, and Private Collections; by W. Jos. Walter, Author of 'The Life and Times of Sir Thomas More.'"

We understand that the above volume is in active progress, and will shortly make its appearance. Judging from the na-

ture of the subject, we should be led to anticipate in this forthcoming number, a portion of British history of still deeper interest than that of the volume which preceded it. The bingraphers of the Queen of Scots have been ambitious to shine rather as the historians of her age, than as the faithful narrators of her life and sufferings. So long as her personal history is connected with the exciting events of a memorable period, Mary has been allowed to occupy the foreground of the picture, but when disconnected with politics, and known only as the tenant of an inland prison, she has been suffered to sink almost wholly into the shade. The publication of the English State Papers has brought to light a mass of the most important materials—so important, indeed, and so indispensable to the true understanding of the spirit and character of the periods they illustrate, that there are those who think that British history has yet to be written. The Hardwicke, the Sadler, and the Shrewsbury papers present an uninterrupted series of the minutest particulars relative to Mary's long and painful captivity, and under the plastic hand of the biographer of More, we doubt not to see them embodied into a narrative of the most thrilling interest. We also understand that the volume will be illustrated by an authentic portrait of the Queen, from an orignal drawing in the Royal Library in Paris, and by two of her autograph letters, the first on occasion of her marriage with the Dauphin of France, in her fifteenth year, the second, written a short time previous to her execution.

We confidently anticipate for the forthcoming volume the same unexampled success that has attended Mr. Walter's first essay. The whole edition of "The Life and Times of Sir Thomas More" having, as we know from the best authority, been sold off in the short space of five months—no ill omen, it may be hoped, of the public taste in these times of pressure, when men's minds may be presumed to be occupied with interests so much "nearer to their own business and bosoms," than the events of three centuries ago, however exciting the narrative, and however impressive the lessons inculcated.

Letters from the Old World—by a Lady of New York, 2 vols. New York: Harper & Brothers. Carey & Hart: Philada.

Many of these letters appeared in the New York American, while the author was on her travels, and awakened a lively interest on her behalf, in the hearts of her readers. The present publication will, no doubt, be very popular—it describes scenes of such strange character and awful grandeur; for this adventurous lady, in these two volumes, carries us, starting from Constantinople, through Egypt, Syria, Palestine, Asia Minor, Greece, and ends the work at Venice. Here is sufficient variety of country and people to write forty odd letters about. There is some redundancy, and now and then a little inflation of style, which appears somewhat stiff and affected, compared with the familiar, off-handed descriptions of Mr. Stevens, who traversed much of the country which this lady describes. Still her work possesses high merit, and we commend it to our countrywomen as one of which they have just reason to be proud.

The Rejected Addresses.—From the Nineteenth London Edition. Boston: William D. Ticknor. Carey & Hart: Philada.

The republication of this popular volume will be hailed with delight by all who relish good-natured satire, and wish to enjoy a hearty laugh. The imitations are so excellent, particularly those of Scott, Southey, and Johnson, that they continue to retain much of their original interest, notwithstanding the ephemeral nature of the incident on which they were founded. We are glad to see this volume from the American press.

Pilgrimage to Jerusalom and Mount Sinai. By Baron Geramb. 2 vols. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

The Baron Geramb, a monk of the order of La Trappe, after the dissolution and destruction of some of the monasteries, and among others that to which he was attached, which followed the French Revolution of 1830, obtained permission from his spiritual superior to visit the Holy Land. The results of that visit are embodied in these volumes, and, however the

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religious tenets the good father advocates may be subject to controversy, it is impossible not to be deeply interested in his descriptions of his journey to, and residence in, Palestine. The pious writer describes every thing he saw with the minutest particularity, but without any approach to tediousness, for the scenes that form the topics of his sketches are so blended in every Christian's mind with the holiest associations that they cannot grow wearisome. In reading the accounts he gives of the localities made ever memorable by the miracles, the passion, and the death of the Saviour, we seem actually to be present with him, so strong is the impression which sympathy produces. We feel as if we were in the garden of Gothsemane-in the judgment hall of Pilate-at the foot of the cross on Calvary, so simple, and just, and true, are the images presented to our minds; and a desire to worship and adore arises within us.

#### The Moss Ross—a Parting Token. Edited by C. W. Everest. Hartford: 1840.

A sweet little volume which well justifies the name it bears. It is full of delicate thoughts, both in proce and poetry. Among the latter are several contributions from the pen of the editor, who is a writer of much promise. This "Moss Rose" is both pleasant to the eye and fragrant to the imagination. It possesses all the outward charms and graces of the beautiful plant from which it has borrowed its title, and its leaves are redelent of the odour of intellect.

Memoirs of Benjamin Franklin-with Selections from his Essays. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers: New York. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

The eminent example of successful industry, joined with frugality, exhibited in the life of this truly great man; and the practical simplicity and excellence of his writings, give to this collection a high value, while the form in which it is presented renders it accessible to every class of readers. Every American youth should study these volumes, and learn how temperance, perseverance, and diligent self-cultivation, may lead to the highest worldly dignities; and how these dignities may be ennobled by the constant exercise of unostentatious virtues.

## Remance of Travel; comprising Tales of Five Lands. By N. P. Willis.

The author of this volume is well known in the literary world, as a poet of exquisite tasts and an amusing letterwriter. But as he usually observes objects not people, and fashions and amusements rather than men and manners, he does not deal much in the philosophical in his proce writings, and there is little or no established morals in his stories. When he describes character it is usually done with the slight touches of an amateur thinker rather than the deep and profound observer of human nature. Still his writings are very interesting from their vivacity of description, elegance of style, and vividness of imagery. His stories always seem the reflex of a mind luminous with fancy and humour.

Most of the tales, in the work before us, abound in descriptions of beautiful women, and "jewelled hands," "superb or humid eyes," "pearly necks," "clustering ringlets," &c. &c., are epithets sown thick as stars in the milky way. The reader will feel that the author, while a traveller through "five lands," has been a most dainty and critical observer of the But such luxuriant descriptions are very apt to weary the reader if too long continued, as sweetmeats cloy the appetite when too freely indulged in. Even the deserved compliments which, in the following extract, are paid to the fair of Old England, seem too much like a fairy dream to make any impression on the memory.

"To the pure and true eye that appreciates the divinity of form after which woman is made, it would have been a glorious feast, to have seen the perfection of shape, colonr, motion, and countenance shown that night on the bright floor of Almacks. For the young and beautiful girls, whose envied destiny it is to commence their woman's history in this exclusive hall, there exist aids to beauty, known to no other class or nation; perpetual vigilance over every limb from the

cradle up: physical education of a perfection, discipline, and judgment pursued only at great expense, and under great responsibility; moral education of the highest kind; habitual conscioueness of rank, exclusive contact with elegance and luxury; and a freedom of intellectual culture, which breathes a soul through the face before passion has touched it with a line or shade—these are some of the circumstances, which make Almacks the cynosure of the world, for adorable and radiant beauty."

Willis is very happy in his description of places—his vivid imagination presents us almost the realities which he depicts. How distinctive and seemingly before us is the city here described:

"Like a city of secrets, sleeps silent Venice; her sea-washed foundations are buried under the smooth glass of the tide. Her palace entrances are dark caverns, impenetrable to the eye. Her veiled dames are unseen in their floating chambers, as they go from street to street; and mysteriously and sile-ally glide to and fro these swift gondolas, black as night, yet carrying sadness and mirth, innocence and guilt, alike swiftly, mysteriously and silently. Water that betrays no footsteps, and covers all with the same mantle of light, fills her streets; silence, that is the seal of secrecy reigns day and night over her thousand palaces!"

If we would have a true idea of the fancy of Willis, we must look at his similes; many of these exhibit peculiar quaintness, and often a rare beauty and delicacy, though we seldom find the grand or majestic, the splendid or sublime. The following is a fair specimen:

"Like a web weven of gold by the lightning, the sun's rays ran in swift threads from summit to summit, of the dark green mountains, and the soft mist that slept on the breast of the river, began to lift like the slumberous lid from the eye of weman, when her sleep is broken at dawn."

In reading over this volume, we felt deep regret to find so little religious feeling, because to the want of this we attribute the deficiency of those pure moral sentiments which made the charm of his best writings. Much of his earlier poetry gave evidence of fervent piety and an intimate knowledge of the Scriptures. But this seems to be forgotten in the mass of matter he has recently given to the world. The "Tales of Five Lands"—England, America, Italy, Austria, and Holland—present no illustration that the serious impressions of youth have been preserved in maturity. Sincerely do we hope that he will yet return to his thoughtful mood, and that his brilliant imagination may be chastened and purified by the holy flame of religion in the inmost soul.

## Perkins' Institution and Massachusetts' Asylum for the Blind.

We have just examined the eighth Report of this charitable Institution. The success which has attended the effort to teach the blind to read and the improvements in the books prepared for their use, are among those events which the philanthropist delights to contemplate. Every exertion to aid the helpless, shows the advance of Christian benerolence. Last year, we gave a particular account of an interesting pupil, Laura Bridgman, who is deaf, dsmb, and blind. In this Report her progress in study is particularly detailed. We wish we had room for the interesting narrative We advise all strangers who visit Boston during the summer, to make a point of seeing the Asylum for the Blind.

#### The Utility of Classical Studies. By N. C. Brooks, A. M.

This excellent address was pronounced before the Philomathean Society of Pennsylvania College, at Gettysburg, on its anniversary, in February last. Mr. Brooks is the staunch advocate of classical literature, and appears to have studied with deep, almost devout reverence, "those classic compositions of Greece and Rome, which challenge our admiration and regard, by the sublimity of their truths and the purity of their moral sentiments." In a word, his mind appears to be of that high and noble order which naturally selects whatsoever is lovely and pure in all its researches. He therefore sees and dwells on the "charms and mellowed glories of venerable antiquity." He has little love for the study of the mathematics, which he considers has a tendency to repress the genius, restrain the imagination, limit the understanding, and con-

tract the heart, because, requiring positive demonstration for every doctrine or belief, it must, of course, reject the sublime mysteries of faith, and thus promote scepticism. Mr Brooks considers "the study of the Languages superior to any other mental exercise in disciplining the mind;" and we so far agree with him, as to earnestly recommend the thorough study of Latin, besides the modern languages, French, German, and Italian, to our own countrywomen. And if any one should feel the inclination to study Greek, and even Hebrew, let her not be frightened from her pursuit by fear of ridicule. Remember the example of that gentlest and best of England's daughters, Lady Jane Grey.

To return to the Address:—We greatly admire the spirit of this eloquent composition. Its morality is of the Gospel. Even from the pages of profane history and the fictions of the heathen poets, Mr. Brooks can gather confirmation of the truths of Christianity, and "find the predictions of the true religion confirmed by the oracles of the false." And then how earnest is his commendation of that glorious classic—"the Scriptures of the OLD AND NEW TESTAMENT!"

"In this volume, you have a pleasant picture of the simplicity of the early ages, in all the flowing vivacity of Herodotus, without his fables-you have the exhibition of man in his political connexions and commotions—the spread of empire and the desolations of war-the achievements of men and the miracles of God-described with all the force and atticism of Thucydides, and the graces of Zenophon—you have a morality exactly suited to the nature and destiny of man, more elevated than ever came from the Portico or Academy—a system of laws and religion that far transcend the dreams of ancient sages-promulgated by him to whom power, dominion, and adoration belong-every variety of composition, characterized by all the sublimities and beauties of style-of passion, of sentiment and of action—the visions of the seer, the denunciations of the prophet, the teachings of the sage, the inpairations of the psalmist, the records of the evangelist and the triumphs of the martyr-tending to inform the mind, move the sensibilities, refine the taste, and above all, purify the heart, fit it for the discharge of the duties of life, and for the destinies of another and better world. This classic, above all others, I would commend to you."

This is something better than fine writing—it is sublime truth; genius and piety soaring together in search of the beautiful; cultivated reason laying its richest stores on the altar of revealed religion. The following is a gem of rare worth:

"You will be told by some that the Greek of the Old and New Testament is barbarous—believe it not!—that it has imperfections and errors of style—it is not the fact. The peculiarities, even those that are condemned by the captious, its transitions, changes, and irregularities, will be found, by the true scholar, to be parallel with those of the most refined Grecian authors. You who have drunk of the waters of Helicon, will not find those of 'Siloa's brook, that flows fast by the oracle of God,' less invigorating, nor the dews of Hermon loss sweet than those of the Aonian Aganipps. You who have listened to the ravings of the Sybil, and the wild frenzy of the Pythoness, will rejoice to hear the seers of old, as they wildly sweep the harp to the oracles of God."

The foregoing specimens will show that Mr. Brooks has most ably supported his theory of the "utility of classical studies," and shown himself to be one of whom his country may well be proud—the profound scholar, the enlightened and zealous Christian.

## Miss Leslie's House Book. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

How have families previous to this kept house? is a question that has been asked us by several. How, indeed? The public owe much to Miss Lealie for her efforts in their behalf. When her invaluable book of Receipts was published, we thought there was nothing left to desire. And yet here we have presented to us 428 pages of new matter, and all more or less interesting. Shall we enumerate the subjects upon which she treats? Have we room? No! But we shall not let the subject drop. In oar next, we will, with the publisher's permission, give two or three receipts. No doubt they will let us, for we well remember the crowd that besieged their door on a certain

Christmas day, when we gave the inimitable receipt for mince pies. Instead of buying annuals to present to ladies, Miss Lestie's Cookery Book was the work in demand. So will it be next year, if we conclude in our next December Number to publish several of those, which we may consider the most useful, articles from The House Book.

The Florist's Guide. T. Bridgeman, New York. Hirst & Dreer, Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

An useful work, containing a great deal of valuable information to the young gardener. The list of Dahlias is worth the price of the book. The work might with propriety be named, Every Man his own Gardener.

#### Sentiment of Flowers. Philadelphia: Lea and Blanchard.

Chaste mottoes, beautiful coloured engravings, and added to these, a mass of information that is seldom found beneath so beautiful an exterior. The design seems to be (an attempt, in which, by the way, the author has succeeded admirably.) to portray the various passing sentiments, feelings, &c., of the human mind, by a corresponding flower. It is a neat book—engravings well executed, and the typography of the Messrs. Collins, admirable.

### Natural History of Birds. Harper & Brothers, New York.

This is a most entertaining as well as instructive volume. Nothing can be more curious than the habits of the feathered race; and the skill, ingenuity, and application of some of the varieties, are almost marvellous. In this history their peculiarlties are displayed in a most attractive form; and illustrated by numerous engravings. The anecdotes interspersed through the volume are many of them curious, and all pleasing.

The Greek Reader. By Frederic Jacobs, Professor, &c. with English notes, critical and explanatory, by Charles Anthon, L.L.D. New York, Harper & Brothers. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

We do not know whether any of our lady readers have attempted to master the mysteries of Greek, but to such as have, this work will prove a valuable assistant. Besides containing ample selections from the most celebrated writers, poets, philosophers, historians, and others, it is enriched with a large mass of critical notes, in which the idioms and dialects are carefully explained, and a metrical key given to the various classes of Greek prosody. In addition to these there is also a copious lexicon, evidently prepared with the utmost diligence, which embraces a very considerable portion of the words senerally in use.

#### The Pathfinder, or the Inland Sea. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

Mr. Cooper has in these volumes returned to his favourite haunts of fiction, and in his spirited descriptions of savage life, and nautical adventures, shows that he has lost none of the keenness of observation and the facility of description which made his early novels so justly popular. The Pathfinder is the Leather-stocking of the Pioneers, and with all the simplicity, and honesty, and heartiness of character which he there displays, there is united in this fresh work, all the workings of a deep seated and unchanging love. The other characters introduced into the book, are numerous and generally well discriminated.

The sales of this work have been very numerous.

The Tower of London: an Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Guy Fawkes: an Historical Romance, by W. H. Ainsworth. Lea & Blanchard.

These two novels are to be published in numbers, with illustrations by Yeager. They relate to very stirring periods of history, and though no admirers of the intense school, we think they possess no little merit. The "Tower of London" has for its heroine, Lady Jane Grey, and the misfortunes of that most amiable princess are the topics treated of.

Paley's Natural Theology—with illustrative Notes by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell, New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia.

This work has long been the admiration of the learned, the wise, and the good. Its style is so clear—its illustrations are so ample—its arguments are so conclusive—that it has ever since the period of its first publication been regarded as among the ablest essays on the subject of which it treats. The notes by Lord Brougham and Sir Charles Bell have also added very much to its value. The present (the American) edition has been prepared by the Rev. Dr. Potter, of Union College, who has contributed an interesting introduction, and numerous able commentaries on the text.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans—with a Memoir by her Sister, and an Essay on her Genius, by Mrs. Sigourney. 7 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

There could not have been made a more acceptable addition to the libraries of this country than this publication. No writer of the age is so popular as Mrs. Hemans, and no writer more justly deserves popularity. All her works are marked no less by a strain of sweetness and piety, than they are by the rich outpourings of genius; and while she delights the imagination by her vivid creations, she softens and improves the heart by her teachings. Hers was emphatically a muse of the affections, and she portrays the tendernesses of life, its subdued joys, and pensive griefs, with all the fervour of a gifted intellect, and all the truth of personal experience. She touches no subject that she does not invest with a charm; and such is the exquisite delicacy of her taste, and the untainted? chasteness of her feelings, that amid all her voluminous writings there cannot be found a single line which her admirer and who does not admire her?-could wish to see erased.

Hitherto there has been no edition of Mrs. Hemans' published, in this country, which befits her great merits. Her new poems have been printed at different periods, and sexeral:. collections of them have been made, but they have not been such as became her intrinsic worth, and the high estimation in which she has always been held. The present edition will fully supply this deficiency.. It is one of the handsomest that has ever issued from the American press. The type is large and distinct, and the mechanical arrangement of the page is of the best kind. The paper also is clear and fine, and the binding rich and beautiful. Besides the entire poetical works of Mrs. Hemans, and many of her letters, this edition contains the Memoir by her Sister, which has been so much and so deservedly commended for the simplicity of its style, and the interest of the details. There is also an exquisite Essay on the genius of Mrs. Hemans, by our co-labourer Mrs. Sigourney, which adds greatly to the value of this collection. We trust that every one who can afford it will procure a copy of this publication.

The Husband Hunter. By Dennis Moriarty, Esq. 2. vols.
Carey and Hart, Philadelphia.

A very readable book as times go, but not a "circumstance," as old Cap would say, to fifty unpretending American books which have been published and forgotten.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

We have not for a long time seen so beautiful an engraving as "The April Fool," in Burton's Gentleman's Magazine, for April. This and "The Pets," are certainly two of the best of Sertain's pictures.

Really, publishers on the other side of the water have but a limited idea of a large list of subscribers, as the following from The World of Fashion, will show.

"Advertisers will find 'The World of Fashion' Magazine one of the best sources to give publicity to their various trades. It has the largest circulation of any magazine of the kind published; the numbers sold in the month of May were upwards of four thousand, and its regular sale averages from three thousand to four thousand copies, all of which are distributed amongst the nobility and gentry; in the East and West Indies, America, &c., &c., &c., —All advertisements should be sent to the office, 49 Strand, before the 26th of every month."

Compare this with our immense list.

We regret to find that our friend Waldie has suspended his valuable Library for the present. Ill health and delinquent subscribers are the causes. We sincerely hope he may soon be restored to that society which delights in him.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHIONS.

FIGURE 1.-Home Dress.-Dress of white muslin; corsage half high; the back has a few gathers at the waist; the fronts cross and are in large set folds or plaits (see plate :) round the neck is a narrow lace. The sleeves are short and do not even cover the elbow: they are quite tight, and have five double tucks (which are cut the cross way) put on as plain as possible, and close together, so that the upper tuck covers the putting on of the one below it, and so on. The skirt has rather a deep flounce at the very bottom. Apron of brocks silk with a flounce of the same all round, and a double one at the bottom (see plate;) the pockets are on the outside, rather pointed at bottom: they are put on with a narrow flounce all round, except at top. The cap is of the kind denominated "The Peasant's Cap;" the crown is like a half handkerchief, plaited into form at the back: the lappets in front descend below the ears, and are turned up again and fastened amidst the plaits at the back of the cap; they are considerably stiffened, and in three or four deep plaits or folds. A coloured ribbon, after forming a resette-bow in front, encircles the cap, and finishes in a bow with long ends at back; a small boquet of roses is placed at the left side (see plate.) Hair in smooth bands, the ends braided and turned up at each side of the face. Bow of coloured ribbon fastening the coreage in front. Hair chain. Half-long black netting mittens.

FIGURE 2.-Dinner or Evening Dress.-Dress of pouz de soie, shot with white glace de blanc. Corsage pointed, the front in three pieces, and ornamented with a lace tucker (see plate.) This species of tucker goes round the back of the corsage, and forms the front (see plate.) Short sleeves, plain at the shoulder, and cut in the Venitian style, with the exception that the lower corner is rounded off instead of being pointed, and that it does not quite cover the elbow (see plate;) it is trimmed with a parrow blonde, and has a bow in front. The skirt of the dress is very full, and ornamented with two deep flounces, headed by a gimp trimming; the lower flounce goes round the dress, the upper one is brought high in a festoon at the left side, and finishes by a small bow of ribbon (see plate.) Cap of blonde, with long lappets depending from the back, with a plain flat head piece, and a full puffing at each ear, in the midst of which is a small circle of flowers. Hair in bands, gold necklace, black net mittens, white satin shoes. The sitting figure gives the back of the dress.

#### FIGURES UNCOLOURED.

Fig. 1. Evening dress of white lace over pink trimmed in a novel style round the bottom of the skirt, and up the sides, with pink bows, (see plate.) Head dress formed of lace and ribands.

Fig. 2. Levantine dress, with three puffs on the bottom of the skirt. Corsage plain, trimmed with lace, sleeves puffed at the tops and hands, to correspond with the bottom of the dress.

Hat of white lace, trimmed in a very light style with flowers.

Fig. 3. Is of striped changeable silk, trimmed up the front, corresponding trimming round the collar. The corsage made after the manner of a low necked coat dress. Caissing bonnet with a bunch of roses at the side.

#### CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Something new.—From a ring on the little finger of the right hand, depends a gold chain, to which is attached either an eye glass or smelling bottle, whichever may be most useful.

In a front view of the hair, as it is sometimes now dressed, neither curls nor flowers can be seen. The tresses full, loosely put together, a couple of inches on the neck. No comb is used to fasten them, but bodkins ornamented with pearls or jewels. Coral ornaments are being revived.

The Coraline, or Marine Moss, has been introduced as a trimming for bonnets.

In some instances the back hair is encircled with wreaths of coral and is retained by pins of the same kind.

Black lace hats are now the vogue. They are prettier when trimmed with a wreath of roses or carnation pinks. They are certainly the most beautiful articles of the season.

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## GODEY'S

# L A D Y'S B O O K.

JUNE, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## DEATH OF THE STAG.

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

THE sport is done!—the noble beast lies low, And, gathering round, the victors of the day, Biped and quadruped, sagacious dogs And less sagacious men, look on well pleased: A splendid triumph!—glorious enterprize!

Admit that man, with guiltless hand, may shed The life-blood of the creature he devotes To his remoresless appetite, his plea Of wide dominion or of hunger keen Can never justify the murderous act Which not necessity, but pastime prompts.

When the innocuous animal is slain, Benevolence is pained. The butcher feels Some visitings of nature, when he strikes His trembling victim. But the boisterous chase, The wild excitement, and the loud huzzas, The horn's exhilarating voice that rings Through dell and dingle, stirring exercise, And the full chorus of the eager hounds,—These drown the voice of pity, these subdue Those kind emotions that are felt by all Who boast the god like faculty of thought, And deem it not irrational to think.

But this too oft is man's enjoyment, this His glory—with unpitying virulence To persecute the helpless;—to pursue The innocent and gentle! Oh, how few Delight in rousing the vindictive foe That may contend with vigour, and oppose Their brutal violence with an equal force!

Is man the ruler?—let him learn to deal Benignly with his subjects. Aid the weak, Protect the harmless, and abhor the act Of needless torture. Otherwise he stoops Beneath the level of the beast he wrongs By gross misrule; and would, if men were placed Beneath his sceptre, play the tyrant still.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE MOTHER AND DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS.

Then gently scan your brother man, Still gentler sister woman; Tho' they may gang a kennang wrang, To step aside is human.—Burns.

But thou remorse! there is no charm,
Thy sting, avenger, to disarm!
Vain are bright suns and laughing skies,
To soothe thy victim's agonics:
The heart once made thy burning throne,
Still, while it beats, is thine alone.—Mrs. Hemans.

IT was midnight—the moon was shining clear and bright, and her soft and shadowy light fell upon one of the stately old mansions of England: a casement window in that mansion was open, and standing upon the terrace, her hand grasping the carved railing for support, was its noble lady. She was of high name, and lofty lineage, and of rare and surpassing loveliness; but there was sorrow stamped upon the brow of Aline Everard, and the long raven lashes were heavy with tears; the glossy blackness of the curls scattered over her snowy cheek, contrasted almost strangely with its exceeding whiteness; the small delicately carved lips were tremulous with emotion, and, ever as that lady thought of the past, of the fearful present, her stately form was bowed with the anguish of bitter and contending feelings. A step sounded in the distance, and as she heard it, the colour came again into her pale cheek; a voice sounded in her ear, whose tones were as softest music-an arm was around her, and Aline Everard repulsed it not, though she was the wife of another! and he said,

"Aline! all is ready—will you go with me now?"

"I will—it is too late for repentance." Yet as she spoke, that lady's hands closed in her agony, till the slender nails pierced the flesh, and the blue veins stood out like small cords upon the white forehead. Then she turned to the window, and her voice was low and broken as she murmured, "Let me look upon my child once more!"

Alfred Delavel stood with her over the bed of the sleeping babe, and as he looked upon its soft and gentle beauty, he recoiled from the wrong they were about to inflict upon its head-but memory of that infant's father came over his better feelings, and they withered as a flower before the hot wind of the desert. Aline knelt down and she wept long and bitterly; he who stood by her side, strove not to check her tears; they flowed on without restraint; but she rose at last, and she looked up with a fearful mingling of supplication and despair, as she murmured, "Grant, oh! my God, the blessing unto her, that her guilty parent may not ask for herself!" Delavel drew her arm within his own, and they went forth. Ay-she went forth, that wife and mother! Shame and remorse were struggling for mastery in her heart, the curse of her stern husband seemed already upon her: she had looked upon her tender baby of a year old-yet she had gone; but in her bosom were the stings of an accusing conscience, and they pierce to death!

Aline Everard had been betrothed in early life, to Alfred Delavel; her attachment had been sanctioned by her parents, but a change in Delavel's fortunes had induced her father to withdraw his consent, nay

more, to break off the engagement, and dismiss him the house. No entreaties availed to change the determination of the obdurate parent, and insults the most unmerited were heaped upon the head of Delavel, till maddened, and desperate, he ceased from further importunity, and left the country. Gold was the god of Aline's father; all her tears, her severe suffering, were as nothing in his eyes, compared to the horrors of a poor son-in-law. She was hurried into dissipation; and the weary round of pleasure over for a season, was forced, literally forced into a marriage with Luis Everard. She came to her husband, dowered with rank, and wealth, and peerless beauty-but with loathing, and scorn, and proud contempt for the man who would wed her, when her heart was in the keeping of another. A sullen apathy mingled with deep melancholy, seemed to brood over her spirit from the time of her marriage; she was at no trouble to conceal her feelings, believing her husband fully aware of them, at the time he had taken her for his wife. Luis Everard was a stern, haughty, but honourable man, his own attachment to Aline, which was far stronger than she dreamed of, and the misrepresentations of her father, had blinded him to the truth. He knew little of women; his life had been given to study, he considered Aline a child, did not appreciate her character, and conceived her only like the rest of her sex, in being wilful and capricious. When the film dropped from his eyes, and he knew if his young wife had a feeling towards him it was hate, he never by words of tenderness or acts of kindness, strove to win her to the path of love and duty. Disappointment hardened into stone all the softer feelings of his nature, he became harsh, gloomy, and suspicious, and life became a burden unto his wife, almost heavier than she could bear. Unexpectedly to both, Delavel and Aline met; traces of suffering were too legibly traced upon the fair face of the latter, to escape the notice of Delavel. He sought her out, he learned the truth, that her husband was a tyrant, and her home marred by scenes of sorrow and strife: from that hour to the night of their elopement he never swerved from his purpose, to make her his own. Alas! for Aline-she knew but little of the high principle that should have restrained and supported her, and made her strong in the path of duty. Hers had been a fashionable training; as much time as her mother could spare from amusement, she gave unto her child, and it generally sufficed for the well ordering of the dressing department; as much principle as she could pick up in a boarding school, where all showy accomplishments were the chief objects attended to, fell to the lot of the unhappy Aline. She

was gifted with keen sensibility, her attachments were ardent, sincere, and most devoted: her love for Delavel had never changed, nay, it had grown stronger, because she was ever in secrecy and bitterness of heart, drawing the contrast between her husband, and him who had won her first affection. Aline did not possess the steady sense of right that would have enabled her to check such feelings, because they were sinful, she had no such strong restraining power within her-it had never been implanted. Reader, where was the guilt heaviest, and of the deepest dye-upon the heads of those who had launched her forth upon the ocean of existence, without rudder or sail, to gain a sheltering port, or upon her, young in years and the world's experience, warm, and devoted in affection, blighted before her time, and entailing upon herself by her own act, long years of anguish and remorse.

Much of what has been said concerning the early education of Aline, will apply to that of Alfred Delavel's, but his parents died when he was still a very young man, and he became his own master long ere he was fit to guide the rein of life's fiery chariot.

When Luis Everard returned to his forsaken home, his wrath was fierce, and for a time ungovernable, and he vowed in the bitterness of his soul, that his daughter should grow up to curse the name, and hate the memory of her mother. He was not a man to yield long to any violent exhibition of passion, after the first burst of anger and suffering was over, he became as he had been, save that his mood was sterner, gloomier, more repulsive in its coldness than The fugitives were beyond his reach, he could obtain no tidings of them; he sought a divorce and obtained it. Soon after, he received a newspaper containing the account of Aline's marriage to her lover, and under the announcement was written " Delavel," evidently in his own handwriting. Everard crushed the paper in his clenched hand, and his teeth ground together, while over his face spread that ashen and deadly hue, that is so fearful in the strong man, moved by great and agonizing emotion; but he spoke not; whatever he endured, it was in silence. From that time he plunged into politics. It was a relief to mental inquietude, to yield himself up to the intense excitement and absorbing interest engendered by political life, and he was again a comparatively happy man. But once more he heard of the fugitives, and only once for many years; an old, eccentric, and capricious man, uncle to Delavel, had died, leaving him his fortune. It had been claimed and taken possession of by Delavel, and further tidings of him or his after fate, came not to Luis Everard, until his hair was whitened with age, and his heart weary of the world's bitterness and strife.

Twenty years are gone, and she who slept an infant in the cradle, when her mother forsook her home and husband, has grown into years of womanhood. And beautiful, very beautiful was Leora Everard! She had the raven tresses, and snowy skin of that false mother, eyes dark as night, but brilliant as an evening star; pure and lofty in expression, yet touched by the soft and gentle tenderness that formed the crowning charm in her character. Her mouth was small and delicately formed, and the smile it wore might have lighted up the face of the Peri when her task was done!" Household love was around the path of Leora, and it guarded her with an unseen, but powerful spell, from all things that could

shadow her happiness. To the father that child was dearer than life, and all that rendered life of value. None might sound the depths of his love, the pent-up feelings of a life time were poured into this only channel, and the stream was mighty and strong: yet even as he cherished her, did he hate the mother, and he never forgot the determination he had formed in the first moments of vengeance. He taught his child as part of her duty to hunself, to hate also; and Leora, who loved all created things, from the tiny flower by the way side, to the noble father and guardian of her youth, turned with feelings of horror and dislike, from all mention of the name and memory of her mother. The widowed sister of Everard, Mrs. Castlemore, had supplied to Leora her place-far more than supplied, for she had implanted the principles the unfortunate Aline never possessed. As proud as her brother, Mrs. Castlemore could never forgive the shame brought upon their house, by the guilty wife; she never palliated or excused her conduct, and on the mind of Leora, a strong impression was made by this course of conduct; in all other instances, Mrs. Castlemore was gentle in judgment, lenient, and charitable; in this case she went beyond her brother in language of stern condemnation. Only in language be it remembered; it were hard to have gone beyond Luis Everard in thought, but his words to Leora were brief; yet she remembered to her dying hour every one he had ever spoken to her, of the mother that had forsaken her in helpless infancy.

We have said that Everard became a politician; his opponent, and often a successful one, too, was Morton Clare, a man of great wealth, but not very elevated character, who lived in the same neighbourhood: bitter feelings were engendered in the minds of both, by their constant and fierce rivalry, and these feelings were strengthened into something very like hate, in the bosom of Everard, by the ostentatious and vulgar triumphs of Clare. An election of member for the House of Commons was fast approaching—they were opposing candidates. The time and attention of Everard was wholly absorbed, every feeling was roused, and he poured out his gold like water, that he might win the prize; it was one he had long aimed at; but that wish was secondary to the intense desire he felt to defeat Clare. At this juncture, Mrs. Castlemore proposed to visit Italy in company with some English friends, where he could join them, when his political contest was over. Everard consented; and Leora and Mrs. Castlemore left England. The health of the latter had been for some time previous in rather a precarious state; travelling instead of benefitting, was found to be injurious, and they arranged their affairs for a sojourn of some length in Florence. A furnished house was rented, and something of a home feeling came over the wanderers, as English friends gathered around, to bid them welcome. The health of Mrs. Castlemore became decidedly better, the climate agreed with her, and the physician urged a stay of some months, to make certain the cure so fortunately begun. It would be some time, however, before Everard could join them, and his sister declined making further arrangements for the present; trusting to find her health as good as usual, by the time Mr. Everard wished to return to England.

Among their earliest visiters was Frederic Clare, the only son of Morton Clare; he shared in none of his father's feelings of animosity, had always been

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a visiter, though a rare one at the Everard's. Apparently, Luis Everard had never resented to the son the conduct of the father; true, he was cold in his demeanour, but as such was his usual manner towards every one, the females of his family had no knowledge of his real feelings. It was difficult for Everard to separate the father and son-an only child, the representative of the honours and ancient name of the house of Clare-what was he, in point of interest, different from his father? If he had been of character as ordinary, attainments as contemptible, and pursuits as vulgar as Morton Clare, no other feeling would have been excited, save contempt-political strife, fierce rivalry, too frequently bordering upon personal insult, had caused the hate of Everard to the elder Clare, and he was ashamed to acknowledge to those around him, how strongly they influenced him to dislike the unoffending son. His very advantages as the son of Morton Clare, only rendered him more obnoxious; and while he admitted to himself that meeting man to man, he should have liked and admired him, being what he was, he hated him, though Frederic Clare was blessed with a mother immeasurably superior to the husband a needy father had induced her to marry. Frederic had been her sole companion through a life of much trial, and her vigorous intellect and earnest love combined, had made him worthy to be such for ever. He possessed rare personal beauty, yet, not a shade of vanity sullied his noble character, his mother had taught him its proper value; his mind was highly cultivated, but untinctured by the least desire to make parade of the rich stores he had garnered during a life of silent, and unostentatious application. His manners were marked by dignity, and something of reserve, but to those near and dear to him, this passed away before the influence of a mind, full of sunny thoughts, and bright imaginings. Frederic Clare was a welcome visiter to the Everards, he came direct from England, and local news was most acceptable to them; he had indeed come to escape the election; much of his fafather's conduct he disapproved of, without possessing influence over him to change it; and to Morton Clare it was rather a relief to have him out of the way at that particular time.

Frederic had passed that period of life when men are apt to fall foolishly and madly in love; he was five and twenty; "life's fitful fever," its early beginning at least had cooled down with him; he looked soberly on the world, and the things therein. He had seen much of women, and he somewhat doubted the sincerity of many professions that fell softly on his ear; he remembered his wealth, and he thought the charm was there. Leora Everard made no professions, far from it! The tones of her voice were sweet as the music of the singing bird, but glad and joyous as the merriest maid's beneath the skies of sunny Italy! Her eye sparkled as brightly, her step bounded as lightly, and her slight form was away among the trees and flowers, a very child in her bounding sense of enjoyment. The young loved and trusted her; the old smiled upon her; and the poor blessed her, as they named her the fair English maiden of the open heart. To Frederic Clare she was a study and a marvel; it was strange to him that the world had not destroyed the child-like innocence and purity of her character. He did not know how carefully the father and aunt had guarded against such a consequence-Leora had not been allowed to mingle

indiscriminately in gay society, encountering the "painted sepulchres" in woman's form, that tarnish and destroy the fair structure of social intercourse. Her associations were limited, and in her own choice of intimate companions, principle had been her guide. It is the "fair outward seeming" in those of their own sex, that win upon the affections of young girls, without consideration being given to the weightier matter of character; friendships are formed, which do not often end without unpleasant consequences; to this may be attributed in a great degree, the short duration of excessive intimacies: if more regard were had to a virtuous and well ordered mind, and less to a face of beauty and insinuating manners, the reproach might be done away with, that friendship in a young Frederic Clare had been a girl is never faithful. close observer of women, and his observations had all tended to the same conclusion, that women of the world, mixing much in society, were acting a part, one they believed most likely to advance their own interests; veiling their real character studiously from view, they wore upon the surface the semblance of all that was good and excellent, while beneath, were the bitter waters of envy, repining, and discontent! And so it will continue to be while woman attaches ideal value to wealth, while she is taught to consider marriage the end and aim of her existence. If she were allowed the benefit of education, in its noblest and most extended sense, other and better feelings would arise, and that which so often works misery to man, and shame to herself, would pass away for ever-There was a brief season, when Clare looked upon Leora, and believed he had met with a new specimen of the sex; he doubted if he saw her in her true character; he fancied it was one put on, yet which became her singularly well. His eyes were opened to his error, by her indifference to himself; true, she always welcomed him with a smile, because he was her countryman; but there were others, who were of lighter mood than Frederic Clare, who loved the merry laugh and jest; and ever to these Leora turned, for they afforded amusement and pleasure. And be watched her long and earnestly, when she could not dream of scrutiny; always he found her true to herself; gentle and womanly, and without the faintest shadow of deception, to sully the beauty of her character. "I have found one, like unto my mother, when I had given up the task as hopeless!" was the inward thought of Clare; and his heart reproached him that he had ever dared to doubt Leora. In the world deceit had encountered him at every step-the bright and beautiful, the proud, the high born, the cringing and the base, had all alike deceived; the world had taught him to doubt, but not to disbelieve in virtue; knowledge of his mother saved him from that last and fatal error. It is true, that he had hitherto thought of truth and sincerity in woman, as something afar-off, and beyond his reach, something not met with in the daily walks of life, and his experience in the elevated position he occupied in society, almost warranted such belief.

Pass we over three months; the time spent in Florence. The health of Mrs. Castlemore was entirely re-established, and Luis Everard was almost hourly expected from England. He had communicated to his family, without comment, the result of the election—" Morton Clare was the successful candidate"—all the fiery passions of his nature had been roused into action during that fierce contest; he

would have given life itself for victory-terrible and overwhelming was the disappointment, his spirit was for a season crushed beneath the stroke; he cursed the world and the world's hollow falseness, and turned away in disgust and gloom, from every object that lighted his pathway, save Leora. Her he sought, but his feelings were a secret to his child and sister, perchance he was at heart ashamed of the bitter and increasing animosity he bore to Clare; be it as it may, in his letters there was no mention of his rival's name, and the result of their long struggle was alluded to without anger, or emotion. The evening before he arrived in Florence, Frederic Clare and Leora were alone together, they were sitting upon a balcony running along the second story, in front of the mansion; the moon rode pale, and clear, and high, beyond them, like some vestal queen surrounded by her myriad worshippers, the stars. A change had come o'er the maiden-a deeper tenderness was in the large, dark, shining eyes—a softer, more subdued, yet happier glance: and over Clare there had passed change also; long and tenderly his eye rested upon Leora, and there was mingled in its glad expression, trust and confidence-he was loved at last! How often had he dreamed of some such hour as this, and in waking moments stifled the hope as vain and improbable! Yet was she his, in her youth and rare loveliness; in her innocence and truth; he had read her mind as that of a child, ere it has learned the meaning of disguise, and the heart of Frederic Clare was at rest. Of many things they spoke, as they sat there together, and often of the absent Everard: it is true, there were moments when misgivings of evil came over the mind of Clare—a father's interference and opposition, but these were faint and soon banished; he would not believe Everard could destroy the happiness of his only child; and he turned from these thoughts to other and brighter ones.

"Leora! what a night is this—so calm, and still, and beautiful. Does it not almost tempt you to wish our abiding place were here for ever?"

"No!" said the maiden, and she smiled, "not all the splendour of Italia's sky can bring forgetfulness of England—my English home! Oh! do you not remember it? The stately trees, older by years and years than I am—the park stretching away in the far distance, and the little stream, that like a thread of silver wound its way among the tiny flowers, and graceful shrubbery—these things are all before me now, and if the golden sunsets of this bright land, linger not upon them, they are encircled by old familiar memories, and they will twine round my heart for ever."

"Right! my own Leora!" was the answer; "love of country and of home, is a bright image in the heart of woman, and she should ever guard and cherish it. But they say, Leora, 'in story and in song,' that love is stronger and more passionate, beneath the blue sky of Italy, than in our cold northern isle; shall we not linger here, that ours may continue unto the end, the same that it is now?" Then there was a pause for a moment, and by the pale moonlight, Clare saw the colour deepen upon Leora's face, as she answered:

"Do you fear change in yourself or me? Oh! Clare, that doubt was not for my love!"

"For neither—I have doubted thy sex, Leora, but never thee, thou art noble in character, pure and upright, yet full of all gentle and womanly feelings; and thou art like unto one that I honour, and love next to thee—my mother! Bless thee, my own Leora, that you have consented to become her child; many sorrows she has had through a long life, and affection such as you could feel towards her, would compensate for much trial."

Tears gathered into the eyes of the warm-hearted girl, as she exclaimed in a low, yet earnest tone:—
"Your mother! Oh, Frederic, shall I ever be so blessed as to win her love? what would I not do to deserve it!"

And words he answered such as lovers are wont to say, when the heart is full to o'erflowing of gentle and kindly feelings. But the night waned, and they parted; with no shadow upon their happiness—no presentiment of coming evil—but with trust in each other, and confidence and hope for the time to come. Blessed be God that it is so! that the dim uncertain future is shaded by the curtain of everlasting silence; when it is withdrawn, and slowly as we can bear, come sorrow and sore anguish, the spirit is enabled to bear, for it knoweth not the worst.

The morrow came, and Luis Everard returned; the gloom that hung over his spirits vanished in the presence of his darling child.

"My daughter," he said in fondness and pride, as he drew her towards him, and kissed her soft cheek, the same Leora that I parted from; the world hath not changed thee, love, that happy face is beaming as of old, with innocence and truth," and once again Everard clasped her to his bosom; his haughty spirit was moved with a warm and yearning tenderness, which had almost shown itself in tears, but that his strong self control rarely permitted emotion of any kind to manifest itself.

The evening of that day came soon; Everard and his child were alone together; many questions of home and England had been asked and answered: then Everard bade her sit down beside him, and give some account of their manner of passing the time, and of events as they occurred during his absence. With a light and happy heart Leora complied; almost from the commencement of their travelling her story ran, and the father listened in delighted attention, to tale of humour and of pathos, as her memory served her. But as she proceeded came mention of Frederic Clare, frequent and earnest mention; his name mingled in all accounts of their daily visitings, or their rambles abroad, anecdotes of him seemed to multiply without end; and into Everard's mind there crept a fearful and agonizing suspicion of the truth.

"Leora," he said at length, and she almost started from her seat, at the stern low tones that fell upon her ear; he laid his hand upon her arm, and looking into her face, went on: "Leora, from the time of early youth, unto that of womanhood, you have never told me a falsehood—be true to me now! Do you love this Clare?"

"Oh, father! father!" she cried, trembling with terror and distress, "do not look upon me thus, and I will tell you all—you were to have known it by to-morrow—look kindly on me, father, I cannot tell you when my heart is sinking from your anger;" and she wept bitterly as she bent down her head upon his arm. Everard raised it up, and he spoke more gently though his voice was compressed and stern.

"You are but a child, Leora, and if the future be as I wish, I may pardon the past. And now, without prevarication, tell me of this folly."

The colour rose high in the cheek of the maiden, as she answered almost proudly,

"Prevarication is for the guilty, not for those who have innocently offended. I have done no wrong, dear father, that I should be ashamed to look you in the face, and relate the whole story of the past," and then she detailed every circumstance connected with her intimacy with Frederic Clare. Everard heard her to an end, silently. Ay, though the blood leaped in his veins, and his teeth ground together like iron, though the hue of the grave spread over features rendered harsh, to ferocity, by contending passions; but when she had done, he leaned down and spoke, in that low, fearfully calm voice, peculiar to him when strongly excited: "In years long gone, Leora, there was one, as young and fair as thou art. She listened to the tempter, and fell! I cursed her memory and sex, I loathed and hated all that bore the name of woman. For thy sake, girl-for thy sake, I have trusted them once more! Do not you deceive me, too. You are my only child-the sole tie that binds me to a false and hollow world-you have been the solace of long years, left solitary by the guilt of another-all this you are to me, and more than thisyet girl! I would wrap thee in a winding-sheet, and lay thee in the tomb, ere I would see thee wife to son of Morton Clare!" He started from his seat, his whole frame convulsed by the fierce struggle that racked him, and with rapid steps he paced to and fro the apartment. Leora rose up feebly, as one who had received some dreadful blow, yet scarce compre-

"Father!" she said, in her sore anguish, "you did not say so!—you did not mean so, father! What has Frederic Clare done, to merit such bitter anger?"

"Wilt marry him, girl?" he said in mockery, wilt league with the son of my bitterest enemy, and prove like your base mother, a curse to my existence? Ha! it were worthy of her daughter!" and again he paced the room with hurried and irregular strides.

"My mother!" cried Leora, in her agony, "would to God, I had died ere I heard her name! Turn to me, father—turn to me in kindness. I will marry no man without your blessing—what is the world to me without it?" and she wept bitterly as she sank down among the cushions upon the sofa, helpless and despairing. Then Everard took her in his arms, and blessed her, and although she was as a flower on which a blight had fallen, and her heart was sinking in dismay for the fearful future, that blessing came soothingly over her troubled feelings, and she felt strengthened for the trial before her.

"Forgive me, Leora, I have been very harsh," said her father, "but you know not my provocations from Morton Clare—can never, with your gentleness of spirit, fully estimate them: but no more of them. Say you forgive, Leora, and will forget my violence?

She clasped her arms around his neck, and though her voice was choked with tears, she murmured, "I have nothing to forgive, my father."

Everard laid her softly down upon the cushions, and he smoothed back the long hair that had gathered over her temples, kissing her brow as he did so, and whispering words of approbation and love; but her face grew paler every moment, until even her lips took the same hue, the eyelids closed heavily over the dark orbs, and the breath came with an effort, and almost with pain. Everard started up in alarm,

and when he looked again he saw she had fainted; for a brief moment, the father would have given ber to Frederic Clare, to have restored her to happiness and life, so great was the shock that look of death gave him. Other thoughts came, (his life had been a long struggle with feeling-he had learned to conquer,) she was borne to her chamber, and such remedies applied, as her case demanded. She recovered soon, answered feebly but affectionately his inquiries, but seemed indisposed to converse; and Everard saw she retained the hand of Mrs. Castlemore, and appeared unwilling her aunt should leave her; it was the first and only time Leora had ever manifested such feeling for Mrs. Castlemore, in preference to birmself; he had been hitherto the engrossing object of her love; and unconsciously Leora inflicted a bitter pang upon her erring, yet fond father. That night Luis Everard laid his head upon a troubled pillow, he felt himself lowered in the estimation of his child, sunk in his own esteem, devoid of the magnanimity and generosity of character Leora believed him to have possessed. To a proud mind like his, there was much to humiliate in these reflections, and his better nature might have conquered, if hate to the name of Clare, so long indulged in, that it had grown a fiend of giant size, had not rolled over his kindlier thoughts, crushing them to atoms. The faint goadings of a weakened conscience, could make but little impression upon the mind of one who thirsted for revenge, and who would have died ere he would add one iota to the happiness of his detested rival.

The morrow came, and Clare was informed of the determination of Leora's father, and her compliance with his wishes: Everard desired the truth might be told him, that he might feel the hand that dealt the blow, and he accompanied the letter she had written with one of his own, couched in cold, formal language, insisting that all further communication should cease between them. Clare made great exertion to see Leora, if only for the last time; but she feared the struggle, and shrank with absolute agony of spirit from witnessing his distress. Every effort failing, Frederic left Florence, but where he had gone was a mystery to all.

Leora Everard had made a great and fearful sacrifice, and she felt at times, how bitterly, it was to the prejudices of her father. Still it had been made, and Leora struggled hard to bear cheerfully with her lot, but the shock had come suddenly, when she was wholly unprepared for it; even now she could scarce realize it was her father, so noble and excellent in character, who visited upon the head of the son a parent's offences. She changed, and none saw it with keener eyes than Everard; lassitude stole over her frame, she was unwilling to go forth into the open air, she no longer loved the sunshine, nor the soft south wind that swept over her brow; hers "was a young spirit blighted, and she faded like a flower when the stalk is injured."

One morning Leora was reclining upon the sofa, she had not, as usual, forced her spirits in a vain effort to be cheerful, but she lay there motionless, yet apparently suffering, the colour rose high up in her cheek, and then would fade away into a deadly paleness; Everard watched her long, and with pain; he moved his seat to the sofa, and gently said:

"Leora, there is something wrong—what is it, my child? You are ill, I fear," and he took her hand within his own, and looked tenderly upon her. The

tears started to her eyes as she met that glance, and she said mournfully,

"I do not know, father, I am often thus; but I feel strangely oppressed to-day-hot and cold by turns; I fear I am going to be ill," and she trembled as she made an effort to rise. Everard assisted her, and conducted her to her own chamber; they placed her on a bed, and for long days and nights they never hoped to see her rise again. The news went abroad in the world around them, that the fair English girl was dying; people turned aside, for a brief moment, from their worldly pursuits-" so young, too!" and the thoughtful and gentle added, "so lovely, too!" The voices of the poor went up in prayers and blessings for the safety of one who had administered to their wants, and bestowed many comforts. there was one mansion in Florence, where the news brought anguish almost too great for the sufferer to bear. Turn we there, It was a lofty and vast apartment; pillars of carved marble supported the ceiling; costly hangings of the richest and heaviest silk shaded the windows, and their golden fringe swept downward to the floor; elegance and taste marked the rare garniture of that room, and the thousand toys strewn around, were such as wealth alone can gather for the affluent. It was evening time, and the pale lamp light fell over the face of a noble lady-was she happy? she, the untrammelled owner of all before her. Reader, that lady was Aline Delavel! years of suffering had gone over that stately head and bowed it in the dust! The raven hue of the hair had changed,

## "Nor grew it white In a single night,"

but, through protracted grief, and undying remorse: there was no sign of life upon the pale lips, and the face was colourless as the dead; the once rounded and beautiful form was attenuated and thin to emaciation. What a mockery was the splendour around her! All had been left to her by Delavel; but he died within the year after their marriage; for him she had forfeited the world's esteem, her own respect, and burdened her soul with a weight of guilt she could never atone for, yet he was dead, and she was left alone to struggle with remorse. What her sufferings were none might tell; the fruits of her repentance was a subdued, and meek, and lowly spirit; she lived in the same home Delavel had brought her to, and never went abroad. Had she been a Catholic, she would have entered a convent; as it was, her life was one of strict seclusion, and her only servants being English, and much attached to her, her privacy was almost sacred from intrusion. Aline wore black, and no other robes had clothed her person since her husband's death; how fearful was the contrast between the long white hair, simply parted in front, and gathered in a knot behind, and the unchanging colour of the dress she wore! Ever she looked the same, and none saw her once but turned to look again, and all pondered on the past life of one, whose face and form gave evidence of such frightful suffering; but Aline shrank from every mortal eye, and her sorrows were heard alone by Him, who listeneth in mercy to the penitent.

Through one of her servants, Aline received information of Leora's arrival at Florence—what a world of new feelings were stirred within the bosom of the guilty and humbled woman! She longed to look

upon her child, of whom she had thought, until thought had become agony-but she dared not, lest she should spurn her to the earth. For a time, she strove against her wishes, but in vain; she went forth in secrecy and disguise, and there was no day she had not watched Leora, unseen herself. The maiden was much abroad—ah! how little did she dream how closely her footsteps were followed; like a shadow the mother watched her child, and moments of joy would steal into her aching heart, amply repaying the many penalties she was compelled to pay to continue undetected. After the return of Everard, she never saw Leora again, night and day her vigil was unceasing, but the maiden came forth no more. Then came the tale of her sickness-again the news was worse, she was dying. Aline had heard all, and she sat alone in her lighted hall, without hope, and despairing. Large tears gathered into her eyes, and rolled over the wasted face, no violent emotion was manifest, all sorrow came to that unhappy woman, in the form of retribution; she thought upon her daughter, in her youth and loveliness, and oh! how gladly she would have laid down her weary life, to have redeemed her from the grave.

"If I could but see her, if I could but look upon her once more-my child! my child!" murmured the miserable mother, and she buried her face in her hands. Long she held commune with her own breaking heart, and at length her resolve was taken, to appeal to Everard that she might see Leora ere she died. She ordered her carriage, wrapped her person in a mantle, veiled herself closely, and drove to the mansion of the Everards. Nothing but despair could have prompted such an act-and love, the strong love that even guilt cannot conquer, of a mother. On reaching the house, she had inquired for Mr. Everard. and was shown into the library, as she had expressed a desire to see him alone. Everard entered soon after, and closing the door, begged to know whom he had the honour of receiving; as he could not long be absent from his sick child, brevity was very desirable whatever might be the purpose of her visit. His cold, ungracious manner, for the first time, opened the eyes of Aline to the task before her; Leora had filled her mind with one image, that of death, she had no thought for herself, but that stern voice brought the memory of other days with a stunning and heavy weight upon her:

" I have no right to intrude," she said faintly, " but I seek an act of mercy at your hands."

"You deal in mysteries," he said coldly, "and I fear I have not the time to bestow upon them." He turned as if to leave the room, but she started up, and in a hurried, desperate voice, exclaimed,

"Look upon me, ere you go!" She threw back the veil, and dropped the mantle from her person. Everard turned as she spoke; one look was enough; he reeled backward from that sudden and overwhelming shock, in horror and dismay; her voice had no tone of her youth, but the blasted wreck of what had once been his wife, was too surely before him. He covered his eyes with his hands, to shut out the sight, while in broken accents he said: "My God, is this reality!" Then that humbled woman knelt before him, and prayed that she might look upon her dying child. But the mention of Leora's name roused all the fury of his unrelenting nature.

"Let you look upon Leora!" said he, fiercely; "let you pollute with your unfoly presence, one so

pure, and innocent—miserable outcast! the curse of guilt is heavier than you can bear, without casting its dark shadow upon my child!"

"You do not refuse!" cried Aline, as she sprang to her feet. "Mercy! have mercy! you must ask it too; this once, Luis Everard, only this once! let me see my daughter!"

"Woman," said he, bitterly, "how dare you ask mercy from me, or raise your voice in supplication to one you have so basely wronged? Away! Out of my sight, for ever—ay, for ever!"—and he gnashed his teeth, as the words came hissingly from between them—"lest I forget I am a man."

Aline shrank back, as he approached her, and trembled from head to foot, as she answered in anguish, "Curse me, if you will, Everard; my life has been a long and living curse! For nineteen years, I have never known one happy hour, nor moment, till I saw Leora; I have watched her in secret, in disguise, and I have felt not utterly shut out from mercy, because I was her mother. Oh, I ask but one boon-to look upon her face, to hear her blessing, and to die! God alone, who knows my yearning love for her, can tell my gratitude for the blessed privilege! Miserable and guilty as I am, you will not deny me-let me see my child!" and she clasped her hands, the tears rolling down her cheeks. But the heart she appealed to was filled with vengeful and bitter thoughts, and he answered in mockery,

"Have you done? If you have, I will have pleasure in showing you the door."

"My child! my child! I must see her," cried Aline, in her sore agony, "she is dying, and I dare not go near her. It will drive me mad, if I do not receive her pardon for the past. Oh, Luis! Luis! stern you were ever, now have mercy; once, only once, let me look upon her. I will not even ask her blessing, or approach her, if you command me not—but let me see her."

" You count confidently on her pardon," said Everard, in scorn. "Come-she shall decide between us," and his thin lips curled in sneering mockery, as he thought of the bitter pang in store for the mother. He opened a door that led by a private staircase, through a long narrow passage directly to the chamber of Leora. Well did Everard know the effect of his early teaching, upon the mind of his daughter, and in vengeance he took this method of silencing the importunity of Aline for ever. Leora was in reality out of danger, had been pronounced so by the physician, but Everard gave no intimation of the truth to the mother. On reaching the door of Leora's chamber, Everard bade Aline remain without, and listen to the decision; she could not see nor be seen, but the half closed door enabled her to hear. Everard entered the room-the long dark hair had escaped from beneath the cap of the gentle girl, and a curl had strayed over the snowy cheek; it might have been the contrast, but Everard was struck with her exceeding paleness, "You are better, my dear Leora," and he spoke tenderly as ever he did, to this only earthly object of his love.

"Yes, I hope so," she answered sadly, "but I am very weak yet; slight things disturb me strangely; I thought as you entered some one was with you." Everard glanced uneasily at the door, his conscience smote him for the base selfishness he was guilty of, in the very act he meant to do. "It will not materially injure Leora," he thought, "and it will answer my purpose," and he resolved to go on.

"Your mind is weak, dearest, and is filled with strange fancies, strive not to think of them. You have heard Leors of your mother—she is in Florence, and came to me to-night, wishing to see you. Whatever you decide upon shall be done—do you wish to see her?"

Leora was fearfully agitated, she strove to rise in the bed, but Everard prevented her; hot tears ran down her pale face, while in accents of bitter sorrow she exclaimed.

"Oh! father, father, how can you mock me? Do I wish to see that faithless mother and false wife? How can you ask me such a question? is not the curse of her guilt upon me? Is not her memory my shame? Why should she wish to look upon one to whom she has been cause of such bitter grief—oh, I had hoped never to see or hear of her more."

There was a noise as of some one falling heavily, and all was still. Leora was too much absorbed in her own feelings to notice it, but Everard motioning to Mrs. Castlemore to take his place, immediately left the chamber. It was as he had feared-Aline had fainted, she had fallen upon the ground, from which he raised her, and carried her in his arms to the library; he placed her in a large arm chair, bathing with his own hand the rigid and marble brow. The ghastly and wasted features before him, had something very awful in their semblance to death, and Everard shuddered as he looked-and then her hair, changed to the hue of extreme age-was this Aline? The young wife that had lain in his bosom. What a rush of strong, and agonizing emotions came over the heart of the wronged husband-and through all the bitterness and pain, there stole a faint ray of mercy for that erring, and miserable woman. She recovered slowly; as returning consciousness came, Everard stepped back, watching her in silence: Aline moved not her position for many moments; when she did, her glance was upward, and Everard heard distinctly the low and broken accents, that murmured, " My God, thou hast dealt justly with The power of that deep repentance awed even Luis Everard, he dared neither to mock nor reproach; but Aline grew sensible of her situation, she rose, and saw Everard leaning with folded arms against a pillar; she looked a moment at him, and a strange, wild smile played round her bloodless lips, as she said,

"You are bitterly avenged! Ay, if it afford you pleasure, I have drained to the dregs, the cup of earthly suffering. She was the sole idol of this broken heart. Lo, it is shivered to pieces; but it needed not this last and bitter pang-it is long since I have laid my head in the dust, a humbled and repentant woman. Remember you of a time long past, when we stood side by side before God's altar-when the mockery of a marriage was said, which pronounced me your wife when my heart was given to another? And you Luis Everard knew it-you knew I loved another. when you bore me a bride to your home-did that knowledge make you gentle, forbearing, and patient to one so sorely tried? If it had, we might never have parted. Harsh and stern to me, you were ever. Man, man, was it for you to teach my child to hate

The hot tears started to her eyes as she ceased; but she turned hurriedly away, and throwing on her veil and mantle, was gone ere Everard had fully recovered the effect of her words. It was the first time a thought of his own guilt crossed his mind—he had been so absorbed in angry and revengeful

feelings against his wife, that he had forgotten to question himself—"In how far, might this thing have been prevented?"

Leora Everard lived-she was feeble, and her strength came slowly, but not her cheerfulness; the dark eyes were heavy and languid, and very rarely was the beautiful mouth parted with smiles, that of old played so sweetly upon it, for it is hard for the young and hoping, to yield submissively to the first heavy stroke of destiny. There was one night, after she had nearly recovered, having slept much through the day, she sat in her large easy chair later than usual; her father had said good night, and retired to his chamber; Mrs. Castlemore who was with her, rose at last to go, yet, ere she did so, looked forth from the open window, it was a night of rare beauty after a day of excessive heat, long shadows of moonlight lay upon the green trees, and thick shrubbery that stretched far and wide in the garden beneath.

"Leora, love," she said, smilingly, "the beauty of the evening tempts me strongly to seek the open air. These long afternoon siestas disincline one to sleep at the usual hour: I will return to your chamber ere I seek my own." So saying, she left, and Leora sat silent and musing, her thoughts far away upon another time, when the voice she loved so well to hear, had whispered blessed words of love and happiness.

The night was indeed one of glorious brilliancy. Mrs. Castlemore lingered in the doorway, gazing with rapt and wondering attention, upon "the thousand, and ten thousand" stars that gleamed forth from the heaven above her. She was startled by a slight noise near her, a row of waving shrubbery was parted, and some one sprang forward and stood by her side. Mrs. Castlemore recoiled, as she exclaimed in a low, breathless tone, "Frederic Clare!—what do you here?"

"Has not she been in danger—ay, dying? yet you ask me why I am here—oh, mockery!—tell me of Leora?" His tones of bitter anguish went to the heart of one who loved Leora well herself; and she saw his face by the clear moonlight, it was ashy pale, and his frame trembled either from exhaustion or strong emotion. Gently and kindly she spoke to him, and she afforded him relief inexpressible by her assurance of Leora's entire recovery. A sad smile played over his features for a moment, as he said:

"Power is a dangerous thing to entrust to us poor and passion-tost mortals—mark ye, how Luis Everard exercises that wherewith he is clothed? He has brought his child to the verge of the grave, dashed the full cup of happiness, she had already tasted, to the earth—and why? Why does he reject me? What are his objections?" and his voice deepened, and his eye kindled as he spoke: "Am I not his equal in birth—his superior in wealth—his inferior in nothing. Yet, am I scorned and spurned, because I am my father's son."

"Be calm, be calm, I entreat you, for Leora's sake," said Mrs. Castlemore, troubled and alarmed at his emotion.

"For Leora's sake! Oh, I have borne much and will bear more for love like hers; but she was dying, all hope was over, and I dared not cross the threshold of her door—not on my own account," he said fiercely, "did I refrain, but I would not that act of mine should give her pain. I have watched night and day, skulking like a thief, in the night time, pouring gold into the hands of those who would

bring me tidings, information came in many and torturing forms, contradictory and alarming, tell me now the whole history of this fearful illness."

Truly and circumstantially Mrs. Castlemore gave the account; she entered much into detail, for she saw how cagerly he listened, and at last, in proof of Leora's being nearly well, she mentioned the fact of her being even then sitting up awaiting her return.

"Sitting up!" exclaimed Clare, "the house is quiet, where is her father?—Oh! cannot I see her, for one moment, only one moment, Mrs. Castlemore!" In vain she combated the wish, he so strongly urged, she could not deny Everard's being in his own chamber, and he would scarce listen to words of refusal. Mrs. Castlemore condemned her brother's conduct at heart, and she had at one time looked forward with pleasure, to a union between Leora and Clare, as her feelings of interest in the latter, amounted to attachment. She yielded, at length, a reluctant consent, upon condition that he left Florence the next morning, and exacted no promise of any kind from Leora.

"None other than the continuance of her love—she may repeat the old promise," said Clare, as he yielded to Mrs. Castlemore's conditions. And the lady smiled assentingly, as she left him for a moment to apprize Leora of his visit: she returned very soon, and motioned him to follow: "I give you half an hour," she said, "no longer. I will await your return in this passage." She pointed to the door of her niece's room, and he entered.

"Leora—do I indeed look upon you once more? Oh, dearest, in my despair I had thought you lost to me for ever." He covered with kisses the small hand he had taken, and sat down on the low stool at her feet, "You are changed, Leora, and oh, that such change should have come from a sorrow I might not share."

Leora would have spoken, she strove to smile, but tears gushed forth, and they dropped fast and warm upon the hand that held her own, while she mur mured, "Do not chide me, that I meet you with tears, I am feeble, and have suffered much, my own Frederic."

"Chide you, dearest," he said, tenderly, "oh, that I could give you comfort and dry your tears, now and for ever. But, Leora, think you it is right to suffer your father to exercise more than a parent's proper authority, and destroy the happinese of both? Should there not be a limit to his power, and your forbearance?"

"Hush, Frederic, hush," said the maiden, earnestly, as the colour spread over her face, "you will not say again what you have now said, and you will bear for a season, patiently; there may come a change for the better. Never hope to lead a daughter from the path of duty, and find her faithful as a wife—if she rend asunder the ties that bind a child to her parent, light matter will she deem it to break through the obligations that link her to a husband. Urge me no more, then, to disobedience—my father has had many sorrows, and oft-times he has named me his sole earthly comfort—his blessing may yet rest upon our love—will you wait cheerfully, for my sake?" He looked up into her face as she ceased speaking, and he thought the earth held not a fairer, or lovelier.

"For your sake—much, very much I would do for your sake," he said fondly, "but Leora, if I wait in patience and silence—afar-off, debarred from all communication with you what shall be my solace?"

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" My promise to be true," she answered. "I now repeat it. My father shall never wed me to another. If I may not be your wife, I will die as I have lived, Leora Everard. If your trust is like unto mine,

Frederic, you will ask no more."

"Let it be as you have said, and time will prove whose trust has been the strongest. Leora! who could doubt thee? as soon would I doubt yon pale evening star, being the perfect work of the Creator's hand. Thou art to me as good as thou art lovely, and this it is that gives me patience to wait your own time, to strive to be more worthy of you."

There was a slight rap at the door, and Frederic "It is Mrs. Castlemore—we part now, Leora, in confidence and hope, is it not so, beloved?" Leora was very pale, and she trembled, although she strove to be calm, her heart was full of grief, and tears would have way; she bent down, clasping his hand between her own, and raising it to her lips-"God have thee in his holy keeping, and make our trial a short one, mine own," was her murmured and passionate exclamation.

"He will, for thy sake-Leora, farewell." leaned forward, and kissed the white forehead of the maiden, and with another blessing and farewell, he

Leora made but one inquiry of Mrs. Castlemore-"Where had he gone?" "To the village of . some few miles distant," was the reply. "I have consented to write once, to inform him of your entire restoration to health; after that, all communication ceases between us, without my brother's consent." Leora bowed her head in assent, and the subject was not renewed again by either.

The effect of Frederic's visit upon Leora, was very gratifying to Mrs. Castlemore, who loving her as a daughter, had long mourned her prostration of cheerfulness. A calm and gentle happiness seemed to have found a resting place in her heart, and its sweet expression was upon her beautiful face. Everard was satisfied, her peace of mind was restored, and his determination was strengthened never to consent to her union with Clare. One night they had sat up later than usual, Leora with them, they had received letters from England, and were occupied, unconscious of time, in their perusal. At length they separated for the night, and all was hushed throughout the mansion. It was two hours past midnight, when a cry went out upon the still night air, of-fire. It was Everard's house, and before efficient aid could be obtained, the whole right wing of the mansion was wrapped in flames, the fire had originated there, and it raged with fierce and terrible intensity. In making his escape, Everard had been struck by the falling of a piece of burning woodwork, he lost consciousness, and owed his escape to the exertions of his sister, and an old English servant. They were both without the walls, when remembrance of Leora flashed across the mind of Mrs. Castlemore—excessive terror and her brother's fearful danger had almost deprived her of the power of thought, yet she never doubted of her escape, as she occupied apartments in the left wing of the mansion, where there was but little danger at first. A fearful answer met her demand, Leora had not come forth. The blood curdled in her veins, and her heart grew cold as death; already the flames, accompanied by dense masses of smoke, were forcing their way through the hall door, and that was the only mode of communication with the suite of apart-

ments on the left. Mrs. Castlemore shricked in her anguish as she offered untold gold to him who would venture in. Men looked on and turned shudderingly from the fiery grave that seemed yawning to receive the first intruder. Then she called upon the father to save his child, but he lay senseless before herwas there no one? Oh God, was there none? there was one-right and left the crowd parted, clearing a path for one who with fearless and firm step came forward—and who was she? who, but the mother?-Other hands than her own, had rolled a wet blanket around her, as some protection-she thought not of herself, but with a bound that made men close their eyes and tremble as they did so, she plunged into the hall. On-on she went, and onthough the flames hissed in her ears, and her brain grew mad with intolerable pain, but she pressed onward, she gained the library door, was beyond it, and alive! "Blessed be God," she uttered, as she tore the burning dress from her limbs, and extinguished the flames, then she sprang up the staircase, and along the private passage Everard had before led her, to the chamber of her child. The door was open, and she hurried in-Leora lay senseless upon the floor: Aline unfastened the window, and threw it wide open-"Ladders!" she cried, " or the flames will reach us," and the gaping, useless crowd, who had poured into the garden, hastened to obey her orders. The night air, as it rushed in, revived Leora; still feeble from long illness, she had as her mother supposed, fainted from excessive terror, on discovering her situation.

"Leora-my child, my child! God has been merciful to me, this night-you will live, Leora, to pardon me-to cease to hate me," and the mother wept in her passionate joy, as she folded her daughter to her heart.

" Is it you, then?-Oh, mother!" and Leora knelt before her. "Pardon me, mother, great is my guilt; I have hated and scorned you, and you have risked your life for mine-bless me, my mother."

"Let the blessing and the pardon be mutual, Leora," and Aline as she spoke, threw around herself and child whatever covering chanced to be near, she saw the ladders were fixed and men were mounting, and she felt it was well, for her pain of body was beginning to affect her mind. They were borne down in safety, and to Aline's house both were taken. Mrs. Castlemore accompanied them, nor did she offer any objection to Leora's remaining with her mother. Aline's wounds were dressed, she was frightfully burned, but uttered no complaint through all that fierce torture; she seemed rather to triumph in the thought, that a life so utterly worthless had saved that of one so precious. She called the physician. and demanded his true opinion: "Can I live? It is my earnest wish to know the truth-do not think I fear death. Oh no, to me it comes as the last earthly trial, to purify my soul from guilt." She was told the truth, that she could not live three days. " It is well," she said, calmly, "and now, Mrs. Castlemore, will you ask of Luis Everard his consent to Leora's remaining with me, till I am at rest?"

Mrs. Castlemore acquiesced, and sought her brother, at the temporary home, to which he had been conveyed; he had quite recovered, and was only suffering from an injury his arm had received, which was not of serious consequence. He knew that all were saved but particulars had not been communicated to him: great was his agitation at Mrs. Castlemore's recital, His daughter's danger was the prominent thought-

it absorbed for a time every other feeling, and so much was his stern nature softened, that when, in conclusion, his sister told him of Aline's certain death, and her wish to keep Leora with her till all was over, he said abruptly,

"So let it be—God knows she has dearly earned the right to claim her. But you also must be with her, sister, I require no attention. Leora is very unfit, with the weakened nerves, consequent upon a long and severe illness, to go through such a scene alone. You will remain with her?"

Consent was easily obtained, and Mrs. Castlemore returned to Aline and Leora. Oh to her, the mother, what a sense of blessedness did the presence of her gentle child impart; it seemed as though it was assurance of pardon, from One mighty to forgive, and most merciful; the pure and good were around her, and they did not scorn her, although shame and sin had been her portion, but sin repented of, how long and bitterly.

Leora knelt by the side of her mother, and her eyes rested sadly and tenderly upon the wasted and shrunken features, ever as she looked the tears gathered in large drops, and fell silently upon her cheek.

"Do not weep for me, love," said Aline, as fondly she returned the look of affection, "yet a little time longer, and all sorrow and suffering will be over:

There is a calm for those who weep, A rest for weary pilgrims found:

And I have obtained it through long and sincere repentance. If hereafter temptations should beset thy path, remember thy mother. Leora, for nineteen long years, I have never known one happy hour, burdened ever through the solemn night and weary day, by the canker of remorse. You were by my side to reproach me, for desertion and wrong; I could not shake your image from my soul, as I had left you in helpless infancy—and oh, what torture there was in such remembrance. 'Truly, the way of the transgressor is hard.'"

She was silent for a long time, her mind held commune with the past; then she turned to her daughter, and asked, if the tale she had heard was true, that she loved, and her father opposed her attachment.

"Do not think of that, dear mother—of nothing that can grieve you."

"Yet, tell me all, Leora; it may be in my power to aid you."

Leora saw how earnest her mother was, and she gave a clear, but brief history of the past.

"Thank you, love," and Aline spoke faintly, "go now to your father, tell him I am dying and would see him once more."

Leora trembled as she listened, for she saw already a fearful change had passed over the face of the sufferer; tears gushed from the maiden's eyes as she exclaimed, "Bless me before I go, mother—bless your child."

"God bless thee, for ever and ever, Leora," and Aline joined together the bound up hands, that had been burned for her sake, and asked of her God once again to bless her child. Then she was alone, and her low murmurings were of gratitude to an all-merciful Father, who had sent comfort and support to her dying hours. She did not fear to die, she knew "He judgeth not as man," and she felt assured her repentance had found favour in his sight. There was

a movement in the room, Aline turned her dim eyes to the door, it was Everard. He took the seat by her side, yet he proffered no greeting, and made no attempt to speak; it was indeed terrible to look upon all that was left of the high born and beautiful Aline Delavel.

"I have not deserved this, at your hands," she said "for myself I should not have asked it, but for Leora. Make her happy in her love, Everard. Oh!—remember my father spurned at such appeal—mocked my distress—set at nought my objections—and lo! the result—guilt, and suffering, and death—beware, lest you expose your child to equal temptation. It may be, Everard, you once loved me—you were by nature stern and harsh, if it was so, oh! if it was so, recall your own feelings, and trample not upon your child's affections." Aline paused, she had been faint, and almost gone, but strong excitement had imparted a momentary and unnatural strength. Everard bent forward, and looked full into the now brightened eyes.

"Aline," he said, "answer me in truth—did you not know I loved you?"

"I am dying," was her solemn reply; "where is my hope but in truth? The night I left your roof, I believed you hated me rather than loved—scorned, instead of respected me. If I was wrong, it was owing to your coldness and estrangement,"

"Then I have been fearfully to blame," said Everard, and his voice faultered, while a shudder passed over the frame of that self-satisfied and haughty man. "I have need of the pardon you have sought—Aline, it shall be as you wish—Clare shall marry my daughter."

Aline reached forth her hand—her voice sounded faint for an instant, and was gone for ever. The weary, and the suffering, and the long repenting, had gone to her rest.

It was an hour ere Luis Everard came forth from the chamber of the dead; his face was paler and his glance humbler than his wont; and the after years of that stern man were touched with a kinder and gentler spirit, than had ever marked the days of his early life.

It was an English home, a stately and a proud one-the mansion of the Clares. Morton Clare was dead, and his son was worthy of his wealth and honours, and far better fitted to sustain them. A dressing-room that opened into a chamber, was occupied by a young, glad mother, her husband, and one that husband had loved in his youth, and tenderly cherished as advancing years came on-his mother.-Much of early beauty still lingered about the face, and form of that noble lady-to her son had descended the open and striking expression that dwelt upon her features. How fair and beautiful was Leora! She sat upon a large cushioned chair, supporting in her arms a tender baby of some few weeks old, its soft, downy cheek lay upon her hand, and her eyes were bent in tenderness and love upon it. None might tell her feelings-holy were they, full of all solemn yet happy thoughts, was the mind of that young mother. Fondly the husband smiled upon them both, and as he took the tiny hand of the child within his own, he said, " It is very like you, Leora."

"But the name," said Mrs. Clare, "what is the name to be of this sole daughter of your house and heart?"

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"Ah! the name," said Leora; "what shall it be, Frederic?"

"Let it be Aline Everard," he replied: "To her we owe our present happiness—may we repent our faults as sincerely and amend them as well. Let it be

Aline!" And Leora lifted her dark and shining eyes to her husband's face; their expression stole into his heart, filling it with happiness unutterable; they spoke of gratitude, of love unchanging, then, and for eyer!

For the Lady's Book.

# SOMETHING FROM THE OLD SCHOOL.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

A FRIEND of ours, recently from the motherland, has handed us a very handsome volume, entitled "Relics of an English Gentleman's Family, selected by Sir Henry Bunbury." Among other interesting matter, we noticed the following spirited pieces from the pen of Sir Henry North, (1650,) a name not to be found in Ellis, Campbell, or any of the other popular selections of the poetry of the olden time. The lovers of this order of literature, which is marked by much vigour of thought, embodied in simple and energetic expression, will not be displeased with a specimen or two of this hitherto unknown poet of the aristocracy, for he is one of the ancestors of the noble family of Guilford.

#### THE FREEDOM OF THE HOUSE.

This way, that way, here or there, Round about, or any where, You may walk, laugh, sing, or play, And your pretty wages lay; Put forth riddles, tell your dreams, Whispering softly as the streams, Each into the other's ear, All your hope, and all your fear.

Here the pale and timid lover Freely may his thoughts discover, Or by sighs or words to ease His poor bosom as he please; Here the ladies may be kind, Or severe, as they've a mind, Choose your path, and take your fill, This way, that way, as you will.

#### AN INVOCATION TO BLEEP.

Care-charming sleep descend, and gently glide
Into the soft recesses of this head;
Let thy soft dew's refreshing vapour glide
Into her breast, and slumber sit as lead
Upon her eyelide, till it bind
Her senses up, and her soul find
Herself and all her faculties at rest.

Let no disquieting or envious dream
Possess her fancy, nor once more a thought
To stir; but drench it sweetly with the steam
Of thy distilling moisture; let no doubt
Perplex her mind, or make her start;
No trembling fear come near her heart,
Till Phæbus rises in his glory dresa'd.

But if a dream must needs her sense invade,
Let it be like the kisses of a bride:
Gentle and sweet as a refreshing shade,
After a scorching sun; let music guide
Her wandering fancy, at her ear
Stand sentinel; letting come near
No sound, but what she most delights to bear.

## SONG.

Nay, tell me not thou art in love
While fancy, and not reason, guide;
Who whispers me that he must die,
Yet cannot tell the reason why,
May just as well his torments hide,
My heart they cannot move.

If 'tis the lustre of mine eye,
Or rosy cheek his heart doth fill,
I do but please his sense, and fit
The fancy of his appetite.
If this be all, farewell! I still
Will be Diana's votary.

There are also a couple of epigrams, which are pithy enough:

Tom is an atheist, and he cries;
"For me, the future I despise:
To perish with the beasts I choose."
—Be easy, Tom, you have not much to lose!

Buoy'd up with proud ambition's high-born lust, I could not deem myself a thing of dust; Till sight of Buckingham revers'd my creed, And prov'd to me that we are dirt indeed!

## TEMPERANCE.

Uron consulting general experience, we shall learn that both the healthy and the sickly are to be found indifferently amongst the abstemious, the temperate, and the intemperate. But we must recollect, that men are so differently constituted, and their constitutions so variously strengthened or weakened by education and circumstances, that some are far better able to resist the effects of bad habits than others.

and that it yet remains to be ascertained whether those who have apparently continued to suffer the least from their excesses, might not have enjoyed more perfect health, both of mind and body, and had their life protracted many years, if they would have subjected their several appetites and inclinations to the rules prescribed by temperance.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE WILFUL ONE;

#### OR SCENES PROM THE LIFE OF MARIE HAMILTON.

BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

#### PART I.

"Thou hast the gift of beauty! fatal spell!
To man a lure—to woman but a snare,
As many a broken, bruised flower can tell,
Drooping and blighted in the world's parterre."

"We make our own path, and fling our own shadow upon it."-L. E. L.

It was on the evening of a gorgeous summer day, that a pedestrian entered the rural and quiet village of ——. He carried with him a portfolio, and as he strolled around the environs, and viewed the dwellings scattered about in picturesque situations, he resolved to make a sojourn of a few days for the purpose of sketchings.

The stranger was a man of noble and striking appearance; though not regularly handsome, his face was one which could not fail to interest. He was young, but the strife of passion and thought had stamped their ineffaceable lines on his broad brow, and around his scornful mouth; yet there was something ineffably attractive in the occasional smile that gleamed on his lip, or lighted up his dark features, with a beauty which one might almost deem that of a fallen angel.

The evening after his arrival he selected a shady spot, from which he could obtain a bird's eye view of the village, with the intention of sketching it. He proceeded in his undertaking with a rapid and masterly hand, and had nearly completed his task, when the sound of approaching voices aroused him, and a gay laugh which echoed through the woods thrilled his frame with an undefinable sympathy with its mirthful mockery. He looked around, and through the leaves of the undergrowth which sheltered him from observation, saw two girls passing near him. They were evidently unaware of his vicinity, for they continued their conversation in the same mirthful strain.

One of them wore a large bonnet which concealed her face, but the hat of the girl nearest to him had fallen back, and merely hung by the ribbon which loosely fastened it. Clusters of bright golden hair fell over a brow of unsullied purity; her features were moulded in the most exquisite proportions of loveliness, with a complexion which the soft glow of health and happiness irradiated with its spirit-like and ineffable lustre. Her figure was above the medium height of womanhood, but beautifully symmetrical, and her robe of white muslin, in texture like woven air, appeared a fitting emblem of the bright and unsullied spirit of the youthful wearer.

"Dear Gracie, and do you really think he loves me so well!" she exclaimed, in a voice half jest half earnest.

"As his own existence," answered her companion seriously, "and do not—do not trifle with him my dear girl. I tell you, Marie, he loves you with an

idolatry which even your attractions can scarce justify. Even that flower which you now hold so carelessly, would be to him more precious than the gems of the east, merely because your hand had hallowed it by a touch."

"Pshaw! what phantasy!" said the beauty, though a slight smile crossed her lips. "See, I will cast the flower on the wind, and should Verney cross this path before it withers, methinks the divine spirit of love should breathe into his soul the consciousness that my hand had hallowed it. Pooh! I could almost laugh at such folly."

As she spoke she cast the rose aside, and paused an instant before she resumed in a more earnest tone, "Seriously, Grace, I do not wish to trifle with Verney, and still less do I wish to drive from my side the companion and friend of my early years; but I do not love him. He is too much my equal in every thing. I was born to look upwards. The man that wins me must elevate me in my own estimation by making me the chosen of his heart. I must know and feel him to be my superior. There would be no romance in loving Verney; we have known each other from childhood; my imagination would have no play in investing his character with a thousand qualities which appear to me to be the very poetry of love."

"Ah, dear Marie, remember what the poetess says; she who suffered the blighting of all home ties, which has breathed a mournfulness through her strains that must strike an answering chord in every woman's heart:

"Her lot is on you—silent tears to weep,
And patient smiles to wear through suffering's hour,
And sumless riches from affection's deep,
To pour on broken reeds—a wasted shower!
And to make idols, and to find them clay,
And to bewail that worship—therefore pray!"

They passed on, and the answer was inaudible. The painter arose, and eagerly sought the flower which had been cast beside the pathway. After carefully enclosing it in his portfolio, he returned to the village with his mind filled with the beautiful vision he had seen.

A few inquiries satisfied him as to who the beauty was, and the residence of her father, Mr. Hamilton, was pointed out to him. It was the palace of the village; a spacious mansion embowered in trees, and situated about a quarter of a mile from any other dwelling. The artist fell into a long reverie as he gazed from the windows of his room on the walls

that enclosed the lovely Marie Hamilton, and he determined in his own mind that another day should not pass, without more nearly beholding a face which he had never seen surpassed.

The following morning found him established in the parlour of Mr. Hamilton, with the fair Marie looking over his portfolio with much interest. He had introduced himself to her father as a drawing master in search of employment; he had been told, he said, that Miss Hamilton would probably take lessons, as she was fond of the art, and perhaps her patronage might induce others to employ him. Marie desired it, and when had her indulgent parent said nay to her wishes? Mr. Gordon was engaged as her teacher.

Hamilton had but the one child, and she was the light of his eyes, and the joy of his heart. He had buried one by one of his blooming race, called at that age when life is most fair to view, and at last his wife had sunk under those repeated calamities, leaving him a solitary man, with but one bright link to bind him to existence. Marie was then a child-he retired with her to the village of -, far from the " graves of his household," and clasping this single blessing to his heart, felt that while she remained to him he had cause to be grateful to heaven that his house was not utterly desolate. There Marie grew into womanhood, each day developing some new beauty of person and mind, watched over with trembling affection by her only remaining parent, until she passed the fatal period when his other lovely ones had faded and died.

Years had fallen on the noble brow of Hamilton; they had ploughed many furrows there, and thinned the waving locks which once clustered over that marble throne of high thought and generous feeling, but they had only affected the outer man; the debasing touch of time had failed to set its hideous seal of selfishness on his lofty soul and noble nature. With feelings softened and elevated by the touch of affliction; an intellect cultivated and refined by constant intercourse with the bright spirits who have left their names recorded to future ages in imperishable light; a heart rendered more benevolent by a sense of his own imperfections, while his worship of the good and the beautiful kept his spirit purified from the absorbing cares of the world, Hamilton combined in his person the Christian, the scholar, and the gentleman. He loved his daughter with a passionate affection, which was the concentration of all other feelings he had ever known; and it was not wonderful, for, in addition to her surpassing beauty, no creature could have been more graceful or winning than Marie Hamilton. Yet was she not perfect. The latent wilfulness of her disposition had been fostered by the constant indulgence she had received. Her simplest wishes were laws to all around her, yet they were expressed with such sweetness of temper, and playfulness of manner, that few regarded the habit of exacting obedience as a fault. For the present, her heaven was unclouded, and she was unconscious that her heart cradled passions which time and circumstance might cause to spring, Phœnix-like, from the ashes of joy, hope, and happiness. Hitherto all had been calm and unruffled as the silvery tide of the lake before the hurricane awakes the sleeping waters.

How lightly, how recklessly, do we clasp our fate! How carelessly meet the first glance of that being whose destiny, whether for weal or wee, is interwoven with ours by the hand of the invisible sisters!
Verily we are a mystery; and all connected with our
being is a palpable darkness, which the glance of
hate, nor love, nor yet of despair, may penetrate or
illumine.

Marie had a talent for drawing; she admired the stormy countenance of the painter, and thought there was something romantic in having so elegant a teacher, and she determined to take lessons from him; besides, she had nothing better to do. Thus lightly was that decided which involved the happiness of her whole life!

The end of a month found Mr. Gordon almost domesticated in the family. In the morning he drew with his fair pupil, and in the evening he was certain to cross the path which she had chosen for her walk. He appeared quite indifferent to obtaining other scholars, and that, aided by some expressions which had unguardedly escaped him, induced Miss Hamilton to suspect that he was other than he seemed, and she was flattered by the suspicion.

Who and what Mr. Gordon was will be best explained by a letter addressed by him to one of his friends about this time.

"My dear Harry—You know I set out in search of adventures. Well, my scheme of passing myself off as a travelling artist has been productive of the most romantic denouement imaginable. A thousand times have I blessed the Providence that endowed me with a talent for painting, for it has been the means of introducing me to the acquaintance and daily companionship of the most fascinating creature beneath the blue arch of heaven.

"Oh Harry! how shall I describe this child of nature! beautiful and pure as our mother Eve before she tasted the fatal fruit which brought sin and death into this bright and glorious world of ours, she is united any one else I have ever known. I cannot convey to you an idea of Marie—in short, she is herself—her own inimitable self! With beauty enough to turn the head of any man under sixty, she looks and moves as though perfectly unconscious of her power of bewitching. It is this I believe that enchants me—that distinguishes her from all other women I have known. The language of flattery is to them sweet as a syren's song, while my charmer looks as if it would offend her delicacy.

" For myself, the craving ideal within me is at last satisfied. I have been called inconstant—soulless it was the inconstancy of a disappointed heart, and vivid imagination, which ever outstripped the cold reality, but to come in contact with that reality rendered more repulsive by the dreams of the visionary. The world has become familiar to me in its most brilliant and most deceptive forms, and wearied even with my own successes in a heartless career, my embittered spirit sought relief from the, so called, plessures which palled upon my taste, in thus seeking after a new excitement in my present mode of life, I am, and ever have been, the child of excitement, and, something whispers me, shall one day become its victim; but I am now really and truly, for the first time, in love. Other passions were the meteor exhalations of fancy, which arose but to be quenched by the waters of satiety, but this is the genuine fire from heaven-the Promethean spark which is to purify and enlighten my whole being.

"To give zest to the pursuit, too, there is a rivala young minister who lives in the village. The father of my Peri (a fine specimen of humanity by the way) favours his pretensions, but she is cold to all his advances, and I can see that she already turns from him to her obscure drawing-master, with an expression of interest that tells me it were no impossible task to be the first to trace characters on the virgin tablet of her youthful heart, which all the waters of Lethe would be powerless to efface.

"I bless the gods for the gift of eloquence—the jewelled key that unlocks the fountain of love, with this will I win her, spite of my seeming lowly condition.

Yours.

The evening was drawing to a close, as Gordon sauntered toward the post-office, and dropping in his letter, proceeded leisurely to the spot from whence he had first seen Marie Hamilton. It was a sheltered nook around which the young trees had sprung up. and were so thickly matted together on the side next to the pathway, that one occupying the seat was in a measure screened from observation. From the windows of his room, he had, about half an hour before, seen Miss Hamilton proceed in that direction alone, and as he ascended the hill he was surprised to hear voices, evidently in earnest conversation, proceeding from the lady's seat as it was called. Cautiously approaching he slightly drew aside the thick screen of leaves, and beheld Marie, listening with a flushed cheek and contracted brow, to the words of a tall, pale young man, who stood before her, and spoke with earnestness and passion. A glance told him it was his rival, and he was about to pass on, with a half-muttered execration, when the sound of his own name arrested his steps.

" Nay, Marie, deny it not-you love this Gordonthis stranger, whose position is so equivocal-his character unknown-his disposition equally so-his fattering tongue has won you—say Marie, is it not so? Tell me even that, and 'twere some consolation. But to know that I cannot win a love that is untrammelled-a heart that is fetterless as the bird on the wing-oh, that I should love so fondly where I can

see there is no shadow of hope!"

Touched in spite of herself, by the manner of Verney, the angry flush passed from the brow of Marie as she answered,

" Dear William, do not be so violent. I regret that this conversation should have taken place; I would have saved you the pain of learning from my own lips, that I cannot return your love; yet I must not leave you under a delusion. I know not why you should fancy that I am influenced by a preference for another. Mr. Gordon is no lover of mine. and even if he were, the disparity in our situations would preclude all possibility of a return. He is a gentleman, and a very agreeable one, but I have not permitted myself to think of him in the character of a lover."

"And is it only eyes sharpened by jealousy that have detected his presumptuous hopes! Oh Marie-Marie, be your own ingenuous self! Seek not to deceive one who would promote your happiness even at the expense of his own. No human heart will ever fathom the depth of my devotion to the lone divinity which has hallowed that temple of shattered dreams and crushed aspirations. Though the light of hope no longer illumes its waste and ruined chambers, still shall all the happiness it can ever know, centre in your well-being. Do not deceive yourself, Marie Hamilton-I have been too familiar with the changes of your ingenuous countenance, not to read the meaning of that dreaming eye, and rapt expression, when this strangely gifted man pours forth his stores of information in words whose glowing eloquence is the very poetry of thought and expression. Yet I, your friend, your lover, warn you while your foot is yet on the brow of the precipice: look into its frightful depths, and pause before you heart is irrevocably his. Passionate and impetuous, there is a latent bitterness in his soul, which will overflow on the companion of his daily life, and though it may be deemed base to whisper what may be viewed as slander against an absent man. I will tell you that the stimulus of wine is daily resorted to, as the means of sustaining that never flagging flow of spirits, which renders his conversation so brilliant and fascinating."

There was a crash among the boughs, and a faint shriek from Marie caused Verney to turn. Gordon stood before him, with glaring eyes, and a face of death-like paleness; for one instant his white and quivering lips refused to give utterance to the feelings which were too faithfully mirrored on every line of his convulsed countenance. Marie sprang forward,

and raising her clasped hands exclaimed-

"Do not-do not speak. For God's sake-for my sake, do not utter what may produce bloodshed, of which I should be the cause."

The blood rushed to his face in a torrent, and his eve flashed with exultation-" For your sake I am anything-yet fear not-for blood cannot follow this base and unmanly charge against one, who it was believed would never hear the accusation. I do not forget that Mr. Verney can shelter himself beneath the coat he wears, and offer insult with impunity."

"I am the minister of God," said Verney calmly, "and as such am bound to use my influence for the welfare of those who place any confidence in my integrity. That I love this lady you have probably heard me avow, but that I am incapable of asserting a falsehood to serve my own cause, or operate to the disadvantage of another, she knows full well. Exonerated by her, your opinion, sir, is a matter of indifference to me; yet I would fain learn by what right you played the listener to my words, and overheard a charge which you cannot disprove."

A haughty smile lit up the features of Gordon.

"I came hither, sir, with a view of meeting Miss Hamilton in her evening walk. I found her listening to your suit, and had passed on, had not my own name impelled me to listen to the words which were prompted by a stung spirit and rejected heart. now for your charge-I treat it with the contempt it merits-wine I use as a gentleman, but not as you would fondly believe, as the brightener of what wit heaven has been pleased to bestow on me. Miss Hamilton you will pardon my violence. This scene is unfit for you to witness-suffer me to see you home."

He drew the unresisting hand of Marie under his arm, and casting back a look of scornful triumph on his rival, proceeded through the most retired pathway toward the village. Verney gazed after them sadly as he muttered,

"And yet she said she loved him not! Oh woman

why is it that you wear a brow of candor, which yet conceals the deepest power to dissemble! With words freighted with my soul's passion and despair yet ringing in her ears, she goes with him, and his bland words and honeyed flattery will drive all remembrance of me from her heart."

Marie Hamilton had mechanically yielded to the impulse of Gordon's arm, and she had proceeded some distance before she remembered that her leaving Verney with his rival, after their altercation, would be conclusive evidence to him that his suspicions were well founded. She stopped, and withdrew her arm from his, as she said in a faltering voice:

"I have done wrong in coming thus far with you, Mr. Gordon. Pray—pray leave me; I can return alone; I wish to be alone;" and, for the first time, Marie Hamilton's eye sunk beneath the penetrating glance of his, as if a new power had suddenly gifted her with the means of reading the confirmation of what she feared, yet wished to know. As Gordon gazed on her he read her emotions in her averted eye and changing cheek, and taking her hand in his, said in the softest tones of a voice that was never harsh:

"Nay, drive me not from you beloved Marie, if by such title I may address you. This mad lover of yours has rather precipitated the declaration which I have intended making. Miss Hamilton, I am not what I seem. Forgive the deception I have practised. It was a mere caprice which led me to assume the character in which I became known to you, but it is one I shall ever bless, as it has procured for me the acquaintance, and I date to hope the affections of Marie Hamilton. I claim a station equal to your own, and wealth which I only now know how to value, as it may induce your father to view my pretensions favourably. Speak, lady bright, or shall I gather hope from your silence and the tremor of this little prisoner?" pressing her hand to his lips.

The lightness of his concluding tone jarred on her feelings, as she remembered the deep and earnest passion which the voice of Verney had expressed, and she made a vain effort to withdraw her hand as she replied:

"This—this has been so unexpected—and I am now too much agitated by what has preceded it to give you a reply. My brain is bewildered—pray leave me now—only in solitude can I hope to recover the power of thought. When we next meet I shall be more calm, and can then"—

The words died away on her lips, as her eye fell on his dark features working with emotion.

"No—Miss Hamilton, no—do not ask time to weigh me in the calculating balance of thought. I would not—no—not if I worshipped her with a love ten thousand times deeper than mine for you, I would not marry a goddess if I thought she hestiated in her preference for me. If you love me it is without reflection, for love laughs it to scorn, and your acceptance of me must be voluntary, and at once."

Overcome by his violence, and her own previous agitation, Marie sank on the shelving and grass-grown bank, and wept bitterly. Her strange lover leaned against a tree with his eyes fixed on her with an expression of deep melancholy. "I had better leave her," thought he. "Suffer her to forget me as I should her. She can never be happy as my wife. A week, a month, perhaps, my confounded temper and habits

of self-indulgence might be chained—but no longer. Yet leave her to this Verney! Tis not to be thought of! I will win and wear her!" He approached, and seated himself beside her, with gentle violence withdrew the hand which held her handkerchief before her face.

"Marie," he whispered, "I am satisfied. I feet that you love me, dearest girl, pray forgive my impetuosity, it shall never, never again distress you."

And he drew her towards him, till her hend rested on his shoulder, and the soft eyes of Marie Hamilton were raised to his, while words were needless to interpret their language to her lover. As the waters give back a perfect reflection of the heavens, so is the heaven of love mirrored in the clear orbs of the being whose spirit has mingled with and become a part of our own.

They walked home in silence. Mr. Hamilton stood on the portico. Marie kept her veil drawn over her face that her father might not observe the traces of the emotions which yet agitated her heart. She excused herself under the plea of a violent head-ache and retired to her room.

Gordon seized the opportunity of making an explanation to her father, and ended by avowing his love for Miss Hamilton. Hamilton looked much disturbed as he listened to him.

"Am I to understand, Mr. Gordon, that my daughter has sanctioned this application?" he inquired.

"Assuredly, sir. Miss Hamilton has honoured me so far as to encourage me to hope that, with your consent, I may win her to be my bride. I need not to you, her father, dilate on the happiness which this hope has afforded me, and my own fortune removes every possibility of other motives than affection having influenced my choice."

Hamilton remained some moments in grave silence. He at length said,

"You have not known my daughter long enough to have formed a very strong or lasting attachment. My own views for her point in another direction, though I shall never force her inclinations. She is very young-has seen nothing of the world. It is my intention that she shall spend this winter in the city of Washington, that she may judge for herself of the pleasures of a gay life; and, I trust, that she will return with renewed zest to the quiet enjoyments of her home, and the unpretending affection of the friends who value her for her native worth, and not the adventitious aids of beauty and fortune. Though her parent, I will not assume the right of entirely declining a proposal which Marie has sanctioned, but as the guardian of her happiness, I feel bound to ensure it as far as lies in my power. Leave here without again seeing my daughter-I will explain to her the cause, or you may, if you would prefer doing so, write a few lines yourself. Let your attachment undergo the test of time and absence, and, at the end of the ensuing winter, should you both believe that an union will promote your happiness, I can no longer object."

This address was too reasonable to be cavilled at, though the haughty temper of the lover was galled by it; conscious, however, that the display of his irritation would but widen the gulf between Marie and himself, he strove to smooth his brow, and acquiesce with seeming grace in the wishes of Mr. Hamilton. Opposition only heightened his desire to

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triumph over every obstacle that stood in the way of his success, and in the depths of his heart he vowed to circumvent her father's views, and marry her, even if his natural fickleness had cooled the passion which now impelled him to seek her hand.

He accepted Hamilton's permission to write to his daughter, and that letter was well calculated to neutralize the effects of all the prudent counsels, and rational views of the father. All the ardour of the writer's character was breathed into its lines. All the eloquence of passion was poured forth in words that sunk into the heart of the young and artless girl to whom they were addressed. He enclosed his miniature, and as Marie looked on its faithful portraiture of the beloved original, she felt it impossible to part with it. She feared to tell her father that she possessed it, and for the first time in her life, she deceived him. She wore it next to her heart, and when alone would sit for hours dreaming over the lifeless resemblance, and calling to mind each change of that expressive and ever-varying countenance. Imagination heightened the remembrance of the past, and even the exacting spirit of her lover would have been satisfied could he have read her heart. Verney continued his visits as usual, but spoke no more of love, and Marie never in any manner alluded to their interview at the Lady's Seat.

Gordon returned to his native place—he found that in his absence his friends had nominated him as a candidate for Congress. He examined his chances of success: he had already attained considerable distinction in his profession, was popular in his own circle, and could readily assume the Proteus forms which lead to preferment from the multitude: the influence of his family and fortune would also operate in his favour. His opponent was a man of little weight of character, but great plausibility of manner, and Gordon trusted that he could easily foil him with his own weapons. Ambition's clarion voice awoke the slumbering energies of his soul; he went through incredible exertions of body and mind. Once having consented to embark on the sea of political life, he braved without shrinking the storms which threatened to overwhelm his bark. Hope sat at the helm, and pride, energy, and determination were the breezes that filled the sails, and finally carried him triumphantly in the haven of success.

At the opening of the session he repaired to Washington, to take his seat, amid the congratulations of friends, and their confident anticipations that he would distinguish himself in the ensuing session.

In the meantime, had he forgotten Marie? In the turmoil and struggle for worldly honours, had he driven from his heart the remembrance of the charms of the village belle? No—but he loved not as she loved. Resentment toward her father mingled with his affection for her, and served in a measure to keep the flame alive.

His pride was gratified by the thought that she who had been won by the insignificant drawing master, should now behold him surrounded by applause; the brilliant centre of a circle distinguished for talent, cultivation, and elegance, and her inexperienced mind be dazzled by the homage which he would offer. Confident in his own powers, he doubted not that he should attain success.

In the meantime, the family at the Grove had continued their usual quiet mode of life, occasionally varied by the arrival of a stranger who claimed the rights of hospitality from the amiable owner. Hamilton cared little for politics, and he knew nothing of the election of Gordon until the evening before their intended departure for Washington. It was casually mentioned by a gentleman who was spending the evening with him. He glanced at his daughter: she was standing in a distant part of the room listening to the wild melody of a favourite mocking bird, whose cage hung in the recess of a window. She betrayed no consciousness of having heard what had just passed. The bird had been given to her by Verney, and her father looked on with a satisfied smile. He did not know that the air which the songster was so exquisitely imitating, had been taught him by Gordon, and it was that remembrance which held her spell bound, unconscious that the name of her absent lover had been uttered near her.

It was now too late to make any alterations in his arrangements for the ensuing winter, without incurring the charge of caprice, and the end of another week found the father and daughter established in the handsome abode of Mrs. Buford, a widowed sister of Mr. Hamilton. The last of her three daughters had married the preceding year, and Mrs. Buford was glad to have her house enlivened by the presence of a niece who was to make her debut in society as a beauty and fortune.

"Åh my dear," said the old lady, "you are very lovely, and nothing less will satisfy me for you than bringing to your feet the young member who is turning the heads of all the belles. I have forgotten his name, but you will hear him speak to-night on a question which will enable him to show off his finest powers."

That evening they went to Congress Hall. As the party seated themselves, a whisper ran along the line of blooming fair ones, that the new member was about to address the house. The first tones of that mellow voice caused Marie to start and cast her eyes on the speaker, and her father read her feelings in the radiant flush that crossed her cheek, and the tears that rushed in her eyes. He sighed heavily as he thought that his duty as a parent would probably compel him to refuse his sanction to her union with one who was apparently so well calculated to win and keep affection, but such thoughts were soon driven from his mind by the words of the speaker.

The question was one of some importance, and the luminous view which Gordon took of his subject, the subtle arguments he brought to bear on it, the cutting sarcasms he levelled against his opponent, the humorous light in which he contrived to represent fragments of the speech to which he was replying, were all evidences of a master mind, and powers well calculated to render him a popular public speaker. He took his seat amid thunders of applause.

Marie Hamilton had listened with a burning cheek, and nerves so intensely strained, that it appeared as if life and sense were bound up in the capacity for hearing. Who shall measure the triumph of a loving and beloved woman, in the success of him she adores! Wildly—tumultuously did that gentle heart thrill the sound of applause that filled the air around her, and she clasped her hands over her brow to conceal the hot tears that gushed over her features.

Ever observant of her, Hamilton read her feelings

and drew her into the open air. Their carriage was near the door, and placing her in it he went back for Mrs. Buford. By the time they returned Marie had recovered some degree of composure, and was able to join in the comments which were made on the speech they had just heard.

As she retired for the night, her father informed her, in a low tone, that he wished to see her in the morning, for a few moments alone, and requested her to meet him in the parlour before breakfast, as he had something of importance to say to her. The agitation and excitement of the evening, aided by her uncertainty as to what her father could have to impart to her, effectually prevented sleep from shedding its balmy influence on her wearied frame and agitated spirit.

When she descended to the parlour, Hamilton was shocked by her pallid countenance and languid step. Folding her to his heart he imprinted a fond kiss on her brow as he said—

"My darling Marie, I am almost inclined to believe that your strength will prove unequal to the life of dissipation you are about to commence. I have serious thoughts of returning home after a sojourn of a few weeks. What say you my pretty one?"

Marie's face became paler than before, and after a struggle she said—

"As you please, sir. I feel that I have no right to dispute your commands."

Hamilton was deeply hurt. After a pause, he said—
"May God in his mercy avert from me the curse of finding a thankless child, where I have so deeply garnered my every hope of happiness. Oh, Marie, have I deserved this from you! Is not my soul bound up with your welfare, my own—own one? the only treasure which the storms of life have nor shattered. No heart can love you as mine does, yet a stranger—the acquaintance of a few short weeks—has robbed me of the affections of my child."

Marie threw herself on his bosom and exclaimed—
"Ah no, no, do with me as you will—I am yours—
never again shall you complain of want of affection
or duty from me. Decide my fate for me, beloved
father, and no murmur shall escape my lips."

"I would not be too exacting," said Hamilton gravely but affectionately, as he replaced her on the sofa. " I read your feelings last night, my child, and I felt that my hopes had been fallacious. You still cherish the image of Gordon in your heart. I am not so selfish as to be unwilling that you shall admit another affection beside that you have for me, but I grieve that you have not chosen one who will be satisfied with the simple enjoyments of home, and not strive after the glittering applause of the fashionable and the gay. The career of Mr. Gordon is already marked out for him by an ambitious mother, and the promptings of his own spirit will lead him forward in it, if the demon of dissipation does not destroy him as it did his father. The history of his family is not unknown to me, and in early life I knew his father well. To-day I must leave you: you will meet Gordon in society-my object in seeking this interview is to require of you a promise that you will receive him exactly as you do other gentlemengive him no opportunity of renewing his professions of love until I return. Believe me, Marie, it is not on the distinctions of the world, or the brilliancy of a reputation for wit and conversational powers, that

domestic happiness is founded. Good temper is the first requisite, and in this I believe Gordon to be sadly deficient. Educated as he has been, I fear he has no fixed religious principles, no just sense of his moral responsibility as a reasoning and intellectual being. How then can I entrust him with the keeping of what is more precious to me than jewels of price the happiness of my daughter. Here he will wear a mask-I can learn but little of his true character, but where he has lived I can learn all that I wish to know. I have concluded to leave you for a week or two for that purpose. In my absence remember my wishes, my love, and above all do not permit your feelings to become more deeply interested than they already are in a man whom imperative duty may hereafter command you to forget."

Marie acquiesced in her father's plan, and readily promised obedience to his injunctions. She returned to her room with a lighter heart, for with the genuine faith of love she confidently anticipated the complete exoneration of her lover from every charge that militated against his success.

Mr. Hamilton departed, and then commenced the struggle between love and duty, and at the end of two weeks it was scarcely doubtful which would preponderate. If Gordon had loved Marie in the simplicity of her village charms, how much deeper homage did his proud heart pay to the acknowledged beauty of the season? surrounded by all the extrinsic aids of elegance and fashion.

La Belle Hamilton was as enthusiastically admired as her celebrated namesake. Gordon was foremost in the train of her admirers. Remembering her father's injunctions, she endeavoured to receive him exactly as she received others; but this she soon found to be an impossibility.

Marie Hamilton was a romantic and impassioned woman. One gifted with the intellect to appreciate a kindred mind, but without the judgment which could enable her to distinguish the glittering but false gem of talent, unsupported by firm principle, from the genuine diamond of truth and virtue. Her susceptible and poetic temperament was peculiarly alive to the subtle and soul stirring eloquence with which Gordon was gifted. Then his voice was as a deeply sounding lyre, which could alternately breathe the wild and passionate melody that awakes the slumbering pulses of the soul, or revel in the light and joyous strains which would make us deem that sorrow and suffering are but words that have no meaning for the children of earth. The wise, the beautiful, the high in station courted his society, and spoke of him as a " bright particular star," destined at no distant day to attain the highest distinctions for which his aspiring spirit might lead him to hope.

And this being, who appeared to her girlish and inexperienced mind but little lower than angels, was her lover—nay, her adorer. He listened to her words as though they were oracles—treasured her smiles as though they were the sunlight of his soul—yielded to her lightest caprice, as if when most unreasonable she was most fondly loved. All this homage derived additional value from being rendered by one who was reserved, self-possessed, and cold, to all others. She was vain—what woman is not? and in the reserved soul she valued it the more highly that it was unshared by others. His attentions were not commonplace, for in her presence he appeared

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scarcely conscious that the world contained aught beside this frail temple of flesh, in which he appeared to have centred all his capacity for loving.

It was with an exulting heart that he beheld the increasing influence he was gaining over her feelings, and a dark smile rested on his scornful lip, as he read a letter from one of his intimates in his native town, which contained the following paragraph.

"Your intended father-in-law is here. I say intended, for let the old one object as he will, the net is around his bird of beauty, and when your hand holds the lure who can doubt the result? He is very quiet and gentlemanly in his proceedings, but I have satisfied myself that his object is to learn all that may be told of your former courses, so I would recommend you to secure the lady, for you know that there are those who could a tale unfold, that would blight your suit in the bud, with one whose reason is not so dazzled by the rosy light emitted from the wings of the boy-god, as to be insensible to the words of reason and common sense. Let the present campaign be in every sense a triumph. Vanquish your political enemies at the point of-an argument, and return to your friends, with not only the queen of beauty, but her Majesty of Green acres. She is the only child, so no fear of being disinherited."

Gordon folded the letter, and threw it from him with an impatient movement, as he muttered,

"Secure the lady! By my faith, no difficult matter, spite of the old man: she has not a woman's heart if I have not made it mine for ever. And my heart what says it to all this?—Beautiful Marie! I have wooed thee to a dark fats, yet my selfish soul is too deeply interested in the venture to resign thee now."

He sought Marie, nor left her, until he had drawn from her lips, the confirmation of what he had not before doubted. In that hour, forgetful of the claims of her absent parent, she gave him a solemn promise to become his bride.

When he left her, she sought the solitude of her room to commune with her own heart, and she bitterly upbraided herself for the gushing tide of happiness that filled it to overflowing, for she felt that she had betrayed the confidence her father had reposed in her.

"Yet he will forgive me," said she, aloud, "for Gordon must be proven worthy—or—" and her cheek blanched to the hue of death, and, after a pause, she continued sadly, "even then I will say with the poet,

"I had rather be a slave,
In tears and bondage by his side,
Than share in all, if wauting him,
This world has power to give beside."

She felt a cold hand placed on hers, and looking up, she beheld her father! his features working with strong emotion. She had been so much engrossed that the opening of the door had not been heeded, and, with a faint shriek, she turned to meet the sorrowful glance that rested on her.

"Is it so, my child? Is your love for Gordon of that stamp? Nay, my daughter, speak the truth, this is no moment for concealment."

Marie threw herself on his bosom as she replied, "I loved him even thus. Forgive me for giving such love to any save yourself!"

Forgive you! my poor girl, my heart bleeds for you. Oh Marie, look on me, stricken in years, bowed down with misfortunes, and have compassion

on my grey hairs. Rouse yourself from the indulgence of a passion for one who is unworthy of thee, my bright, my beautiful. Be once more the solace as you are the darling of my heart."

No answer came, and loosening the almost frantic clasp with which he held her to his heart, Hamilton saw that she was insensible. His tears mingled with the drops which he sprinkled over her pallid features, and in a few moments the hue of life returned to her lips. Closing her eyes as if to shut out the light of day, she spoke in a low tone.

"Tell me—let me hear all you have to say at once, and then—then I will choose my fate, if the

liberty is left me."

"Your choice I will not doubt, my Marie, though I have little to say in addition to what has already been said. Mr. Gordon has a brilliant reputation for talent wherever he is known, but as I feared, he is destitute of belief in that faith without which we are as clods of the valley, of less worth than the flowers which bloom and fade in a single day; for they at least fulfil the end of their creation in sending their incense on the wings of the wind to the throne of him who created them, while we in our blind arrogance, doubt the existence of that power, that so wonderfully fashioned us. I have learned his past career-'tis one which gives carnest of a wretched future. With his earthy spirit and debased nature, your pure heart can find no companionship. I will not detail what I have learned-sufficient it must be to you, to know that I, who have the tenderest affection for you and the deepest regard for your happiness, tell you that henceforth you must be as a stranger to Mr. Gordon: and I can allow no appeal from my decision. Though it wrings my heart to inflict this suffering, it is better, far better to sever the bond at once, though it wrench apart the strongest ties of our nature, than suffer the slow corroding anguish of finding that love and trust are, to him on whom you lean in confiding faith, as a crushed reed which will wound you to the heart. With characteristic impetuosity Gordon now devotes himself to you-once won, the prize will be worthless, and some newer toy lead him to forget in his selfish pursuit, that your heart is silently breaking. Marie, I am answerable for your happiness, this union can never promote it. My measures for our departure are already taken. To-morrow we leave this place."

"You will not—you cannot be so crue!" she exclaimed convulsively. "You will not take me hence without suffering me to gaze once more on that matchless brow—without hearing the tones of that beloved voice? You cannot be so cruel. My heart will break in the struggle."

"It is to save you from a broken heart that I seem cruel," said Hamilton. "God knows, were he untainted by vice, though poverty and want had marked him for her own, I would gladly welcome him to this heart, but with the dissipated worldling you can have no communion."

"Vice! he has been slandered! He is too noble, too high a mark for the arrows of defamation, to escape. Let him defend himself—condemn him not unheard!"

\*Alas! this is fantasy. To thy trustful simplicity he could easily gloss over his past life, but I am not thus easily duped. My own heart, through you, has pleaded for him, but the decree of justice, and also of mercy to you, my daughter, is, that you meet no more."

#### PART II.

" Hopeless love is like a name too deeply cut in a tree, which akes the tree itself perish."

> " I left thee like the dove of ald. I left thy parent breast-But on life's waste of waters cold My soul hath found no rest! And back the weary bird is come Its woes-its wanderings o'er; Ne'er from the holy ark to roam-And this is home once more."

THE golden twilight of an Italian evening stole through the lofty windows of a villa on that lake over which the enchantment of matchless beauty presides, linked with the memories of the gifted and unfortunate spirits who sent from those haunts the voice of song that echoed over a thousand hills, and touched a responsive chord in a thousand hearts. The green turf sloped down to the very edge of the blue and quiet waters, and glimpses of the bright heavens, mirrored in their tranquil depths were obtained, as the light evening air tossed aside the waving boughs of the lime trees, covered with their snowy and fragrant blossoms. Within a stately hall, whose lofty dome was supported by pillars of the finest marble, and decorated with some of the noblest efforts of the pencil and the chisel, indifferent alike to the beauties of nature, or the treasures of art, reclined one, who had sought oblivion for sorrow in the novelty of change, and the return of health in the bland air of Italy-but in vain.

Wearied with the slight exertions of the day, a fair young girl reclined on a sofa, her eyes closed as if in slumber, but one who had given more than a casual glance would have seen that the silken lash which lay like a soft shadow on the white cheek, was heavy with tears. The bright golden hair was thrown back from the brow, and the delicate and perfect profile contrasted its transparent whiteness with the rose-coloured pillows on which the beautiful head rested. One arm, from which the wide muslin sleeve had fallen back, lay across her breast, and from the emaciated fingers of the small fair hand even the rings had fallen.

Near a window sat a gentleman, of noble presence and fine features. He had laid aside the book which he appeared to have been reading, but not to gaze on the loveliness of that twilight scene, until its soft and dreamy beauty penetrated his very being. His eyes were bent sorrowfully on the face of his child: he saw the glittering tear-drop slowly roll over the cheek, he noted the quiver of the fevered lip, as the bitter memories of the past came sweeping over her soul in that still and solemn hour.

That young sufferer was Marie Hamilton. A year had passed since her father had separated her from Gordon. A year, whose days, hours, and minutes had been measured to him as drops of bitterness from the everlasting fountain of misery. The noble, the high-hearted Hamilton saw the last of his household yield herself without a struggle to the indulgence of a sorrow that was undermining her constitution, and hurrying her to that dark and desolate grave, which had so often yawned to entomb his happiness.

He had fondly hoped that change of scene—the most unwearied affection from him would soften the blow he had been compelled to inflict, and time would obliterate the wound. This might have been accomplished, had not the latent wilfulness in the temper of his daughter, been developed by the circumstances in which she was placed. All his efforts to amuse her were vain; she cherished her sorrow, she clasped it to her bosom with a sort of fanaticism, and forgetful of how desolate her father would be when bereaved of her, she took a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on the event which would end her sorrows, and give her lover the last proof of her fidelity, by placing on it the seal of death.

Her father had travelled with her over the fairest portions of his own country, without any benefit to her health; and with a last hope that the novelty of a foreign land, and one hallowed by so many associations to a mind that had once so intensely enjoyed the beautiful and picturesque, might arouse her from the apathetic indulgence of sorrow, he embarked for Italy. Even that had failed. She viewed the wrecks of shattered greatness, and the splendours of a gorgeous clime, with an indifferent and preoccupied mind. She listened to the evening chaunt of the gondolier with a joyless smile, until some tone in the wild melody touched a chord in her memory, which brought tears into the eyes already dimmed with weeping.

Hamilton arose, and kneeling beside the couch, clasped her worn fingers, as he spoke in a voice tremulous with emotion,

"Marie, I can endure it no longer—I yield to your wishes-I cannot behold you a victim to the grief that shadows your young years-that has stolen the freshness from heart and lip, and sapped the very foundations of your being. We will return to our own land-I will recall your lover, and you will once more be happy."

Hamilton kept his word—they embarked at Naples, and when Marie again beheld her native shores, it was with a smiling lip, and a cheek which once more wore the hue of health. She had triumphed, and she was happy!

Hamilton sacrificed his pride to his daughter's welfare. He wrote to Gordon on his arrival at his own abode, and he speedily obeyed the summons. We pass over the explanations which ensued—the raptures of the lover-the quiet sense of happiness which filled the heart of Marie, giving a softness to her manner, and a radiance to her beauty which made her more charming than ever. Verney was among the first to welcome her home, and she flattered herself that he had recovered from his unrequited attachment. He, at least, had sufficient firmness to meet her without any apparent emotion, and his was the voice which pronounced over her young head, the nuptial benediction; and none who looked on his calm brow, could have seen that the iron had entered his soul.

After a few weeks spent among the scenes of her infancy, Gordon took his bride to his own abode in the city of \_\_\_\_. Returned once more to his beloved solitude, Hamilton refused the cold invitation of his son-in-law to accompany them to town. He felt that his daughter was no longer his own, she had chosen to leave him for one who he plainly saw had not sufficient generosity to forgive the past. With a foreboding heart, and a saddened spirit he pressed Marie to his bosom, and loosening the convulsive embrace with which at the last moment she clung to him, placed her in the arms of her husband, and

turned away. Verney was the companion of his solitude, and in his society he was in a measure consoled for the absence of his child.

It would transcend the limits of this story, to follow Marie Hamilton step by step, in the gradual dispersion of the magic mist, through which her romantic fancy had induced her to view her husband. The delusion continued perfect for five whole weeks, and during that period she thought herself the happiest and most favoured mortal in existence.

The first blow that fell on her, was, to one of her disposition one of peculiar bitterness. She had gone to a brilliant party: her spirits were exhilarated by the consciousness of uncommon beauty, aided by the most exquisite taste in the arrangement of her toilette. She was promenading with Mr. Stacy, Gordon's most intimate friend, when a tall, splendid looking girl, magnificently attired, entered the room. Marie inquired of Stacy who she was.

"Ah!" said he, lightly; "your sympathies should be instinctively elicited for that lady, for she has been made desolate by your rival charms. During your absence in Europe, Gordon was the constant attendant of the lovely Augusta Carrière, and rumour whispered that the lady smiled sweetly on him: but you returned, claimed his allegiance, and lo! all her chateau en Espagne vanished as at the touch of an enchanter's wand."

Marie tried to command her countenance, and she looked again at the brilliant face of the southern belle. Nothing could have been in more striking contrast to her own. It was dark, passionate, yet beyond expression beautiful, and she involuntarily asked.

" Did Lewis admire her very much?"

Stacy gave an expressive shrug. " Not more than You will remember she was the belle of the Saratoga springs last summer, is the daughter of a distinguished man, and enormously rich. All things considered, I do not think his admiration was excessive."

Marie felt flattered that she should have triumphed over so lovely a woman, and on their return home spoke of Miss Carrière to Gordon. He started and looked at her with some surprise, but said nothing.

The next morning she received a letter from her father, and went into the library in search of her husband, to show it to him. He was not there, but his desk was open, and on the table lay a half finished letter. "He will soon return," thought she, and she sat down to wait for him. Her eye glanced toward the open desk, stuffed in one of the pigeon holes, was what appeared to be some loose leaves belonging to a diary. She saw her own name, and anticipating some of the rhapsodies of a lover, drew them out and glanced down the first page.

Sudden and terrible was the effect. Pale, trembling, almost gasping for breath, she tottered toward the window, that the air might prevent her from The words which had thus affected her fainting.

were the following:

"August 22. Promenaded last night with the Carrière. Divine Augusta! to-night I must learn my

"23. Miserable devil that I am! I could shoot myself with satisfaction. Refused !---yes, absolutely refused, and with the most cutting coolness.-Must to the office, and see what news from my motherlost more than I can find the means of paying, without the old lady is propitious.

"Returned-ye gods, what luck! My star is a happy one. A letter from Hamilton, giving his consent to a renewal of my engagement with his daughter. Marie Hamilton, you shall be mine, though the passion I once felt for you has been dimmed by absence. The old adage holds true as it regards lovers, · Better be off wi' the old love, before you're on wi' the new.' Had Augusta been propitious-Marie dying for me, what a situation-flattering thought!"

And the writer of this was the man for whom she had abandoned her adoring father! For whom she had been willing to die! She felt as one crushed to the earth-humbled to the very dust. She gasped for breath, until tears of injured feeling and wounded pride came to her relief-Gordon entered, and stood

as one petrified with astonishment.

"Good heavens, Marie! what has happened? what is the matter—any ill news from your father?"

Marie could not speak-she pushed the fatal paper toward him with an expression of disdain, though the next moment she wept more bitterly than before. Something that sounded very much like an oath burst from the lips of Gordon as he looked on it.

"I thought this had been burned long since! It was torn out for that purpose, but my cursed carelessness has left it where you found it. Come Marie, do not be a child; you know I am very fond of you."

" Fond of me!" repeated Marie, indignation giving her the power of articulation. " Fond! oh God! I that so trustingly loved you!" and a fresh burst of weeping ended in violent nervous spasms, which obliged Gordon to carry her to her room, and call her maid to her assistance.

The second annoyance was the arrival of the mother of Gordon, a haughty and overbearing dame, to take up her residence with her son. She had not been with her daughter-in-law a week before she poured into her ears all her accumulated causes of complaint against, her son. In vain Marie shrank from listening to details that made her heart sick: they were forced on her by the unthinking and unfeeling mother, and the poor girl was afraid to offend the imperious woman in whose presence even Gordon seemed to quail.

She had not established herself in his house without much opposition from him, for he knew that her presence must in a measure operate as a check on the course of life he pursued, and he durst not openly offend her, as her property was left entirely to her

own disposal.

Marie soon learned from Mrs. Gordon that she had married a spendthrift, a gambler, and one who bade fair to place the final consummation to his degradation by becoming a drunkard. He soon threw aside the mask he had worn during the first months of their marriage, and she learned to tremble before the frown of the man she had adored! Yet still she loved him-she taught herself to control the expression of her feelings-taught her lips to smile, when her heart was overflowing with misery, for a shadow on her features called forth the bitterest taunts and reproaches, from the tongue that had once breathed only the language of flattery.

Four years had passed. Years of patient endurance to the wife, of unchecked dissipation to the husband. Gordon had again offered for Congress, and his fall in public estimation was signally marked; he was defeated by an overwhelming majority. From that hour his doom was sealed, and night after night his haggard face might be seen bending over the gambling table until nearly dawn, when he would stagger to his home, to lose all consciousness for hours, in the slumbers of inebriation.

Marie had two children, and but for her affection for them she must have sunk under the wretchedness of her lot. The eldest was a girl, and in her tiny features and silken ringlets the most perfect resemblance to her mother might be traced. Hamilton adored this child: she reminded him of the infancy of his own daughter, and Marie, deeply penitent for the part she had acted toward this noble and affectionate parent, resolved to sacrifice her own feelings to promote his happiness. With the consent of Gordon, she gave up her darling girl to her father, and suffered him to take her with him to the Grove.

All that was then left to her was her boy, an infant that had just begun to lisp her name. This child had been delicate from his birth, and the solicitude with which the young mother watched over him, strengthened her affection for him until it amounted almost to a passion. He was very lovely, uniting in his childish face the winning expression of his mother to the striking features and flashing eye of his father. Gordon had never cared for the girl, but little Harry would sometimes elicit, even from him, an expression of affection.

Hamilton, in his visits to his daughter, saw with sorrow that his fears for her happiness were too well founded; but when he was with them, Gordon contrived to throw a veil over his unkind treatment of his wife, and though Marie looked thin, and in ill health, Hamilton feared to probe the wounded heart too deeply, by inquiring into the cause of her subdued spirits.

At length Mrs. Gordon fretted herself into a fever which proved fatal. Her son came into undisputed possession of her property, but he had borrowed money on heavy interest, and the claims against him wallowed up the whole. His professional business had long since been given up, or rather had given him up, for his inattention rendered it useless to employ him. He found himself utterly ruined. Even the portion he had received with Marie had been long since expended. Too proud to apply to Hamiltonhopeless of employment where his habits were too well known, he determined to emigrate.

His arrangements were made without consulting Marie; she had just returned from a visit to her father, and, without any preparation, Gordon hurried her on a steam boat bound for Baltimore: from that city they journeyed west, and the end of two weeks found her established in an obscure village in Ohio.

There the next two years were spent in poverty with her tyrant, for his naturally violent disposition was exasperated into fury by the change in their circumstances. He would not permit Marie to state their true situation to her father: he examined her letters, and her extreme fear of him prevented her from writing without his knowledge. Hamilton was deeply offended at the conduct of his son-in-law, and thought it was dictated by his wish to separate Marie as widely as possible from himself and her child. He never mentioned him in his letters to his daughter, but he resolved that she should not be indebted to Gordon for what she might need, and had the sums sent by him been devoted to the payment of their daily expenses, in the cheap place in which they resided, it would have been amply sufficient for their comfortable support. This, however, was not the case—his passion for gambling still remained in full force, and a visit to some of the larger towns soon dissipated the money thus obtained, and sent him back pennyless to his almost broken hearted wife.

Little Harry was her only consolation. The change of climate had an unfavourable effect on his health, and the sordid cares of the tenderly nurtured Marie were only varied by her unceasing anxiety for the life of her boy. His intellect appeared to be sharpened by the adverse circumstances in which they were placed, and his affections developed far beyond his years. He loved his mother devotedly-he would creep to her side and hush his sobs, that she might not be distressed by them, when his father had struck him, as frequently happened in his fits of intoxication.

It was late in the summer of the second year of her abode in -, when Harry sickened with one of the most violent fevers of the country. There was only one physician in the place, a very young man, and with fear and trembling Marie committed the life of her darling to his skill. On the third day the fever abated, and she ventured to leave him in a sweet sleep, that she might go to a neighbouring house to obtain some fresh milk, to make him some nourishment.

In her absence Gordon came home drunk, carrying with him a bottle of liquor. He forced the boy to drink a considerable quantity before his wife's return, declaring that it was better than all the drugs in the doctor's shop. The child, too ill and too much terrified to resist, swallowed the burning liquid, and Marie returned just in time to prevent a second portion from being administered. The first sufficed. The fever returned with redoubled virulence, and that evening her child was declared beyond hope.

Through the long, long hours of that night, Marie watched beside the bed of her dying child; and she thought that the blessed light of day would never again shine on that infant brow, on which the deathdews were fast gathering.

" Mother, sweet mother, will I ever see the sun again?" said the child, as he twined his weak arms around the neck of his suffering parent.

"I hope so-yes, you will, my lovely one, my own. God will hear my prayers, and the bright spirit will not be taken in the darkness of night. live-you will live to see the sun once more my darling, darling boy." And her hot tears fell over that little faded form, and they seemed to give some relief to the breaking heart of the desolate mourner.

"My pretty mama why do you cry so? When I go away to heaven father will not be so cross-he will be sorry for you then, for you will have no Harry to love you. Kiss me mother, dearest.

Marie bent down and pressed her lips to his, and their cold touch sent a thrill of silent agony to her heart. She laid her head on the pillow beside his, and neither spoke until the first rays of the morning sunshine darted into the room. The child feebly whispered.

"Mother, God is very good to me! see! the sun has come—but I—oh mother I cannot see it now-was it the lamp?"

Marie raised her head; the sunlight was streaming on the face of her child, quivering in the death

agony! One long, wild shriek echoed through the room, and she fell beside him rigid and lifeless as the corpse itself.

How long she remained thus she knew not—she was awakened from the torpor of despair by the entrance of her husband. He walked unsteadily across the floor and threw himself on a chair. Presently looking around for his wife, he saw her cowering over the bed which contained her dead child, and his face darkened with passion.

"Aye—that is the way—always over that whining, puny boy, and never any thing comfortable for me when I come home. Marie, come and give me my breakfast, do you think I am going to wait all day while you are waiting on that fretful brat. Come, hurry, I am hungry,"

Marie arose mechanically and placed bread before him.

"This is all I have-eat it, if it will satisfy your hunger,"

He raised his eyes, sparkling with anger, and uttered a curse, but suddenly stopping and pointing to her head, said.

"Why—why, what's the matter with your hair?"
Marie raised her arm, and sweeping her long tresses
around saw that the hair which at sunset was a soft
and beautiful brown, was now in many places as
white as if blanched by sixty winters. Pointing to
the bed on which the corpse of her child lay, she said,

"There is your answer. There lies my child—our child, murdered—aye, murdered! by his father. I have borne much—insult—degradation for you—but the last tie is severed. From this hour we part."

The violence of the shock sobered Gordon, and he gazed on the boy with an expression of wild terror.

"Good God! Marie, you are not in earnest! I did not kill him. It was the fever. Pshaw! don't tell me I killed him."

Marie said nothing in reply. Her resolution was

taken, and words would only add to the bitterness already in her heart.

She performed the last sad offices for her son herself, and watched alone by the corse, until the hour came in which he was to be hidden from her sight. They had placed him in his coffin, and were about to close it, when a gentleman alighted at the door. It was Hamilton.

His uneasiness about his daughter had, at length, become so great that he determined on seeing her himself, and if his fears were verified, insist on her being separated from her husband.

How far beyond his worst anticipations was the miserable reality! He clasped his faded, toil-worn child to his heart, and the consciousness that death was before him, alone prevented him from pouring on the head of the author of her sufferings, the bitterness of his wrath and indignation.

Marie returned with her father, taking with them the body of her son, that his beloved ashes might mingle with their kindred dust,

Hamilton allowed his unworthy son-in-law the means of life, but he troubled him a very short time. Delirium, brought on by the habitual practice of drinking, ended his life within a year after his wife left him.

Marie once more dwells beneath the roof which sheltered her childhood. A wiser and a sadder heart is hers, but she is blessed with a contented spirit, and is thankful that so much remains to her. In the affection of her father, and the improvement of a lovely daughter, she finds many sources of happiness.

Verney is united to a lovely and amiable woman, and the young Ellen is as fondly welcomed, and as tenderly cherished in the parsonage, as in the abode of her grandfather.

Our task is finished, and the best recommendation we can give to the preceding pages, is, that they are true.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## **JOSEPHINE**

BIGNING THE ARTICLES OF SEPARATION FROM NAPOLEON.

In silent majesty she stood,
The shadow of a Queen!
How many hearts shall bleed for thee,
Imperial Josephine!

And he, thy loved and haughty lord,
Why sinks he not in earth,
To lay on low ambition's shrine,
This pearl of priceless worth!

No loud reproach, no bitter words
The soul's deep anguish speak—
Though fast and silently the tears
Flow'd down that pallid cheek.

"Twas not because the diadem
Was passing from thy brow—
"Twas not because the fickle crowd
Would to thy rival bow;—

Oh no! 'twee woman's trusting heart,
That must its hopes resign,
That forced the life-blood from thy cheek.
Thou peerless Josephine!

A glory circles round thy brow
By true hearts understood,
Not that a crown was thine, but thou
Wast faithful, tried, and good.

While thus I mused with aching heart, On sorrows such as thine, I heard a gentle spirit sing This requiem at thy shrine:

O woman, formed to suffer every ill,
For lordly man to triumph o'er at will,
To see her hoard of rich affections lost,
Or trified with as things of little cost,
Cherish, as Heaven's best gift, the yielding mind,
That bears, and hopes, and weeps, and is resigned.
Oh happy, doubly happy, 'tis for thee,
Thy Maker formed thee like the willow tree,
That bends its head beneath the northern blast,
And southern gale, and yielding to the last,
Foels all the tempest's wrath, and when 'tis o'er,
Spreads its green leaves to catch the breeze once more.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE ESCAPE.

#### BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THERE seems to be sometimes a period in the history of nations, as well as of individuals, when clouds gather around, when sickness as of the heart steals over them, and the energies working in diseased channels, call up a host of spectral illusions, "destruction before them, and sorrow behind." Such was the state of the colony of Massachusetts, the Mother of New England, when about to pass the barrier of the seventieth year of her existence. The buoyant hopes of earlier seasons forsook her, and her feet "trembled upon the dark mountains," as if appalled by a warning cry, "The days of thy years, are three score years and ten; and all beyond is labour and sorrow."

Amid her skirts, and within her bosom, was a savage foe, wronged, inexorable, whose stealthy step was traced in the blood of the defenceless, and whose vengeance, quick and terrible as the lightning stroke, threatened extermination. The fathers, who had been her guide and stay, the prophets, the priests, whose voice had been the Urim and Thummim of the multitude, were with the dead. We, in whose minds respect for age is less deeply rooted, cannot imagine the "horror of great darkness," that settled upon her soul, as the last vestiges of that patriarchal race fade from the earth. One by one the stars were muffled, the beacon-lights extinguished, and she left to steer alone her endangered bark over the troubled waters.

Other causes conspired to harass and depress the people; heavy taxation, the almost utter extinction of commerce, and a sea coast infested with pirates, and hostile privateers. France, irritated by a recent invasion of Canada, menaced the colonies with her vengeance. "They were becoming," says Upham, in his Lectures, " the victims of political jealousies, discontent and animosities. Their minds were startled and confounded by forebodings of dark and dismal events. And as it were to crown the whole, and fill up the measure of their affliction and terror, it was their universal and sober belief, that the Evil Being himself was in a special manner let loose, and permitted to descend upon them with unexampled fury."

It was from the midst of this discomfort and gloom " this fearful looking for of judgment," that the delusion at Salem sprang forth. Though not without precedent, in an older and wiser continent, it derived peculiar elements of sternness and inveteracy, from the locality and circumstances of its birth. Few of those agencies which soften and unbend the minds of men, were then in operation. Literature and science gave but a feeble infusion of their spirit, and social intercourse seldom sparkled with hilarity. Seeds of religious dissension were vegetating, and and whatever form of bitterness or superstition seized upon the mind, it was pursued with the exclusiveness of monomania.

An isolated and ascetic state of feeling, was nourished by the tardy and infrequent communication between the settlements. No post-roads or periodicals diffused intelligence, and penetrating to the most remote solitudes, bound the extremities to the heart, in strong and warm vitality. The adventurous traveller encountered not only fatigue but peril, for he knew that he must pass by dense, and overshadowing forests, where the watchful Indian prowled. So slow was the transmission of news, that the awful tragedy at Salem, which commenced early in the year of 1692 did not reach for several months, a little colony of Huguenots, which had planted themselves about form miles from Boston. Few in number, and occupied with those labours on which existence imperatively depends, vague rumours as of some distorted and horrible dream, at length floated to their hermit residence.

It was at that period when autumn fosters the fading beauties of summer, and yet announces the approach of winter, by infusing a slight chill into the evening atmosphere. The harvest of maize which had been principally gathered, was deposited in a rude tenement, which served as a public granary. were seen there to glimmer, after they had one by one, vanished from the surrounding habitations. few men who had been engaged in separating the golden ears from the investing sheath, still prolonged their toil, listening to the narrations of a hardy New England yeoman, who had been hired for the last year to assist the more delicate natives of France, m the ruder labours of husbandry. While in the midst of an animated description of the festivities of what he called "real huskin frolic," which he had sometimes shared among his own people, he was interrupted by a heavy knock at the door, and the sudden entrance of a weary stranger in worn garments. word or two, in an under tone, caused an exclamation of amazement.

"Why, cousin Jehiel Wigglesworth! it can't be you! in such torn and awful riggin! Have the Indians come down upon Malden? and was you necessiated to fly for your life?"

"What is a host of cowardly Indiana," was the reply, "to the terrible visitations of the spirits of darkness? We read in the Bible of only one witch of Endor; and she busied herself with calling up the dead; but Salem town is full of witches from one end to t'other, and they do nothing but torment and destroy the living."

To the inquiry of his cousin, respecting the reasons of his removal from Malden, their native place, he answered.

"You know I come of age, last winter, and so, I told father he might as well get some work out of brother Titus, who is a stout youngster, and I would go and hire myself out a spell, and 'arn a little money. I had heard of a minister, in Salem, one Mr. Parris, who wanted help, and I reckon'd 'twould be a good notion to live with a minister, because their portion not being in this world, they would not be likely to insist on so much hard slaving. But I was rather discomfited at our first meeting. He obsarv'd that he was particular in inquiring the character of sarvants, because he chose to have only those of good report. "Sarvants," said I, "I never was any body's sarvant, and I never mean to be." So I turned to go off, thinking he was too mighty topping for me. But he said over a text or two of

Scripture, which made me as quiet as a lamb, how that we all had a master in heaven, and that he only wanted me to be his *kelp*. Then I felt ashamed that I had been so mad and hasty, and made an agreement with him, and so lived quiet and peaceable, till I was carried to Salem jail."

"To the jail! to the jail! You don't say so!— None of our relations ever came to such diagrace before! No wonder you look so exceedin' dumpish. Tell me all that you did, without any prevarication."

"Cousin Jehoshaphat Jones, have a little patience, Every thing in its right place. Is not it necessary that you know first consarning my dealings at the minister's? My business was to dig in the garden, and to chop wood, and to take care of the dumb critturs, which consisted of an old horse, not very abundant in flesh, and a cow with balls at her horns, to show that she routed down fences to get at better pasture, and a flock of hens, which it was a power of trouble to watch, and scare out of the neighbours' corn, and to mind the minister's wife in all she directed."

"And was it really a great sight easier to live with a minister, than to be on the good old farm at home? Did you get enough to eat?"

"I liked all well enough, except the Sabba-day dinners. For then they never got any victuals. They are no upholders of fasting in Boston, for they understand good eating and drinking, right well. But Salem folks are more skinching and saving. However, there was really nothing worth complaining of, till those great and grievous trials came down like a clap of thunder. The minister's darter and his niece, who lived with them, both smart, sprightly girls of eleven or twelve years old, were brought all of a sudden, under the power of the Evil One, and tormented just like the children of Mr. John Goodwin, at North Boston, a few years before. Cousin Jehoshaphat, did not you read the marvellous account of them, published by a godly and learned minister?"

"Yes, I did. But it seemed to me, a deal more like their own ugliness, than like any other sort of witchcraft."

"Well, Jehoshaphat Jones, just in that same way, other bold ones blasphemed, and made mockery, but some of them got hung upon the gallows, like proud Haman, a spectacle to heaven and airth. It is true, that the two girls were the most tormentedest critturs that eyes ever beheld. Sometimes we'd find them a standing in brooks of water, saying that the Wicked One wanted to drown them; then they'd be a clinging to the tops of high trees, where they'd no way in natur of getting, crying out that he commanded them to throw themselves down from thence."

"Jehiel was not there apples or some sort of fruit on them trees? I've seen children climb pretty decent high, after green apples, without no supernatural help."

"Well, what should they run upon the ridge-pole of the barn, and bemoan themselves there for? You don't s'pose any green apples grew there, do you? And when the poor souls set down to comfort themselves with a meal of victuals, who do you calculate drew their tongues out of their mouths, and laid them all along upon their chins, so that they were not able to eat a single mouthful?"

"I don't know. I guess they did not see any

thing they liked on the table, and thought they'd make a push to get something more to their taste."

"Who do you reckon run pins into them, and left the marks of great pinches and bites on their innocent flesh? And what made them, when they was told only to do the least little chore, fall into fits, like one about to die?"

"Why, Jehiel, I have made believe to be sick myself, when I was a small boy, and told to hoe corn,
or weed the gardin. But I was always mighty well
if any play was going on. And I have seen bigger
folks sarve their master in that way, time and again.
Who pinch'd and bit those girls I don't undertake to
say. But I rather guess if the minister had given
them a smart box on the ear, as father used to, they'd
gone to work, and felt better."

" It is very likely to be sure, that with your poor edecation, you should know more of their case, than all the wise and rich gentlemen, who come to see them and pity them, and than the host of ministers, too, who used to pray and exhort over them. And when them that were the most gifted, and could hold out the longest, were putting up petitions, it was awful to see the sufferings of the children. Every inch of their flesh would tremble, as if the Evil Spirit was about to come out of them, but it was only because he was mad and tired, to hear the precious saints communing so long with the Lord. the poor babes might not enjoy the comfort of saying the Lord's prayer themselves; for they'd always be forced to leave out some part of it. And when Mr. Parris would say 'begin again, and say it right,' they'd be speechless. Neither were they permitted to read a single godly book, whereby their souls might be comforted, under their body's tribulation. The Wicked Sarpent would allow them to read silly story and jeest books, and if they were particular unchristian and bad, they'd giggle and shout till even the neighbours heard the racket. But when the Assembly of the Catechize was put into their hands, oh! such whooping and hollowing, and if it was not taken directly out of their sight, they'd have the terriblest fits, and scare the minister's wife, nigh upon to death."

"Why, cousin Jehiel, as for that monstrous long catechize, I'd have screamed as bad as they, and had as many fits, if I could not only frighten'd mother out of the notion of making me larn it. I wonder if your wise and honourable gentlemen, did not happen to forget the deprayity of the heart."

"Jehoshaphat Jones, I feel bound to say unto you what holy Mr. Baxter saith in his preface to the book about John Goodwin's afflicted offspring, he that disbelieveth, must needs be a most obstinate Sadducee.' I s'pose it will be of no use to certify you that there was a witch in our house. Yea, a black wench, from a far distant country, where I'm told they have daily dealings with Satan, as man with man, in buying and selling, and trucking of goods. The afflicted girls, when in their sorest torments, would cry out upon Tituba, and there would be the cruel jade, looking as much amazed as if she had never done any evil in her life. But she had manifested her ugly temper towards them, before this calamity, by divers times discovering them in a closet where jellies and such like sweet trade was kept, of which it was very natural that they should be just tasting a little, you know. They could not so much as touch a lump of sugar, or a spunful of molasses,

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but they'd hear her muttering, 'I'll tell mistress, for by and by, when sugar-pot and 'lasses jug be empty, she'll say, Tituba steal, Tituba tief.' So don't all these doings plainly prove that she was moved of old by the father of malice, against these poor children? Well, after things had gone on so for a long lengthy time, they come to a detarmination to hold a court upon these dealings of Satan, and try if the authority of the town could not cast him out, since the clargy were not able. Oh! I never shall forget that dreadful day. Heads was as thick in the Salem courthouse, as green peas in a pod, but no more noise, nor shuffling of feet, than if all had been dead bodies. There, on a high seat, sot Governor Danforth, looking exceeding solemn, and Governor Stoughton with eyes as sharp as a needle; and there was the Rev. Mr. Samuel Parris, with a pen, to write down every word that should be said. I could not help thinking of the day of judgment. And when the crowd was so great that we could hardly breathe, the distressed children was brought in. Close behind them, came Tituba, rolling up the whites of her eyes. Then, they fell into the worst torments I ever did see. It seemed as if the Wicked One put forth the whole of his power and ugliness, in the presence of the Honourable Court. 'Who hurts you?' said his worship, the Judge. 'Tituba! Tituba!' they both screamed at once. 'She afflicts us. She is going to ride on a broomstick, now, and will stick pins in us.' Then they fell into such awful fits that the Honourable Court did exhort the black witch to make confession of her wickedness. So she did confess so far as this, that when she was a slave among the Spanish, she larnt how to find out a witch. And, pray, was not that just as bad as to be one herself? Their Honours agreed it was next akin to it, and ordered her straightway to prison. After she got there, such a hardened sinner was she, that she denied having ever made a league with Satan, and said she would not have told the court what she did, only her master had\* whipped her most grievously to make her do so, and catching his eye at that minute, she was afeard of the same punishment again, which was surely no worse than she deserved. And what a maracle it was, that as soon as she was taken away, the poor afflicted girls sat up, and looked pleasant and satisfied. But just as the crowd was beginning to clear out, the minister's daughter took to swooning again, and foamed at her mouth, like a barrel of hop-beer a working. And Cousin Jehoshaphat, can you imagine my situation, when I heard her exclaim, 'Jehiel Wigglesworth! Jehiel Wigglesworth! he afflicts me!-Oh! I screamed as loud as she, and took to my heels to run out of the Court House, thinking I'd get home like a streak of lightning, to father's. But they seized hold of me, and dragged me before the judges. Things swum round me, and I was afeard the floor would cleave asunder, and let me into the suller. So I held fast on to the sheriffs, and they grabbed just as tight hold of me, so I was just like a crittur shut up in a vice. But when the Chief Judge ax'd me in a terrible voice, how do you afflict this young maid?' I found marvellous strength to reply, Please your honour, I never did offend her, in thought, word, or deed, saving once, when about six weeks ago, I

\* See page 56, of "Lectures on Witchcraft," by the Rev. C. W. Upham, published at Boston, in 1831, which contains much historical evidence of interest. s'pose I did occasion her some sort of worriment, by telling her mother, who axed me the question, that I did see her take apples in her work-bag, from a cart that brought some to the door to sell. But then, she would not a took them, if we had a bought 'em for her to eat, and she declared she never touch'd one on 'em, I do s'pose she forgot it. So, 'cause my memory happened to be rather better than hers, she was huffy to me, for two or three weeks, which was no more than natural, your honour, and then she seemed to get over her hard thoughts. Most sartinly, this is the only time, in which I crossed her, since I have abode under her father's ruff.'

"Then the Court ordered me to walk straight up to her, and look her in the face, whereat she shrieked so, and vowed that I tore her vitals, that my heart misgive me, and I begun to wonder whether I had not, some how or other, made a league and covenant with the Old One, and known nothing about it. Howsoever, I would not confess, though they took vast pains to make me. Whereupon, they said I was obstinate, and commanded me to jail. Then she come immediately out of her fits, and was as cherk and cheery as a bird out of the snare of the fowler. Oh, the wearisome days and nights that past over me in that house of bondage. But plenty of good company come there, afore midsummer. We was like a bee-hive, at swarming time. From the dens around I'd hear the poor prisoners bemoaning themselves, and saying, 'Oh! that we'd never told such a faisehood, as to confess that we was witches, and so wronged our own souls.' And then, the crying of children would pierce through my very heart, for there was some shut up there, not over eight or ten years old. Father and mother got a seat in neighbour Lynch's wagon, and come down to Salem jail We was all cast down, bad enough, to meet in such a dolesome hole. 'O Jehiel,' said the old lady, confess, do pray confess, for they tell me, all that confess they are witches, get set at liberty, and all the rest are hanged without marcy, for a stiffnecked and hard-hearted generation.' 'Mother,' says I, 'would ye have me confess dealings with the wicked Sarpent, when 'ta'n't true?' 'O-I don't know,' says she, 'but do be sure, and save your life: there a'n't nothing so bad as death.' 'Why, now, mother,' says I, ' I remember you broke me of telling lies, when I was a small youngster. I don't think I shall begin again, at this time of day. And I guess there is something as bad as death, and worse, too, namely, the lake that burns with fire and brimstone."

"'There,' said father, 'did not I tell you 'twould be so? Jehiel was always a good boy to larn the New Testamunt by heart: and now ye see he's got it in his heart. So, give over tempting him mammy.'

"I should have thought," said Jones, "that Aunt Jemima might have given you better advice. A professor of religion as she is. She must have been worse blinded and bewitched, than even you was."

"I felt despate heavy," continued the narrator, when our folks left me, and went and curl'd down in the corner, upon my heap of straw. But I found some comfort in a bit of cold gammon, and bread and cheese they brought me, which was enough better than the jail victuals. It was the latter part of August that five of the prisoners was taken out and hanged. One of them was a grand minister, Mr. George Burroughs, who they condemned because he had almost the strength of a giant, which he must

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have got from the powers of darkness, for he was real slim and slender made. But never shall I forget the awful 22d of September. Then we was all summoned to look out and see eight of our miserable comrades matched to the gallows.

" First walked Martha Corey, paler than ashes, whose husband had been pressed to death with heavy weights, because he refused to plead when he was indicted before the Honourable Court. The next was Mary Easty, who writ the most beautiful letter to the judges and ministers, declaring her innocence, and who when she took the last leave of her husband, and children, and friends, was said to look as calm and holy as an angel. Close behind, come Goody Parker, with her hood partly drawn over her face, and her lips moving in prayer; and Ann Pudeator, with the large tears, like hail-stones, rolling down her face; and Margaret Scott, with the ruddy bloom still upon her cheeks, whom all the young men had so admired for her beauty. There was Wilmot Reed, too, with whom I had played at school, and Goodman Wardwell, who was accused by his own wife and daughter. and a broken-hearted man he seemed, with his head hanging down upon his breast. Last of all, with a fresh goodly countenance, walked Mary Parker, stepping lightly, as if she knew she was about to rise above her enemies, to a heavenly home. She it was who spake so bold to the Rev. Mr. Noyes, when he bade her confess the sin of witchcraft. 'I am no more a witch than you are a wizard: and if you take away my life, God will give you blood to drink.'-Oh! how my heart sank within me, and cold chills ran through all my veins, to see them walking along with the bright sun, and the clear blue sky over their heads, which they was never more to behold. And I said to myself, make haste, and get out of this strong hold, or you will be dealt with in like manner. In the afterpart of that memorable day, there came a pious, good minister, to preach to the poor prisoners, and exhort them to search into the plague of their own hearts, while yet it was a time of hope. We, in the upper story, flocked together into the largest cell to hear him. He spoke exceeding well, and had a wonderful smooth delivery, but had only got as far as sixteenthly, when down fell Molly Lacey in a fit, a curious, talking creature, who had charged both her mother and grandmother, with witchcraft, and got them both into jail with her. Down she fell. calling out the name of Mr. Willard, a grand Boston minister, and the names of some of the highest powers of the state, saving they had a commission from the prince of darkness to afflict her, and to burn her flesh from her bones, with fire. Great was the stir, indeed; and when I saw the jailer was as busy as the rest on 'em, I watched my chance, and glided down stairs, like a sperrit. But when I reached the second story, the door was locked so tight, that the old dragon himself could not start it. I made for the window, through which we had looked at the poor, condemned people in the morning, and lo! it was left a little open, to admit a morsel of air. 'Jehiel Wigglesworth!' said I, cast yourself down from thence. Is not it as well to grind your bones to powder, as to have your neck stretched by these Philistines?' So, I snatched up the minister's broad-brimmed hat, which had been left on the stairway, and thrust it on my head, thinking I would not go into etarnity with a broken skull, if I could help it. But what do you think appeared, just at that critical minute? A huge

load of hay, passing directly under, and nobody in sight. As quick as thought, I leaped down upon it, and kiver'd myself up in the cutest manner. The boy who drove, was wandering along in front, and gazing around, but hearing a strange sound, as I plunged down, gave his cattle a stroke or two, and said, 'Gee up, Dimond, what d'ye start for? D'ye see any Salem witches?' Then, whistling, he went on with his load, while the sweet smell of the newmown hay, and the fresh air, that I had not breathed so long, and the thought that I had got out of that dismal den of lamentation, though but for one half hour, even if they dragged me back the next, made both my heart and head so lightish, that I could scarcely keep from outright singing and shouting, But I took good care to hold the minister's hat well under the hay, lest some of his parishioners might know it, and hunt me out. I obsarved the boy, after a while, to be looking round, and calling 'Jehu !-Jehu!' Thinks I to myself, Jehu and Jehiel are pretty much alike. So when we'd got past the house where I used to live, I takes courage, and says, What do you want? Don't ye see that I'm up here on the hay?' On the hay!' said he. 'How in the world did ye get there and I not know it?' Why forty people might have got up and down, and stole half the hay too, while you have been loitering along, gazing at every thing, and every body.' 'You ha'n't done all your arrants, have ye?' 'Yes, indeed, long ago.' Well, then, get down and drive the team. Don't you know master said, Tim, you must drive till you get through the thickest of Salem town, and when Jehu has done my business there, he shall see to the cattle. So, make haste and come down, for I'm as tired as a dog.' 'And don't you think I'm tired too, trotting through all the lanes like a camel, while you have been lounging along, more asleep than awake?" I declare you shall get down now, Jehu,' said the lad, beginning to climb up the load. I'll tell you what it is, Tim,' said I, 'the great pitchfork is here, and if you come up before I give you leave, I'll catch you on it. But if you'll only drive fast and good, until we get out of sight of them housen yonder, I've a clever cling-stone peach here, that I'll give you, and you shall ride all the rest of the way.' 'O yes, to be sure, out of sight of them housen! why that a'n't a quarter of a mile from the place where the man lives that's bought the rowin. You're a real cross-grain'd beast, to make me do more than master says.' So he walked along, muttering. When we'd got about through the thick settled part, I called out suddenly, 'Oh! what a wretch I am, to forget. Run, Tim, run, as fast as ever you can, to Squire Larkins' store, at the second corner, and bring a small bottle of sperrit, I left standing on the horse-block. I'm awful afeard somebody has drink'd it up, afore now. Come, gallop, that's a good fellow, and if you happen to take a small swig out on't, I won't tell master.' Off he set, like a catamount, and no sooner was he out of sight, than I was down, and a running faster than he, for I was dumb afeard that he'd meet the real Jehu, and both together take after me, like Jehu of old, pursuing the false prophets. I struck into the woods and hid till after dark, and then took the road, and travelled right manfully all night. It made me down-hearted to think I could not go to father's, as I know that was the fust place that naturally sarch after me, and I seemed to be in a worse box than the returning prodigal. While I was doubting where

to shape my course, I remembered that cousin Jehoshaphat Jones, who had always been a true frind, had hired himself out to some Huguenot bodies, who lived in an out-of-the-way sort of a hole, and thought if I could once get there, I might stand a good chance to be hid, in such an outlandish abode. So I turned my steps hitherward. But O, the torment of hunger that I've endured. Sometimes I have thought I could e'enamost bite a sheep's head off, and eat it with all the wool on. But I have not been altogether easy in my mind, for fear the bears should eat me, when I dropped asleep in the woods, or some ugly rattlesnake give me a mortal wound, or the beastly Indians start out from behind some bush, and scalp me. Yet have I been led through the wilderness in safety, through help from above. I hope the precious minister that I left preaching in the Salem jail, will forgive me for hooking his hat. Its broad brim has been of vast use to me, to dip up water from brooks, and fend off the rain and musquitoes. How real thankful I was, at last, to see a light glimmering here, and looking through the cracks of the cornhouse, to be sure that it was Cousin Jehoshaphat, by the side of a great pile of ripe ears. I doubt whether the poor creatures who were drowning in the floodtime, could have been much joyfuller to have set their feet in Noah's ark, than I to behold my blood relation, and stretch my weary limbs on this floor."

When the narrator closed his recital, all his auditors expressed warm sympathy for his troubles, and congratulation on his deliverance; and hastened to provide him with fitting refreshment, and a place of repose. It was afterwards decided to offer him refuge among them, with such compensation for his services as should be deemed satisfactory, until the indignation might be overpast." For some time after this miserable delusion had subsided, he remained among the Huguenot colonists, grateful for their kindness, and pleased with their gentle manners, and reasonable requisitions.

Afterwards, returning to his native villages, he settled for life, in those peaceful agricultural employments to which his ancestors had been inured. He dwelt in rural comfort and happiness, and enjoyed the respect of his neighbours and friends. Some lingering of superstition, continued through life to mingle with that shrewdness and simplicity which so often mark the Yankee character, and when in long winter evenings, beside a blazing fire, he recounted to his astonished children, the evils to which he had been exposed, and from which he was so mercifully rescued, he never failed to bespeak their heartfelt gratitude, that they had never been brought under the domination of the powers of darkness, or the sore sin of witchcraft.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE VOICE OF JUNE.

"I COME, I come," saith the laughing June, "The birds have their voices all in tune, To sing me a welcome, sweet and clear-I shall bring both gladness and gloom this year. My coming with many will cause a sigh, They fear that I bring them a summons to die: But others will hail me with pure delight, They think of the charms of a summer night. My zephyrs shall fan into brighter bloom, The cheek of the fair one, who reads her doom In the sunbright hours that round me fly, And in the soft blue of my cloudless sky. The lover shall tell in a sweeter tone, The tale of his love to the "chosen one:" In language more tender his soul shall speak, When he feels my warm breath on his glowing cheek. When the business and bustle of day are done, And toil is o'er with the setting sun, 'Twill be sweet to forget the fatigues of the past, And o'er the bright future hope's mantle to cast. That sorceress, Hope, makes the fond mother see, In the child she then hushes to sleep on her knee, A genius that shall in his manbood acquire Fame, honour, renown-all her heart can desire.

"Tis Hope that portrays at my evening hour, In the dreams of the poet, his magical power To charm the high souls of the brave and the fair. And tells him of bays which he yet shall wear. The soul that is plighted to virtue and heaven, Enjoys the calmness and freshness of even, And thinks while he looks on you starry dome, How soon it will be his eternal home! I lend not my aid unto foul, dark deeds, To my long bright day, clear night succeeds, And her silver lamp the moon hangs high In my heaven of blue serenity. A blessing to all the poor I bring; They hail my approach with hearts that sing-The cold, rude blasts they so justly dread, I have charmed to sleep, in their frozen bed. But a warning I bring-I shone last year On many glad faces, no longer here; And perhaps ere again I shall smile on earth, Ye may hear not her sound-ye may heed not the mirth That is born of this world. Think, think in time, Ere your souls shall be borne to another clime, Of the day which is coming, when all must meet Before the high bar of HIS judgment seat!"

SENTIMENT.—How much fine sentiment there is wasted in our strange world! I have seen a young lady in raptures of admiration over a flower which was to deck her hair in the ball-room, who would turn away, with a look of loathing, from the proffered kiss of her baby brother; and I have heard lovely lips, all wreathed in smiles, and breathing tones of joy over a pretty shell, a shining insect, or even a gay riband, say cold and cruel words to the best friend,

ay, the mother, who was wearing her life out to promote the happiness of her ungrateful daughter. H.

Seldom does woman have an opportunity of becoming a heroine in action—it is only in the calm endurance of afflictions that the strength of her soul is tested; and female genius never appears so lovely as when like the trodden chamomile, it springs, apparently, from the very pressure that threatens to destroy it.

H.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE ISLAND OF MADEIRA.

BY A. A. HARWOOD, ESQ.

A DESCRIPTION of Madeira, however sober and matter of fact, must appear overcharged to one whose eyes have not been feasted with the actual scene. While reading the accounts of others you are apt to accuse them of indulging their fancy at the expense of the credulity of the untravelled; while visiting the scene yourself, the picture, before condemned as overwrought and too highly coloured, seems flat and insipid, and unworthy of the superb briginal. In fact, the attempt to delineate or describe prospects of the magnificent kind which strike the eye on every side, is apt to prove abortive, from the very consciousness that no effort of the pencil or pen can do justice to the subject. I will not attempt, therefore, to enter into a detail of the beauties which fascinate all amateurs of fine scenery, when approaching the island, as we did, in the morning; headland after headland opens to the view successively, presenting in every change of bearing some new wonder of form or effect, until, at length, upon anchoring in the roadstead of Funchal, the eye luxuriates rather than reposes on a rare combination of these noble elements. as if nature had condescended, for once, to show the painter what she could do when disposed to try her hand at composition. From the isolated crag with its topling castle, known by the plain name of Loo Rock, upward over the compact city, its towers and belfrys; still upward over delicious gardens, mountain villas, and fortified heights, to the convent of "Our Lady of the Mountain," its neighbouring glen shrouded in mist, and the cloud capped peaks which back it, all is in the highest degree beautiful and grand. Notwithstanding all these allurments of the picturesque. ("Our Lady of the Mountain" forgive us!) we took a travelling heretic's advice to visit the convent of Santa Clara, tempted by his pathetic description of the early love and cruel disappointments of the fair Maria Clementina. I will not repeat her history, which, besides furnishing Mr. C-e with an episode to his lively narrative, has already become a more than " twice told tale," in the hands of those who wander to and fro through the earth, following the chasse aux lions. It is rather unfortunate that the gleanings which these good people employ as materials for a piquant chapter, should inflict such serious inconvenience upon the subject of their admiration or sympathy. Such, we are told, has been the case with the fair Clementina, who, besides having the canker of "hope deferred" prey upon her "damask cheek," has also had the misfortune, since the publication of "Six Months in the West Indies," to suffer under a rather inconvenient state of notoriety. Young ladies on their travels regularly incorporate the fair nun's history in their journals; "the course of true love never does run smooth," as regularly serving as a motto, blotting as they write each page with sympathetic tears; not such, I trow, " as live in an onion," but

" Pearls from diamonds dropt;"

while travelling bachelors, and suceptible naval officers, during their sojourn at Madeira, dream of nothing less

than an escalade of the convent, and the triumphal bearing off of Maria Clementina, bongré malgré; forgetting entirely that the lady's affections have been pre-engaged, even supposing her otherwise at liberty. Nay, the staid chaplains of the fleet do not, I fear, entirely escape the contagion; at all events, they are perceptibly warmer in their denunciations of monastic institutions. The fair Clementina, as may be supposed, has not been particularly benefitted by all this expression of sympathy, on the contrary, at first it only served to subject her to stricter surveillence; the fever, however, had in some measure abated when we arrived, and, it is but fair to add, that like most evils it was not entirely unmixed with good, as it increased the custom of the fair sisterhood of Santa Clara, who offer for sale, to all curious travellers who seek tidings of sister Clementina, or desire, perchance, to compare her charms with the vivid description of the enraptured author above mentioned, a great variety of artificial flowers, made of plumage of every hue, by their own delicate hands, the profits of which are appropriated to charitable purposes. While we were discussing the relative merits of some sprigs of myrtle which, at first sight, would have taken in a botanist or a humming bird, be they never so knowing, the lioness appeared, encaged, as such dangerous animals ought to be, within the bars of the grille through which the sisterhood are permitted occasionally to hold converse with this wicked world, in presence of the Abbess. In sooth, the pleasure we derived from finding ourselves in presence of the fair nun was not unmixed with disappointment, and I am afraid that our countenances betrayed as much, as the good Abbess hastened to assure us that the lady to whom we were introduced was none other than the veritable Clementina. Unless deceived by the interposition of the aforesaid envious grille, she was about three or four and twenty; not without her pretensions to good looks certainly, but so little like her portrait charmant by Mr. C-e, even in the important points of complexion, and in the colour of her hair and eyes, as to be by no means "all our fancy painted her."

The kinsman of the author of "Christabel" may have depicted Maria Clementina as "beautiful exceedingly," through the mere exuberance of fancy, which sometimes runs in families; or the good Abbess may have practised a pious fraud upon us by substituting for the far-famed recluse, some staid "votarist of St. Clare," who had never "doubted the blessedness of a nun's life," or meditated matrimony. This point was still undecided when we took leave of the convent under a shower of "adios," and good wishes, from the charitable sisterhood, whose good will we had taken care to secure, by purchasing each a boquet of flowers, fragrant only it is true with the odour of sanctity, but still an unwithering souvenir of their ingenuity and taste.

After leaving Santa Clara, the remainder of the morning was spent in an attempt to sketch the city from beyond a noble aqueduct on the west side which.

receives the winter torrents from the heights and conducts them to the sea. It forms a beautiful foreground, the eye being carried along toward the bay by a canal, crossed here and there by light bridges of a single arch, and bordered by perfectly smooth roads, in the rugged neighbourhood of which the cane and the vine, the waving banana, the orange, citron, cactus, pomegranate, myrtle, and geranium, and a thousand rarer plants, are scattered with a profusion which, accustomed as we are to see them nurtured as exotics, we could hardly realize. Just across the aqueduct, an abrupt hill rises majestically, its summit crowned by a stately castle relieving boldly against the clear sky. Lower down the eminence terminates in a precipice which would shame the famed Tarpeian: and then the city with its spires, and towers, and peaked roofs, interspersed in all directions with tufts of foliage, is seen reposing at the foot of the steep, and sloping gradually towards the graceful curve of the beach. In the distance, a mountain ridge sprinkled with gay quintas and terraces, ends in a long grey headland stretching into the sea, beyond which, sleeping on the horizon and scarcely interrupting the faint outline of water and sky, lie the islands called "The Deserters."

During our rambles we were accosted by a pretty little girl, about twelve or thirteen years old, who asked charity of us in the name of the blessed Virgin, in a way that opened our hearts and purses spontaneously, and induced us to inquire her history. We were told that she is the daughter of a beggar who, though blind himself, contrived to find favour in the eyes of a fair lady of family, and espoused her. They live together upon love and charity in a rustic cave, from which this unhappy child is sent to mortify the pride of her wealthy relations, by begging her daily bread in the streets. Entreaties and promises have been ineffectually exhausted upon the mother to induce her to permit them to educate and clothe the child as one of their own; the romantic dame is inexorable, and rejects all their offers, rejoicing in the opportunity of vexing her proud relatives, and in the society of her dear blind beggarman. I must leave to my fair and charitable countrywomen the task of deciding, with all due allowance for the effect of a sentimental atmosphere, whether the lady deserves most to be locked up in a madhouse or immortalized in a ballad.

Every body in Madeira said we must visit the Corral; and though this might have been a sufficient reason to induce a testy traveller doggedly to resolve to reject the advice, as Major H- did when too strongly urged to see and admire Philadelphia's hydraulic lion at Fairmount; the hospitalities of our advisers induced us to give them credit for good taste as well as good cheer, and, nothing doubting, a strong party was soon raised for the jaunt. As soon as our intention was made known at the inn, the proprietors of all the quadrupeds in the city blockaded and besieged the door with ready harnessed beasts, from among which we endeavored at first to select as many of the best looking as we required. This, however, from the kicking and struggling of the animals, and the vociferation of their conductors, was quite impossible; so, taking a military view of the question, we mounted the nearest saddle at hand and making a bold push through the mélée, at the peril of our limbs galloped off at full speed, each cavalier followed by a squire on foot, shouting and pricking on his steed at every step with a long staff shod with iron. The horses are of a stout muscular breed, not unlike the Canada ponies, and the guides the lightest and most active men I have ever met with. They are clad in a cotton shirt, and trowsers of the same material descending to the knee, below which their legs are bare: their feet are protected by a rough sort of moccasin of raw hide. A Chinese looking cap, of blue cloth, terminating in a stiff pointed tail, and having ears of red cloth fancifully curled up on either side, is worn with a dandyish air, rather more one would think for ornament than use. Your runner, thus equipped, spares you all exercise of whip and spur, seizing your horse by the tail, and following you like the short skirted danequee in Tam O-Shanter,

## " Wi mony an eldritch skreech and hollou,"

at every rate of velocity, and over ground as various, thirty mortal miles without once complaining of fatigue, on the contrary, using his pike liberally whenever on good ground your steed slackens his pace, and all for the moderate reward of two dollars, hire of beast included.

After leaving the outskirts of Funchal, our road was down hill for some time; then we crossed a bridge over the dry bed of a torrent, through a fine chesnut grove, and over the long spur of the immense ridge we were to ascend. Here the road took a turn, leading upward in a general sense, but over the most impossible looking inequalities imaginable, gradually narrowing until there was only room enough to pass in single file. The whole mountain gorge was now in view, extending inland for twelve or fourteen miles, and looking as if the bed of the great deep had been laid bare. The extreme height of the range is said to be between five and six thousand feet above the level of the sea, and we were threading our way along a ledge at least two-thirds up the steep. The peaks above us intercepted the passing clouds as they sailed along; while beneath our feet and over the tops of trees which would serve for masts for some 4 tall admiral," and chaotic pyramids of rocks, every object could be distinctly seen at the bottom of the glen, imbued with the amethystine tone of distance so rarely observed in a perpendicular sense, as to create surprise. Pausing at times to enjoy the full grandeur of the scene, we looked back upon our ocean home, which appeared as tranquil as if put upon its dignity in presence of these solemn hills; there was no line to mark the horizon, sea and sky melting together in one pale azure tone, and the broad canvass of the freighted ships, here and there dotting its surface, looked no larger than the sail of the fisher's bark. We soon came to a point in our route which would have satisfied the most ardent lover of strong sensations. I have already said that there was no room in many places for two to ride abreast, here there was hardly enough for one, and the path shelved with such sudden inclination as to make us rein up instinctively for fear of a stumble. The guides, however, insisted upon our slackening our bridles entirely, and we abandoned ourselves to their experience of the road, and to the sagacity of our sure-footed poneys. The latter appeared perfectly conscious of the peril of a single false step, pricking up their ears and leaning inward towards the cliff, (evidently to ensure the only chance in case of a fall,) and thus descending cautiously to an abrupt angle, which seemed at first sight to cut off our progress entirely, but which we rounded safely

and found ourselves on less ticklish ground, new wonders of mountain grandeur bursting upon our view, and exclamations of the most unaffected surprise and admiration from our lips. Just at the bend an old forest tree springing from the road side, almost horizontally, stretched its gnarled branches over the very tops of its taller and straighter fellows, which had taken root far beneath it. The "melancholy Jaques" would have " moralized the spectacle," reflecting upon the advantages of fortuitous position, the sometimes crookedness of elevated, and the disregarded erectness of humble station on the hill of life; but we were more engrossed by our guide's story of the only accident which had taken place within his recollection. A horse stumbled and was dashed in pieces thousands of feet beneath the path, while his rider, a small boy, was safely lodged in the top of a friendly tree, and escaped unhurt. These little recitals are extremely refreshing just as you are threading your way along, totally unable to help yourself, and not daring to confess that you have less nerve than your companions. Even a berth, like that of the child in the nursery rhyme, "upon the tree top" is not to be expected, according to the doctrine of chances.

At length we reached the Corral itself, the valley expanding into a vast basin, out of which an isolated peak reared its ragged crest to the level upon which we stood. Beyond was the vista of the double ridge of mountains with the deep glen between, and along the acclivity on our left, a yellowish line here and there revealing our dizzy path, where occasionally men and horses might be seen pursuing the uneven tenor of their way," like so many creeping things.

Having already given the most striking points of the scene, en passant, I shall only describe the Corral as a wonderful assemblage of them all, and repeat my remark with regard to the scenery of Madeira generally, that while the tamest account of its mountain splendor will appear inflated to one who has not seen it, the most vivid description read on the spot must seem flat and insipid. We took our lunch literally in the clouds, and while my comrades were seeking among the stones and plants some memorial of their visit, I tried to resolve the question so often advanced. whether the scene is above the painter's art. The artist certainly should be a bold one, his canvass large, his pencil rapid and free, scorning mannerism of every kind, and sacrificing all littleness of detail to the unity of effect which such a subject demands. He must spread his air tints and sky like Claude: Salvator Rosa should be his guide for the cliffs and chasms; all this without losing sight of the great model before him. These are rare requisites, but such as alone can secure success in an attempt to transfer the Corral to canvass.

We returned to Funchal by the same path by which we came; a party which preceded us, however, found its way back by a more circuitous route, and assured us that we had "seen nothing." Albeit somewhat mortified at this intelligence, we consoled ourselves by attributing some of their extacles to the propensity travellers have of underrating whatever they have seen in common with others, and magnifying those points which have escaped the notice of their less fortunate or less observant companions. Objects in these cases are always seen through different ends of their telescope. When I expatiate upon the beauties of Cintra, I am asked whether I heard the chime of bells at the Convent of Mafra; and when I speak of the Eternal City, some jealous wight waggishly inquires if I have ever been to Balbec.

Translated for the Lady's Book.

#### PARISIAN CUSTOMS.

BY PAUL DE KOCK.

#### ROOMS TO LET.

When you have nothing to do—when you are sauntering along the streets of Paris, with no object in view, I will point out to you a very easy way of amusing yourself, a very innocent, and at the same time a cheap amusement. Go and look at all the rooms to let. You can hardly go thirty paces in any street, or in the Boulevards, without seeing written placards posted up, to announce that there are rooms to let within. The style of these announcements is often strange enough; but the spelling! Sometimes in the style of the sign painter, who, being paid for every letter, wrote épicier with two p's, two s's, and a t at the end.

Perhaps you will answer me that you have no desire to change your residence! That is of no consequence. You may, nevertheless, go and look at the rooms, when there is so much that is amusing to be seen. Sometimes it is the master of the house, who is angry at being disturbed; sometimes the mistress, still more angry, because she thinks it is her husband come home; or the cook, who scolds because she

is obliged to leave her oven; or an old woman, who takes all inquirers for rascals, and watches them closely as they follow her from room to room, and goes, when they are gone, to see if her clock is still on the mantel. Sometimes one breaks in upon poor creatures at dinner, who have only a dish of potatoes, which they try to hide, and cry in your hearing, "Why dont they bring the chicken?"

See what a variety of family scenes are offered to your inspection! The other day I met a young man who said,

" Paris is very dull just now."

"You do not know how to amuse yourself," I answered, "come with me,"

As we went along, we saw on a door in the Rue Montraitre, the following inscription, "A fine room for a single gentleman, ornamented with mirrors; also a cellar," and on another "A large room together with a stable and coach-house to let." We stopped before a good looking house, with a clean and light entrance, which is rather uncommon in

Paris. We knocked at the window of the porter's lodge. No one answered; but some one inside made a sign to me to open the little window. I did so, and put my head in; but a stiffing smell of cabbage, onions, and leather soon obliged me to withdraw it. There were two children playing on the floor, a woman was nursing a third, and, at the same time, skimming the pot, and a man who was putting a heel to a boot and singing "Rendez moi ma patrie ou laissez moi mourir."

- "What rooms are there to let in this house?"
- "Oh, several, large and small, according to what will suit customers. Wife, take care of the child! he will fall into the pot."
  - " Can we see the rooms?"
- "Certainly, sir. I show them myself;" and so saying he left his boot, made his way out of the room, and came to us. He was very short, and had a very comical expression, as of one who had a very good opinion of himself.
- "Is that gentleman with you?" asked he, looking at my friend.
  - "To be sure."
- "Well then come up with me. Wife do look after that child—do you want many rooms?"
  - "One large and one small one."
- "Ah! very well. Have you any children? The landlord is not fond of children; he says they spoil a good house."
  - "But you have several here."
- "Ah! yes, but they are never out of my little room."

We now went up stairs, after having it once more recommended to the wife to take care of the child.

We came to the second story. "Is this it?" asked I.

"Oh no! dont you see the sign on the door? that is a lawyer's office. These poor lawyers! they work like horses. My wife says, he looks after the young fellows they have to work pretty well. He wants to make money. So he married an ugly little girl the other day, and purchased his study with her dowry. I hear her now and then calling after her cook. Well, I say to myself, there is the storm coming. The poor husband is no longer as gay as he was before he was married; when he used sometimes to write vaudevilles for the Opera; but my wife says he has a red morocco arm-chair, and a Persian dressing gown."

We were obliged to stop to hear all this, and it might have continued much longer if the door of the before mentioned apartment had not opened, and a young man with a bundle of papers under his arm passed us on his way down.

"Ah, Mr. Felix," cried our guide, "I am at your heels now, and I have only five or six more nails to put in."

- "Very well! remember you promised to let me have them by to-morrow morning."
- "So I did. Very well, you shall have your boots, sir." And turning to me, he whispered,
- "He runs about all day, and wears out boots enough to keep me in business all the year."

We were now on the landing place of the third story. Mr. Blenet (this was our conductor's name) stopped before a door, and was on the point of ringing a bell, when he suddenly turned to me, saying,

"Do you keep dogs? the proprietor does not like dogs, he says they dirty the stair-case."

- "Why the proprietor must be a very particular man?"
- "Yes, he is, he has grown rich by selling firewood, and has more notions than the true nobility—but we are all mortal."
- "Which is the room you are going to show us?"
- "This is a fine place. Six rooms, and a kitchen, and two entrances, and a lighted staircase, for which there is a separate charge; and inhabited by a gentleman and a lady, a cook, and a little servant to hook her mistress' dresses. The husband has business at the exchange, I believe."

We arrived at the fourth story.

- "The rooms are here subdivided. Here was the apartment of an old couple. The man goes out every morning at nine, and comes home at half past four. For three years, that he has been here, he has never varied five minutes in his goings out and comings in. He is an exact man. At night he goes to the 'cane' until nine, and on Sundays till ten. The woman is just the same. She goes to market every day at eleven, and comes back at twelve. Oh! they are an estimable couple."
  - "Is this all you have to show us?"
- "Unless you want to see a little room in the attic."
  "Well, perhaps it may suit a friend of mine who

is in want of a room."

We went up to the next story, which was the last in the house. Here were three doors, and our guide made us review them all.

- "See there, that room belongs to a journeyman tailor, a German named Flutemann, but he has a strange way of always playing the flute. Fortunately, he comes in late and goes out early, or else we should hear nothing but 'Soyex sensibles a nos peines,' he always plays the same air."
- "In this one, there lives a painter; an artist, I believe, in every style. He paints portraits, signs, foldings, screens, and every thing else. He painted one of my children for me. Oh! he is a man of talent."
  - "But where is the room to let?"
  - "Here," answered he turning to the third door.
  - "Who lodges there?"
- "An Auvergnat; nothing remarkable; only an agent, with his little boy. But they never would pay the rent for the two last terms. Well, we are all mortal. I'll knock, for there is no bell."

The porter knocked at the door. A little boy, about seven or eight years of age, opened the door. He looked at us timidly, and then seated himself at the side of a bed, where lay a man still young, but apparently sinking under disease and poverty.

The room contained scarcely any furniture: a table, an old ward-robe, a little pot of butter, and a few chairs, completed the whole array.

- "We want to look at the room, Jerome," said the porter, with an air of protection.
- "Let the gentlemen come in, Blenet; they will excuse my not getting up."
- "We would be very sorry to disturb you," answered I, and the poor man seemed surprised at being treated with politeness.
  - "Sick yet, Jerome?" asked Blenet.
- "Ah, yes," replied the sick man, "I cannot regain my strength."
- "Oh yes, and when one cant work, one cant pay what one owes."

How I wanted to knock Blenet down.

- "Could not that child do something to help you," asked Blenet.
- "Oh! I wanted to go and sweep chimneys, but papa would not let me."
- "My poor child, you are too little and weak; the soot would injure you."

Jerome pressed the child to his heart, whilst the tears chased each other down his face.

"Bah! hah!" said the porter, "a child from Auvergne! The soot will never hurt him."

My friend and I were both much moved. "Let us go," said I, making a sign to the child to follow

us. "How much money have you," asked I of my friend."

" Thirty-two francs."

"And I have twenty-four. Let us put it together. Here, my child, take this to your father, and remain with him to take care of him."

"The child took the money, looked at us with astonishment, and before he could come back to thank us, we were at the foot of the staircase.

"Well," said I to my friend, "you see that going to look at rooms to let, is not always a waste of time."

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### COMPARATIVE INTELLECTUAL CHARACTER OF THE SEXES.

#### BY MISS MARY W. HALE.

It has been a generally received opinion, that the mental faculties of females are not equal to those of the male sex. Quickness of perception, strength of attachment, and brilliancy of imagination have been conceded to the former. But in the acquirement of abstract knowledge, and in those employments which call for strong and vigorous exertion, rather than patient and uncomplaining endurance, they are supposed to be utterly deficient, or incapable of acquiring or sustaining them. This opinion has been maintained by strenuous arguments, and facts adduced in support of the theory. Till recently, few have controverted it. The great and good, the living and the departed, have supported, and still do warmly advocate it.

For myself, I would assert nothing incompatible with the dignity or delicacy of my sex. I would not claim for it superiority of intellect. I would only urge that, with proper cultivation, with the enjoyment of equal advantages, the intellectual attainments of women may equal those of men. It may be said that the truth of an assertion, may be doubted, which has not experienced the test of actual experiment. With equal reason, it may be replied, that the fact that the mental powers of woman do not admit of so great a development as those of man, remains also to be tested by actual experiment. In answer to the objection, that the mind of woman is not constituted as that of man, I would ask are the sexes as distinct races as the human and brute creation? Or is woman the connecting link in the beautiful chain of Divine Providence, between man and the inferior animals, possessing a central rank between the mysterious instinct of the latter, and the unattainable energies of the former?

Christianity has recognised the equality of the sexes. It has changed the pagan slave to the Christian helpmeet. It has taken woman from the savage wigwam, and placed her in the Christian home, the dispenser of its holiest charities, its fairest and brightest light. But how has Christianity effected this else miraculous change? Has it bestowed new faculties upon her? Has it not rather developed the latent energies of her nature, and by teaching her the high capacities of her spiritual being, raised her to the sphere she now occupies? Compare her intellectual attainments with what they were fifty years since. Then she was a prodigy, whose range of study compassed more than is now taught even in our district schools.

The Rule of Three was her mathematical Rubicon, while French or Latin made her the wonder of the age. Now, her attainments might put to the blush many who graduate from our colleges, and who, as far as any benefit has resulted from their labours, might as well have saved their four years' time, and, in the letter of the law, passed through College. Mathematics has now many an untiring female student; and though a foreigner might be puzzled to understand his vernacular tongue, as mangled by some, still we have among us, well read and philosophical foreign linguists. Whence arises this? Has the short space of a half century given woman new powers, or is the spirit of our institutions more favourable to an enlarged cultivation of those she already possessed? if Christianity or an improved public opinion, have created them, what faculties may not hereafter be created? If they have developed them, what may they not hereafter develope?

But let us look at the old world. Existing many hundred years before religious persecution expelled our ancestors from their country, to seek a shelter from its fury in this land, what advantages did not the mother country possess? Privileged in enjoying the society and instruction of great men who made literature their sole pursuit, there were many high and gifted females in England, before America was settled by the colonies from that country. Those whose nobility of birth warranted their directing the affairs of the nation, enjoyed, of course, advantages for being fitted to sustain their high dignity. There were many who were not only well acquainted with numerous foreign tongues, but to whom the intricacies of the law and the mysteries of theology were familiar as their mother tongue. I would infer from this, that, with equal advantages, females of the present day would attain as high a standard in literary pursuits.

The education of the sexes generally commences at the same time, and is pursued through the years of childhood. Females usually leave school at, the age of sixteen, and by too many their education is supposed to be finished, forgetful that it is only the foundation which is laid, and that it is for them to erect thereon a beautiful and symmetrical superstructure. On the contrary, those of the male sex who are to be educated for a professional life, after four years close attention at our Latin and High schools, or under the instruction of one who is himself a pro-

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fessional man, are transferred to our colleges, there to become yet more intimately acquainted with the studies requisite to a proper pursuit of their future professions. Nor is this all. The strictness and attention of those who are desirous of becoming truly eminent, is succeeded by three years of further instruction, each in his particular profession, ere he can be pronounced by competent judges, well fitted for pursuing it.

We now see them clergymen, physicians, and lawyers. But does their course of study close here? Are they satisfied with even the high standard which they have attained? Are they not continually drinking of the fountains of knowledge, and daily adding both in theory and by practice, to the sum of information already acquired? Were not this the case, should we see the highly eminent in their professions whose minds are not circumscribed within the limits of their own age, but seem destined to become the lights of future generations?

And why may not woman become thus distinguished? It is not that there are not those who desire to know the hidden things of wisdom, who desire to drink at the deep well-springs of knowledge. It is, in a great degree, the want of those advantages so highly enjoyed by the male sex. Still more it is, that duties imperative in their demands and most important in their influences, call for the time and attention of woman. Yes! high and holy are her responsibilities. She sits not with our legislators to frame laws for a great and growing republic. But in the secrecy of the domestic circle, she establishes the principles, upon which future statesmen shall base their measures. She may not enter the sanctuary of God, to speak, with uncovered head, the mysteries of divinity; but she is emphatically a home preacher, teaching, where her office is rightly appreciated by herself, both by precept and example, the great truths of Christian revelation. Her place is not with the judge upon his bench, but justice finds in a true tooman, its most uncompromising adherent.

Though Providence has placed woman in a less public station than man, she has been endowed with high intellectual gifts. In proof of this, we have only to contemplate those females who have lived, and who still live, females eminent for their literary attainments. I speak not of those whose poetical talents are universally acknowledged; of our own Sigourney and the departed Hemans. Long be remembered the sweet strains of the latter, and loved and cherished, the high-toned piety of the former. Side by side with the fairest of England's minstrels, shall stand our own sweet Florence; and the native wild flower of New England" bloom, unrivalled, amid the gay garden flowers of the Old World.

No, I speak not alone of poetical talent. Many whose ashes have long since mingled with their ancestral dust, once lived, alike the lights of their age and the models of their sex. History bears record to many a female sovereign, who attained a high degree of maturity in intellectual pursuits, and our own age can boast many an honourable example of indefatigable industry and untiring research. The memory of Lady Jane Grey, of Hannah More, of the venerable Mrs. Grant of Laggan, will long be reverenced; while the names of Sedgwick, Somerville, and Martineau shall form a living galaxy of merit. Yet not indolently have they won their honours. Patient, unremitting study and investigation can alone

lead to success and eminence. Is is not the gift of inspiration, unaided by exertion, which works great and mighty results. Up the steep ascent of unturing perseverance alone, can mortals reach the temple which crowns its brow. And if the mind of woman turity, why may not the faculties of her sex in general be thus developed?

There is an imputation too frequently attached to a literary lady. She is supposed to have duties a compatible with even a moderate share of intellectual cultivation. Why is it that the book, if above the level of the frivolous novels with which the press abounds, is closed when without the precincts of the school-room; that a young lady fearfully and blush ingly pleads guilty to writing poetry; that she solves problems and demonstrates mathematical truths, as though it were a crime. What, but the fear of mcurring that most odious title, a blue? What but this, prevents her avowing beyond the immedau circle of her friends, a truth which would put her arrogant accuser to the blush, and prove that they who are the most diffident, are none the less highly gifted and worthy of esteem. The mere appearance of literary merit has so often deluded and disgusted, that even the reality of intellectual worth is mistrusted and undervalued; and too often, the name of blue s so misapplied, that the modest aspirant for truth and knowledge is confounded with the pedantry, selfsufficiency and insipidity of the former.

Again it has been said, that one of the prevailing characteristics of our sex, is the love of approbation, and by too many, the term is restricted to mere puerile considerations. That the imputation is well founded in individual instances, none will deny. That it is a component part of the constitution of woman, few will strenuously maintain. But in its highest and noblest sense, who will not glory in the possession of it? The love of admiration may govern many. The vain and giddy belle, who lives but for the passing moment, whose atmosphere is the ball-room, and whose future extends not beyond the grave, let her be content with the praise bestowed on her dress, her dancing, or her beauty. The latter is a gift, in which herself had no share, for the Giver of all decreed it to her. Her dancing, it was the acquisition of wasted hours of life's best days. And her dress, He who maketh all to differ, has clothed the grass of the field and the lily of the valley with more resplendent, though scarcely more evanescent glories. But are we alone? Are there no vain young men, in whom the desire of approbation is not the least conspicuous trait; who pique themselves on a bow from a favourite belle, a token of notice from a reigning beauty, and who seem to ascribe these favours to their own irresistible attractions? Shall we judge their sex by a few?

We are called unstable, actuated by sudden impulses. Were this true, our sex share not alone the error. For even firm man has his moments of indecision, when he fluctuates between many considerations and opinions. Woman is capable of high resolve and firm decision of purpose, and her determination, when proved to be correct, is fixed and unalterable. We find them frequently on the pathway of life, females of lofty resolution and heroic daring. We find them too in its secluded haunts, meek and quiet, yet steady and determined, exerting an influence on their immediate sphere, deep and abiding; and

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this by the unostentatious though mighty power of their decision of purpose,

There are many who think us incapable of appreciating intellectual subjects, or of maintaining conversation in an intellectual and elegant manner. The topics of discussion have been, most frequently, the weather, but not its philosophy, dress, amusements, and beyond these negative evils, the positive crime of scandal. Though man, in general, fancies woman pleased with every gilded gift of flattery, with the stale anecdote, or unmeaning jest, I would not exonerate my sex from too often introducing unprofitable subjects. I would they had greater independence. But too often the fear of incurring the title of blue, of being accused of a desire to show off, prevents them from introducing subjects of which their knowledge of truths, their penetration, their imagination, and their acknowledged tact in conversation, render them peculiarly calculated to treat.

Let me not be misunderstood. I speak not of what woman should be, I merely say what I think she is capable of becoming. I should be sorry, indeed, to hear one of my sex assert that her sphere is too tame a one for the energies of her moral and intellectual nature, and they who have had the confidence to vindicate themselves by attributing to the male sex, tyranny and injustice, in excluding them from civil and political affairs, have been set apart by their own sex, as having wo unded its delicacy and nice feelings of propriety. I do not feel that we are abused by being excluded from them. It is not man who excludes us. And I believe that he, in times of distress, danger, or emergency, would gratefully acknowledge even to woman, any suggestion which might conduce to the well being of the species.

She is not excluded by education. It is a higher and holier Power which has produced the beautiful harmony of nature, and I gratefully own the dependence it has instituted, on the part of woman. It is an all-wise Power which has ordained that the sphere of woman should be in a less public, though not less responsible station than that of man, a station which calls for as high energies, as extensive a knowledge of human nature, as thorough investigation of the mental economy of her species, as that of man. But if, in the course of human affairs a like provision for the education of females as of males be instituted, though the time be far distant, I feel that the intel-ketual powers of woman will not render her less succeptible than man, of improvement.

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We are yet a republic, and the choice of our ruler is in the voice of the people. But let our government become a monarchy, the right of ruling vested in hereduary succession, and the female line set aside by no salique law, we shall find her education will be conducted with reference to her future station. The truth of my position may then be proved. Till then, let her rest content with the situation now assigned her, not covering the right of making or executing laws, or subduing assemblies by the power of her eloquence, or convincing them by the strength of her arguments. Content with knowing that she is endowed with high intellectual faculties, let her indeed study human nature, and make herself acquainted with the laws which govern it. Let her become familiar with the passing events of the day, of the principles by which her country is regulated. Let her embellish her mind with elegant literature, strengthen it by habits of elose investigation and acute reasoning, and though she

may not dazzle like the meteor ray, the silent yet powerful influence of her mind and character, will not be less powerfully felt and acknowledged.

We occupy a high station in the moral and political world. Let our escutcheon be now, and ever, unsullied. The great and gifted of the land may stand forth fearless in the defence of their country's sacred, inalienable rights. We reverence the undying name of Washington. We hallow the immortal fame of Webster, as the brightest of our own treasures; and the tide of our gratitude rolls far over the wide Atlantic, to mingle with the waters which flow for the cherished memory of La Fayette. But the great men of future years, the good and gifted of after days, we demand them of women of the present generation. They give the first direction to the inclination, awake the first impulses of the infant mind, and stamp the first impress of good or evil on the susceptible heart. Their influence is great and unbounded, and the loveliness of their mind may give a tone to the future destiny of our nation. And though we have no hereditary diadem, no insignia of royalty, no stars of honour, the great men of future years will not be ashamed to say of American women,

" These are our jewels."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## LINES FROM A LADY'S ALBUM.

BY J. ELLIOTT ENIGHT.

то —

SPEED on relentless Time, speed on: I cannot bid thee now to stay :-Speed on! I ask not back again The joys thy tide hath borne away! Speed on, speed on! I reck not how: I reck not what is torn from me; Bear all, bear every hope away, And whelm them in thy shoreless sea! But spare, oh, spare in thy fierce course, (Whatever thou from me may'st wring,) Spare to one path the flowers that bud, And let them blossom where they spring!--Perchance when on some floweret there A sighing zephyr drops a tear, That tear may wake a thought of me, That sigh may tell whose wish is here!

## EXAMPLE, PRECEPT.

Examples do more compendiously, easily, and pleasantly inform our minds, and direct our practice, than precepts, or any other way or instrument of discipline. Precepts are delivered in a universal and abstracted manner, naked, and void of all circumstantial attire, without any intervention, assistance, or suffrage of sense, and consequently can have no vehement operation upon the fancy, and soon do fly the memory. But good example, with less trouble, more speed, and greater efficacy, causes us to comprehend the business representing it like a picture exposed to sense, having the parts orderly disposed, and completely united, contained in a narrow compass, and perceptible at one glance, so easily insinuating itself into the mind, and durably resting therein. And this the most facile, familiar, and delightful way of instruction, which is by experience, history, and observation of sensible events. Digitized by Google

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### VALERIA.\*

FAIR Antioch! adjeu to the beautiful towers! Ye rich groves of Daphne,† adieu to your bowers, Your myrtles must never more wave over me, The blooms of your spring I must never more see, Valeria to fate and to Cesar must bow, And Syria's withering solitudes now Are welcome. Tho' vipers should twine round my head, Or the wolf rush unaw'd o'er my unshelter'd bed, Tho' her livid hand pestilence lay on my heart, Or the fiery eyed serpent across my path dart, To wolves and to serpents exulting I flee, Since from Maximin's grasp I may there exist free! Nor can life be long in that desolate clime, Death will soon come, and end the dominion of Time, Eternal sleep then may perkaps my eyes close, And Valeria but live in the tale of her woes. But for thee, dearest mother! ah! how may'st thou bear That terrible loneliness, brain scorching air ! Thou! parent of Casars, an Empress of Rome, Now without a barbarian's clay-covered home, Ah, where shall I find a safe shelter for thee, Who in childhood and youth hast so fondly soothed me? Yet, the' dashed from thy splendid imperial height, Unprotected and feeble, a desert in sight, Thy mien is more calm, and far loftier now Than when the rich tiara beam'd on thy brow,

\* Valeria.-When the Emperor Diocletian conferred on Galerius the title of Cæsar, he gave him in marriage his daughter Valeria, whose melancholy adventures might furnish a very singular subject for tragedy. She had fulfilled and even surpassed the duties of a wife. As she had not any children herself, she condescended to adopt the illegitimate son of her husband, and invariably displayed towards the young Candidiamus the tenderness and anxiety of a real mother. After the death of Galerius, her ample possessions and personal attractions induced Maximin to offer her his hand, though his wife was still alive, but divorce was permitted by the Roman law. The answer of Valeria was such as became the daughter and the widow of Emperors, but it was tempered with the prudence which her defenceless condition compelled her to observe. She represented to the persons whom Maximin had employed on this occasion, "That even if honour could permit a woman of her character and dignity to entertain a thought of second nuptials, decency, at least, must forbid her to listen to his addresses, at a time when the ashes of her husband, and his benefactor were still warm, and while the sorrows of her mind were still witnessed by her mournful garments. She ventured to declare that she could place very little confidence in the professions of a man whose cruel inconstancy was capable of repudiating a faithful and affectionate wife." On this repulse the love of Maximin was converted into fury, and as witnesses and judges were always at his disposal, it was easy for him to cover his malignity with an appearance of legal proceedings, and to assault the reputation as well as the happiness of Valeria. Her estates were confiscated, her servants devoted to torture, and several innocent and respectable matrons who were honoured with her friendship suffered death on false accusations. The Empress herself, together with her mother Prisca was condemned to exile, and as they were ignominiously hurried from place to place, before they were confined to a sequestered village in the deserts of Syria, they exposed their shame and distress to the provinces of the East, which during thirty years had respected their august dignity. Diocletian made several ineffectual efforts to alleviate the misfortunes of his daughter, and as the last return he expected for the imperial purple he had conferred on Maximin, he entreated that Valeria might be permitted to share his retirement at Salona, and to close the eyes of her afflicted father. He entreated, but as he could no longer threaten, his prayers were received with coldness and disdain, and the pride of Maximin was gratified in treat-

In the palace at Antioch, when half the fair world At the foot of thy throne, on the map lay unfurl'd, And call'd Diocletian its master, the while, Thou wast queen of his heart-when he lived in thy smile. What gives thee that pure, that celestial look? Is it something reveal'd in that mystical book Conceal'd in thy robe? of the Spirit Divine, That bade all the worlds in the universe shine, And descended on earth from his sun-circled throne. For the crimes of mankind by his blood to atone, And invite them to mansions of unfading light Who faithfully walk thro' this dark mortal night? Yes! that is the cause of thine eye's deep serene Which appears to look forward to regions unseen. If the hope that is in thee yield this holy calm, Oh, let me partake of the wonderful balm! Thy book I have read, but faint light I receiv'd, It must hold a treasure I have not perceiv'd, Then teach me, my mother, thy God to adore,! And pray that Valeria may wound Him no more, Oh! pray that with thy faith my soul may be grac'd, That these horrible doubts from my mind be eras'd, That I may like thee feel the Spirit Divine In the deep of my heart, my whole being refine, And meekly, like thee, to adversity yield, In hope of the glory that may be revealed.

ing Diocletian as a suppliant and his daughter as a criminal. The death of Maximin seemed to assure the Empresses of a favourable alteration in their fortune. The public disorders relaxed the vigilance of their guard, and they easily found means to escape from the place of their exile, and to repair. though with some precaution and disguise to the court of Licinius. His behaviour in the first days of his reign, and the honourable reception he gave to young Candidiamus inspired Valeria with a secret satisfaction, both on her own account and that of her adopted son, but these grateful prospects were soon succeeded by horror and astonishment, and the bloody executions which stained the palace of Wicomedia sufficiently convinced her that the throne of Maximin was filled by a tyrant more inhuman than himself. Valeria consulted her safety by a hasty flight, and still accompanied by her mother Prisca, wandered above fifteen months through the provinces concealed in the disguise of plebeian habits. They were at length discovered at Thessalonica, and as the sentence of death was already pronounced, they were immediately beheaded, and their bodies thrown into the sea. The people gazed on the melancholy spectacle, but their grief and indignation were suppressed by the terrors of a military guard. Such was the unworthy fate of the wife and daughter of Diocletian.

GIBDON.

† Groves of Daphne.—At the distance of five miles from Antioch, the Macedonian Kings of Syris had consecrated to Apollo, one of the most elegant places of devotion in the pages world, and the perpetual resort of pilgrims and spectators insensibly formed in the neighbourbood of the temple, the stately and populous village of Daphne. The temple and the village were deeply bosomed in a thick grove of laurels and cypresses, which reached as far as a circumference of teamiles, and formed in the most sultry summers the most impentrable shade. A thousand streams of the purest water issuing from every hill, preserved the verdure of the earth, and the temperature of the air. The senses were gratified with harmonious sounds, and aromatic odours, and the groves of Daphne continued to enjoy for many ages the veneration of natives and strangers.—Ibid.

† Thy God to adore.—Perhaps there are no historical grounds for believing the Empress Prisca to have been a Christian, but it is soothing to the heart to indulge the hope that both she and her amiable daughter had the consolations of true religion to support them under sufferings of which history has perhaps no parallel in persons of their rank.

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#### THE PARTICULAR LADY.

THERE is a coldness and precision about this person's dwelling that makes your heart shrink back (that is, if you have the least atom of sociality in your nature) with a lonely feeling, the same which you experience when you go by yourself and for the first time among decided strangers.

Every thing is in painful "order." The damask table cover, you recollect, has been in just the same folds ever since it came from the vender's shop, eight years ago-(if the owner had not been so particular it would not have lasted so long;) and the legs of the chairs have been on the exact diamonds in the drugget they were first placed on; by the bye, do you remember seeing that same drugget off the carpet underneath? No; for she never has company; the routing, the untidiness they would occasion, would cause the poor soul to be subject to fits for the rest of her natural-or rather unnatural-life. She is sometimes married, but was never known to have any family; but she is more often single than otherwise. In the days of our good father, Adam, this person did not exist, for ladies were not then so numerous as to be separated into classes as they are now. When it first came to light, we are not sufficiently learned to determine. Though untidiness is a fault all people should avoid, especially the young, yet, for mercy's sake, urge them not to be particular, in the very essence and quintessence of the word. She will become hateful in the sight of man, and stand no chance of being married.

I experienced the extreme pleasure of spending a few days with a particular friend, (in both senses,) a short time ago. Going rather earlier than I suppose she expected me, the first thing I found out, was a spare bedstead and furniture, covered up in a brown Holland case, or, rather, an immense bag.

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es ve The bed-side carpets were folded up with the neatness of a silk handkerchief, and the swing-glass was in another bag. Were not these things enough to frighten not extremely tidy ones out of their wits? But this was not all; the cabinet piano was enveloped in a shroud which regularly took a quarter of an hour to remove when it was about to be used. The easy chair that Mr. - reclined on all day long, was wheeled into another room every night, because the dust in sweeping the parlour before breakfast should not injure it. Of course all the carpeted rooms were covered with drugget, and brown Holland over that. But the dinner table was the best; first, it is always covered with a fancy oil-cloth, upon the top of that was put a green baize, and over that was spread the spotless table cloth; fearful of the latter being soiled, every dish and plate stood on a mat, and this said table cloth was always folded up in the same creases, at the end of its use, as at the first day. All the knives, forks, and spoons, were rubbed thin and genteel with cleaning. It was awful to go, day after day, into such dustless orderly rooms, though no one is a greater enemy to uncleanliness than myself. I sighed-actually sighed-to see dust, if it had been only a single particle.

To the "particular," nephews and nieces are sad plagues, they are so untidy.

See, how carefully she steps across the road, watching for every vehicle, and waiting till it is at least a quarter of a mile distant, for fear of being splashed; and even in dry weather she crosses on the joints of her toes, and holds her dress above her shrunken ankles. She looks as though she were going to bite every passer-by in a crowded thoroughfare, that happens in the least to disarrange her dress. She is generally thin, and scraggy, and sallow. It is her constant fidget that wears all the flesh from her bones, and colour from her cheeks.

She never can get a servant to stay long with her; I never heard of but one "Particular" lady who retained a domestic for six years, but then, she was as "particular" as her mistress.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## SABBATH MEDITATIONS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

Come to thy secret chamber—oh, my soul, Deep, deep within.—The thrilling harp of love That cheers thee daily with its symplonies Bid it keep silence, and the hand of hope Reat 'mid the rose-buds it would weave for thee. Repel intrusive care, and bid pale grief With locks dishevell'd o'er her temples thrown, Pause at the gate.—For these are of the earth.—The pilgrim's foot that nears the Holy Land, Tarms from the caravan, with which he made

His journey through the sands, and loathes the noise Of all its tinkling bells.

Bow down, my soul,
And enter in alone, to meet thy God,
And crave a Sabbath-blessing. Thou, perchance,
By the strong urgency of prayer, shalt gain
That gift of faith, which like the wondrous light
On the descending prophet's brow, reveal'd
Even to the thoughtless crowd, with what dread guest
On Sinai's shrouded top, his trembling lip
Had dar'd to talk.

LEARNING CONDUCIVE TO ORDER.

To say that a blind custom of obedience should be a surer obligation than duty taught and understood; it is to affirm that a blind man may tread surer by a guide, than a seeing man by a light. And it is without all controversy, that learning doth make the mind of men gentle, generous, amiable, and pliant to government: whereas ignorance makes them churlish, thwarting, and mutinous: and the evidence of time doth clear this assertion, considering that the most barbarous, rude, and unlearned times have been most subject to tumults, settions, and changes.

# LIKE MUSIC STEALING O'ER THE WATER.

A FAVOURITE SONG.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

SIDNEY PEARSON.

SUNG WITH DISTINGUISHED APPROBATION BY

MISS JANE PEARSON.





At midnight, when the storm is raging,
It sounds to me my sailor's knell:
I see him with the wild waves striving,
I hear him sigh his last farewell.
Oh! would I were like those above me!
A spirit freed from mortal chain,

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A spirit freed from mortal chain,
To watch o'er him who vow'd to love me,
When sailing on the distant main.

Oh! mother dear, forbear to reason!
Oh! sister dear, forbear to chide!
As landsmen's wives, ye cannot measure
The sorrows of a sailor's bride.
Your partings are too short to move ye,
But years may pass, if e'er again

I look on him who vow'd to love me, Returning from the distant main.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## TO THE RAINBOW.

#### BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth."—Genesis in. 16.

Thou Arc, that first above the world,
When man saw God his wrath surrender,
Arose with every colour curled,
Magnificent in certain splendour—
Above a deluged sphere arose,
The grave of all a planet's creatures,
Save those parental pairs God chose
To frame anew earth's primal features.

Thou, sign of promise and of grace,
That propp'st the sky, art his bright token,
A deluge ne'er shall earth efface,
His covenant shall ne'er be broken.
Oh! in the west, at this dear hour,
As fade the day's declining embers,
The sun, God's eye, looks through the shower
Aud views thy shape, while God remembers.

But Faith perceives in every sky,
Celestial Arc, thy beaming presence,
Though only to the mortal eye,
In showers, may glow thy plainer essence;

For when God placed o'er you wast tent,
Thy form in its empyreal lustre.
He saw, for aye, his banner lent
To check the storm-clouds' wrathfal muster.

Ab, man may deem, in pride array'd,
As he beholds thy beauties shining,
He can thy glorious west unbraid,
And show each colour intertwining;
But let him, thoughtful, bow the knee
And think, howe'er to heaven a traiter,
He cannot change the high decree
Of God—the great and good Creator.

As fades thy presence, now, alas!

The ugh circling still, the sky's blue portal,
Thus beam when forth my soul shall pass
From mortal life to the immortal;
For, as I gently sink to rest,
Within death's dark and cold embraces,
I'll deem my spirit has been blest,
And see around thee angel faces!

Written for the Lady's Book.

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## THE DYING WIFE.

## BY DR. O. H. COSTILL.

Om! let them call him quickly, For I feel that I must die, My breath comes up so thickly, And clouds are floating nigh.

I shall not see to-morrow— Lord, may I come to thee? Those carest for the sparrow, Be mercifal to mo.

My hashand! art thou near me?
To glad the heart once more,
That long has loved thee dearly,
Its throbs will soon be o'er.

'Tie sedden—and the token
Is fearful—" dust to dust,"
But mercy's voice hath spoken—
I feel that I may trust.

But oh! 'tis hard to leave thee, Who loved me long and trae, To see how parting grieves thee, And to leave my children too!

I would not break their slumber, Nor have you call them now, But kieses, without number, Press on every little brow.

And tell them that their mother Did pray that they might be, Good and kind unto each other, And a blessing dear to thee.

Thou knowest our little Mary
Is fragile as she's fair;
Oh, shield her from each peril,
And save her from each spare.

And little Charley, noble boy!

I fear for him e'en more,
The dangers and the sad alloy
That life may have in store.

Thou know'st, my dear, I've taught them
Each morn and eve to bow,
To Him whose mercy bought them—
Oh! may He bless them now!

My failing heart would rather Have put away this cup, Oh! help me, heavenly Father, To give my treasures up:

For thou hast many mansions
Free from sorrow and from care;—
My husband and my children
We will meet together there.

My dear, my early lover
I bless thee o'er and o'er—
Press my hand—'twill soon be over—
Oh! I can speak no more.

# EDITORS' TABLE.

If aught of goodness or of grace Be mine, kers be the glory; She led me on in wisdom's path, And set the light before me.

Troubadour Song.

IT takes a long time for the world to grow wise. Men have been exerting themselves these six thousand years, merely to improve society. They have framed systems of philosophy and codes of law, conferring on their own sex all the advantages which power, wealth, and knowledge could bestow. They have founded colleges and institutions of learning, without number, and provided themselves teachers of every art and science; and yet, after all these lavish means of improvement the mass of men are very ignorant and very wicked.

Wherefore is this so?

Because woman, whom God constituted the first teacher of every human being, has been degraded from her high officeor, what is the same thing, has been denied those privileges which only can enable her to discharge it with discretion and advantages.

If half the effort had been directed to improve the minds of females, which has been lavished on the other sex, we should now have a very different state of society. Whenever a woman is found excelling in judgment and knowledge, either by natural genius or from better opportunities, do we not find her children are eminent? Search the records of history, and see if it can be found that a great and wise man was ever descended from a weak and foolish mother. So sure and apparent is this maternal influence, that it has passed into an axiom of philosophy, and is acknowledged by the greatest and most distinguished men. And yet, strange to say, the inference which ought to follow has not been acted on; namely, that in attempting to improve society, the first, most careful and continued efforts should be to raise the standard of female education and qualify woman to become the teacher of her children, and what God designed her, the help meet for man, in his whole career of duties and privileges.

" If there be an incontestible fact," says Aimé Martin, " it is the influence of woman: an influence extended, with various modifications, through the whole of life. Buch being the case, the question arises by what inconceivable negligence a power of universal operation has been overlooked by moralists, who, in their various plans for the amelioration of mankind, have scarcely deigned to notice this potent agent. The fact of its existence cannot be disputed: it is, therefore, of the greatest importance, that its nature be rightly understood, and that it be directed to right objects."

The amiable Pestalozzi ascribes to the mother's love and care, the unfolding of the moral powers of the child. The mother is to the infant the teacher of divine truth; she impresses on his newly awakened spirit, love, confidence, gratitude, and obedience, which are the first germs of duty and right. "All these virtues originate in the relationship established between the infant and its mother." It follows then, as the French philanthropist asserts, "that man cannot degrade woman, without himself falling into degradation: he cannot elevate her without at the same time elevating himself; this is the law of eternal justice."

There are in the United States, more than eighty chartered colleges and universities, for young men. All these seminaries are endowed, some very richly, with lands or money, or both; they are furnished with libraries, and every facility which a liberal public can bestow, for the thorough instruction of the pupils.

What public provision is made for the instruction of female youth? None but the meager allowance of the common schools. There is not, in our wide land, a single seminary for females, established and endowed by legislative authority; there is not a school which offers advantages for woman's education in any degree equal to those provided for that of man.

Is this just? Is it rational? Is it conducive to the best interests of society, thus to bestow all the advantages of intellectual culture on the sons of the Republic, and neglect the daughters?

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS

What a world of trouble it would save us, if our youthful correspondents, of both sexes, would grave on their minds, and exemplify in their practice those true definitions of Coleridge,

" Prose-words in their best order.

" Poetry-the best words in their best order."

Then we should not have had the useless toil of examining some scores of pages of MSS. (mostly written in characters so cramped or hieroglyphical, as would discourage any reader, compelled, like the much enduring Editor, by a sense of duty to persevere,) in order to find a few that could be accepted .-We have selected only three, among these anonymous, or voluntary communications, (we may be more successful next month,) which will, even with the revision which we usually bestow, answer for the " Lady's Book."-One of these is entitled Grace Elton, a Story. Then there is The Maniac Maid, (we shall take the liberty to omit a stanza or two,) and Lines on Fairmount. The last named piece evinces considerable poetic talent. It is at least "good sense," which is the foundation of all good writing. But the writer, in her future attemps, must bear in mind that true poetry is "something more than good sense, just as a palace is something more than a house."

And now for the "rejected" articles.

First in bulk and pretension comes the first act of a drama, entitled JEZEBEL, A TRAGEDY, in four acts! Why or wherefore the author has ventured on this innovation of dramatic rules, and omitted one act, we are not told-perhaps she was governed more by reason than precedent, and so wisely concluded her piece when she had no more that was necessary to be said or done. The drama is founded on the Scripture story of Jezebel's ambition and vanity. The characters introduced are all drawn from Holy Writ, with one exception; -- we were somewhat surprised to find in the Dramatis Personse, the name of our old classical acquaintance, Dido. What part this profane lady is to play, we do not know, as she is not brought on the stage in this first act. We hope she will not paint. We thought of giving a few extracts, to justify the sentence we have passed on this, no doubt, well-meant, though very flat production-but we have not room. We assure the writer that we feel an earnest wish to encourage her in every effort for mental improvement; but we cannot advise her to attempt writing tragedies.

The Music of Mothers, has some spirited lines; but is not quite to our taste.

Lines suggested by the recitation of a Bible Class in a Young Ladies' Boarding School-not poetry. The thoughts are good, but there is neither metre, or harmony in the versification. The author must study the rules of poetry and be sure that she feels their meaning, before she attempts to write for the public.

Where I Love to Ream .- There is true poetical power in the mind of the "unpractised writer" of this strain. To be sure, it is unequal; it was evidently written in a hurry, and on the principle that first thoughts are best. If the writer will only prune and carefully correct his themes, the next may be entirely successful. Here are two stanzas worth saving. The writer is describing a walk in the woods at night:

"And a voice is heard in the rustling leaves, Like the dying winds, or a spirit's sigh, Or as when in heaven an angel grieves, That a saint on earth should regret to die."

٠ "And a joy I feel as alone I tread Where the waters die on the lonely shore, Like the joy of him, who, among the dead, Marks the tomb of one whose sorrows are o'ez."

Leaves from my Portfolio - From this we select one sentence only as worth publishing,

"How shall woman preserve her mild sway over the destinies of society? The answer is at hand-cherish the virtues, and let utility influence every display of power."

Stanzas: Inscribed to Miss ---, of Litchfield, Connecticut. There is an ease and vivacity in the style of this poem, which shows that the writer has made versification a study. The fair lady, who, by the way, was absent on a visit to Ohio, has probably returned before this; so we will omit the invitations to her for that purpose, and the compliments, and give the last stanza-all we have room for.

"The day-dreams of life-they are fitful and fleeting-What thousands, who flourish'd before us, have gone! I have panted for fame, though I knew it were cheating, And the shade of ambition still beckons me on! Hark! the whirlwinds of death all around me are sweeping, And dirges and requiems are loading the gale!

In the grave, all forgotten, I soon shall be sleeping, And my wild harp no more will be heard in the vale!"

The following have no particular claim to notice, either for praise or censure-they are in that quiescent state of mediocrity which never makes enemies or excites envy-still these attempts to write something that shall be worthy of a place in the "Book," will, no doubt, be found an improving intellectual exercise to the writers. We do not dissuade them from writing; only they must not be vexed that we decline such articles as "Josephine"-" A Frown"-" New England"-"To -- " and " Adieu to Thee." The articles of our regular or invited contributors, we do not need to mention. These are disposed of according to previous arrangement with the writers.

#### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

In giving place to the following notice of a work which was written by one of the Editors of the "Lady's Book," we trust our readers will not accuse us of egotism. The notice was written by a lady of experience in housekeeping; who is anxious to promote the fashion of domestic economy as a study for ladies. The book in question, she thinks, will be of much utility. We trust she will not be mistaken It was prepared with an earnest desire that it might do good. We hope our friends will examine it for themselves .- EDS.

#### THE GOOD HOUSEKEEPER

Or the way to Live well, and be well while we Live. By Mrs. S. J. Hale. Published by Weeks, Jordan & Co. Boston.— L. A. Godey, Philadelphia.

It is in keeping with the nature of our institutions that our literary women-those who cater for our intellectual wants, and provide the wherewithal of our ideal life-should also furnish text-books upon the practical art of housekeeping. Mrs. Child first set the example, by publishing an excellent manual upon this subject. Mrs. Farrar, in a book written for young ladies, dilates upon the importance of their making themselves accomplished housewives; and gives many valuable hints and directions to that end. Miss Sedgwick's works abound with maxims and precepts to the same effect, enforced by ingenious and striking illustrations; and we have heard it said of her that she prided herself far more upon her skill in cookery than upon her professional craft. Her last work, addressed to her young countrywomen, entitled "Means and Ends," inculcate in an admirable manner, that unless they are capable of a judicious, skilful, and economical management of a household, they are unfit to perform their duties as American wives and mothers. In a delightful little work entitled "A New Home-who'll follow?" illustrating the nature of a western settler's life, the immeasurable importance of a knowledge of the daily routine of domestic life, in comparison with any other knowledge whatever, to a race of women, many of whom may be doomed by no very uncommon mischances to an emigrant's life, is admirably set forth.

\* The reviewer has omitted the name of Miss Leslie, we presume through inadvertence, in her list of lady writers who

To Mrs. Hale we are indebted for a little work, similar in character to that put forth by Mrs. Child-the rapid sale of the first edition of which proves that it meets and supplies a want of the community. The book we speak of differs from that of Mrs. Child, in combining with cheap and simple recipes, such as may be required in establishments where expense in food need be limited only by reference to health. Mrs. Hale seems to have borne in mind the excellent old precept, "edimus ut vivamus, non vivimus ut edamus." We shall consider the science of gastronomy as having arrived at perfection. when the most healthful dishes shall be rendered most grateful to the palate. We are not of those who would despise and discard all other pleasures than those of the mind and heart. We do not condemn the pleasures of the table so long as they have no tendency to impair the condition of the "sound mind in the sound body." We hail, therefore, with joy, a volume which teaches us to like best what is best for us, and which helps us to good dinners without destroying our power to enjoy them.

The work is introduced by a chapter full of valuable precepts upon the subject of health as depending upon the nature and quantity of our food, the time of taking it, the proper hours of exercise, &c. &c., compiled from Dr. Andrew Combe's most valuable work. A second chapter is devoted to the article of bread-thereby assigning to it its due importance. Let a young woman neglect every other art of cookery, but surely she should not omit this. We have heard it said that even the morals of a family are affected by the bread they eat, and we believe it. Sour or heavy bread, by its effect upon the system, may very naturally produce discontent and ill temper-The directions given in this chapter are so clear, minute and accurate that the most ignorant may make use of them, doubting nothing of success; and they are enough, in themselves, to give the little work great value. A friend of mine had a cook remarkable for her skill in bread-making. A visiter begged that she might have a receipt from this cook, who was accordingly called up to give it. When asked to tell precisely how, she made her bread, she said she "took a pan of flour, a pitcher of milk, and considerable yeast!" Mrs. Hale most judiciously avoids those generalities which a cook who has learned her art only by experience supposes as sufficient for others as for herself; not being aware how completely the exercise of practical skill does for her, what the most precise rules, weights, and measures can but ill supply for others.

It is almost needless to say, that Mrs. Hale's views apon the subject of meat are anti-Graham. If it were not that every subject ever suggested to the human mind has given rise to differences of opinion, and eager, hot debate; and that the existence of matter itself has been disputed, we might wonder that there should have been so much discussion upon this same point of animal food. Leaving out the fact of man's having been furnished with a set of instruments so admirably adapted to his wants as a carnivorous animal, the question seems decided by a simple reference to geograpical distinction Parry and Franklin remarked that the further they advanced towards the north, the more they felt the want of animal food, and that in the coldest latitudes to which their travels extended, not even the meat would satisfy them without the oil and fat. Man has sought out many inventions to improve upon the Creator's plan, but all that has been, or can be written against the use of animal food will not alter the fact, that the supply of vegetable food is most abundant in tropical countries, that it gradually decreases as we remove from the equator, until in the coldest inhabitable regions it fails altogether.

Mrs. Hale's work is further enriched by many valuable hints on various matters connected with domestic economy, and most admirable suggestions as to the treatment of helpfrom which, those who follow them, will surely derive great benefit.

We heartily commend this little book as a most valuable acquisition to the housekeeper.

use their talents to promote the practical knowledge of house keeping. None deserve more praise for their efforts is the cause of domestic science than Miss Leslie. Her book on "Cookery" is an excellent manual, and her last work. "The House Book," is prepared expressly to aid her young countrylouse Book," is prepared expressly to aid her young country-remen in their first efforts at domestic management.—Enc. Digitized by

### Pebbles from Castalia. By Isaac Fitzgerald Shepard. Boston: Whipple and Damrell. pp. 160.

There is a time to love poetry. Children are fond of rhymes and songs, with scarcely an exception, and the "poet's corner," in the newspaper, is devoured by the young reader years before the list of marriages is heeded. It is at this early age that the taste for good poetry should be carefully cultivated, by accustoming the child to learn and recite the simple (not silly) ballads and songs of the best English poets. Cowper has some exquisite fables and ballads, besides his inimitable "John Gilpin" which a child of five or six years old may easily be taught to understand and enjoy. We recollect once bearing a little girl of four years old recite Goldsmith's beautiful ballad of "Edwin and Angelina," apparently with the greatest pleasure—this doubtless was caused by the perfect harmony of the lines and the rhymes; the sounds, in this composition, are an echo to the sense.

Among living writers, Wordsworth has much that children will love, and such poetry as will awaken and cultivate the generous affections, as well as the taste and imagination .-Good poetry should teach that which is highest and best in human pursuits and aims.

After the love of reading poetry comes the desire to write it, which we believe (on editorial experience,) is felt by almost every person in our land, male and female, who lives to the age of sixteen. Few "achieve greatness" in this pursuit, yet it would not be wise utterly to discourage the attempts; only the small chance of obtaining eminence in this department of literature, should be clearly set before the young writer.

The author of the volume before us evidently loves poetry; it is and has been from childhood, his dream and passion. And he possesses one of the noblest qualities of true genius—a deep and vivid perception of the beauty of moral excellence. In one so young and exposed to all the temptations to levity which surround a college life, we think the serious dignity of his muse should not be unnoted or unpraised.

There are several poems of much beauty in the volume. We select, as among the best specimens we can give our readers, the following from a piece entitled,

#### THE DEAD: I LOVE THEM STILL

I crave no monument To tower above where I am resting, Even though to noble deeds attesting, The sculptor's art is lent: No charm where marble columns stand So pure as that which liveth Where faithful memory giveth Sad tears, to friendship paid!-I would my name might perish When those, whose love I cherish, Shall pass the realms of shade, And meet me in the spirit land! Save hopes of heaven, 'tis all I ask, When finished is life's varied task. And past each good and ill, That those who round my couch are bending, Shall murmur, 'mid their prayers ascending, "Till death, we'll love thee still!"

There is another poem we admire much, "The Dream of Life," from which we should like to give an extract, if we had room.-Those who are mourning the death of dear friends and connexions will find many sentiments in unison with their own hearts in this volume. It is not faultless; but it gives a pledge of the devotion of the writer to "whatsoever things are levely and of good report," and of his future progress in the Christian's path on which he has entered, and we trust he will continue to improve his talents and devote them to the cause of truth and righteousness. We would say to him, in conclusion, in the words of a great poet and critic-" Examine nature accurately, but write from recollection, and trust more to your imagination than to your memory."

We must not forget to say, that the work is beautifully printed on fine paper, and as a specimen of Boston book-making deserves to be on the centre table of every Boston lady.

#### The Young Ladies' Museum

Such is the title of a monthly periodical, edited by the young Ladies of the "Female Collegiate Institute," of Georgetown, Kentucky. We have seen only one number-that for March: the selections, of which it was chiefly made up, were very judiciously chosen, and the whole arrangement displays correct judgment and elevated views of female duties and influence. We hope it will be greatly successful. This Female Seminary appears, from the sketch given in this number. to be very flourishing. We should like to see a full report of its management and history.

# Easy Method of managing Bess. By John M. Weeks. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co.

Appears to tell every thing about the habits of those little industrious insects, which those who wish to keep them can desire to know. Pray, if you love honey, examine the book; and if you have any curiosity to learn the blessings of a community, under female government entirely, just study this history of Bees.

## The Works of Lord Byron, complete in eight volumes. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is by far the finest edition of the poems of Lord Byron which has yet been printed on this side of the Atlantic. type is large and handsome: the paper fine, white and clear; and the binding elegant. It embraces, also, all the notes and annotations, and the collocations of critical opinions, published in Murray's London edition, with the original appendix, historical illustrations, &c.

Whatever difference of opinion may prevail as to the tendency of a portion of Lord Byron's writings, no one now doubts that in the singularly original character of his genius-in profound and far-grasping thought-in affluence of poetic imagery and diction-he is not surpassed by any modern poet. Few that have written so much have written so uniformly well; and while for the sake of his Lordship's memory, and the welfare of his readers, there are parts of his productions, that we could wish for ever blotted out of existence, we do not hesitate to affirm that he has left behind him much that is worthy of the immortality to which it is destined.

As no library that professes to contain a full collection of the British Classics can be considered complete without a copy of Byron, the publishers will no doubt find an ample reward for the expense they have bestowed on this costly and valuable edition.

#### The History of the French Revolution: By M. A. Thiers. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1840.

No subject of ancient or modern times has given rise to so much speculation, nor produced such an immense mass of written commentary as the French Revolution. The works which have been prepared in reference to this prolific theme. including the memoirs, biographies, and gossiping chronicles of persons connected with it, would of themselves, could they be collected together, crowd a library of no mean dimensions, and furnish a stock of reading that could not be exhausted in years. And yet notwithstanding this wonderful accumulation of books, it was not, until lately, an easy thing to find among them all a clear, distinct and authentic narrative of the wonderful movement to which they related. Most of them were imperfect in details-more were deeply tinged by party prejudice, and all wanted completeness. These defects are, however, in a great degree obviated by this work of M. Thiers. His materals are far more ample than those of any of his predecessors, and they seem to have been collected with the most scrupulous regard to accuracy. His arrangement of those materials is lucid and concise, presenting every prominent event in such a way as to give to it its proper impression, and yet not throwing into too much obscurity the incidents which though of lesser importance, are necessary to a full understanding of the whole subject. One great merit of this work is its candour. It does not take sides with any of the factions, into which France was split up, but presents the doings of each with fidelity and impartiality. It is also free from that perpetual proneness to philosophize, which however clever

and acceptable in itself, mars the progress of the narrative in most historians of the French revolution; while on the other hand, it is by no means wanting in those reflections which naturally belong to the topics introduced.

This history of M. Thiers is presented to the English reader in a translation by F. Shoberl, who has executed his task with great discrimination and ability. He has also contributed a number of valuable notes, which add to the fullness of the work.

The Duke: A Novel: By Mrs. Grey. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

A very clever book: well conceived and well executed. The story is entertaining—the incidents well diversified—the characters well discriminated. Passages of unusual vigour are interspersed through the volumes, and altogether, the Duke is among the best of its class.

The Sidereal Heavens. By Thomas Dick, L. L. D. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1840.

This work constitutes number XCIX, of the Family Library. Like all the other productions of the same author, it exhibits profound research, a mind sensitive to the glories of creation, and a heart filled with adoration of the Supreme Being who is the author of those glories. Besides being an admirable treatise on the scientific portions of the subject, it also inculcates the profoundest sense of reverence for the Deity, and illustrates his power and majesty by pourtraying the stupendous works of his hand.

Highways and Byways. Weeks, Jordan & Co., Boston, 1840. Mr. Grattan, the author of these very interesting sketches,

Mr. Grattan, the author of these very interesting sketches, has had this edition of them printed under his own eye, at Boston, where he now resides, and has added a number of original notes, &c. They form a very agreeable, instructive miscellany, and deserve the popularity they have so long enjoyed.

Memoirs and Letters of Madam Malibran. By the Countess De Merlin. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart, 1840.

This lively and agreeable book derives additional interest just now, from the fact that the authoress, who is a very accomplished woman, has lately arrived on our shores by the Great Western. The Countess De Merlin was an intimate personal friend of Malibran, and relates with great point and effect numerous incidents connected with the life of that strangely gifted being. In this country the recollection of Malibran's many triumphs is so lively, that the details of this work cannot fail to prove highly interesting, especially as they are given in a pleasing and unconstrained style.

The Triumph of Peace: and other Poems. New York: D. Fanshaw, 1840.

Flowers, plucked by a Traveller on the Journey of Life. By Charles T. Congdon. Boston: George W. Light, 1840.

These two thin duodecimo volumes are the productions of young men, fresh from college. Both contain much that is promising, though neither of them furnishes any strong specimen of present power. We have no wish to discourage any one, but as verse-making is an unprofitable business, we would suggest that some better mode of employment may be found, than that which the writers have adopted.

Lady Jane Grey: An Historical Romance, by Thomas Miller. 2 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

This is, to our mind, the best novel that the author has yet published. There is less of extravagance than he has heretofore exhibited, and the manner is much improved. The story is very interesting.

The Young Merchant. Philadelphia: R. W. Pomerov.

We are glad to hear that this excellent treatise has been liberally purchased. It is, in truth, a most admirable and instructive essay on the duties, responsibilities, and influence of the mercantile character, and it inculcates just doctrines, in a style of plain and manly, but polished English, that should commend it to universal admiration. Such books cannot be too generally patronized.

Robert Ramble's Stories, selected from the History of England Philadelphia: R. W. Pomeroy.

Robert Ramble's Stories, selected from the History of Spain.
Philadelphia: R. W. Pomeroy.

Robert Ramble's Picture Gallery. Philadelphia: R. W. Pome

The above are the titles of three very neat little volumes, prepared for the use of children. The titles, of course, suggest the character of the contents, which besides being interesting and familiar, are illustrated with numerous appropriate engravings.

Pursuit of Knowledge under Difficulties-its Pleasures and Rewards, &c., &c. Harper & Brothers: New York. 2 vols.

We have seldom met with a work in which the inducement to intellectual exertion are more clearly set forth than in this. It is made up of memoirs of persons, in all ages and countrie, who have been distinguished by their zeal and success in the acquisition of knowledge; and while it furnishes an immense mass of valuable biographical information, it is, at the same time filled with the observations of a sound, clear, and philosophical mind. These observations are interwoven with the chain of the narrative so skilfully that they never seen obtrusive, and we are sure none can rise from the perusal of these volumes without feeling that they have not only garnered new facts, but that they have also found fresh simulants to mental efforts.

The King's Highway: A Novel. By G. P. R James, Esq. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840.

Mr. James is unquestionably a writer of great merit, but he writes too much for his own reputation. Scarcely a mouth passes in which some book of his is not announced as in press, and before this has been generally read it is succeeded by surther. An inevitable result of this prolific issue, is diffusences of thought, which mars the effect of his productions. If he took more time to elaborate and finish his works, he would attain a higher rank than he now holds, and establish a more enduring fame as a writer.

"The King's Highway," is one of the cleverest of Mr-James' late works. The frame-work is a story of great interest, which, as is usual with him, is made the vehicle of much just discrimination of character, and sound moral reflection. If it does not exhibit a great deal that is stirring, it abounds in quiet and agreeable incidents; and will recommend itself to all readers by its unobtrusive philosophy.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

This number completes Volume Twenty of the Lady's Bock, and our tenth year of its management. In their proper places will be found an index and title page. New subscribers will all be furnished from the commencement of the year, unless strict orders are given to the contrary. A notice of our new arrangements, facilities, &c., will be given editorially in July, but we may here mention our pride in our list of contributors, our satisfaction in our increased subscription, and our determination never to forfeit that claim we have upon the female readers of this country, in having been the first to offer them a work edited by their own sex, free from grossness and peerility, and to read which was not an insult to their understanding.

#### ORIGINAL STEEL PLATES OF A LARGE SIZE.

In our next volume, (21st) we shall commence the publication of Steel Plates, (in addition to the coloured Fashions,) of an unusual size, and of a superb finish. We assert, and without fear of contradiction, that they will be superior in effect to any thing ever given in this country or in Europe, and we call attention to the view of Constantinople, to be published in

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July, and ask if it does not bear us out in our assertion; very few Souvenir plates are superior. If we meet the encouragement we think that our efforts should command, we have it in contemplation to engage the same superior artist to engrave from original pictures, painted by different American maters, so that the Lady's Book will, in the course of a year, show the different styles of twelve living artists, of the present age; but to enable us to do this, there must be no lukewarmness on the part of our friends. Every subscriber must contribute his quota, if he expects to see an undertaking of this magnitude put into operation. More anon.

The title page in this number, it will be perceived, is printed; but we give a steel engraving in its place—the last of the old style.

General Morris, of the New York Mirror, deserves a great deal of credit for the beautiful manner in which the engravings in his work are printed.

THE ARTISTS' FUND SOCIETY have lately opened their annual exhibition at their new Hall, in Chestnut street. The room is finely adapted for the purposes intended, and the collection of pictures is by far the best we have ever had in this city. Portraits by Neagle, Sully, Lambdin, Peale, Williams, Kyle, and others—landscapes by Russell Smith, Pine, Ashton, and Shaw—and fancy pictures by Comegys, Mount, Eothermel. &c., grace the walls, and give brilliancy and effect to the exhibition.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Dress of Lilac silk, corsage high, made in coat dress style. Bishop sleeves, demi large, skirt trimmed with two flounces. Chip hat, ornamonted with roses.

Fig. 2.—Child's dress of white Cambric, ornamented with pink bows, (see plate.) Mantilla cape of black satin, trimmed with black lace. Straw bonnet ornamented with ribands and flowers.

Fig. 3.—White cambric dress, green silk cape edged with white lace. Green sash to correspond. Caising hat, with a bunch of flowers drooping at the side. Light silk parasol.

#### FOR MAKING YERY FINE COLOGNE WATER.

Take oil of lavender one drachm; oil of lemon two drachms; oil of cinnamon eight drops; tincture of musk ten drops; oil of bergamot one drachm; oil of rosemary two drachms; oil of cloves eight drops; rectified spirits of wine one pint;—all of the finest quality, or it makes every difference in the receipt. Have ready the spirits of wine in a clean bottle.—

Then get at an apothecary's the above mentioned oils and the tincture of musk, having them put together in a small phial; pour them into the spirits of wine; shake the bottle well, and cork it tightly. It will be immediately fit for use; and will be found far superior to any cologne water that can be purchased, and far more economical.

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Coloured Fashions. Lace Work.

Music.

Uncoloured Fashions.

FEBRUARY.

Coloured Fashions. The Disguise-Engraved on Steel. Music.

#### MARCH.

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Fac Similes of the Writing of Miss Martineau, Miss Sedgwick, Lady Byron, and her daughter Ada.

Coloured Fashions.

The Palace of the Tuilleries-Engraved on Steel. Music.

MAY.

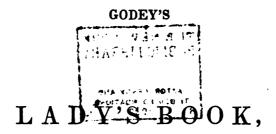
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Warming the Mitten-Engraved on Steel. Music.

JUNE.

Coloured Fashions. Steel Engraving.

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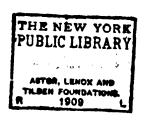
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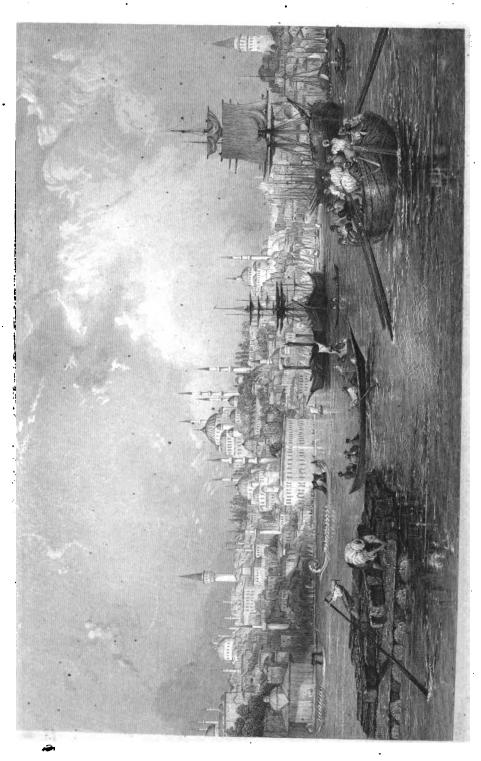
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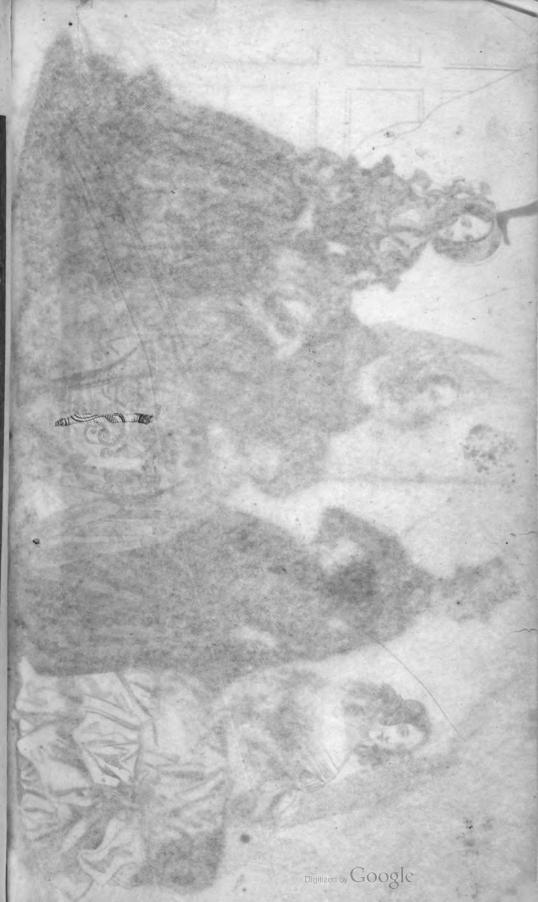
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# L A D Y'S B O O K.

JULY, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### EVENING AMUSEMENTS AT HOME.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"I HAVE a sketch of the olden times, which I think will interest you, my dear madam," said the school-master to Mrs. Marvin, after the usual evening greetings had passed around. "You may, possibly, have heard the story before, but I think it will be new to Ellen and Mr. Howard."

"Pray call me Charles," interrupted the young man. "It seems so formal and distant to be addressed as Mister Howard, that I shall think you consider me an intruder on these home amusements, if you are so particular."

- "You might with more reason infer that I feel the privilege of being at home here with your good aunt and fair cousin, is too great for me to enjoy with perfect ease," said the schoolmaster. "To be sure, I consider Ellen as my own little niece," he was about to say daughter, till recollecting that Mrs. Marvin was a widow and himself a bachelor, he wisely altered it, "but it does not follow that her cousin is to be included in our relationship, unless he wishes it. Now, there is my hand, cousin Charles, and my warm thanks, too, for this proof of your esteem."
- " I am glad to see this," said Ellen, her bright eyes sparkling with pleasure. "I do hate these formal ceremonies among friends."
- "So do I," said Mrs. Marvin, "when we are sure of our friends; still I think there is more danger of giving offence in being too free, than too ceremonious."
- "Very true," observed the schoolmaster. "Forms of polite respect are always necessary; even in the nearcest family relation, that of husband and wife, this attention should never be dispensed with. I believe domestic happiness is much oftener interrupted, if not even destroyed between a married couple by the neglect of good breeding than by the actual vices of either party."

"But you do not think that calling each other by 1—vol. xxi.

their christian names, is too familiar?" said Ellen earnestly.

- "Oh, no, no—I think it one of the pleasantest modes of expressing that perfect confidence which always accompanies true and mutual affection," he laid a strong emphasis on mutual, "and which to a third person, should rather be felt to exist, than seen displayed. What I object to is rudeness, rather than familiarity; when a husband, for instance, calls his wife "old woman," or a wife pays less attention to her husband's requests than she would to those of a stranger—why I wish they would study the rules of good manners, if they will not cultivate good principles. Nothing," continued the schoolmaster, warmly, "is more utterly disagreeable to me than these ill-manners in private life; no, not even the east winds in dyspepsia, or the tooth ache at thanksgiving."
- "Both dreadful inflictions," said Charles Howard.
  "From which may we all be preserved," said Ellen, moving the lamp nearer the schoolmaster, as a hint that she would prefer to hear what the manuscript he held so carelessly contained, rather than to have the conversation prolonged.

As the schoolmaster slowly unfolded his papers, the title caught Ellen's eye; "The Witch!" she exclaimed, "pray, my dear sir, are you going to give us a tale on witchcraft? That will be delightful."

- " I hope it will please you," said the schoolmaster,
  but it is a sketch, an incident in the life of a humble woman, rather than a tale of romance. I cannot succeed in fiction. I must have a real basis for my superstructure."
- "You cannot build castles in the air, then," said
- "Never could finish one in my life," returned the schoolmaster. "It always would be down around my ears before I had made it fit for my residence. So I have been looking up old traditions, as Ellen insisted on something strange."

"And good too, it will be, I am sure," said Mrs. Marvin; "if you have prepared it, the moral will be excellent."

After this compliment, the schoolmaster could do no less than begin, which he did as follows:

#### THE WITCH OF DANVERS.

"Mabel Burroughs was an inhabitant of Danvers, Massachusetts. It is not certain that she was a native of that town, neither is the year of her birth accurately known; but in 1719 she bore such evident marks of age, that she became distinguished by the appellation of 'old maid.'

Such antiquated ladies were much more rare in the then British colonies of America than they are now in our "United States," a confirmation, if any were needed, of the estimation in which liberty is held as well by the women as the men of our Independent Republic. Surely no gentleman will be so uncivil as to suggest that it is from necessity alone that a lady retains her freedom, after she is five and twenty. Certainly that could not, with truth, have been said of Mabel Burroughs. She had been a famous beauty; had had a number of admirers, and was at one time, engaged to be married.

"But Mabel's lover, as lovers have often done since the example of Phaon, proved a recreant. The disappointed fair one did not possess the genius or indulge the despair of the Lesbian maid—Mabel meither rhymed nor raved, nor made any attempt to drown herself. She acted a much more common, and, in truth, more feminine part. She secluded herself from society; became sad and taciturn; grew thin and pale; and finally, as her beauty waned, she resigned herself, uncomplainingly, to neglect and celibacy. No one could conduct more inoffensively, and but for one circumstance, her life would have passed without notice, and this biographical sketch never have appeared.

"It is astonishing what trifling incidents often confer notoriety, and sometimes what is called immortality, on an individual. A well spent, peaceful life has no claims to such a distinction. Something singular must be said, or suffered, or designed, or done. It matters little, whether this something be for good or for evil. He who burns a temple is as long and well remembered as he who builds one. What then is the worth of fame? Nothing, when considered merely as the distinction of having one's name widely known and often repeated. Fame is only valuable and to be coveted, when it brings to the mind of the possessor, while living, the consciousness of good motives and actions; and when he is dead, exhibits a pattern worthy to be imitated."

Here the schoolmaster looked around on his hearers with an expression that said, "am I not right?" Every face responded in the affirmative—he proceeded.

i I said that Mabel Burroughs grew old, and she faded as every fair girl will fade. Beauty is only a rose, a rainbow, a meteor—gone while we are gazing and praising. The once fair young Mabel became sallow, wrinkled, grey, and stooping—she was called ugly—dreadful ugly! by young maidens who did not possess half the loveliness she exhibited at eighteen. But add two score to eighteen, and what female can command attention by her personal beauty?

"Woman must possess some more lasting charm than is imparted by 'a set of features or complexion,' or her reign will be brief as April sunshine, or May flowers,

"But there is another evil under the sun, to which women are subjected. It is to have cultivated minds, and yet be confined to a society that does not understand, and cannot appreciate their merits, talents and intelligence. This not unfrequently happens. And women have so little power of changing their residence, varying their pursuits, or extending their acquaintance, that she who has taste and talents ought to consider herself peculiarly fortunate if she is placed where her gifts do not subject her to envy and it treatment. Should she be so blessed as to enjoy a refined and congenial domestic circle, let her never breathe a wish for a wider theatre of display.

"Had poor Mabel Burroughs possessed the wit and genius of Madame de Stael, or the talents and literature of Miss Edgeworth, it would have added nothing to her popularity in the place where she resided. There, nothing was at that time, (I hope the people have improved) appreciated but good housewifery, a good visit, and a good talker; and unluckily Mabel did not like to talk, nor to visit, and as she lived alone and never received any company, no one knew much about her domestic management. But the less they knew the more they guessed; till finally as she grew older and more reserved, they first called her odd—then cross—then strange—and then a witch!

"It is now matter of grave astonishment that any rational and Christian being should ever have believed that people would sell themselves to the grand enemy of souls, merely on the condition of having power to wrong their neighbours, and ride through the air on a broomstick! Yet such was the firm faith of our ancestors, pious as they unquestionably were, and it seemed that, in those days, learning only made them more credulous. Cotton Mather is a melancholy proof that neither erudition, nor piety, can free the human mind from prejudice and superstition.

"In truth, nothing has so much contributed to enlighten the world as the strivings of men for personal and political liberty, which have been made during the last fifty years, and the study of experimental philosophy.

"With experimental or inductive philosophy, however, the neighbours of old Mabel, as she was usually called, had nothing to do. Circumstances were all they required, after assuming that she was a witch, to prove their hypothesis.—In the first place, she lived in a poor, old, lonely house and alone; then she kept a large black cat, which she had been frequently seen to caress; and, lastly, she had been several times heard, by those who ventured to approach her dwelling early in the morning, or near the close of the day, talking, as they drew near her door, and yet when they entered, strange, to say, no one but herself was visible. These were dark and mysterious proceedings, and the more they were canvassed, the more dark and mysterious they became.

"Not an individual thought of vindicating poor Mabel by suggesting, that her old, lonely dwelling was the very house in which her parents had resided; where she was born, and which, at their decease she inherited—that she was, of necessity, compelled to live alone, having no relation or friend on earth to reside with her—that the heart must have something to love, and she had no living object but her cat, on which to lavish her affections—and, lastly, that she

must talk to herself, or run the risk of losing the use of her tongue, altogether, as nobody around her was willing to hold much converse with the suspected witch.

- "Probably these reasons never occurred to the good people of Danvers; if they did they were never mentioned. All seemed united in the opinion, that there were such strong circumstances against old Mabel Burroughs as warranted the accusation of unhallowed acts, constituting witchcraft (a very indefinite crime after all) against her.
- "It was fortunate for her, that the darkest period of delusion had passed. The bitter regret for the scenes which had been enacted under the influence of the Salem mania, checked the effervescence of zeal to accuse and punish, and the people practised the more humane method of accusing in order to reclaim.
- "The case of Mabel made a great bustle. Her supposed compact with the prince of darkness was regretted or condemned, sighed over or inveighed against, till it was finally the opinion of all, that something must be done. Either she must confeas and abandon her wicked ways, or be dealt with and dismissed from the church, of which she was then a member.
- "Accordingly the clergyman, the two deacons, and two of the most pious and influential members of the church, were chosen to visit Mabel, at her dwelling, and then and there propound certain questions; and from her answers, it was concluded, the full proof of her guilt, which no one doubted, would be obtained.
- "It was near the close of a gloomy November day, that the formidable deputation took their way towards the dwelling of the supposed witch.—She was totally ignorant of the honour intended her, as it had been judged expedient to take her by surprise, as the most likely method of eliciting truth from one whose study was to deceive.
- " Mabel's house did, indeed, stand in a wild lonely place, and to reach it you had to pass half a mile, or more, through a thick wood. The gentlemen had been delayed longer than they intended, settling preliminaries, and night was gathering as they entered the shaded path. The tall trees increased the gloom, and the wind, which had all day been very high, seemed to gather furious strength, as it swept through the decaying forest, and scattered its leaves by thousands. It is not strange that those men should imagine the wind uncommonly furious, and that darkness came on with awful rapidity. They did think so; and when, emerging from the wood, they came suddenly upon the house they sought, not one of the five but wished himself a good five miles off. But honour and conscience alike forbade their retreat. abode of witchcraft was before them. A whole community were eagerly awaiting their report.
- "On, therefore, the deputation proceeded; the clergyman, as in duty bound, some steps in advance. As he softly and silently drew near the door, he heard a sound within. He paused—then motioned the party to advance; they cautiously crept forward, and all distinctly heard the same noise. It was not like mortal conversation; it was a low, but continued and monotonous sound, such as no one of the party ever recollected to have heard before. They all trembled. At length, as it did not cease, and as there was no window on the side they stood, through

which to reconnoitre, they were obliged to enter, in order to discover the cause of their alarm.

- "It was a trying moment. The clergyman laid his hand on the latch of the door, the boldest deacon stood near to support him. The door was thrown open, with the crash and velocity of a thunder-bolt, and the whole party stood before the astonished eyes of Mabel Burroughs!
- "She showed no terror, however, at this sudden apparition. Surprised she was; but not a cry of alarm or dismay escaped her. She only drew nearer to her heart that blessed Book from which she had been that moment reading, that consoling promise of the Saviour—
- "Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."
- "The clergyman was a pious, and naturally, a very sensible man. He did not wish to increase his influence over his people by encouraging their superstitious fears. The transactions of former years rushed at once on his mind; he recollected the disgraceful scenes in which the Rev. Mathew Paris was such a distinguished actor, and his cheeks glowed with shame at the thought that he, too, was an abettor of persecution against the innocent. A sudden light seemed imparted to his mind, and he saw at once how a few unimportant circumstances, in the way of living adopted by this poor old woman, had been worked up, by the credulous and wonder-loving into proofs of witchcraft against her. But being convinced himself of her innocence, he so well exerted his clear and strong mind, that before he left her house the whole party acknowledged they believed her not only guiltless of witchcraft, but they saw no reason to doubt that she was a very good Christian.
- "It was some time, however, before the prejudice against her subsided; a prejudice that but for the spirited exertions of one rational as well as religious man, would have subjected her to ignominy, if not consigned her to penal inflictions.
- "Such is the injurious effect which an ignorant credulity, when fostered by the love of scandal can produce on social happiness."
- "And the moral is, that women must not talk scandal, and men must not believe them, if they do," said Ellen, laughing.
- "Something to that purpose, I confess," said the schoolmaster.
- "An excellent moral, too," said Mrs. Marvin, though I never can believe that my own sex are more guilty of slanders and scandal than the men."
- "Nor do I believe it, nor does any man of sense and observation," said the schoolmaster. "The political slanders in which men only engage, are a hundred fold more gross and wicked and selfish than any which women ever are guilty of. Still it is not a matter of comparative merit, or demerit rather, between the sexes, that we wish now to settle. I would have woman not only perfect herself, but her example ought to be so perfect as to constrain man to follow it. I hold the poet's opinion of the ladies—.
  - "'Heaven formed ye like angels, and sent ye below, To prophesy peace, to bid charity flow.'

And above all, never should any circumstance be permitted to

"'Blot from your bosoms that tenderness true,
Which from female to female for ever is due."

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THREE SCENES IN THE LIFE OF A BELLE.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

THERE was a rushing to and fro in the chamber of Ellen Loring, a tread of hurrying feet, a mingled hum of voices, an opening and shutting of doors, as if some event of overwhelming importance agitated the feelings, and moved the frames of every individual in the house. A stranger, in the apartment below, might have imagined an individual was dying, and that all were gathering round, to offer the appliances of love and sympathy. But Ellen Loring, the object of all this commotion, was in all the bloom and beauty of health. She sat in a low chair in front of a large mirror, half-arrayed in the habiliments of the ball-room, her head glowing with flowers, and streaming with ringlets, her feet encased in silk cobweb and white satin, her face flushed with excitement, her waist compressed into the smallest possible compass, while the strongest fingers the household could supply. were drawing together the last reluctant hook and eye, which fastened the rich and airy mixture of satin blonde, that fell in redundant folds round her slender person. "I am afraid Ellen, your dress is rather too tight," said Mrs. Loring, who was superintending the process with a keen and experienced eye, " you had better not wear it, it may give you a consumption." "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Ellen, "it feels perfectly loose and comfortable, I am sure it fits delightfully. Look, Agnes," addressing a weary looking girl who had been standing more than half an hour over her arranging her hair, in the most fashionable style. "Look Agnes, is it not beautiful?"

" Very beautiful," answered Agnes, "but I think it would look much better if it were not so very low and the night is so cold, I am sure you will suffer without something thrown over your shoulders.-These pearl beads are very ornamental, but they will not give warmth," lifting them up as she spoke, from a neck, that "rivalled their whiteness." Ellen burst into a scornful laugh, and declared she would rather catch her death-cold, than look so old-fashioned and old-womanish. Mrs. Loring here interposed and insisted that Ellen should wear a shawl, into the ballroom, and be sure to put it around her, when she was not dancing, "for you must remember," added she, "the dreadful cough you had last winter; when you caught cold, I was really apprehensive of a consumption."

"I do think, mother, you must be haunted by the ghost of consumption. Every thing you say begins and ends with consumption—I am not afraid of the ghost, or the reality, while such roses as these bloom on my cheeks, and such elastic limbs as these bear me through the dance."

Mrs. Loring looked with admiring fondness on her daughter, as she danced gaily before the looking-glass, called her a "wild, thoughtless thing," and thought it would be indeed a pity to muffle such a beautiful neck, in a clumsy kerchief. The carriage was announced, and Agnes was despatched in a hundred directions for the embroidered handkerchief, the scented gloves, and all the et ceteras, which crowd on the memory at the last moment. Agnes followed the retreating form of Ellen, with a long and wistful gaze, then turned with a sigh to collect the scattered

articles of finery that strewed the room. "Happy Ellen!" said she to herself, "happy, beautiful Ellen! favoured by nature and fortune. Every desire of her heart is gratified. She moves but to be admired, flattered, and caressed. While I, a poor, dependant relative, am compelled to administer to her vanity and wait upon her caprices—oh! if I were only rich and beautiful like Ellen. I would willingly walk over burning ploughshares to obtain the happiness that is in store for her to night."

While the repining Agnes followed Ellen in imagination, to scenes which appeared to her fancy like the dazzling pictures described in the Arabian Nights, let us enter the ball-room and follow the footsteps of her, whose favoured lot led her through the enchanted land. The hall was brilliantly lighted, the music was of the most animating kind, airy forms floated on the gaze, most elaborately and elegantly adorned, and in the midst of these Ellen shone transcendent. For a while, her enjoyment realized even the dreams of Agnes. Conscious of being admired, she glided through the dance, gracefully holding her flowing drapery, smiling, blushing, coquetting and flirting. Compliments were breathed continually into her ears. She was compared to the sylphs, the graces, the muses, the houris, and even to the angels, that inhabit the celestial city. Yes; this daughter of fashion, this devotee of pleasure, this vain and thoughtless being, who lived without God in the world, was told by flattering lips, that she resembled those pure and glorified spirits which surround the throne of the Most High, and sing the everlasting song of Moses and the Lamb-and she believed it. Perhaps some may assert that the daughters of fashion are not always forgetful of their God, for they are often heard to call upon his great and holy name, in a moment of sudden astonishment or passion, and were a saint to witness their uplifted eyes and clasped hands, he might deem them wrapt in an extasy of devotion.

Ellen, in the midst of almost universal homage, began to feel dissatisfied and weary. There was one who had been in the train of her admirers, himself the star of fashion, who was evidently offering incense at a new shrine. A fair young stranger, who seemed a novice in the splendid scene, drew him from her side, and from that moment the adulation of others ceased to charm. She danced more gaily, she laughed more loudly, to conceal the mortification and envy that was spreading through her heart; but the triumph, the joy was over. She began to feel a thousand inconveniences, of whose existence she seemed previously unconscious. Her feet ached from the lightness of her slippers, her respiration was difficult from the tightness of her dress, she was glad when the hour of her departure arrived. Warm from the exercise of the dance, and panting from fatigue, she stood a few moments on the pavements, waiting for some obstructions to be removed, in the way of the carriage. The ground was covered with a sheet of snow, which had fallen during the evening, and made a chill bed for her feet, so ill desended from the inclement season. The night air blew damp and cold on her neck and shoulders for her cloak was thrown

loosely around her, that her beauty might not be entirely veiled, till the gaze of admiration was withdrawn.

Agnes sat by the lonely fireside, waiting for the return of Ellen. For a while she kept up a cheeerful blaze, and as she heard the gust sweep by the windows, it reminded her that Ellen would probably come in shivering with cold and reproach her, if she did not find a glowing hearth to welcome her. She applied fresh fuel, till lulled by the monotonous sound of the wind, she fell asleep in her chair, nor waked till the voice of Ellen roused her from her slumbers. A few dull embers were all that was left of the fire, the candle gleamed faintly beneath a long, gloomy wick-every thing looked cold and comfortless. It was long before poor Agnes could recall the cheering warmth. In the mean time, Ellen poured upon her a torrent of reproaches, and tossing her cloak on a chair, declared she would never go to another ball as long as she lived-she had been tired to death, chilled to death, and now to be vexed to death, by such a stupid, selfish creature as Agnes. It was too much for human nature to endure. Agnes bore it all in silence, for she eat the bread of dependence and dared not express the bitter feelings that rose to her lips. But she no longer said in her heart "happy beautiful Ellen;" she wished her admirers could see her as she then did, and be disenchanted.

" Take off this horrid dress," cried Ellen, pulling the roses from her hair, now uncurled by the damp, and hanging in long straight tresses over her facewhat a contrast did she now present to the brilliant figure which had left the chamber a few hours before. Her cheeks were pale, her eyes heavy, her limbs relaxed, her buoyant spirits gone. The terrible misfortune of not having reigned an unrivalled belle, completely overwhelmed her. He, whose admiration she most prized, had devoted himself to another, and she hated the fair, unconscious stranger, who had attracted him from his allegiance. The costly dress which the mantua-maker had sat up all night to complete, was thrown aside as a worthless rag, her flowers were scattered on the floor, every article of her dress bore witness to her ill humour.

" I cannot get warm," said she, " I believe I have caught my death-cold," and throwing her still shivering limbs on the bed, she told Agnes to bury her in blankets, and then let her sleep. Can we suppose that guardian angels hovered over the couch, and watched the slumbers of this youthful beauty? There was no hallowed spot in her chamber, where she was accustomed to kneel in penitence, gratitude and adoration, before the King of Kings and Lord of Lords. Perhaps, when a mere child, she had been taught to repeat the Lord's Prayer at her nurse's knee, but never had her heart ascended unto Him, who created her for his glory, and breathed into her frame a portion of his own immortal Spirit. She had been educated solely for the circles of fashion, to glitter and be admired—to dance, to sing, to dress, to talk, and that was all. She knew that she must one day die, and when the bell tolled, and the long funeral darkened the way, she was reluctantly reminded of her own mortality. But she banished the dreadful and mysterious thought, as one with which youth, beauty and health had nothing to do, and as suited only to the infirmities of age, and the agonies of disease. As for the judgment beyond the grave, that scene of indescribable grandeur, when every created being must

stand before the presence of uncreated glory, " to give an account of the deeds done in the body," she deemed it shocking and sacrilegious to think of a subject so awful, and to do her justice, she never heard it mentioned except from the pulpit, (for there are fashionable churches, and Ellen was the belle of the church as well as of the ball-room.) Thus living in practical atheism, labouring to bring every thought and feeling in subjection to the bondage of fashion, endeavouring to annihilate the great principle of immortality, struggling within her, Ellen Loring was as much the slave of vice, as the votary of pleasure. Like the king of Babylon, who took the golden vessels from the temple of the Lord, and desecrated them at his unhallowed banquet, she had robbed her soul, that temple of the living God, of its sacred treasures, and appropriated them to the revelries of life. But the hour was approaching, when the invisible angel of conscience was to write on the walls of memory, those mystic characters which a greater than Daniel alone can interpret.

It was the afternoon of a mild summer's day, a lovely, smiling, joyous summer day, when two female figures were seen slowly walking along a shaded path, that led from a neat white cottage towards a neighbouring grove. One was beautiful, and both were young, but the beautiful one was so pale and languid, so fragile and fading, it was impossible to behold her without the deepest commiseration. She moved listlessly on, leaning on the arm of her less fair, but healthier companion, apparently insensible of the sweet and glowing scenery around her. The birds sung in melodious concert, from every green bough, but their music could not gladden her ear, the air played softly through her heavy locks, but awaked no elastic spring in her once bounding spirits. It was the late blooming Ellen Loring, who, according to the advice of her physician, was inhaling the country air, to see if it could not impart an invigorating influence. She had never recovered from the deadly chill occasioned by her exposure, the night of the ball, when she stood with her thin slippers and uncovered neck in the snow, and the blast, in all the "madness of superfluous health." It was said she had caught a "dreadful cold," which the warm season would undoubtedly relieve, and when the summer came, and her cough continued with unabated violence, and her flesh and her strength wasted, she was sent into the country, assured that a change of air and daily exercise would infallibly restore her. The fearful word consumption, which in the days of Ellen's health was so often on the mother's lips, was never mentioned now, and whenever friends inquired after Ellen, she always told them, "she had caught a bad cold, which hung on a long time, but that she was so young, and had so fine a constitution, she did not apprehend any danger." Ellen was very unwilling to follow the prescriptions of her medical friend. She left the city with great reluctance, dreading the loneliness of a country life. Agnes accompanied her, on whom was imposed the difficult task of amusing and cheering the invalid, and of beguiling her of every sense of her danger. "Be sure," said Mrs. Loring, when she gave her parting injunctions to Agnes, "that you do not suffer her to be alone, there is nothing so disadvantageous to a sick person as to brood over their own thoughts. It always occasions low spirits, I have put up a large supply of novels.

and when she is tired of reading herself, you must read to her, or sing to her, or anuse her in every possible manner. If she should be very ill, you must send for me immediately, but I have no doubt that in a few weeks she will be as well as ever."

Poor Agnes sometimes was tempted to sink under the weary burden of her cares. She wondered she had ever thought it a task to array her for the ballroom, or to wait her return at the midnight hour. But she no longer envied her, for Ellen pale and faded, and dejected, was a very different object from Ellen triumphant in beauty and bloom. The kind lady with whom they boarded, had had a rustic seat constructed under the trees, in the above mentioned grove for the accommodation of the invalid. As they now approached it, they found it already occupied by a gentleman, who was so intently reading he did not seem aware of their vicinity. They were about to retire, when lifting his eyes, he rose, and with a benignant countenance, requested them to be seated. Ellen was exhausted from the exercise of her walk, and as the stranger was past the meridian of life, she did not hesitate to accept his offer, at the same time thanking him for his courtesy. His mild, yet serious eyes, rested on her face, with a look of extreme commiseration, as with a deep sigh of fatigue she leaned on the shoulder of Agnes, while the hectic flush flitting over her cheek, betrayed the feverish current that was flowing in her veins.

"You seem an invalid, my dear young lady," said he, so kindly and respectfully, it was impossible to be offended with the freedom of the address; "I trust you find there is a balm in Gilead, a heavenly Physician near."

Ellen gave him a glance of unspeakable astonishment, and coldly answered, "I have a severe cold, sir—nothing more."

The dry, continuous cough that succeeded, was a fearful commentary upon her words. The stranger seemed one not easily repulsed, and one, too, who had conceived a sudden and irrepressible interest in his young companions. Agnes, in arranging Ellen's scarf, dropped a book from her hand, which he stooped to raise, and as his eye glanced on the title, the gravity of his countenance deepened. It was one of \*\*\*\*\*\* last works, in which that master of glowing language and impassioned images, has thrown his most powerful spell around the senses of the reader and dazzled and bewildered his perceptions of right and wrong.

"Suffer me to ask you, young lady," said he, laying down the book, with a sigh, "if you find in these pages, instruction, consolation, or support? any thing that as a rational being you ought to seek, as a moral one to approve, as an immortal one to desire?"

Ellen was roused to a portion of her former animation, by this attack upon her favourite author, and in language warm as his from whom she drew her inspiration, she defended his sentiments and exalted his genius—she spoke of his godlike mind, when the stranger entreated her to forbear, in words of supplication but in accents of command.

"Draw not a similitude," said he, "between a holy God, and a being who has perverted the noblest powers that God has given. Bear with me a little while, and I will show you what is truly godlike, a book as far transcending the productions of him you so much admire, as the rays of the sun excel in glory, the wan light of a taper."

Then taking from his bosom, the volume which had excited the curiosity of Ellen, on account of its apparent fascination, and seating himself by her side, he unfolded its sacred pages. She caught a glimpse of the golden letters on the binding, and drew back with a feeling of superstitious dread. It seemed to her, that he was about to read her death-warrant, and she involuntarily put out her hand, with a repulsive motion. Without appearing to regard it, he looked upon her with sweet and solemn countenance, while he repeated this passage, from a bard who had drank of the waters of a holier fountain than Grecian poets ever knew:

"This book, this holy book, on every line Mark'd with the seal of high divinity, On every leaf bedewed with drops of love Divine, and with the eternal heraldry And signature of God Almighty stamped From first to last, this ray of sacred light, This lamp, from off the everlasting throne, Mercy took down, and in the night of time Stood, casting on the dark her gracious bow; And evermore, besecching men with tears And earnest sighs, to read, believe, and live."

Ellen listened with indescribable awe. There was a power and sensibility in his accent, a depth of expression in his occasional upturned glance, that impressed and affected her as she had never been before.

"Forgive me," said he, "if, as a stranger, I seem intrusive; but I look upon every son and daughter of Adam, with the tenderness of a brother, and upon whom the Almighty has laid his chastening hand, with feelings of peculiar interest. If I were wandering through a barren wilderness, and found a fountain of living water, and suffered my fellow-pilgrim to slake his thirst at the noisome pool, by the way-side, without calling him to drink of the pure stream, would he not have reason to upbraid me for my selfishness? Oh! doubly selfish then should I be if, after tasting the waters of everlasting life, for ever flowing from this blessed Book, I should not seek to draw you from the polluted sources in which you vainly endeavour to quench the thirst of an immortal Dear young fellow traveller to eternity, suffer spirit. me to lend you a guiding hand."

Ellen Loring, who had been famed in the circles of fashion, for her ready wit and liant repartee, found no words, in which to reply this affectionate and solemn appeal. She turned aside her head to hide the tears which she could no longer repress from flowing down her cheeks. As the polished, but darkened Athenians, when Paul, standing on Mars Hill, explained to them, "that unknown God, whom they ignorantly worshipped," trembled before an eloquence they could not comprehend, she was oppressed by a power she could not define. Agnes, who began to be alarmed at the consequences of this agitation, and who saw in perspective Mrs. Loring's displeasure and reproaches, here whispered Ellen it was time to return, and Ellen glad to be released from an influence, to which she was constrained to bow, obeyed the signal. Their new friend rose also, "I cannot but believe," said he, "that this meeting is providential. It seems to me that heaven directed my steps hither, that I might lead you to those green pastures and still waters where the Shepherd of Israel gathers his flock. You are both young, but there is one of you, whose cheek is pale, and whose saddened glance tells a touching history of the vanity

of all earthly things. Take this blessed volume, and substitute it for the one you now hold, and believe me you will find in it an inexhaustible supply of entertainment and delight, a perennial spring of light, and love, and joy. You will find it an unerring guide in life, and a torch to illumine the dark valley of the shadow of death. Farewell—the blessing of Israel's God be yours."

He placed the book in the hands of Agnes, and turned in a different path. They walked home in silence. Neither expressed to the other the thoughts that filled the bosom of each. Had an angel from heaven come down and met them in the grove, the interview could hardly have had a more solemnizing influence. It was the first time they had ever been individually addressed as immortal beings, the first time they had been personally reminded that they were pilgrims of earth, and doomed to be dwellers of the tomb. The voice of the stranger still rung in their ears, deep and mellow, as the sound of the churchgoing bell. Those warning accents, they could not forget them, for there was an echo in their own hearts, and an answer too, affirming the truth of what he uttered. That night, when Ellen unusually exhausted, reclined on her restless couch, she suddenly asked Agnes to read her something from that book, so mysteriously given. It was the first time she had addressed her, since their return, and there was something startling in the sound of her voice, it was so altered. There was humility in the tone, that usually breathed pride or discontent. Agnes sat down and turned the leaves with a trembling hand.

"What shall I read? where shall I commence?" asked she, fearful and irresolute, in utter ignorance of its hallowed contents.

"Alas! I know not," replied Ellen, then raising herself on her elbow, with a wild and earnest look, "see if you can find where it speaks of that dark valley, of which he told—the dark valley of death."

By one of those unexpected coincidences which sometimes occur, Agnes at that moment opened at the twenty-third Psalm, and the verse containing this sublime allusion met her eye. She read aloud— Though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death, I will fear no evil, for thou art with me—thy rod and thy staff, they comfort me."

"Strange," repeated Ellen, and making a motion for her to continue, Agnes read the remainder of that beautiful Psalm, and the two succeeding ones, before she paused. Dark as was their understanding, with regard to spiritual things, and deep as was their ignorance, they were yet capable of taking in some faint glimpses of the glory of the Lord, pervading these strains of inspiration. Agnes was a pleasing reader, and her voice now modulated by new emotions, was peculiarly impressive. Ellen repeated again and again to herself, after Agnes had ceased, "Who is this King of glory? The Lord strong and mighty?" She had never thought of God, but as of a Being dreadful in power, avenging in his judgments, and awful in his mystery. She had remembered him only in the whirlwind and the storm, the lightning and the thunder, never in the still small voice. thought of death, but it was of the winding sheet and the dark coffin lid, and the lonely grave-her fears had rested there, on the shuddering brink of decaying mortality. Oh! as she lay awake during the long watches of that night, and conscience aroused from its deadly lethargy, entered the silent chambers of

memory and waked the slumbering shadows of the past-how cheerless, how dark was the retrospect! Far as the eye of memory could revert, she could read nothing but vanity, vanity! A wide, wide blank, on which a spectral hand was writing, vanity, and something told her, too, that that same hand would ere long write this great moral of life on her mouldering ashes. She cast her fearful gaze upon the future, but recoiled in shivering dread, from the vast illimitable abyse that darkened before her. No ray of hope illumined the dread immense. The Star of Bethlehem had never yet shed its holy beams on the horoscope of her destiny, not that its beams have ever ceased to shine. since that memorable night when following its silvery pathway in the heavens, the wise men of the East were guided to the cradle of the infant Redeemer: to offer their adoration at his feet; but her eyes had never looked beyond the clouds of time, and in its high and pure resplendence it had shone in vain for her.

"I will seek him to-morrow, this holy man," said she, as hour after hour, she lay gazing, through her curtains, on the starry depths of night, " and ask him to enlighten and direct me."

The morrow came, but Ellen was not able to take her accustomed walk. For several days she was confined from debility to her own room, and had ample leisure to continue the great work of self-examination. As soon as she was permitted to go into the open air, she sought her wonted retreat, and it was with feelings of mingled joy and dread, she recognised the stranger, apparently waiting their approach. This truly good man, though a stranger to them, was well known in the neighbourhood for his deeds of charity and labours of love. His name was M \* \* \* \*, and as there was no mystery in his character or life, he may be here introduced to the reader, that the appellation of stranger may no longer be necessary. He greeted them both with even more than his former kindness, and noticed with pain the increased debility of Ellen. He saw too from her restless glance, that her soul was disquieted within her.

"Oh, sir," said Ellen, mournfully, "you promised me joy, and you have given me wretchedness."

"My daughter," replied Mr. M \*\* \* \*, " before the sick found healing virtue in the waters at Bethesda, an angel came down and troubled the stillness of the pool."

Then at her own request, he sat down by her side, and endeavoured to explain to her, the grand yet simple truths of Christianity. And beginning with the law and the prophets, he carried her with him to the mount that burned with fire and thick smoke, where the Almighty descending in shrouded majesty, proclaimed his will to a trembling world, in thunder and lightning and flame; he led her on with him, through the wilderness, pointing out the smitten rock, the descending manna, the brazen serpent, and all the miraculous manifestations of God's love to his chosen people; then taking up the lofty strains of prophecy from the melodious harp of David to the sublimer lyre of Isaiah, he shadowed forth the promised Messiah. In more persuasive accents he dwelt on the fulfilment of those wondrous prophecies. solemnly he guided her on, from the manger to the cross, unfolding as he went the glorious mysteries of redemption, the depth, the grandeur, the extent, and the exaltation of a Saviour's love. Ellen listened and wept. She felt as if she could have listened for

ever. At one moment she was oppressed by the greatness of the theme, at another melted by its tenderness. Those who from infancy have been accustomed to hear these divine truths explained, who from their earliest years have surrounded the household altar, and daily read God's holy word, can have no conception of the overpowering emotions of Ellen and Agnes; neither can they, whose infant glances have taken in the visible glories of creation, comprehend the rapture and amazement of those who being born blind, are made in after years to see.

From this hour Ellen and Agnes became the willing pupils of Mr. M \* \* \* \*, in the most interesting study in the universe; but it is with Ellen the reader is supposed most strongly to sympathise; the feelings of Agnes may be inferred from her going hand in hand with her invalid friend. Ellen lingered in the country till the golden leaves of Autumn began to strew the ground, and its chill gales to sigh through the grove. What progress she made during this time in the lore of heaven, under the teachings and prayers of her beloved instructor, may be gathered from another, and the last scene, through which this once glittering belle was destined to pass.

The chamber in which Ellen Loring was first presented to the reader, surrounded by the paraphernalia of the ball-room, was once more lighted—but what a change now met the eye! She, who then sat before the mirror to be arrayed in the adornments of fashion, whose vain eye gazed with unrepressed admiration on her own loveliness, and who laughed to scorn the apprehensions of her fatally indulgent mother, now lay pale and emaciated on her couch. No roses now bloomed in her damp, unbraided locks, no decorating pearl surrounded her wan neck, no sparkling ray of anticipated triumph flashed from her sunken eye. Pride, vanity, vainglory, strength, beauty—all were fled.

Come hither, ye daughters of pleasure, ye who live alone for the fleeting joys of sense, who give to the world the homage that God requires, and waste in the pursuits of time the energies given for eternity, and look upon a scene through which you must one day pass. There is more eloquence in one dying bed, than Grecian or Roman orator ever uttered.

The dim eyes of Ellen turned towards the door, with a wistful glance. "I fear it will be too late," said she, "mother, if he should not come before I die—"

"Die," almost shrieked Mrs. Loring, "you are not going to die, Ellen. Do not talk so frightfully. You will be better soon—Agnes, bathe her temples. She is only faint."

"No, mother," answered Ellen, and her voice was surprisingly clear in its tones, "I feel the truth of what I utter, here," laying her wasted hand on her breast, as she spoke. "I did hope that I might live to hear once more the voice of him, who taught me the way of salvation, and revealed to my benighted mind the God who created, the Saviour who redeemed me, that I might breathe out to him my parting blessing, and hear his hallowed prayer rise over my dying bed. But oh, my dear mother, it is for your sake, more than mine, I yearn for his presence—I looked to him to comfort you, when I am gone." Mrs. Loring here burst into a violent paroxysm of tears and wrung her hands in uncontrollable agony.

"Oh! I cannot give thee up," she again and again

repeated, " my beautiful Ellen, my good, my beautiful child."

Mournfully, painfully did these exclamations fall on the chastened ears of the dying Ellen.

"Recall not the image of departed beauty, O my mother! I made it my idol, and my heavenly Father, in infinite mercy, consumed it with the breath of his mouth. Speak not of goodness—my life has been one long act of sin and ingratitude. I can look back upon nothing but wasted mercies, neglected opportunities, and perverted talents. But blessed be God, since I have been led in penitence and faith to the feet of a crucified Saviour, I dare to believe that my sins are forgiven and that my trembling spirit will soon find rest in the bosom of Him, who lived to instruct and died to redeem me."

Ellen paused, for difficult breathing had often impeded her utterance, but her prayerful eyes, raised to heaven, told the intercourse her soul was holding with one "whom not having seen she loved, but in whom believing, she rejoiced with joy unspeakable and full of glory." At this moment, the door softly opened, and the gentle footsteps of him, whom on earth she most longed to behold, entered the chamber. As she caught a glimpse of that benign, that venerated countenance, she felt a glow of happiness pervading her being, of which she thought her waning life almost incapable. She clasped her feeble hands together, and exclaimed, "Oh! Mr. M \* \* \* \*." It was all she could utter, for tears, whose fountains she had thought dried for ever, gushed into her eyes and rolled down her pallid cheeks. Mr. M \* \* \* \* took one of her cold hands in his, and looked upon her, for a time, without speaking.

"My daughter," at length, he said, and he did not speak without much emotion, "do you find the hand of God laid heavy upon your soul, or is it gentle, even as a father's hand?"

"Gentle, most gentle," she answered, "oh! blessed, for ever blessed be the hour that sent you, heaven-directed, to guide the wanderer in the paths of peace. Had it not been for you, I should now be trembling on the verge of a dark eternity, without one ray to illumine the unfathomable abyss. Pray for me once more, my beloved friend, and pray too for my dear mother, that she may be enabled to seek Him in faith, who can make a dying bed 'feel soft as downy pillows are.'"

Ellen clasped her feeble hands together, while Mr. M \* \* \* \* kneeling by her bed-side, in that low, sweet solemn tone, for which he was so remarkable, breathed forth one of those deep and fervent prayers, which are, as it were, wings to the soul, and bear it up to heaven. Mrs. Loring knelt too, by the weeping Agnes, but her spirit, unused to devotion, lingered below, and her eyes wandered from the heavenly countenance of that man of God, to the death like face of that child, whose beauty had once been her pride. She remembered how short a time since, she had seen that form float in airy grace before the mirror clothed in fair and flowing robes, and how soon she should see it extended in the awful immobility of death, wrapped in the still winding sheet, that garment whose folds are never more waved by the breath of life. Then, conscience whispered in her shuddering ear, that had she acted a mother's part, and disciplined her daughter to prudence and obedience, the blasts of death had not thus blighted her, in her early bloom. And it whispered also, that

she had no comfort to offer her dying child, in this last conflict of dissolving nature. It was for this world she had lived herself, it was for this world she had taught her to live, but for that untravelled world beyond, she had no guiding hand to extend. It was to a stranger's face the fading eyes of Ellen were directed. It was a stranger's prayers that hallowed her passage to the tomb. The realities of eternity for the first time pressed home, on that vain mother's heart. She felt, too, that she must one day die, and that earth with all its riches and pleasures could yield her no support in that awful moment. That there was something which earth could not impart, which had power to soothe and animate the departing spirit, she knew by the angelic expression of Ellen's upturned eyes, and by the look of unutterable serenity that was diffused over her whole countenance. The voice of Mr. M \* \* \* \* died away on her ear and an unbroken silence reigned through the apartment. Her stormy grief had been stilled into calmness, during that holy prayer. The eyes of Ellen were now gently closed, and as they rose from their knees they sat down by her side, fearing even by a deepdrawn breath, to disturb her slumbers. A faint hope began to dawn in the mother's heart, from the placidity and duration of her slumbers.

"I have never known her sleep so calm before," said she, in a low voice to Mr. M \* \* \* \*. Mr.

M \* \* \* \* bent forward and laid his hand softly on her marble brow.

"Calm indeed are her slumbers," said he, looking solemnly upward, "she sleeps now, I trust, in the bosom of her Saviour and her God."

Thus died Ellen Loring—just one year from that night when Agnes followed her retreating figure, with such a wistful gaze, as she left her for the ball-room, exclaiming to herself, "Happy, beautiful Ellen," and Agnes now said within herself, even while she wept over her clay cold form, "Happy Ellen!" but with far different emotions; for she now followed with the eye of faith, her ascending spirit to the regions of the blest, and saw her, in imagination, enter those golden gates, which never will be closed against the humble and penitent believer.

A few evenings after, a brilliant party was assembled in one of those halls, where pleasure welcomes its votaries.—"Did you know that Ellen Loring was dead?" observed some one, to a beautiful girl, the very counterpart of what Ellen once was. "Dead!" exclaimed the startled beauty, for one moment alarmed into reflection, "I did not think she would have died so soon. I am sorry you told me—it will throw a damp over my spirits the whole evening—poor Ellen!" It was but a moment, and the music breathed forth its joyous strains. She was led in haste to the dance, and Ellen Loring was forgotten.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE VIOLET.

BY H. M. A.

The Violet—'tis peering through
In light and life, earth's carpet green,
A matchless flower, and bright and blue,
That modest asks not to be seen.

Chaste Viola—her calyx holds
Five petals of cerulean dye,
A pearl of dew her bosom folds,
And each are natives of the sky.

So poets sing—But stay, that Power
Who gave us being, fashioned thine—
Arise, my soul! this little flower
Speaks of the Architect divine.

Unchecked it breathes the mountain airs,
As freely sips the morning dew;
No foreign charms the beauty wears,
Those smiles, her own, are always new.

The west wind passing stoops to kiss,
Then bears her fragrance on its wings;
The bee here finds a latent bliss,
And tastes a thousand honied things.

Sweet Viola—exemplar bright, Content to bloom, and blush, and fade, Neglected—yet the true delight, Of sunny bank, and shadowed glade.

Ye fair, how long must we admire
The tightened zone—the studied smile?

Or Europe's art our bosoms fire?
Must imitative toils beguile?

A freeman's heart? When storm winds rise, And winter roars across the plain, Frost binds the earth, clouds wrap the skies, Oft bringing snow, and sleet, and rain.

But need they tyrant fashion's aid
To rifle bloom, to light the eye
For the dark grave, till youth is laid
Where hecatombs of beauty lie?

Oh! no—let midnight rest, ye fair—
Awakened breathe the zephyr morn;
While young, be radiant health your care—
Art abould improve, but not deform.

If woman's worth can manhood raise, Live, live to bless—be guardians then Of goodness—long be yours the praise, Of making lovers nobler men.

Lay Fashion's fatal toys aside,
And we will oft with joy confess,
That virtue can adorn a bride—
That nature's art is loveliness.

Live for your sex—be charming too—
Let worth awaken each desire;
If folly flies—then men.can woo,
And long adore—an no—admire.

Hartford, May, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### INTROVERSION:

#### OR, MAGICAL READINGS OF THE INNER MAN.

BY WILLIAM CUTTER.

If every man's internal care
Were written on his brow,
How many would our pity share
Who move our envy now!

WHAT an appalling thought! yet how amusing and instructive! Imagine, if you can, the metamorphosis that would take place in the great world, if that thought should be suddenly realized-if every smooth, smiling face you meet in your walks, in parties, or on 'change, should in an instant become transparent, allowing you to read, through the thin disguise, all that was passing in "the little world within." What surprising revelations would be made to us all! We should scarcely know our best friends-for the inner feeling, graven in letters of light on the heart thus unexpectedly thrown open to our view, would so contradict and belie the honied words that had just trembled on their lips, that we should be utterly at a loss which of our senses to believe. And who would not shrink from himself, to be thus exposed? If the heartlessness or treachery of supposed friends, or the deep laid cunning and cool malignity of persons regarded as indifferent, would mortify and alarm uswith what painful shuddering should we not cower and tremble under the searching glance, that should for the first time, disclose our inmost motives, and read, as in a book, the most hidden thoughts of our hearts! The idea is absolutely an awful one. I do not like so much as to write it, and I have the charity to believe, that there is not, on the face of the earth, a man or a woman-ay, a woman, who, if assured beyond a doubt that such a revelation was immediately to be made, would not, in very agony of spirits, call on the mountains and rocks to cover them. Strange that we have so little thought or anxiety about that great day when the thoughts of all hearts shall be thus revealed, and all the universe read them!

But the subject is growing serious. I said it was amusing, and it behooves me to make it out so. When I made the remark. I was not thinking of myself. I confess there would be no fun at all in showing up myself, inside out. I would rather act upon the advice of that excellent poet, Robie Burns, who cunningly says to his young friend,

"Conceal yoursel as weel's ye can Frae critical dissection; But keek through every ither man Wi' sharpened sly inspection."

It was that "ither man" that I was thinking of. Do you see him there, sauntering carelessly along on the side walk, with one hand in his pocket, and flourishing an elegant cane in the other. He is richly and fashionably dressed. He has evidently bestowed great pains upon his toilette, and there is no part of it that would not do credit to the most judicious valet, just arrived "from Paris." His hair, whiskers, beard, and moustaches are of the latest cut, and would do honour to a goat, a bear, or a polecat. He would have you think that he is perfectly indifferent, to all these matters, and to the world's opinion of them. But look there! Read what is written on

his brow. Self complacency like a peacock!—vanity that would swim a modern politician!—A love of admiration that would put Narcissus to the blush! and envy of the good smiles and good will won by others, that is absolutely consuming him like an inward fire! Poor fellow! I do pity him—though but a moment ago, I was envying him his easy grace and nonchalance. A hundred times, I have heard others remark, as he passed, "What a happy dog that must be—contented as an oyster—cares for nobody—independent as a lord—(that, allow me to say in passing, is a great mistake—a lord is the least independent man living, unless it be a king; the proper reading is—independent as a losfer)—alas! little did such shallow observers know what was in the man!

But look! there is another man just coming over the way. Short, active, bustling, irritable—he seems to have a world of business on his shoulders, and not half time to do it in. Every thing seems at stake upon the present moment. He flics from one to another, asks half a question of each, waits not an answer from either, and so drives on. What an immense business he must have! How I should like to wield his capital, and share his profits! But stay—what says that illuminated tablet on his forehead? His story is not an uncommon one—a briefless lawyer, hungry for business, and trying to secure it by making it appear that he has already more than be can attend to.

Here comes my particular friend, Henry Morton. He is absolutely the noblest fellow I ever saw, openhearted, generous, liberal, he will do any thing in the world to serve a friend. And such is his uncommon regard and affection for me, I am sure he would risk his life to save mine. It was in my power once to do him a great service, and his gratitude seems to know no bounds. I have never had occasion to call for a similar service from him before; but, being fairly "cornered" this morning, I sent to him to say that the loan of a few hundreds would accommodate me exceedingly. I have no doubt he is coming to bring it to me. "Good morning, my dear Harry, let me present you to my friend, Mr. Browreader, of Phrenological Hall. I was sorry to trouble you this morning, Harry, but was desperate short, and did not know where else to look."

"And I am very sorry, too, Edward, that it is out of my power to accommodate you. I have been greatly disappointed in my receipts, and shall have to borrow for myself, unless something more comes in. Nothing would give me more pleasure, if it were in my power to serve you. I hope it will not be so again with me, when you are in want. Good morning."

"Dunder and blixum! Did you read that brow, Charles?"

"No, I was taken up with watching the changing expression of yours, so that I had no time to look at your friend's." What did it say?"

"My friend's, indeed! Never say that again of any man. The truth telling tablet on his brow said, that he was inwardly chuckling over his peculiar good fortune, in collecting the whole of an old and doubtful debt, which had placed him in funds to anticipate all the payments of the month, so that he had made up his mind to start this evening for Saratoga and the Lakes, on a tour of recreation. But never mind that—hypocrisy is an every day matter in every circle."

Yesterday I was at the Chapel, in -- street. Directly before me, sat a venerable looking man, with a few straggling locks of long white hair carefully braided over the shining head that had lost its natural covering. My position was such that I had a full view of his face during the greater part of the service. He bore his part in it all with the utmost apparent solemnity and sincerity; and I certainly should have set him down as an admirable example of pure patriarchal piety, and warm-hearted undivided devotion, if I had not-unfortunately, perhaps, for mebeen compelled by my position to read the strange revelations of his tell-tale brow. There I saw the record of his busy soul, which was wholly given to Mammon. Ships and Voyages, Instalments and Dividends, Rents and Interest, Profit and Loss, stood out in bold relief.

"What comfortable looking, smooth-faced, smiling old gentleman is that, taking his ease in that beautiful barouche? Do you know him, Charles?"

"Yes, very well—and so do you. It is ————, the millionare, whose property has grown so rapidly during the last few years, that he has found it difficult to know what to do with it. He is the envy of half the city for his princely wealth, and his princely style of hiving."

"He certainly may be happy. He looks so easy and comfortable, I have no doubt he is so. But see the barouche has stopped for a few moments, let us go a little nearer, and see what the handwriting on the wall of his soul will reveal to us."

Strange! strange indeed! Even this man is dissatisfied and envious. At the very moment when we were admiring the air of comfort and ease with which he seemed to enjoy his splendid barouche, he was inwardly cursing himself, because he was not as rich as Astor, and resolving to leave no effort untried to rival even him.

Just as the barouche drove on, four or five dashing young fellows came up, talking and laughing very loud, and apparently in the highest spirits. You would have thought they had never known care or trouble. And, by way of a relieving shade to the singular brightness of the group, two or three half-clad, half-starved beggars stood near them, wondering how any body could be so happy in so miserable a world, and questioning the goodness of Providence in making such sad distinctions.

We approached the mirthful group, to continue our lesson in heart-reading. They were profuse and eloquent in praise of what they had done, seen and enjoyed, that day. Each seemed to vie with the others, to express, in the strongest terms, his deep and entire satisfaction with all the circumstances, appointments and results of their frolic, vowing an eternal remembrance of the day and its events. Troubled with my morning's business, disappointed in some very important expectations, I began to feel some emotions of envy, in witnessing such an exhibi-

tion of seemingly unalloyed human happiness. caught a glimpse, however, of the frontal transparency, now of one and now of another, of this merry company, my feelings and reflections were suddenly changed. We had looked upon the scene in silence, but my friend had evidently passed through the same fluctuations with myself. And when, as we passed round the circle, and read upon the brow of one " twenty dollars abstracted from my employer's money drawer"-upon another, " left at home an affectionate indulgent mother, at the point of death, and requiring my attentions"-upon a third, "an ample patrimony now wasted to the last farthing in these scenes of dissipation and debauchery"-and so upon each, some withering sentence of guilt and condemnation, and utter misery within: --- we exchanged mutual looks of congratulation, that, with all our cares and trials, our sufferings were not those of self-reproach, and a consciousness of deserved infamy.

But again our subject is getting too grave. It is not half so amusing as I imagined. My groups have been unfortunately selected, or I have read too deeply the secret lore of their thoughts. Let us try another field. There is a fashionable lady. She is fashionably made-just the air and figure to make a show in Broadway-and fashionably dressed-as perfectly so as the best mantuamakers and milliners in the city are capable of doing. She is beautiful, too, very beautiful-and young, and rich. She is intelligent and well educated, as far as the mind is concerned; and, if the education of the heart had been as carefully attended to as that of the mind, what a paragon of a woman this fresh, young beautiful girl might be! And how happy too! But is she not happy now? She has no notes to pay, no money to borrow, no delinquent debtors to dun, no anxiety about rents or dividends, bank stocks or cottons, or bills of exchange-in fine none of the ills that man is heir to. She must be happy. Let us look at the index. Alas! there is a shadow on it, long, deep and dark. It tells of disappointed love-of the young buds of affection too early trampled and crushed.

"She never told her love,
But let concealment, like a worm i' the bud,
Feed on her better purpose—"

till her worthless lover, abused her confidence, and left her to pine in a loneliness of heart, embittered by wounded pride and self-reproach, which the world of heartless worshippers about her know nothing of.

What a beautiful smile kindles about her lips as she gracefully salutes her friend, Mrs. Morris, and kindly inquires of the health of her family! The wife and the mother, though many years older, is scarcely less lovely than her young and fashionable friend. What a brilliant intelligent eye! What a rich complexion! What a musical voice! What a womanly What purity of feeling and elegrace and dignity! vation of thought! Her husband is the most elegant man in the city, wealthy, intelligent, learned, high in the confidence and respect of the people. Her children are young and happy about her, and she-surely she must be happy, too. Truly, every heart knoweth its own bitterness, and hers has begun to find that there is wormwood and gall where she least expected Her husband, her idol, is a ruined man, and the keen eye of a woman's true heart has discovered and wept tears of blood over his inevitable fall, before the world has seen ought to provoke even the whisper of slander. Di His hospitalities and popularity have destroyed him. He has tasted so often, and drank so deeply the poisoned cup, that taste and passion have taken the reins from judgment, and he loves what he once feared, and seeks in secret what he once took only as matter of form.

The pageant passes on-and here is another subject. A man about midway between youth and manhood, whom I have known intimately for some years. He is of a very light, cheerful, elastic temperament, always seemingly happy, because always looking on the bright side of every thing that is dark, gloomy, or doubtful. He has a remarkable tact for discovering a bright side where nothing of the kind would be discernible by others, so much so that some of his friends have supposed his mind must be gifted with a new faculty-somewhat like that which Plato attributed to the eye-of emitting light to see by. I confess I have sometimes been half inclined to that opinion myself, and have thought, in reference to my light-hearted, happy friend, of Moore's description of one of the daughters of men, for whom the culprit angel was suffered to entertain an unlawful passion, " walking in light of her own making." You see how bright and hopeful his countenance-how cheerful and active his mind! You would certainly suppose there was nothing about him but smooth sunny waters, nothing above him but peaceful skies, nothing before him but promise and hope! But look again. The magic tablet is illuminated, and the secret of the heart is written there. This very day, one of his most promising schemes has fallen through. He has suffered a severe, an almost ruinous loss, and he cannot yet see how he is to escape bankruptcy, and perhaps reproach? His conscious integrity, and calm abiding hopefulness will sustain him; but he is suffering inwardly what few men of his sensibility could endure.

Every body knows Sam Phillips—and here he comes, as if on purpose to afford us the very contrast we want, by which to try our philosophy. He is apparently the most vain, self-satisfied chatterbox the world ever knew. He knows every body and every body's business. He talks with the authority of a book upon every subject, spinning out into the most attenuated threads of small talk, the little he does actually know, till it is a matter of wonder to every one how it holds together. The world's opinion of him is, that he is perfectly satisfied with himself, and does not even dream that the field of human knowledge has any other boundary than the walls of his own capacious mind.

- "Good morning, Sam, what have you to-day that is strange or entertaining?"
- "Oh! the world is full of news, you know, to those who have ears to gather it up. There is a nice little scandal on foot, about a certain Rev. Doctor, and the beautiful Mrs. Jones."
  - "Indeed!-what can it be?"

"Something very serious, I assure you, and if true, it will blast their characters for ever. But as I have been admitted somewhat confidentially into their secrets, I am not at liberty to say much about it. I beg you will not expose what I have said, for it will naturally be attributed to me, in consequence of my known familiarity with the parties,"

"Never fear me, Sam, I am as tight as a chip basket."

- "But do you know much of the circumstances?"
- " More than I can stop to tell. Good morning."
- " Hold! I have a word more for you."

"Thank you; I am too much occupied for it now."

There, did you read the tale of truth on his brow, that gave the lie so pointedly to his tongue? He knows nothing of the scandal of which he claims to be the confidential depositary, but is dying to learn the particulars, that he may have something to tak about. He thought he could have wormed the story out of me, by appearing to know all about it already, and leaving me to feel that I should be divulging no secret, if I should speak to him freely about it. Perhaps the ruse might have put me off my guard, if I had not seen the magic writing on his forehead.

But, after all, in spite of my assurances and efforts, the subject will not be amusing. There is an inveterate gravity about it, that begins to look vastly like a constitutional disease. Let us get out of Broadway, and try its virtues in some more retired place.

Agreed! Here is the office of the Daily

The Editor is cyphering out the returns of late elections, and calculating the chances. Just look over his shoulder at the flaming thrice repeated hurra, with which he has commenced his paragraph. And now look at the tell tale record on his brow—" Loss, loss on every side—defeat is certain, and I—I shall lose that glorious salary which—" Poor fellow! leave him to fate.

"How are you? Bixby—glad to see you—hear you have made a glorious operation in cotton."

"Yes, yes—glorious indeed—one more such a hit, and I am fixed and can retire,"

Marginal reading on the brow—Fixed truly—in just such a fix as there is no way to get out of, but to retire into the night shade of bankruptcy.

Well now, is there no way to make a laugh out of this subject—to raise one poor smile upon the daily quarrels of the human heart, with the human face divine? Shall we go a dinner party, or to a ball room—to a wedding, or to the funeral of a rich old father.

No, no, you have given me the blues already. Let men lie, if they will, and let me believe them if I can; for the more you open my eyes to the truth, the more wretched you make me. I shall not soon forgive you the disgust you have now excited, unless you give me a brighter chapter, with a smile all over it.

#### THE HUMAN MIND.

Norming, perhaps, would conduce so much to the knowledge of the human mind, as a close attention to the actions and thoughts of very young children; and yet no branch in the history of human nature is more neglected. The pleasant and extravagant notions of the infantile mind amuse for the instant, and are immediately forgotten, whereas they merit to be

registered with the utmost care: for it is here and here alone, that we can discover the nature and character of first principles. An attention to the commencement and development of their ideas would correct many of our speculative notions, and confute most of the sentiments of abstract philosophers, respecting what they so confidently advance concerning these first principles.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### SOME THOUGHTS ON WORKS OF FICTION.

BY L. A. WILMER.

A writer whose views are generally correct, has lately published some observations on novels, &c. which, (besides being opposed to the sentiments of the majority,) are not sustained by such conclusive arguments as might have been expected from such an accomplished logician. At the outset, he takes it for granted that the sole object of the novelist should be to inculcate lessons of morality; and, if this design has been steadily pursued and accompanied by some degree of grammatical accuracy, I understand him to say that the writer of fiction has thereby attained all that is excellent in his art. Consistently enough with these views, he places Richardson in the first rank of novelists;—nay, according to this gentleman's ideas, Richardson is the nonpareil of the whole tribe.

Now, let it be acknowledged that a positive moral tendency in works of fiction is indeed a most excellent circumstance, and that immorality is such a fault as no good qualities can redeem; still it must be apparent to every one who considers the subject, that the writer of fiction is usually bent on producing a couple of entertaining volumes, and if he succeed in this, decorously and in good taste-he thinks he has done as much as could reasonably be expected from him. We know that few persons take up a novel for the purpose of receiving instruction of any kind from its pages; -- amusement is all that is sought by the reader, and, (generally speaking,) all that is intended by the writer; -and if these two parties are satisfied with each other, all interference must be considered as idle and impertinent.

If the chief design of such an author were to afford moral instruction, he would, most probably, defeat his own object :-- for his book would not pass currently among a great majority of readers, and, being but little read, it would not be likely to do much good. This gives evidence of an unfortunate state of things, it is true; -- but so it is, and it cannot be remedied. We must take the world as we find it, and act accordingly, even when we wish to produce beneficial effects. The novel of Defoe, called "Religious Courtship," and another called "Thornton Abbey," are excellent works, having not only a moral but a religious tendency:—the design of the author is apparent on every page, and, undoubtedly for this very reason, the books were never popular. If people are to be cheated into instruction, it must be done cautiously. The medicine must be well disguised; for if once detected, it becomes more distasteful than if offered in its original purity.

But the medicine has sometimes been disguised by such ingredients as made it absolutely pernicious. Novelists have, (with the evident intention to do good,) produced such works as are certainly injurious. Richardson is one of this class. His paragons, Grandison, Clarissa, &c., have that kind of perfection which every moulder in plaister gives to his Cupids and Psyches. They are intrinsically correct, and so far blameless; but they are unnatural; and thus, as images of men and women, they are intolerable. There is but little imagination or skill displayed in the delineation of such perfect characters; but the genuine artist is content with adhering to nature, and

his genius becomes conspicuous even in the represen tation of her faults. Richardson's personages are beyond imitation, and perhaps above our sympathyas they can scarcely be conceived to exist in that class of beings with which we have a community of feeling. If he succeeds in impressing the inexperi enced with a belief in the possibility of such existences, he does harm; for his pupils must be disappointed, and thus they will become disgusted with human nature, as they find it in real life. When young people begin the world with exalted notions of the human character, they are either ensuared to their ruin, or, discovering the fallacy of their expectations, they become misanthropes. This fact affords grounds for one of the strongest objections which may be brought against novels in general, and the productions of such authors as Richardson are especially liable to that kind of censure. A lady once remarked that the perusal of "Sir Charles Grandison" was the most deplorable circumstance of her life; expecting to find some counterpart to this piece of imaginary perfection, she had refused several advantageous offers of marriage, and afterwards lived long enough to repent of her folly.

As Richardson has been cited as a model, and that by a man whose opinions on most subjects are valuable, let us glance at one of this author's productions, which is probably more read in these days than any other work he has bequeathed us. I speak of "Pamela, or Virtue Rewarded." What is the moral tendency of this book, which, above all other similar works, professes to have been written for the encouragement of virtue? Many of its scenes are shocking to a mind of the least delicacy :-- it abounds with descriptions which, of all things in the world, are the last I should have suspected of being conducive to virtuous resolutions. The great point of morality on which the whole story depends is, that the heroine is at length rewarded. Rewarded!—how? Why by becoming the wife of a professed libertine, a desperately wicked fellow, who is guilty of more evil practices than a pilgrimage to Loretto would expiate; and who, even after marriage, gives good reason to suspect that Pamela does not possess his undivided affections. Titled relatives, and a large fortune sanctify every excess in this gentleman's conduct, or at least make mere pecadilloes of those offences for which, according to our views, the state's prison would scarcely be an adequate punishment. And, to show how virtue is rewarded, Mr. Richardson, after detailing the startling adventures of the gallant Mr. -, unites him in marriage to the beautiful, the gifted, the saintly, the unparalleled Pamela!-In the contemplation of this union, we detest one of the parties and pity the other. If the author could have contrived to send Mr. B. to Newgate, and then made a nuptual arrangement between Pamela and Mr. Williams, (the lover whom she jilts rather unmercifully.) the morality of the tale would certainly have been improved.

What very erroneous notions some people must have concerning the morality of certain novels!— Many works which are placed unscrupulously in the hands of young people are far more dangerous than others which are rigidly forbidden. An admired authoress of the present day has produced one book, at least, which, professing to be auxiliary to virtue, and no doubt in ended to be so by the writer, is nevertheless a very improper companion for those persons who are most likely to peruse it. The scenes exhibited in this work are altogether in high life, and present pictures of moral depravity, the originals of which can hardly be supposed to exist in any state of society. Vice of the most odious description is there represented as a general characteristic of the noble personages who figure in the history; and those only appear to be the less esteemed who are the least successful in concealing their crimes from the public. One lady, who meets with unmitigated misfortune and dies in the most unhappy circumstances, is the only innocent character in the book. And yet this work has been praised in Reviews, and confidently recommended to young readers as an excellent, and a moral performance!

The authoress just referred to, has availed herself of a privilege usurped by numerous scribblers of these times, by inserting an immense quantity of foreign words and phrases in her novel. This is one of the greatest of modern literary abominations, and for it I can think of no apology, unless it be that some sentiments and descriptions in certain books are unfit to appear in English. This fantastic habit of quotation gives no evidence of learning, for we have scraps from every language, compounded and prepared, (like imported sauces,) to be used by thousands who know nothing of their composition. Hence we are not to wonder if these seasonings are often used with ridiculous impropriety. If such ambitious writers could justly conceive the nature of their own wants, they would find one tongue amply sufficient to express all their ideas. They murder the English vernacular, and invite a host of French and Italian words to the funeral. We find that doubtful morality, bad taste, and indifferent English are all tolerated by self-constituted censors, if the author, in his title-page or preface, makes some specious pretence to establish correct principles.

On the whole, it appears that the writers of fiction, whose object, almost invariably, is to acquire present fame and pecuniary recompense for their labours, are usually not the most zealous of moral instructors. They know that among nine-tenths of the human species, pastime is preferred to either moral or mental improvement, and if they expect to succeed according to their wishes, they must please the greater number. Again ;-when the avowed and evident purpose of a novelist is to dispense useful instruction, he rarely succeeds in making a popular book; for the multitude of readers are instantly on their guard when they perceive indications of the writer's design. Their prejudices are awakened, and their approbation must then be taken by storm, if it be taken at all. Moreover; novels which are ostensibly moral, are often the reverse. This may proceed from the author's ignorance of the motives which commonly have the strongest influence on human actions. writer, in his zeal to strengthen the defences of virtue, may make extensive breaches in the citadel, to fortify one particular point, which is possibly in but little danger. Thus Richardson, while enforcing the maxim that servant girls, by strict adherence to virtuous principles, may be preferred to marry their masters, at the same time teaches his readers that un-

equal alliances are commendable, that an honest and worthy female is rewarded by marrying with a wealthy and unprincipled booby, and that the most scandalous outrages are mere trifles in the conduct of a man of fortune and family!—

For every praise-worthy object there are appropriate means of accomplishment;—moral instruction may be disseminated in many better and more efficacious methods than through the medium of fiction; or at least such fictions as, by any propriety of speech, may be called novels and romances. I should despair of meliorating the moral condition of that mind which requires to be instructed by such a process.

Without aspiring to give positive rules and precepts for our conduct in life, (in which he usually succeeds but indifferently,) the writer of fiction, in connection with his main design, which, as we have seen, is to afford amusement, may produce some results which are entitled to a higher praise than that of not being actually bad.

If a novel present just views of life, it will be most likely to be beneficial in the perusal, for virtue cannot be represented more amiable than it is, nor can vice be exhibited in colours more disgusting than the reality. History itself, in its veritable details, strongly enforces the precept, that good actions usually meet with a reward, even in this life, and that crimes seldom fail to incur their appropriate penalties. If this be the truth, then it is no disparagement to the moral rectitude of a novel, if it approximate to historical accuracy. There is no necessity for presenting unnatural characters and improbable circumstances to make a work of fiction strictly moral. It is moreover, no dispraise to an author, if his chief design be to exhibit a faithful picture of the manners of some particular age or people; if he accomplish this design, without a moral transgression, he does well. Books of this kind are positively beneficial; and these are almost the only kind of novels that are worthy of preservation, for their usefulness must be diffused through all time, while their existence is continued. works will serve hereafter to elucidate many obscure portions of history, by affording just representations of domestic habits and other minutize which are considered beneath the dignity of historical detail. A book of this sort may scarcely be called fiction—for though the story itself may be wholly imaginary, all that is important as a matter of record, the peculiarities of the people, &c., are facts. We have an instance in the "Arabian Nights," the narratives of which are the wildest coinage of fancy, and yet the portraiture of local customs is truth.

Furthermore; it is a laudable task for a novelist to unfold, decorously, the involutions and intricacies of the human heart;-thereby affording his readers that species of human knowledge which, of all others, is most excellent. I have always been of the opinion that it is a safer course to represent men as worse, rather than as better than they really are. And hence, the novels of Fielding, which contain many caricatures of human nature, I take to be less dangerous works than those of Richardson; though the occasional indelicacy of the former is a just ground for excluding them from general perusal. If we prove, by our intercourse with the world, that men are better than we expected, we are more likely to become philanthropists than if we hear good reports of them first and are unpleasantly disappointed afterwards. Besides, in the former case, we are less liable to suffer from collision with the more exceptionable portion of our species; and it is no small part of ethics to know how to take care of ourselves.

Few persons will deny that amusements may be innocent, and yet productive of no advantage beyond a mere relaxation of the mind. Should we condemn the games of Hunt the Slipper and Blind Man's Buff because they have no moral import?—And why

should we condemn a novel, which is a mere literary toy, if it serves to amuse, and is harmless? The object, in that case, is gained; and consequently no censure is merited. But if instruction be superadded, the author deserves positive praise, at least for his intentions;—though his success as a novelist, or as a teacher of morality must depend on the ability with which he executes the work.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE POET'S DOOM.

#### BY MRS. CORNWELL BARON WILSON.

YES! but end doom has e'er been read Upon the POET's mortal page! With flowers his early path is spread, But clouds and shadows shroud his age.

The love that lights the Poet's heart,
Is not the love that others feel;
From the world's creed 'tis all apart,
And oft'ner works his woe than weal.

Tis born of high imaginings!
Kindled to life by passion's fire,

And o'er earth's dross his fancy flings The golden dreams that wrap his lyre,

From the blue heav'ns his spirit borrows
Etherial forms to fill his mind,
With the pale stars his spirit sorrows
For bliss unknown and undefin'd.

And in these thoughts and high aspirings
The Poet seals his mortal doom;
Too bright for earth, those wild desirings,
Fulfilment ask—beyond the tomb!

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### BLESSINGS IN DISGUISE.

#### BY T. S. ARTHUR-AUTHOR OF "TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING."

"Ir I saw any reason in your objection, Mr. Howard, I would not hesitate to comply with your wishes; but as you have yet given none that seems to me to have any weight, I must decline subjecting myself to your humour, this morning, and call, as I intended, upon Mrs. Jervis."

"I am sorry, Emily, that an expressed wish of mine, should have so little influence over you. There was a time ——," but he paused, and was silent.

"Mr. Howard, this is unkind. I understand what you would have said. But remember, that a wife's affection is not proof against unreasonableness and mystery. You tell me that you don't want me to visit Mrs. Jervis this morning, and yet you assign no reason for your objection. I must say that, in this, you do not act towards me with the frankness a wife has a right to expect."

"It seems to me, Emily, that a wife should have so much confidence in her husband, and so much affection for him, as at once to be willing, cheerfully, to comply with an expressed wish, even though the reason for a desired action be not given. I, of course, have a reason for asking you not to visit Mrs. Jervis this morning—that reason I do not wish now to give. But I will not urge you. I see that I have miscalculated my influence."

"You seem strangely moved this morning, Henry," said his young and beautiful wife, who loved him with a pure affection. "This is the first time you have spoken so coldly and so unreasonably to me. What have I done to forfeit your confidence? Surely—"but her feelings, which had, since the last cutting remark of her husband, been struggling to overcome

her assumed indifference, now became too strong for her, and she burst into tears.

Her husband, who now saw that he had not approached her in the right way, was grieved at the effect his unexplained request, urged in a way that might be called unkind, had produced upon her. He soothed her agitated feelings in the kindest manner; still, however, leaving untouched the main question, the reason of his disapproval of her visit to Mrs. Jervis.

"But may I not go to see my friend, Mrs. Jervis, Henry," she said, with a smile, that was brighter from shining through her still tearful eyes. "Say yes, dear! for I don't want to go against your will!"

It was a sore trial for Henry Howard to say "no," to the loving and lovely creature who stood looking him in the face so expectantly. A momentary struggle ensued, as powerful as it was brief, but right prevailed.

"I cannot say yes, love; though I would almost sacrifice my life to make you happy. But I leave you in perfect freedom." He kissed her glowing cheek, and left, in the next moment, for his counting room.

Henry Howard was a young merchant, but a few years in business. He was one of the clear headed school, and always knew the exact state of his affairs. He aimed less at sudden and large profits, than at a steady and healthy increase of his business. His capital was not large, but so invested as to ensure early, and moderately profitable returns. His father, who was a sturdy old sea captain, had early placed him in the counting room of his employers, who inducted him into all the art and mystery of

merchandising. Henry proved to be a lad of industrious habits, and to have an early and clear perception of the true principles of trade. His employers, perceiving this, took great pains to give him a thorough mercantile education, not neglecting to impress his mind with the fact, that no state of a man's worldly prospects, in after life, would justify unnecessary extravagance in any thing.

Henry had been of age only a few months, when his father died, leaving him ten thousand dollars in cash. As he felt no disposition to begin business in a hurry, be invested the money in such a way as to make it accessible whenever he wanted it, and waited until a fair prospect of going into business, safely, should offer.

Such a prospect offered, in the course of the next two years, and Henry Howard opened a wholesale dry goods store in Philadelphia. Before doing so, he had entered as salesman, one of the largest jobbing houses in the city, and remained a year, without salary. By this means he acquired a general idea of the business; and became aware of the locality of the best customers.

With a general and particular eye to his business, and a thorough devotion to it, he found himself gradually gaining ground. In the mean time he had become acquainted with Emily Justin, the daughter of a shipping merchant, reputed to be immensely rich. With a lovely face, winning manners, a good heart, and a polished mind, Emily soon won upon the feelings of Henry Howard; nor were the inroads which Howard's manly form and pure elevation of character, made upon the affections of Emily, less rapid. Mutual acknowledgments of affection were, in the end, made, and the rich and beautiful Miss Justin became affianced to Henry Howard.

The wedding passed off with the usual accompaniment of brilliant parties and fashionable dissipation, into which the young bride entered with the liveliest enjoyment. When all was over, and Henry Howard found himself quietly settled down in the elegantly furnished mansion, provided for them by Mr. Justin, he began to breathe more freely again. The artificial atmosphere of fashionable life was one in which he could only be said to exist. He could not live, in the broader acceptation of the term, in such a sphere.

It was impossible for him to conceal from himself a regret, that Emily seemed to take such delight in the parade, and show, and empty vanities with which they had been surrounded for some months; but he hoped that she would soon discover, that in the quiet, healthful joys of home, there was a charm superior to all that could attract the affections abroad. He had, however, to learn the painful truth, that the artificial life which she had lived for years, had perverted her moral vision, and given her false perceptions. The continual theme of her conversation was, the light vanities which engage so much of the attention of fashionable people, and which, to Henry Howard, were peculiarly irksome. By many gentle means he endeavoured to win her from what he conceived to be a dangerous folly, and to check, in a way that she would feel, but not understand, a disposition to indulge in wild extravagance. But in all his efforts, he was pained to find himself misconceived.

A man of system, and with the habit, confirmed by years of application, of knowing all about the practical operations of his business, he could not feel satisfied in observing, that his wife considered domes-

tic affairs as something entirely below her attention. She had her housekeeper, her chambermaids, her cook and kitchen assistants, and her man-servant, to whom were resigned all the care and responsibility of household affairs. She knew as little as did her husband, when he came home from his business, what was to be served up for dinner; and never thought of consulting any peculiarity in his appetite, or of busying herself in his absence in little arrangements for his comfort. Sometimes such thoughts as the following would force themselves into his mind: " It is a little strange that Emily should not reflect, that I devote myself to business from morning until night, with patient assiduity, and as much for her sake as for my own; and that in her sphere of home, it is but right that she too should perform the duties necessary to the regulation of her household, that home may be to her husband a quiet retreat, full of comforts, arranged by the direction of the one most beloved." But he would instantly endeavour to force the thoughts out of his mind, as unkind and ungenerous towards the delicately formed, and beautiful creature who welcomed his coming with smiles so full of warm affection.

Among the female friends of Mrs. Howard, was a Mrs. Jervis, the wife of a man who had grown rich, slowly at first, but of late years rapidly, through his sagacity in taking advantage of the right moment to speculate, at a time when one half of our business men were engaged in hazardous adventures, too often resulting in sudden ruin. This Mrs. Jervis was particularly extravagant, and was always inducing Mrs. Howard to indulge in some unnecessary expenditure. She was constantly in the habit of drawing comparisons between the dress or furniture of different individuals in the circle in which she moved, and thus of exciting in the minds of those who could be influenced by her remarks, an envious desire to have something more costly, or more splendid. Mrs. Howard was weak enough to allow this woman to direct her taste, and to induce her to indulge in the most unnecessary extravagance.

Her husband was much pained at discovering the undue influence which Mrs. Jervis exercised over her. The more so, as he readily perceived that the indulgence in expensive dressing, and frequently costly changes of furniture, like every other indulgence, continued to increase; and he knew would increase, unless checked, to an inordinate and ruinous degree. How to check this desire, now became a subject that occupied much of Mr. Howard's thoughts.

While revolving these things in his mind, he was startled and alarmed, by a rumour that the credit of Mr. Justin, his wife's father, hitherto looked upon as among the richest merchants in the city, had received a powerful shock, in consequence of the failure of an extensive commission house in Lima, at a time when he had consignments to a large amount in their hands. This rumour soon assumed the form of certainty, for in a short time it became known that Mr. Justin's paper to the amount of twenty thousand dollars had been thrown out of bank, and that he was, in consequence, obliged to make extraordinary sacrifices to sustain himself. In many of his recent money operations, he had requested the name of Mr. Howard, which was, of course, cheerfully given, until he had become implicated in his father-in-law's transactions, to an amount considerably beyond his own real capital Gogle

Forced to contend with the disadvantages of a shattered credit, and not having so broad a foundation to stand upon as was generally supposed, he was compelled to yield to the circumstances that surrounded him. His failure, of course, involved Mr. Howard in responsibilities which could not possibly be met without total ruin.

Mr. Howard was not a man to be disheartened by even the very worst aspect of affairs; and like a good seaman, his first thoughts were bent on preparing to meet the storm. In this mood of mind he came home on the evening previous to the morning on which, with his interesting wife, he is introduced to the reader. He had, after a long interview with, and investigation of the affairs of his father-in-law, ascertained that his business was in a very deranged state, and that, not over seventy-five cents in the dollar could be paid, unless the house in Lima proved solvent, which was extremely doubtful. As the notes loaned to, and endorsed for Mr. Justin, had all some time to run before maturity, he ascertained, from a careful examination into his resources and liabilities for the next two months, that he could go on for about that time without difficulty. Beyond that period he did not permit himself to look.

Under the pressure of such circumstances, he came home at evening, but not to find a friend with whom he could share the burden that weighed heavy upon him. Conscious that a great change would be required in their style of living, and a great curtailment necessary in their expenses, he yet shrunk from even hinting it to one who seemed to take so much pleasure in mere show and useless expenditure.

"How glad I am that you have come home at last, Henry; why have you staid so late this evening?" said his wife as he came in.

"Business occupied me rather later than usual," said he, with a smile.

"O I am jealous of that business. It is always business—business. I declare, Henry, you will bend over your ledgers until you become a real drone. It won't do, dear, I must reform you," she continued, affectionately twining an arm round his neck, as she stood beside the chair on which he had seated himself.

Howard looked up into the sweet face that bent down over him, lit up with a ray of affection, with a quiet smile, though there was a chilliness about his heart. How could he make up his mind to rob her of a single delight.

"I take far more pleasure in attending to my business, Emily, than I should in neglecting it. It is as necessary to the health of my mind, as food is to the vigour of my body."

"That savours too much of the old Dutch counting house principles, as Mrs. Jervis would say. The fact is, Henry, I think you are rather antiquated in your notions—a little behind the age. It is all work and no play with you. And now, I remember, you have not ridden out with me once in six months. The fact is, I must reform you. But where and how to begin puzzles me."

"Which would be best, do you think," he replied, smiling, "for you to conform to my ideas of right and propriety, or for me to conform to yours."

"O, you to mine, of course," she said, with a laugh less animated than usual, for she could not misunderstand the covert consure implied in his words.

"But I vote that too grave a subject, at least the turn you have given it, for this evening's conversation, so I will change it," continued Mrs. Howard. "Mrs. Jervis told me to-day that her husband had just made her a present of a new carriage and a span of beautiful horses, as a birth-day gift. To-morrow I am going to ride out with her in it, for the first time. I expect to come home quite dissatisfied with our own carriage, and, in case such an event should occur, I now engage you to attend me in the afternoon to Howell and Vandervoort's Repository for the purpose of choosing one a little more beautiful than even Mrs. Jervis'. Of course you will be at my service," she said laughingly, tapping his cheek with her fingers.

"I cannot promise, Emily, for to-morrow," he replied, rather gravely—"I shall have much to do, and could not be away from the store without an injury to my business."

"There it is—business again. I believe you will soon have but one set of ideas, and they will all be included within the word business. Indeed, indeed, Henry, you are doing yourself injustice by such an exclusive at tention to business. Surely, we live for something else besides the dull ploddings of business, business. Of course, it must be attended to as a means of acquiring wealth, but it is paying too dear for it to devote every hour of every day to its requisitions."

The supper bell here broke in upon their conversation. At the table Mrs. Howard renewed the subject of the carriage, and seemed delighted with the idea of having one that should eclipse even Mrs. Jervis' wedding gift. It was a painful trial for her husband to listen to the almost childish prattle of his young wife, conscious all the time, as he was, that in all human probability, a reverse so complete would come in a short time, as to make their condition one of privation and great self-denial-one, that he feared, would utterly destroy in Emily's mind every thing like contentment. How could the beautiful creature before him, who had never yet had a desire within the bounds of wealth to procure, ungratified; upon whose fragile form nothing but spring-zephyrs had yet blown, endure the storms of adversity which were now gathering darkly in the horizon of his worldly prospects. Rallying his spirits with a strong effort. he maintained a cheerful temper, evading, however, as much as possible, any conversation which alluded to show and extravagance. In doing so, he could not but be painfully struck with the fact, that Emily's thoughts were interested in nothing so much as in dress, equipage, and appearance.

He found that sleep forsook him, after retiring to bed on that night. If there had been only a total wreck of all his worldly prospects, it would not have driven sleep from him an hour. But the effect the disaster would have upon his wife, troubled him more than all, and drove slumber from his eye-lids. His imagination pictured her in the deepest distress; pale and weeping, and refusing to be comforted; and with this image ever present, how could his troubled spirit sink into quietude. Before morning he had determined to begin to check gradually her disposition to extravagance by gently opposing her intended visit to Mrs. Jervis-and thus awakening in her mind some degree of concern, that would engross it to the exclusion of worse than idle thoughts. He had another reason for wishing her to suspend her calls on Mrs. Jervis. That lady's husband was involved in a considerable loss by the failure of Mr. Justin; and although he had good reasons for keeping the failure as yet a secret from his wife, he knew that no such reasons could weigh with Mr. Jervis. To have his wife tantalized and her hopes excited by a woman who knew that they could not be realized, was more than he desired to have occur. He wished the trouble, when it did come, to fall as lightly as possible upon the tender flower he would gladly shelter from the approaching tempests.

On the next morning the subject of the call upon Mrs. Jervis was again alluded to, when the rather embarrassing scene occurred which the reader has been made acquainted with in the opening of this sketch.

After Mr. Howard had gone, his wife sat for nearly an hour upon the sofa, in a state of mind that might be called painful, in contrast with any other that she had ever experienced. In spite of her efforts to repress them, the tears would steal over her cheeks, and fall, drop after drop, upon her folded hands. But as the hours stole away, her interest in the new carriage of Mrs. Jervis gradually revived, and at twelve o'clock she was ready to go out, dressed in a style of costly elegance, that but few of the circle in which she moved felt willing to imitate. Her own carriage was at the door, and she was soon whirled off at a rapid rate. Just as her beautiful equipage drove up to the elegant mansion of Mrs. Jervis, and while her servant was handing her out, the steps of a magnificent carriage were hastily put up, and in the next moment it dashed away, drawn by a pair of splendid horses in rich and glittering harness. Her eye naturally turned towards the passing vehicle, and to her surprise and keen mortification, she saw her friend Mrs. Jervis seated at the window. She did not return the nod and smile that were accorded her, but hastily retired into her own carriage, and drove home.

When Mr. Howard came in at the usual dinner hour, he found his wife in her chamber, with pale cheeks, and eyes from which the tears were not yet dried. His instant conclusion was, that she had thought his words and his manner in the morning, cold or arbitrary, and that she had felt the chill upon her young heart—that while he had been absorbed in his business, she had been weeping alone in her cruel disappointment she had met, and the mortification to which she had been subjected.

- "And what do you think was the cause of this, Emily?"
- "The cause? How can I imagine any cause for such treatment?"
- "I did not wish you to go this morning, Emily, and I had my reason for it."
- "And what was the reason, dear husband?" she asked, with an expression of alarm upon her countenance; a fearful suspicion arousing her mind.

Mr. Howard was silent for some moments, for he dreaded to make known to his wife what he knew she would learn too early. But, fearing to lose the opportunity, he at length took her hand in his, and looking steadily in her pale face, said:—

"My dear Emily, it is time for me to speak out plainly to you. A sudden and unexpected change has taken place in my affairs, which will, I doubt not, result in the total wreck of my iittle property. Such a change cannot, of course, take place, without becoming generally known among men of business. Mrs. Jervis doubtless learned the fact last evening

from her husband, and this will account to you for her conduct this morning."

Howard paused to see what effect this communication would have upon his wife. She seemed startled and confused for a few moments, and then looked him in the face with an affectionate and encouraging smile, and said—

"But my father, Henry, he is rich, and will hasten to your aid, when he learns your situation. I shall have much wealth coming to me, and it will all be yours,"

"It pains me, Emily, to dash even that hope from your mind. Your father's affairs are in as bad a condition as my own. We will go down together."

It was now that the real character of Emily was to appear. Her husband expected her to sink at once into a state of distressing despondency; and had even fortified his mind to bear up under the double trials which such an event would occasion. Such an effect was not, at least, instantaneously apparent. A great change did, indeed, pass upon her, almost in an instant. The expression of her countenance, the tone of her voice, her manner, all seemed changed. With a calm, earnest attention did she listen to a detail of the circumstances which had conspired to embarrass her husband. From a thoughtless, giddy votary of fashion, she seemed at once changed into a rational, sympathizing woman. After Mr. Howard had given her to understand fully the true position of his affairs, she looked him tenderly in the face, and said-

"Dear Henry! I am your wife still—here is no change," laying her hand upon her breast—"yes, there is a change, for you are now dearer to me than ever. Through prosperity or adversity, through evil report or good report, I am your wife, to share with you all that is good, and to bear with you all that is evil."

How like wild and strangely beautiful music did the voice of his wife thrill upon the heart of Henry Howard! How did her face shine with a new and surpassing loveliness, caught from the form of lively affections within! Could he do less than fold her to his heart as a treasure, werth more than all he was about to lose.

Light was the heart that beat in his bosom, when he returned to his store in the afternoon, and as evening came on, he felt impatient to get home again, to look upon the face of her whose countenance had changed the beauty of its expression, in correspondence with the elevation of character which so instantaneously occurred. The smile that met his return was not a glad smile. It was something more quiet, subdued, affectionate; mingling an expression of tender concern for the one whose burdens she now seemed anxious to share. There was a great change, too, in her appearance. Most of her ornaments, such as rings, and chains, and other articles of jewellery, with which she had been fond of decking her person, were removed; and in a simple white dress, she met her husband. Never had she appeared in his eyes so lovely. Never before did such a charm invest her every movement.

During the evening, Mrs. Howard introduced a subject which occupied much of her husband's thoughts—the subject of retrenchment.

"Had we not better," she said, looking him earnestly in the face, "take some early steps towards accommodating our style of living to our changed circumstances?"

"How greatly you have relieved my mind by thus alluding to a course that I feared I should have to urge upon your unwilling compliance," replied Mr. Howard, his eye beaming with an expression of pleasure that richly repaid the heart of his wife for the real sacrifice she was forcing herself to make.

"You see I have already begun," she said, alluding to her ornaments, just mentioned as having been

laid aside.

"And bravely have you commenced; may your courage not fail when the extremity comes," replied her husband, with a voice that trembled from overpowering emotion. Opposition, distress, wretchedness, and almost despair, he had expected. But of such meek endurance; such an anticipation of his wishes he had never dreamed. "May kind Providence reward you a thousand fold," he said, drawing her to his breast, while the first drops that had moistened his eyes for years, fell upon her crimson cheek.

The evening was spent in plans and arrangements for the future; and in more minute explanations of the real state of Mr. Howard's affairs, and those of Mr. Justin. Mrs. Howard listened to these explanations with deep interest, and many painful thoughts crossed her mind as she perceived that it was alone through her father that her husband's affairs had become embarrassed. And keenly did she feel for the parent, who had ever been to her the kindest and most indulgent of fathers.

One month passed away, and a great change had taken place in the internal economy of Mr. Howard's family. The splendid mansion in Chestnut street had been exchanged for a neat two story dwelling in Southwark. The beautiful carriage and horses had been sold, servants dismissed, and, with only a cook and a chambermaid, Mrs. Howard managed to get along very pleasantly. Many articles of furniture too massive for the parlours they now occupied, had been disposed of; but still every thing was neat and even elegant. Not a single one of the many dear friends who had been so fond of Mrs. Howard called upon her in her new residence, and for a time she felt keenly the heartless desertion. But the seclusion of home, passed in duties pertaining to her household, and in the society of her husband, whose real character she had never before understood, amply repaid her for all she had lost.

Time wore on, and at last the crisis came. That event, which a pierchant looks forward to with even more fear than to death, a failure, happened to Mr. Howard. The paper upon which he had placed his name was protested, and he deemed it prudent at once to call a meeting of his creditors, and make an assignment of his effects. The trusteeship the creditors placed in his hands, so entire was their confidence in his integrity; and he commenced closing up the business as fast as possible, preparatory to a division of the property.

It must not be supposed that Mrs. Howard had become at once superior to those feelings of pride which cause such deep mortification, when it is first beginning to be known in the fashionable circles that an individual has lost caste by misfortune. It was a severe trial to her fortitude to think of the heartless remarks that would be connected with her name, and the reputation of her husband. But she did not long suffer such thoughts to disturb her mind. The shock which the first announcement of reverse had occasioned, called into activity new and higher powers,

and her true character continued to become more and more developed. From a thoughtless, she had become a reflecting woman; and now that her affections were interested in right objects, she was becoming daily more and more strengthened to bear her changed condition, and received increased delight in the steady discharge of her duties.

About two months from the date of Mr. Howard's failure, at a time when he had so far progressed in the duties of his trusteeship, as to find it necessary to look about him for some new employment, in which to secure a support for his family, he came home one evening unusually serious and thoughtful. His affairs, in this time, had so far become settled as to show pretty accurately the result. Ninety cents in the dollar would certainly be paid. Thus much for his creditors. Now his thoughts necessarily turned to his own prospects. While he had a certain property upon which to calculate his future movements, he could easily decide the best way. Then he could feel secure in the present, and confident of success in the future. But it was different now. He stood alone. The most he could expect for some time to come. was a fair salary as a clerk; and with the income of a clerk, even his present style of living could not be sustained. As far as he was concerned, this would have given him no pain of mind; but his feelings shrunk from the necessity of his wife becoming involved in the practice of such close economy as would be required, and in submission to privations to which those she had already endured were light and trifling.

He could not conceal from his wife the troubled state of his mind, for she had learned to read his feelings at a glance. He did not attempt to evade her affectionate inquiries, for he knew that it would be best that she should know the worst aspect of his affairs.

"Are you certain of obtaining employment at once?" was her first question, after he had stated his present gloomy prospects.

"O yes. I have ascertained that my old employers would gladly have my services; and my salary there was fifteen hundred dollars a year, and will no doubt be at least that again."

"Then I see nothing to cause despondency," she said, with a smile so cheerful, that he felt it warming over his heart like a ray of sunshine. "Our world is now our own fireside. What need we care for all beyond it."

"But, Emily, you have never been used to the cares which such limited circumstances will bring. They will be irksome; and I fear your mind will faint under them."

"Do not fear me, my dear husband. I am in earnest when I tell you that I have known more true happiness since my banishment from fashionable life, than I ever before experienced. Nor would I wish to go back to the circle of false friends again were you richer than ever."

The last word had scarcely died on her lips, when the parlour door was suddenly thrown open, and Mr. Justin came bounding in as if wild with some passion of grief or joy. Before either Mr. Howard or his wife had time to rise, he had sprung to the side of the former, and after shaking his hand violently for a moment, exclaimed—

"Good news, my boy!—good news, I tell you!

It was all a false alarm! The house of R ——— and P ——— is as sound as any in the world. I am not ruined!—hurrah!" by

"Oh, my father! are you sure?"—said his daughter breathlessly, springing to his side, and looking him earnestly in the face.

"Am I sure, you jade? Yes I am sure. And hark'e Em', you shall have a carriage that will eclipse Madam Jervis, and live in a larger house than ever. Dy'e hear that Em'?" said the delighted old man, kissing her cheek fervently.

"I want no carriages and no fine horses, father, and care not to live in better style than now. But make haste and explain, for I am eager to know all."

"Listen to this then"—and Mr. Justin drew a letter from his pocket and read—

"'Shipped on board the brig Selina, in good order, by R——— & P———, etc., etc., ———— boxes, containing one hundred thousand dollars in Spanish Dollars and Doubloons, etc., etc., to be delivered to Mark Justin or order, of Philadelphia, United States of America, etc., etc., etc.'—

"Do you hear that? And here is another Bill of Lading for copper, to the amount of fifty thousand dollars, shipped on board the Jane. And what is better, the Selina has arrived, and the Jane is inside of the Capes. What do you think of that my boy"—said the delighted old man, slapping his son-in-law on the shoulder. "Won't we come out again with flying colours?—ha!—won't we?—ha! ha! ha!"

"Good news truly"—responded Howard. "How strange are the ways of Providence!"

It was an hour before old Mr. Justin could calm his feelings at all; and he went away late, still in a high state of pleasurable excitement.

The house of R ——— & P ——, in Lima, had temporarily suspended at the last advices, but were again in a healthy condition in a few weeks. From the date of this news, there was no arrival from the Pacific for four months, during which time.

Mr. Justin's affairs had become deranged as just stated, involving Mr. Howard in a like ruin of his worldly prospects.

One year has passed away since the night their worldly prospects so suddenly assumed a brighter aspect, and Mr. Howard is again doing a large and profitable business. We will look in upon them once more, before we take our final leave of them. Swe find them again amid the splendour and blandishments of fashion? Is Emily Howard again a worshipper at the shrine of a false god? We shall see.

How softly the light is diffused over this elegantly furnished room. How refined a taste must preside here, for every thing seems to form a part of a beautiful whole. There is nothing redundant, nothing wanting. And is that beautiful woman, caressing a smiling babe, the once gay and thoughtless Emily Howard? It is the same. And this is the neat two story brick house in Southwark, where there has been no change in the internal arrangement since it first became a pleasant retreat amid the storms of adversity. What a sweet expectant smile plays upon her face as she suddenly looks towards the door! It opens, and Henry Howard, changed only in the happier expression of his countenance, is by her side. Who will say that the lessons of adversity have not proved sweet to them. How mysterious are the ways of Providence-but how fraught with kindness are they to the children of men. That Being, whose essential nature is love and wisdom, does not bring sorrow or trouble upon any of his children, except for their ultimate happiness; and whether the individuals stand amid the rich and the proud, or with the poor and the humble, the chastening is alike for good. And with such wisdom are afflictions always sent, that few come out of them without being better and wiser.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### TAKE THE HEART.

BY J. E. DOW.

TARE the heart with feeling proffered,
Take it glowing from above;
Tis a gift most freely offered,
Offered from the fount of love.
Spurn it not, thou selfish creature,
Break it not, with guilt or scorn.
Read it, in each beaming feature;
Beautiful as summer morn.

Take the heart, that beats with rapture, When thy footsep rings along; Call it not a priceless capture,
Oh! in love, it beats how strong!
Who can tell its hidden treasure?
Who can know its sympathy?
Take it, then, thou child of pleasure—
Take it, it was made for thee.

Life is short, a weary season,
Cheerless often as the wild,
Where devoid of heavenly reason,
Roams in silence, nature's child.
But, when gentle feeling, rushing
From a warm heart, springs to thee,
Take it, even in its gushing,
Take it, in its purity.

God is Love! yes, love unmeasured,
Angels feel the glowing flame.
High in light its beams are treasured,
High above each glorious name.
Then receive it, child of sadness,
Give it an exalted sbrine;
Take it—to refuse is madness!—
To receive it—bliss divine.

Republics furnish the world with a greater number of brave and excellent characters than kingdoms; the reason is, that in republics virtue is honoured and promoted, in monarchies and kingdoms it incurs suspicion.

THERE is a time when men will not suffer bad things because their ancestors have suffered worse. There is a time when the hoary head of inveterate abuse will neither draw reverence nor obtain protection.

#### For the Lady's Book.

#### MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

#### BY MRS. R. F. ELLET.

#### HECTOR FIERAMOSCA.

HECTOR FIRRAMOSCA has obtained great favour among the novel readers of Italy. It is neither ambitious in style, nor crowded with incident; but the story, though told with simplicity, has considerable interest. It is founded on an event mentioned by Guicciardini in his history of the Italian wars; a combat between thirteen Italians and the same number of Frenchmen, in vindication of the national honour of the former, which had been impugned.

The historian gives the names of the champions, many of whom figure in the romance, as well as other personages better known to fame, such as the Grand Captain Gonsalvo, the Duke de Nemours, Victoria Colonna, and a prince of infamous celebrity, Cæsar Borgia. The hero of the "challenge," is the one who occupies the most prominent place in the book-Hector Fieramosca. He is first introduced to the attention of the reader upon a terrace near the castle of Barletta, occupied by Gonsalvo and the garrison. Inigo, a young and heroic Spanish knight, joins him and informs him of the challenge which had been given and accepted by a party of Frenchmen and Italians on the preceding night. The champions are named, and Hector and Brancaleone are despatched by Gonsalvo to the Duke de Nemoura, commander of the French troops in Naples, to demand the names of their opponents, and a free field for the strife.

On the way, the young knight relates to his friend the history of his past life; his early enlistment under Count Bosio di Monreale, his love for Ginevra, the daughter of that noble; her maiden coyness, and his separation from her in ignorance of her real sentiments; and her forced marriage with Grajano d'Asti, a recreant Italian, to save her father's life. Fieramosca had after her unfortunate marriage obtained access to her; but on attempting to repeat his visit the next morning, learned that she was seized with a mortal illness, which, before evening, terminated in her death. He thus pursues his narration:

"Ginevra lost, the world had nothing more for me. I left the house with fixed and tearless eyes; whither I went, or what happened in those first moments of anguish, I could not have remembered had not succeeding incidents fixed them in my recollection. I felt as if reason had deserted me; as if smote on the head by an iron mace, every thing swam before my eyes, and strange sounds hissed in my ears. Hardly preserving a distinct idea of what had passed, I crossed the bridge, (the dwelling of Ginevra was near the Tower di Nona,) and entered the Piazza of St. Peter.

"The affectionate Franciotto, aware, in part, of my misfortune, came to seek me, and found me stretched on the ground, at the foot of a column; I have no recollection of falling. I felt his arms around my waist, raising me from the ground, and assisting me to sit up; then, recovering a little, I perceived him near me. He began to console me with tender words; helped me to rise, and with great trouble conducted me back

to the house; unrobed and laid me on the bed, and seating himself by my side, ceased to distress me with words of consolation, which would have been ill timed.

"We thus passed the night in total silence; a burning fever had attacked me which mounted to my brain, and my excited fancy represented to me continually a figure completely armed, seated on my breast and attempting to suffocate me.

"At, last suffering nature was relieved by tears. It had struck ten\* from the castle, and the first rays of dawn were visible through the window. My sword and other weapons were hanging on the wall, at the head of my couch; raising my eyes, I saw the blue belt given me by Ginevra, many years before. This sight, like an arrow shot, opened the flood gates of my grief; my tears flowed in torrenta, and soothing and calming my agony, restored me again to life. I was able once more to listen and reply to the kind expressions of good Franciotto, and towards the evening I left my couch.

"As my composure was gradually restored, I revolved in my mind what resolution it was best to take under the pressure of a calamity so terrible; despairing at the prospect of a life consumed with sorrow inch by inch, I returned to my first resolution of dying to follow that blessed soul. Thus I resolved, and feeling as if I had gained a triumph, I

"Franciotto, who had been with me since the preceding evening, left me to return for a moment to his shop, promising to be with me speedily. Taking up my dagger, (it is the same I have now at my side,) I was about to execute my purpose, when I remembered that the burial of Ginevra was to take place that evening, and I resolved to behold her for the last time, and die near her. Dressing myself, I buckled on my sword, and taking with me my last treasure, the blue belt, left the house.

"Passing the bridge, I met the funeral procession. The Friars della Regola came two by two, and there followed other companies of holy brethren chanting the miserere; they passed by the Ponte Sisto, carrying the bier, covered with a pall of black velvet. At this sight I lost not my self possession, but with the thought that, if not in life, we should be at least in death united, that we were bound on the same journey, and that one chamber should receive us both, I followed full of sad joy, leaving the world behind, and careless whither I was led. We passed Ponte Listo by Trastavere, and entered into Saint Cecelia.

"The bier was deposited in the Sacristy, where is the tomb of the son of San Francesco Romana; I stood at one side leaning against the wall, while the brethren were chaunting their last hymns over the corpee. At last the vault resounded with the mournful music

\* The Italians of that period reckened twenty-four hours by the clock, commencing after the ave Maria; so that the hour of ten, at that season of the year, struck between four and five in the morning, according to our mode of calculation. of the 'Requiescat in pace.' They all departed in silence, and I remained alone in the gloom; there was no light save the lamp burning before the image of the Virgin. I heard from the distance talking and the footsteps of those who were going out. Then the hour of night struck, and the sexton passed through the church, shaking his bunch of keys and making ready to close the doors. Passing near me, he perceived me, and said, 'I am going to shut the doors,' I answered, 'I will remain.'

"He looked at me, and with the air of one who recognises another, said,

"'You are the Duke's man? You are somewhat too eager. The door shall remain half closed, and since you are here, it is none of my doings.' Then without saying more, he went out.

"I gave him little heed, yet those words startled me, and I knew not if he or I was dreaming. What Duke? what half closed door? What could the poor man mean? I pondered on it; but incapable of reasoning at that moment, I returned to my first determination, and after a brief space, all around being quiet, approached the bier shuddering with awe.

" Having removed the pall, and drawn my dagger, which was sharp and strong, I applied my strength to force open the coffin; with great pains I raised the heads of the nails, but finally succeeded so far that I was able to lift up the lid. The fair corpse was enveloped in a shroud of the whitest linen. Anxious before death to look once more upon that angelic face, I knelt down, and carefully unfolded the drapery that concealed her. As I turned aside the last fold, I saw the countenance of Ginevra; it seemed that of a waxen statue. Trembling all over, I stooped my forehead to hers, nor could I refrain from kissing her cold lips. The lips gave a slight tremor! I was ready to swoon with agitation. 'Can thy mercy, omnipotent God!' I cried, 'do so much!' I placed my fingers on her wrist-the palpitation I felt took away my breath. The blood flowed in her veins-Ginevra was alive!

"Judge of my bewildering sensations, finding myself alone at this juncture. Should her senses, I
thought, return in so doleful a place, fear will destroy
her! I knew not what to do; I raved; I turned,
with arms extended towards the Virgin, and prayed;
'O, mother of God! permit me to save her, and I
swear by thy divine Son, my thoughts shall be only
turned to good! I pledge a solemn vow never to
seek from her aught contrary to virtue, if I succeed
in restoring her to life; and to abandon for ever the
thought of slaying her husband! (for that project had
till then been fixed in my soul, and I had continually
sought means for its execution.)

"Franciotto, who, as I told you, had left the house, in returning, saw me going towards the bridge, and in part guessing the truth, ever fearing, as he said afterwards, some desperate act on my part, had followed me secretly. He sought not to speak with or disturb me, knowing well my condition was not to be remedied by counsel, but by solid aid when there should be need. He entered with the others into the church, and remained hid in an obscure corner; had approached me, was about to seize my arm when he saw me lay hand on my dagger, but stood still when he saw my only object seemed the opening of the coffin; and only when I needed him, did he discover himself. I heard his footsteps as I ceased praying; I turned and saw him near me; prostrate I embraced

his knees as one who had given me two lives at once, as an angel sent from heaven to my aid. Then we considered how most gently and without delay we could remove the lady. At last we took the velvet pall that covered the bier, and turning it on the wrong side, that reviving she might not perceive the funeral vestment that served her as a bed, and arranging the shroud which enwrapped her in the best manner possible, with great care we lifted her from the coffin, and softly placed her on the temporary litter.

"The unfortunate lady had not opened her eyes, but broken sighs burst from her bosom. Franciotto searching among the closets found, by good chance, some of the wine used in the celebration of the mass, and administered a few drops to assist in restoring animation. Then we raised the litter, and bore her from the church, taking the way by San Michel to Ripa, where lay the boats."

A body of armed men was seen to enter the church just after they left it, and a leech whom Hector and his friend got into their boat and forced to a confession, acknowledged that he had been ordered by Duke Valentino, (Cæsar Borgia,) to declare the death of Ginevra to her family, Valentino having administered to her at supper a medicated wine, which had the power of throwing her into a death-like lethargy. The Duke was to take her from the church while in this trance, but his minions were disappointed, finding the coffin open and the victim withdrawn from their power.

The lady recovers and retires into a convent, where Hector visits her as her brother. Thus two years passed, till war was rekindled between the French and Spaniards; when the life he led seemed to Fieramosca unworthy of a soldier and an Italian. He resolved to enter into service under the Grand Captain Gonsalvo, and they consequently embarked from Messina, their place of refuge hitherto. On the passage to Manfredonia, a romantic incident bestows on our hero another female companion.

"It was a cloudy day in the month of May; and our vessel, propelled by two sails and twelve oars, flew over a sea smooth as glass. At noon we perceived behind us four ships; they fired and ordered us alongside. We would have escaped, and could have done so as the wind was in our favour; but apprehensive of the injury their arms might do us, we determined to obey.

"They were Venetian ships on the way from Cyprus, conducting to Venice Catherine Cornaro, the queen of that island. When they discovered who we were they did us no harm, and we pursued our voyage behind them. At night the mist grew denser; and we esteemed it fortunate to have fallen in with those who could serve us as guides through the

"It was near midnight. Ginevra slept; two men only were on foot to regulate the sails and steer the vessel; but even they were soon overpowered by drowsiness. I sat at the prow, absorbed in varying thoughts. Suddenly I thought I heard on the deck of the queen's ship which preceded us about half a bow shot, hurried footsteps; I heard a suppressed whispering, but in agitated and angry tones; listening attentively, a female voice mingled with the others, and seemed to implore mercy; then followed means, then a stifled noise, as if of suffocation. At last, a plunge into the sea as of a body; I rose in haste, and

straining my sight, thought I saw something white fluttering on the surface of the water; I leaped into the waves, and in four strokes reached the spot, snatched the border of a floating garment, and securing it between my teeth, swam back to my vessel, bearing the body with me. My men had been roused by the noise; they helped me to ascend the boat's side, and drew up the body. It was that of a young female, half dressed, her hands tied by a cord; she gave no sign of life. By the help of restoratives, at length she revived."

Who was the lady so miraculously rescued from the waves we have no account. She chose to give no history of her life, and all that we learn of her is that she was born in the East, and was probably a Saracen, besides being "the most gentle and affectionate creature in the world." She remained from that day with Ginevra, and the two ladies are received into the convent of St. Ursula, where, from its vicinity to Barletta, then the abiding place of the troops, Fieramosca could visit them frequently.

The combatants on the side of the French are appointed; among them is Grajano d'Asti, the husband of Ginevra, whom Hector is surprised at meeting in the camp of the Duke de Nemours.

There is a diversion of interest in the description of Cæsar Borgia, whose arrival at the inn is mentioned in the first chapter; his messages to Michel, about whom hangs a tale of horror and revenge, and the manœuvres and apparent zeal of the latter in the service of his master, are detailed with spirit, and furnish some amusing scenes. The object of Borgia in coming to Barletta is to obtain possession of Ginevra, against whom he has vowed a horrid revenge for her former slight of his offered love, and whose retreat he at length discovers through the agency of Michel.

Meanwhile Ginevra, in her convent on an island near the town, where she resides in peaceful seclusion with Zoraida, feels continual remorse for her flight with Fieramosca, and her involuntary abandonment of her husband; and resolves to escape as speedily as possible from the temptations that beset her in the society of her lover, to rejoin Grajano, whom she had never loved, but to whom she feels herself bound by the ties of duty. There is a suspension of hostilities between the French and Spaniards, and Gonsalvo invites the Duke de Nemours and his knights to a feast and tournament given in honour of his daughter Elvira. Fieramosca relates these occurrences to the two recluses at the island, and so vehement a curiosity to witness the tournay is excited in the mind of Zoraida that with the help of the gardener she leaves the convent privately and repairs to the place prepared for the contest. The chivalry and beauty of both nations are assembled to witness the festivities; Donna Elvira, a young and beautiful maiden, with her friend Victoria Colonna, takes her place in the balcony, attended by Fieramosca, whose graces and gentle demeanour make no slight impression on the heart of the Spanish girl. The description of the bull fight, a spectacle then much in vogue among the Italians, and the contest between the bull armed with mail and Diego Garcia is graphically described; then follows the tilt, at the close of which Grajano d'Asti is declared victor of the field, and receives the prize from the hands of the lady Elvira. At the return of Zoraida she gives Ginevra an account of the festivities, but is wholly unable to account for the surprise and emotion of the latter at the name of the conqueror. Convinced that her husband, of whose existence she had hitherto been uncertain, is alive and in Barletta, Ginevra forms the resolution of flying to him at once; vows to the Virgin that she will leave the convent that night, to throw herself on his forgiveness, whom she had unwittingly injured; and impatiently waits for evening that she may execute her purpose. Meanwhile a scheme is matured between Martin and Boscherino to seize her in the convent and deliver her into the hands of Valentino; this plan, however, is overheard by Petraccio, a person whose episodical story, by the way, is touching and interesting, and who resolves to give warning to Hector in time to prevent the consummation of this villany.

The noble guests dine at the castle, and the description of the banquet is so picturesque, that we must extract a portion of it.

"Gonsalvo, seated between Victoria Colonna and the Duke, placed his daughter at the right hand of the French general, Hector being seated on the other side of her. His courteous manner towards the lady Elvira had been such throughout the day as to produce a strong impression on the susceptible maiden; and seated near each other at table, a lively conversation was maintained between them, till by degrees the brow of the Italian became clouded, and his answers hesitating, and at random. Donna Elvira cast furtive and doubtful glances on him, mingled with impatience, till she perceived him grow paler, and fix his eyes on the ground as if absorbed in thought. She would fain have persuaded herself that she was the cause of his abstraction; the thought rendered her more indulgent to his mood, and she also ccased to speak; so that both remained long in silence amid the festive gaiety of the rest of the company. But the poor maiden flattered herself groundlessly; the cause of Fieramosca's change of manner was occasioned by an accident. From the place where he sat, opposite one of the large windows of the hall, open on account of the warmth of the season, he saw through the casement the bosom of the sea, and Mount Gargano tinted with the bright blue, which robes mountains at noon when the air is limpid and serene; he saw rising from the waters the island and the convent of St. Ursula, and could even discover like an obscure point in front of the pile, the balcony of Ginevra, under the vines that shaded it. Over the celestial beauty of this picture a shadow of gloom was cast-the dark figure of Grajano who sat between him and the window.

"The light that streamed into the apartment heightened his complexion and the expression of his features. Thinking of the man who sat before him, Fieramosca grew moody; well for him he knew not the strait in which Ginevra then was! precisely at that moment she had passed into the church, and confirmed her resolution to leave her asylum for ever.

"In the confusion of a numerous company little heed was given to Hector and Elvira; but Victoria Colonna, in whose mind suspicion was awake, observed with anxious brow and attentive eyes the movements of the cavalier and her friend, for whose peace she could not but tremble. While all parties were thus occupied, the several courses of the feast appeared, displaying profusion and variety agreeable to the taste of the age. Before Gonsalvo was a large peacock with his starry train spread, surrounded in the same dish by smaller birds, that seemed to

stand gazing at him, all filled with rich spices and aromatic drugs; at different distances rose enormous pasties, two or three feet high, from which, at a signal given, the covers were lifted by unseen aid, and from the interior appeared as many dwarfs, strangely attired, who distributed the contents with silver spoons, and flung flowers on the guests. Among other devices was a small wild boar, which seemed assailed by the spears of hunters formed of paste; hunters and game were soon distributed among the revellers. Towards the close of the banquet, four pages entered the hall, clothed in red and yellow liveries, bearing a plate on which lay an enormous fish. They placed the dish before Gonsalvo, while all admired the size of the fish and the ornaments about it; its back being surmounted by a mythological figure of a naked youth with a lyre in his hand. The Grand Captain turning to the Duke de Nemours, presented him a knife entreating him to open the mouth of the fish.

" As the Duke opened, there flew out a number of doves, that took flight through the hall, seeking egress from their prison. This piece of sport was received with marvellous glee by the company; but as the doves lighted here and there, they perceived that from the neck of each hung a jewel, and a paper on which a name was written. Perceiving the fanciful and elegant manner in which the liberality of the host had shown itself, there ensued no little strife to secure the birds, and whoever caught one, reading the name, with great exultation presented it to the

person for whom it was designed.

"Fanfulla pursued one of the doves, and perceiving that it bore the name of Donna Elvira, redoubled his efforts to be able to present her the gift. Having secured the bird he advanced, and kneeling on one knee, offered it to her, with a splendid clasp of diamonds, suspended around its neck. The lady received the gift with grateful courtesy; approaching it to her face, as if to caress it, the wings of the fluttering bird discomposed the fair ringlets on her brow, and tinged her cheek with a deeper crimson.

"But Fanfulla could not see without envy and anger, that after having attentively examined the jewelled clasp, and praised its splendour, she turned to Fieramosca, and giving him a golden pin, begged him to fasten the buckle on her bosom. who was near, advanced to render her this service; and even Hector, aware of the indiscretion of her request, was about to give up the pin; but Elvira, capricious and self-willed as an over indulged child, stepped between them, and said to Fieramosca with a smile that concealed some pique,

" Are you so used to handle the sword, that you disdain to touch an humbler instrument? Italian could do no more than obey; the Colonna turned away with displeasure on her noble and beautiful features; and Fanfulla looking a moment at Hector, exclaimed:

" It is well others sow, and you reap!' he then passed from the spot, muttering as if he had been alone in the street, and not in the midst of a crowded assemblage.

"The presents of Gonsalvo were not confined to the ladies: he had also thought of his French guests; the Duke and his Barons received rich gifts of rings, and ornaments of gold, &cc., designed to wear in their bonnets or about their persons. The magnificence of the Grand Captain displayed in this banquet, was not without design; he wished to show his enemies

the amplitude of his means, no less to supply the wants of his people than his present courteous pro-

" The Duke de Nemours, according to the custom of his country, then rose, and taking up his goblet, turned to the lady Elvira, and prayed her to accept him henceforward as her cavalier, saving his obedience due to the most Christian King. The damed accepted his service and answered courteously; after other healths were drank, Gonsalvo rose, and, followed by all the guests, went out upon an open gallery that overlooked the sea, where the remaining hours of the day were passed in conversation.

"The greater part of the time, Elvira and Fieramosca were together. The youth scarce found himself a moment from her side; for if he left her to mingle with the company in some other circle, she was again in a few minutes near him. Hector, too discerning not to perceive this preference, from a sentiment of honour avoided encouraging it; but could not appear discourteous, influenced by deference to Gonsalvo's will, and the gentleness of his own nature. Many observed their movements, and smilingly whispered among themselves. Fanfulla, piqued at the affair of the dove, was vexed to see his companion in such favour, and when he approached him, took occasion to say, half in jest and half in anger, 'You shall pay me, at all events, for this!""

To those of our readers who are unacquainted with the details of a ball in the beginning of the sixteenth century, some account of the concluding festi-

vities may not be uninteresting.

"Two o'clock in the evening\* had struck, when the amusements of the theatre being over, the company returned into the hall where they had dired, which, altered in its decorations, shone with numberless lights from wax torches in huge candlesticks, and from a vast chandelier hung from the vaulted roof. The orchestra, as during the dining hour, was in an open gallery around the walls, about two thirds of the way from the floor to the ceiling; besides the musicians, who occupied one side, there were in it all sorts of people, of the lower grade, who wished to be spectators of an amusement in which their rank did not suffer them to take part.

"Gonsalvo, with his guests and the ladies, seated themselves on a carpet spread where the banners hung from the wall, and the Duke rising as soon as the ball was filled, requested the honour of Donna Elvira's hand to begin the dance. When it was over, and the maiden conducted to her seat, Fieramosca, desirous also of showing courtesy on this occasion, came to offer her his hand, praying excuse beforehand for his own unskilfulness. The proposition was accepted with evident joy; several other couples joined them, Fanfulla among the rest, who, not fortunate enough to obtain the hand of the lady Elvira, had provided himself a partner among the ladies of Barletta, and in the mazes of the dance found himself frequently close to Hector and his fair companion. The eager attention with which he observed her every action and movement, did not reward him by informing him of aught grateful to his feelings; in the timid glances of the young girl might be read her emotion at every look of her partner; and the sound of the music, the giddy whirl of the dance, and the frequent touching of hands which the changes of position

\* Between eight and nine, according to modern computa-

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rendered necessary, had wrought the feelings of the daughter of Gonsalvo to a pitch of excitement that could scarcely be repressed. Her state of mind was equally evident to Hector and Fanfulla; the former was grieved at it—the latter incensed; he continued with whispered words or meaning looks to molest Fieramosca, who not relishing such raillery, preserved a serious countenance; his melancholy interpreted by the Spanish maiden in her own manner.

"At length, Donna Elvira, with that adventurous imprudence belonging to her character, seizing a moment when her partner held her hand, leaned towards him, and whispered—'When the dance is over, I shall walk on the terrace that overlooks the sea; be there, for I wish to speak with you.'

"Fieramosca, unpleasantly surprised at these words, merely nodded assent with countenance slightly changed, and uttered not a word in reply. But whether that the damsel lacked caution in not lowering her voice sufficiently, or that Fanfulla stood too much on the watch, he also overheard the whisper, and cursed in his heart the fortune that favoured Fieramosca."

The persecuted hero has nothing better to do than retire precipitately from the ballroom, availing himself of the excuse of a headache, one of those pleas which our author informs us, served on similar occasions in the sixteenth as apily as it does in the nineteenth century.

"The young cavaliers who took part in the dance, according to custom and to avoid inconvenience, had thrown aside the mantles that usually hung from their shoulders, and deposited them in an adjoining apartment, remaining for the most part simply attired in white satin. Fanfulla and Hector both wore this dress, and were alike in stature and proportions; their mantles only were different; Fieramosca wore blue embroidered with silver; that of Fanfulla was scarlet.

"Hector found Diego Garcia (master of the ceremonies,) and prayed him to present his excuses to Gonsalvo and his daughter, he being compelled through indisposition to retire; he then hastened to the next apartment to don his mantle; but on crossing the threshold, at a moment when the crowd was not great, no one being near him, he felt a light touch on his shoulder, as if occasioned by something falling from the ceiling, and, at the same instant, a folded paper fell at his feet. Looking upward, he saw no one, nor did any seem to be observing him. He was about to pass on; then stooped and picked up the paper; unfolding it, a stone was found within, placed there merely for the purpose of giving it weight. On the paper was written in large and scarcely legible letters-' Madonna Ginevra is to be stolen from St. Ursula this night, by order of Duke Valentino, as the bell strikes three. He who gives you this information, awaits you, with three companions at the castle gate, and will be known by a javelin in his hand.

"A cold shudder ran through the knight's frame as he read and remembered that half past two had already sounded from the clock of the tower; pale as a man, who wounded unto death, makes his last steps forward as he is about to fall, with the swiftness of thought he sprang to the door and down the staircase, without mantle or hat, striking with amazement all who saw him, and hastened to the spot pointed out; the arch of the entrance was dark; but

as he gazed, breathless with haste and anxiety, he saw, leaving the wall, against which he had been leaning, a man with a javelin in his hand."

He departs in haste to rescue the lady, with Brancaleone and Inigo, who had followed him at a distance; meanwhile,

"Fanfulla, to whom chance had revealed the secret of Donna Elvira, was resolved to profit by it, but could not hit upon the method, till seeing his favoured rival rush out in so much haste, without hat or mantle, a mad thought entered his brain, and he who never hesitated at the gratification of a moment's caprice, resolved to put it in execution.

"Watching the daughter of Gonsalvo, he had seen her when the dance was concluded, depart for the balcony, and knew she could not be aware of the departure of Fieramosca. He ran quickly to the apartment where the mantles were left, which had all been resumed by their wearers, with the exception of his own and his friend's. Hector's velvet cap, surmounted by flowing plumes, he placed on his head so that the plumes overshadowed his face; threw the blue mantle on his shoulders; and none who saw his figure could have doubted that it was Fieramosca himself. Thus he passed through the crowd quietly to the balcony, where there were no lights—the gloom only dissipated by the splendour within the hall; many boxes of fruit disposed tastefully around, contributed to darken the place, so that concealment was easy from those who came from the dancing room. When the young man entered, he saw that the balcony was solitary, and advancing cautiously beheld Donna Elvira seated near the parapet overlooking the sea, her elbow resting on the iron bar; supporting her head with her hand, she was gazing at the heavens.

"The moon was obscured by driving clouds at the moment; Fanfulla knew that if he did not seize the instant, her returning light might discover him, and approached so gently that the lady was not aware of his presence till he was close to her. When she turned her head to look at him, the youth bending gracefully in act of reverence knelt on one knee at her feet and taking her hand raised it to his lips; thus concealing his visage so completely that the daughter of Gonsalvo dreamed not of doubting that Fieramosca was before her.

"She attempted to withdraw her hand, but it was retained with gentle violence; the maiden's fancy was capricious, and it may be easily credited that finding herself alone with the knight, she should experience some timid remorse for having invited the encounter, or fear blame should she be discovered there by her father, or her severer friend.

"A breath of wind wasted the cloud from the sace of the moon; a slood of clear light sell upon the spot, and on the brilliant attire of Fanfulla and Elvira. Perhaps neither of them perceived it, but a thrilling shriek in a semale voice, that came from the water at the bottom of the terrace, startled them suddenly, and recollecting that others from the ball room might be drawn by alarm to the spot, they hastened to reenter the hall by different passages, where the sew persons who had heard or heeded the mysterious cry, took no notice of them. The first shriek had been followed by another more feeble, half smothered in the throat of the sufferer, and was succeeded by a noise as of a human body salling on the bottom of a boat; but the balcony was deserted; within all were

intent on festivity, and none troubled themselves about the unfortunate being who thus implored help."

While these things were happening at the castle. the boat that carried Fieramosca and his companions. urged onwards by seven strong men, flew over the waters towards the island of the convent. They meet a boat guided by a single person, on the way towards the city, but Hector's impatience will not permit them to pause and examine it, though had he done so, future misfortunes might have been averted. They encounter Michel and his crew carrying off a lady, and rescue her, after a short contest, in which Hector is slightly wounded. He uncovers the lady's face, it is Zoraida! Tortured by his uncertainty respecting Ginevra's fate, he hastens to the island, and ascending the staircase, seeks her in her chamber, but she has disappeared, and the whole island is in a state of the most profound quiet. Fieramosca finds himself sinking from the effect of his wound, which was from a poisoned dagger; feeling his strength fail, he despatches his companions to the town to search after Ginevra, while he is taken in charge as a patient by the skilful and assiduous Zoraida, who possessed, like other eastern maidens, some knowledge of medicine. In the midst of his agonizing anxiety, his pain is increased by the remembrance of the approaching combat, to which he is pledged in common with the other champions, who were all bound by a solemn yow not to expose themselves to any risk or wounds, lest their default should bring shame upon Italian valour.

"I am disgraced for ever! The challenge! Zoraida—the challenge! it wants but a few days, and I am reduced to such a pass that I shall not be able to bear arms in a month. O God! for what great sin is this wound fallen upon me?"

"The damsel knew not how to answer to this speech, but rather than of what pertained to battles she thought of the present danger of him who was so dear to her; danger which her experience convinced her was every moment increasing. The moment of intense excitement was followed by a lethargy; he sank back, his head reclined on the pillow; the veins of his neck appeared convulsed, and Zoraida looking at the wound, found the appearance of inflammation much increased."

The fever produced by the poisoned wound mounts to his head, and after raving deliriously awhile, fancying his gentle nurse now transformed into the likeness of La Motta, now into that of Grajano, and Valentino, and calling franticly upon his lost Ginevra, the unfortunate knight sinks into insensibility.

We are next introduced to Borgia, alone in his chamber, in the lower part of the castle. He receives a characteristic letter from Pope Alexander his father, which makes us shudder at the cold atrocious villany in the characters of both. He falls asleep on his couch; his dream presents to his mind the phantoms of a guilty conscience, and is vividly described. The bell strikes three; the hour appointed for the wicked attempt of his agents; Borgia hears the same shrick that had startled Elvira and Fanfulla on the balcony, and finds that it proceeded from a small boat that has floated within reach. He finds in it the insensible body of a female and carries her into his room. It is Ginevra, who had set out alone on her flight from the convent, to seek her husband; the exultation of Valentino at finding his victim placed in his power by so unexpected a chance, is unbounded,

"At length, a profound sigh burst from her bosom, lifting the drapery that covered her. She opened her eyes for a moment, and immediately closed them opened them again, and again, then fixed them step of the face she saw above her. But she saw it only with her outward sense, the mind received midea from the sight; nor could her eyes remain long fixed on that hateful countenance. She turned them away with a languid motion that would have excited compassion in any one else. As her senses gradually returned, the first thought that struck her was the recollection of Fieramosca on the terrace, at the feet of Donna Elvira.

"O Hector!' cried she, faultering, 'then it was true, and I am betrayed by thee!' and pressing ber clasped hands on her eyes and brow, she paused; the lip of Borgia, at that name, was curled with a maingnant smile.

"Ginevra then recollected that she should be in the boat, and lifting herself on her elbow with intento rise, felt the bed beneath her, gazed around her terrified, and seeing the Duke, uttered a cry which was stifled by his hand, as he, grasping her throat, compelled her to lie down again.

would waste your bleath; I am very glad to have found you, and will save you the trouble of a journey at this hour. You did not seek me—eh! What would you?

"His victim heard these words with a shudder that took away her breath. Not having seen the Duke for a long time, she did not recognise him; but her horror arose from some confused reminiscence connected with that face. Conscious of her helplessness, she only said, 'Signor, who are you? Have compassion on me! Let me go—'

"" Dost remember, Ginevra, in Rome,' said the Duke, 'what thou didst to one who loved thee and would have poured at thy feet miracles of gifts and caresses! Dost remember that thou heapedst on him what would have been insults to a stable boy! that thou didst laugh to scorn his love, didst spum his proffers, didst robe thyself in a pride too loity even for a queen? Know'st thou him? I am he. Know'st who I am? I am C.ESAR BORGIA.'

"That name fell like a mass of lead into the heart of Ginevra, to stifle every hope; she, therefore, without reply, looked at the Duke, trembling, as she would have regarded a tiger that had her in his claws, whose fury she could never hope to soften by words.

"'Now you know me,' pursued the Duke, 'think if you can hope compassion from me. Yet I can bend myself to forego the vengeance I can and ought to execute. But with a compact, Ginevra; that is reasonable.'

"These words could not but awaken in the bosom of the unfortunate lady a spark of hope, and with clasped hands, striving not to show in her face the horror she felt, she besought him, as worshippers beseech the cross, not to oppress a woman already too desolate and unhappy.

"I implore you, Signor, by that day in which even you, though so powerful on earth, must stand a naked soul in the presence of the Judge Eternal! If there was ever woman dear to you, say, if in strange hands she besought mercy in vain, if your mother, if your sister were in my strait, imploring and imploring vainly, would you not cry for vengeance to heaven, against those who wronged her?"

Digitized by GOGGI

"These words, associating the idea of virtue and honour with the names of Vannozza and of Lucretia Borgia, moved somewhat the laughter of Valentino. His smile was a horrible one, which increased the fears of his victim; yet she continued her prayer, her voice faltering, so that it was difficult amid her sobs to distinguish her words. 'I am a wretched woman, what good, what glory can a mighty lord like you find in revenge on me? Who knows that a moment may not come, when the remembrance of mercy shown to me shall be as balm to your soul? to paint all the woe, the anguish, the desperation of the hapless lady, in finding herself in so terrible a strait—to describe her tears—her prayers—and, finally her frantic shrieks and maniac imprecations, would be impossible, and would offer to our readers a picture too horrible. Enough to say—her doom was fixed and irrevocable."

Michel arrives unsuccessful in his enterprise, accompanied by Pietraccio among his companions. They depart in the boat; Borgia with them, Pietraccio in revenge for the death of a mother, attempts the life of the infamous Duke; but is slain by his hand and thrown overboard. Heaven has reserved to a more distant period the punishment of this demon in human form. Meanwhile Inigo and Brancaleone return to the castle, and relate all that has happened to Gonsalvo; search is made for the hapless lady, who is at length discovered in Borgia's chamber.

"Ginevra was lying in a species of lethargy, induced by her unparalleled sufferings; an entire prostration of all strength; she could not be said to be insensible, nor yet conscious; if an arm was moved, or her head, she suffered it passively, and seemed not to notice it. Her eyes opened naturally, but they were lustreless, and moved about without looking at any thing. Victoria Colonna saw that her condition though it seemed calm, was the more alarming; that there was not a moment to lose; and dismissing the men, summoned her women, who brought spirits and cordials, that restored in a short time the life apparently ready to be extinguished.

"The first sign she gave of returning sense, was in gazing about her a moment with a terrified air, then springing eagerly from the bed in the attempt to fly; but her weakness was so great, she would have fallen had not the arm of Victoria supported her, and with gentle force drawn her to the couch.

"'O God!' cried she, at length, 'and you also? You seem to me a noble lady; you are young and fair; yet will you not have pity on me?'

" Believe me,' said Victoria, taking her hand and touching it with her lips, we and all who are in this castle, are at your service, to aid or defend you; compose yourself for the love of heaven; you must fear no one here.'

" Well, if it is so,' said Ginevra, starting again from the couch, 'let me—let me go!'

"Victoria believing that her desire of flight arose from vacillation of mind, seeing her so weak and so disordered, would have persuaded her to have patience; but her horror of the place had become a madness, and she continued weeping— Madonna! for the love of God and the holy Virgin, I ask nothing more than to be removed from this place! throw me into the sea, into the flames, but take me from this place! It shall be little trouble I will give you—a draught of water, for I am burning with thirst—and let me speak a few words with Fra Mariano of San

Domenico-let us go-let us hasten from this place.

She is removed to another chamber, confesses to the priest, and relates the cause of her misfortune, her agitation at seeing Hector at Elvira's feet. Under the pious counsel of the good father, she gradually conquers her earthly feelings so far as to forgive her unconscious rival, and desires to see her. Victoria summons the young lady from her bedchamber, to which she had just retired, not at all pleased with her evening's amusement—to the side of the dying.

"The beauty of the lady Elvira had never been so striking even when her dress was arranged with the most ostentatious care, as it now appeared in the disorder that suffered her long golden tresses to float unconfined over her neck and shoulders. Fra Mariano dropped his eyes; and poor Ginevra on seeing her, felt an internal shudder, and breathed a sigh to which the good priest could not refuse compassion. The three females thus remained silent for some minutes, after which, Ginevra, raising herself a little, said.

"Signora, you will wonder why I have been so bold as to disturb you, not knowing, or being known to you; but all is pardoned to one in my condition. I must ask your permission before speaking more openly; may I speak freely? Whatever your answer may be, it will shortly be buried with me in the grave. Shall I speak in presence of this lady, or would you rather we were alone?

"'Oh,' answered Elvira, 'this is my most intimate friend; who loves me better than I deserve; therefore say on, cara mia signora, I have come to hear you.'

". If so—and you have given me leave, I would only ask this question—'

a But at this point, when gathering strength to say what she knew not how to begin, she stopped for a moment. Her resolution to pardon her who had been the cause of so much suffering, was fixed in her heart with all sincerity; but who would be so severe as to impute it as a crime to the unhappy lady, that, at the moment she was to become certain that her eyes had not deceived her, and that the youth seen at the feet of Donna Elvira was really Hector—she should feel an invincible reluctance to acquire this certainty? Who could condemn her if she yet nourished an indefinite hope of having been mistaken, and of being convinced that Hector was yet faithful to his former feelings?

"At last, she said resolutely, and in clear and distinct tones:

"'Tell me, then, and pardon that I venture to ask so much—were you not yesterday evening on the balcony that overlooks the sea—at the hour of three, and was not Hector Fieramosca at your feet?"

"This question, equally direct and unexpected, struck both, though with different emotions; the face of Elvira became crimson, and she stood without power to utter a syllable. Ginevra, looking fixedly at her, understood all, felt a chill at her heart, and resumed with a changed voice:

I am dying—and I pray you by the forgiveness we all hope in another world—deny me not this grace; answer me. Were you—was it he?

"Donna Elvira almost doubted her senses; she turned a timid look to Victoria, who, reading in her eyes, that she dreaded her displeasure, and conscious that this was not the time to show it, embraced her, and reassured her without uttering a word.

- "Ginevra felt herself sinking, and in uncertainty; she stretched her trembling hands towards the damsel, and with a voice that might be called desperate,
  - " 'Tell me,' said she.
- " Elvira pressed closely to her friend, dropped her eyes on the ground, and replied:
  - " 'Yes-we were-'
- "The face of the unhappy invalid underwent a change as if it had been suddenly contracted; with difficulty she raised herself so as to sit in bed, took Elvira by the hand, and drawing her towards her, threw her arms around her neck, crying—God bless you then—and make you happy!

"The last words were scarce uttered, perhaps not quite articulated, when the released spirit was receiving in heaven the reward of the most arduous victory woman can obtain over herself, forgiveness the most difficult and magnanimous, a human heart can grant.

"Her arms that had been twined about the neck of the daughter of Gonsalvo, relaxed, and she fell back on the bed. Her countenance assumed that moment the appearance and hue of death; the two ladies remarked it, and uttered a cry of dismay. The priest stood some minutes as if breathless, at last joining his hands, and kneeling all three, he prayed for the repose of the soul that needed rest so much, and had deserved it so well. He crossed her hands upon her breast, placed a lamp at her feet, and uttered the blessing 'Requiescat in pace,' now in his heart praying for her, now imploring her intercession as a soul he believed already admitted into paradise, he led the two ladies from that melancholy place, and returning to the side of the dead, passed in prayer the hours that remained of the night.'

The author has but done justice to his heroine, since her love, bestowed as it was, though involuntarily, on another than her husband, could not be called proper-in affording her an occasion for so signal a triumph over her feelings. The spirited details of the combat, which occupy the remainder of the volume, remove the impression of horror, perhaps too unmitigated, which is left by the preceding events. Fieramosca is saved by Zoraida's skill, and enabled to appear in the lists with the other combatants. The solicitude of his friends conceals from him the fate of Ginevra till the important contest is over; they assure him she is safe, in the care of the Colonna, and of the Grand Captain's household. He writes a letter to her to be delivered in case of his death on the ensuing day, and buoyant with hope goes forth to the conflict which is to vindicate the honour of his The descriptions of the actors and events of that day are highly graphic. The following extract describes the field, not far from Burletta.

"It was a noble spectacle to see so rich a rural picture enlivened with such a multitude full of motion and life; on the right hand, huge oaks lifting themselves towards heaven, the deep green of their foliage mingled with the lighter and gayer verdure of small trees and shrubs; upon a more distant plain, the field of Quarato, on which was seen only the fortified gate of a tower, built in front of the rocks, at whose feet meandered the road, and beyond, the shore of the Adriatic, the city and castle of Burletta, its painted edifices shining above the blue bosom of the sea;—still further off, the island of St. Ursula, the high peaks of Gargano, and the line of the horizon; to

the left, hills swelling gradually; and opposite, the place destined for the judges, on unequal ground covered with fresh herbage, and groups of sturdy oaks, with trunks wreathed with ivy, in the full vigour of rich vegetation. The nocturnal mists rent asunder by the breeze of morning, sailed away into the upper regions of the air, and took the form of fantastic clouds, that smote by the sunbeams, shone like masses of gold. Piles of denser clouds rested lightly on the edge of the horizon, over them rising here and there the tops of the loftiest trees, or the crest of some mountain. The sun, about to rise from the sea, sent his rich light through the heavens, though it touched as yet no terrestrial object. The eyes of all the spectators were turned almost involuntarily towards the east; upon the line of the sea appeared a point of intense radiance; it grew broader and broader, and presently emerged the majestic sun, like a globe of fire, spreading abroad his rays, which gave form and colour to every object, and were tinged with the tremulous reflection from the bosom of the waves."

We had marked for extraction a description of the accoutrements of the combatants, and of the engagement, but our limits already cry-" hold-enough!" The Italians are completely victorious; the French champions being all taken prisoners, with the exception of the recreant Grajano d'Asti, who is left dead on the field. Fieramosca, who has vanquished La Motta and some of the most redoubted warriors with his single arm, is full of joyful anticipations, now that the sole impediment to his marriage with Ginevra is removed. He seeks her at St. Ursula; not finding her in her apartments, passes into the chapel, and descending into the vault sees her corpse, over which the priests are performing the funeral rites. Stopified with grief and horror, he suffers himself to be kd passively from the spot by Fra Mariano; then springing on his horse that stood at the gate, and spurring him to his utmost speed, quickly disappears. From that period, says the story, he was seen no more by his friends; though the tale of an armed cavalier seen upon the summit of inaccessible rocks, was afterwards current among the superstitious peasantry, and the mouldered skeletons of a man and horse were many years after found by a fisherman in a bed of rocks at the base of Mount Gargano.

Such is the main story; there are besides, many episodical incidents connected with individuals whose names we have merely mentioned. The narrative is interesting; the descriptions picturesque, and the scenes well contrasted. The picture of the manners of the times is vivid, and correct so far as our antiquarian knowledge extends, though too minutely The characters are not so strongly individualized as in Marco Visconti; they are rather sketched than accurately painted. The hero's want of strongly marked traits may, however, be owing to the unfortunate circumstances in which the author has placed him; though passive, he is bold, noble and honourable. Ginevra is more of an abstraction than the lady Elvira; though even she is far from realizing the ideal of a noble Spanish maiden. The picture of Borgia is probably true to history, and that is enough. The chief fault of the story is the uniform melancholy of its details; but that will scarcely be regarded as a fault by Italian readers; the pensive and sentimental forming an agreeable variety in the light literature of so gay a people. It is the cloud which relieves the eye in an ever brilliant heaven.

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### Written for the Lady's Book.

# SUPERFICIAL ATTAINMENTS.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It is often asserted that the attainments of women are superficial. If the fact be admitted, the reason is obvious; for our system of education is continually enlarging its circle of sciences and accomplishments, without extending the time in which to acquire them.

Yet are there not causes which concur to make the age in which we live, as well as our own sex, superficial? Does early discipline enforce that fixedness of attention, which was formerly held essential to the acquisition of profound learning? Is not the unfolding mind, especially in our large cities, made miscellaneous, by the number and variety of objects presented to its view? May not the ease and luxury of fashionable life, lull it into sloth until its powers are enervated? Hear we of any Daniel, who for the sake of wisdom, avoids the dainties of a princely table, and chooses pulse and water? Are our own times likely to produce a Salmasius, who at the age of fourteen, published a Latin work, with critical annotations? or a Theophrastus, who at ninety-nine, wrote delineations of human nature, with the fervent spirit of youth? We require of those who seek intellectual eminence, a conformity to customs which almost destroy the possibility of such eminence. We expect a student to sacrifice his time to the routine of calling and visiting, to be a man of genteel dress and manners, to acquaint himself with the etiquette of ceremonious society, to have the power of saying trifling things elegantly. The days are past, when a Demosthenes might retire to his solitude, with his head half shaven, and escape censure, or a Diogenes take refuge in his tub, and be applauded for wisdom.

The multitude of miscellaneous works, sweeps away the power of mental application, and breaks up consecutive trains of thought. A rapid mode of reading is thus rendered necessary, which omits to call into exercise the retentive powers, until they become inert, and languish; or vengeful from neglect, and refuse their aid, when invoked. The ancients, with their few books, were like men of small estate, who cultivated their domain carefully, and left wealth to others: the moderns, like the settlers on our new western lands, purchase a province, and die ere its forests are felled. When we read merely the titles of books, which have sprung forth in a single department of literature, it would seem that our threescore and ten years, frittered away as they are, by other claims, would scarcely suffice for their perusal.

The state of the sciences, as well as the influence of modern habits, render profound knowledge a rare possession. What wonderful accessions have been made to the boundaries of some of the sciences, within the memory of the present generation. And he, who would grasp their whole circle, how far may he hope to travel, before the little hour-glass of life runs out? How have the limits of History been extended since the time of Herodotus, of Geography, since the dim outline of Strabo, of Natural Philosophy, since the days of Bacon. The mutability of those sciences which depend on experiment, keeps the mind of their votaries on the stretch, like Columbus with his spyglass amid the billows of the Pacific. Others have

a more permanent basis, and promise the student a surer foothold. Political Economy takes note of man as of a merchant, the amount of his capital, his facilities for transmuting his capacities into gold: Mathematics views him by his faculties of counting and admeasurement: Law takes cognizance of him as capable of "impeding, or being impeded;" the study of the human mind, and of the Deity invite him to their magnificent thresholds, by peculiar allurements, the object of the first having received no new powers, by the lapse of centuries, and the last having in Himself neither change or shadow of turning. He who dives deep into the knowledge of himself, and of his Maker has not the mortification to find the treasure that he amasses, the continual sport of the passing wave. In Intellectual Philosophy, we still look back to the Stagyrite, of whom it has been well said, that he "surpassed all men in acute distinctions, in subtle argument, in severe method, in the power of analyzing what is most compounded, of reducing to simple principles, the most various and unlike appearances;" while in Theology, the babe and the sage of hoary hairs, are alike learners, from One Book, of that love to God and man, on which "hang both the law and the prophets."

To the obstacles to profound erudition which grow out of the habits of modern times, the vast extent of ground occupied by the sciences, and the unsettled and advancing character of some of them, we add another, peculiar to our own country, and the universal strife and labour for riches. Though the desire of wealth, is, in some degree, inherent in human nature, yet the scope allowed for its exercise, in our republic, is unusually broad. No titled aristocracy here says to the peasant, " hitherto shalt thou come. and no further," but the son of the day labourer may in imagination clutch a purse, as long as the heir of thousands. The false sentiment that it is necessary to be rich, in order to be respectable, inwrought with the elements of mind, leads the man of genius, to jostle in the thoroughfare, with the crowds who but imperfectly comprehend him, and by whom he will be sure, on such a ground, to be surpassed. In the realm of learning, it produces the same effect, which the expectation of mines of the precious metals wrought on the colony at Jamestown, where in the words of its quaint historian, all other employments were abandoned for the sake of a vague hope to "dig gold, refine gold, wash gold, and load gold." Could the man who covets learning, make a sacrifice of his desire to die rich, what lofty heights might he attain, among what serene contemplations and elevated pleasures might he revel.

"But these he must renounce, if lust of wealth
E'er win its way to his corrupted heart,
For ah! it poisons like a scorpion's dart,
Prompting the ungenerous wish, the selfish scheme,
The stern resolve, unmov'd by pity's smart,
The troublous day, and long, distressful dream;
Return, my roving muse, pursue thy purpos'd theme."

Yet if the tendencies of the present age, are rather to draw men from the heights of contemplative phi-

losophy, or the depths of scientific research, they reveal here and there, a salient point, decidedly favourable to the intellectual progress of our sex. One of these, is the cordiality with which they are welcomed to pursuits from which they were formelly excluded. Man, among his recent discoveries, has made one, to which the keen eye of all antiquity was blind, that in educating his weaker companion, he doubles his own strength.

"Knowledge was long since pronounced to be power," and yet it remained locked up in hieroglyphics from one half of the human race. Had there been no monopoly, on the part of the stronger sex, when " Learning cowled her head," and was cloistered with the monk-no mistake, when in the madness of chivalry, they deified one moment, what the next, they cast away-no jealousy of the feeble companion who guarded their hearthstone-with what strides had the world advanced in civilization and refinement. From time immemorial, man has not feared to entrust power to his allies, or to give honour to his friends, but with her, who dwelt nearer to his heart, than friend or ally, he hesitated to share the rich fruits of knowledge; he divided himself, and walked on alone, in those paths where he might have had. if not vigorous aid, at least, sweet companionship.

But the present age, though not absolutely the discoverer of the gain which might arise from educating her, who is in one form or another, to educate all mankind, has exerted itself, beyond all its predecessors, to atone for long neglect. It has proclaimed that he who obstructs in woman, the attainment of fitting knowledge, is his own enemy; that the guardianship of domestic comfort, the nurture of the unfolding mind, the regency over home's hallowed sanctuary, cannot safely be committed to a soul darkened by ignorance. It has perceived that in each of these departments, she needs the sustaining power of a love and respect which cannot well be steadily accorded, unless she is intellectually worthy of such distinction.

It is no slight generosity which voluntarily throws off ancient prejudices, and hastens to make restitution. The man who aids the mental progress of his weaker companion, deserves gratitude from the community, and from a future generation. Pliny spoke his own praise, though he supposed himself to be praising only his wife Calphurnia, when he said, " to her other good qualities, she unites a taste for literature, inspired by her tenderness for me." Those conjugal attachments where intellectual improvement is made a mutual object, have been observed to contain elements of peculiar tenderness and constancy. The philanthropist, who promotes female culture, on a thorough and extended scale, that culture which combines the love and practice of womanly duties, with the knowledge which elevates, and makes them graceful, will confer a benefit on posterity, which shall endure, when the eloquence of Peter the Hermit, and the exploits of Cœur de Lion, or the Saladin, shall have faded from remembrance, like a worn out tale.

I would say to the young of my own sex, be grateful for the rich gift which is put into your hands, and zealous to improve it to the utmost. Give diligence not to defraud those from whose generosity you enjoy the blessing of education, by allowing them to suffer in their domestic comforts; but rather, "let them receive their own, with usury." Neither defraud yourselves, by becoming superficial, a sound,

without a substance. If as high or profound acquisitions in science, are not expected of you, as of the other sex, it is still indispensable, that all your advances be marked by patient study, and thorough comprehension. Keep the plain rule for your guide, that " whatever is worth doing, is worth doing well." A good foundation in literature and a familiar acquaintance with the best authors, will fit you for companionship with the intellectual and refined, and enable you to make your firesides, altars of wisdom. Whatever may be your occupation, devote a portion of every day to the standard writers in your native language, the historians and poets, the essayists, and theologians. Do not consider the more ancient poets, as of slight consequence, in a course of reading, which consults improvement. "For Poetry," says Coleridge, "that of the loftiest, and seemingly that of the wildest kind, hath a logic of its own, as severe as that of the sciences, and even more difficult, because more subtle, more complex, and dependent on more fugitive causes."

You will find a well-disciplined literary taste, a source of great delight. It has a self-sustaining power, when the tinsel of life fades. We are in our inherent structure, as well as by the usages of refined society, far more dependent than the other sex. Our happiness rests on a few props, formed out of the affections. If they fail us, and they may, we cannot turn to the world for a substitute. Even were its fame and honour subject to our control, they could not sooth us, if the heart's sanctuary was invaded, any more than the imaginary music of the spheres, might console the homeless wanderer who shrinks from the beating of the tempest. But a well regulated mind, full of rich resources, is a fortress of no ordinary strength. Among those resources, is a substitute for friendship, in that fellowship with the great of every age, which makes the solitary study a peopled land of choice spirits. We share a satisfaction almost like personal intercourse, with those mighty minds which the world has worshipped. "Literary characters," said de la Mothe, " are cotemporaries of all ages, and citizens of every clime." Even the page that has silently chronicled our thoughts, becomes to us a sister. "I part with my manuscripts as with dear friends, who have cheered me in hours of sadness," said the sensitive Cowper,

The power of calling forth friends, from buried ages, and from distant realms, will naturally be prized by the sex, so prone to friendship, and whose life is in the affections. They are also incited to cast off the odium of being superficial students, by the hope of doing good. Who can estimate the amount of good which may be done, in a country like ours, by educated women? Men may have more knowledge, yet influence others less. By the nature of their pursuits, they cannot often pause to scatter its seeds by the way side. Borne on by the current of a restless and excitable age, multitudes of them struggle for wealth, or honour, as the swimmer breasts the wave; they ride for a moment upon the crested billow, or sink beneath it, and their wisdom perishes with them. But the daughter and sister in the quietness of the parental home, the faithful teacher in the village school-house, the mother in her secluded nursery, are all forming others after their own model, writing upon that which is never to die.

Man may have more knowledge, and yet hoard it up in his cabinet, or embody it in expensive touces, or confine it to the professions, through which he seeks sustenance, or attains distinction. He lifts himself up, like a mountain in its majesty—like the solemn forest, which overshadows and awes the traveller. But woman, like earth, the sweet mother, gives freely what has been entrusted to her, the corn ripening for the harvest, the flower blushing in the sunbeam, the rich grass that covers the dark, brown mould with unconscious beauty.

My dear young friends, be studious to prepare yourselves, for every duty that may devolve upon you, in this age of high intelligence. If it has been justly said of any of our sex, that they were superficial, let it not be so said of you. Be grateful to those who

have thrown open to you the doors of the temple of knowledge, and be just to yourselves. Do all the good in your power, with whatever mental wealth you have acquired, for "the time is short." In the strong language of a great moralist, "the certainty that life cannot be long, and the probability that it will be much shorter than nature allows, ought to awaken every one to the active prosecution of whatever it is desirable to perform. It is true that no diligence can ensure success, death may interrupt the swiftest career; but whoever is cut off in the midst of persevering improvement, has at least the honour of falling in the ranks, and has fought the battle, though he missed the victory."

For the Lady's Book.

# STUDY OF THE EARLY ENGLISH POETS.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

No. II.—SPENSER.

### BIOGRAPHICAL OUTLINE.

1553. Spenser, born in East Smithfield, London.

1569. Enters Pembroke Hall, Cambridge.

1579. First publication-The Shepherd's Calendar.

1580. Appointed Secretary to Lord Grey, of Wilton, Lord Deputy to Ireland.

1590. PAIRY GUEEN, first three Books.

1592. Returns to London, and publishes several of his Miner Poems.

1595. His Amoretti or Sonnets.

1596. Fairy Queen, other three Books.

1597. Returns to Ireland, and narrowly escapes in the Rebellion of Tyrone.

1598. Returns to England, and

1599. Dies in an obscure inn, in King street, Westminster, and is buried in the Abbey-

THERE are few readers who are not, more or less, acquainted with The Fairy Queen. The prominent place which it holds in the school of English poetry, makes it a matter of conscience not to be wholly ignorant of this great masterpiece of the Elizabethian era—this "triumph," as it has been termed, "of the inventive faculty." But beyond this, the reading public know little or nothing of the great Spenser. His Minor Poems are not found appended to such editions of the Fairy Queen as are within the reach of the generality of readers, claiming a place only in such voluminous collections as those of Anderson, Chalmers, &c. They may consequently be looked upon as book rarities, and yet they abound in beauties with which it is unpardonable not to be acquainted. Miss Smith, the well-known translatress of Job, has the following remark on this subject: " I once gave up Spenser in despair: I think some of his lesser poems even superior to the Fairy Queen." She instances the elegaic fancy, entitled "Astrophel," some of the Eclogues, and the Hymns in honour of Beauty. It is surprising that she should have passed in silence the Sonnets, by far the most vigorous and finished of all Spenser's compositions. They form one of the brightest gems in his poetic diadem, and it is chiefly with these that the page we here dedicate to Spenser will be adorned. Our poet followed immediately in the track of Wyatt and Surrey, the last of the bards of chivalry, and his pages breathe the same lofty spirit with which they were animated. Witness his sentiments upon the true beauty.

That beauty is nought else but mixture made
Of colours fair, and goodly temperament
Of pure complexions, that shall quickly fade,
And pass away, as doth the summer shade.
Have white and red in them such wondrons power,
That they can pierce the eye, and reach the heart?
Or can proportion of the outward part
Move such affection in the inward mind,
That it can rub the sense, or reason blind?
Why do not, then, the blossoms of the field,

How vainly do poor idle wits invent

Which are arrayed with much more orient has,
And to the sense most dainty odours yield,
Work like impression in the gazer's view?
But ah! believe me, there is more than so,
That works such wonders in the minds of mes,

I who so oft have prov'd, too well do know, That beauty is not, as fond men misdeem, An outward show of things that only seem.

For that same goodly hue of white and red,
With which the cheeks are sprinkled, shall decay.
And those sweet roseate leaves, so fairly spread
Upon the lip, shall fade and fall away
To that they were—e'en to corruptful clay;
That golden wire, those sparkling stars so bright,
Shall turn to dust, and lose their goodly light.

But that fair lamp, from whose celestial ray
That light proceeds which kindleth lovers' fire,
Shall never be extinguish'd nor decay:
But when the vital spirit shall expire,

And to her native planet shall retire:
For it is heavenly born, and cannot die,
A part and parcel of the parest skyl

The same lofty reasoning is enforced throughout the sonnets. Love, with Spenser, is no dalliance of an idle hour, nor beauty a toy to be lightly worn and lightly worn. In his view, they are things of serious import, objects on which he can meditate gravely and discourse philosophically.

Men call you fair, and you do credit it,
For that yourself ye daily such do see;
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit,
And virtuous mind, is much more prais'd by me.
For all the rest, however fair it be,
Shall turn to naught, and lose that glorious hue;
But this alone is permanent, and free
From the corruption that doth flesh ensue [follow];
That is true beauty; that doth argue you
To be divine, and born of heavenly seed,
Deriv'd from that bright source whence did all true
And perfect beauty from the first proceed;
The only fair, and what the fair hath made:—
All other fair, like flowers, untimely fade.

The sovereign beauty which I do admire,
Witness the world how worthy to be prais'd,
The light whereof hath kindled heavenly fire
In my frail sp'rit, by her from baseness rais'd;
And being now with her vast brightness daz'd [dazzled],
Base thing I can no more endure to view:
But, looking still on her, I stand amaz'd
At wondrous sight of so celestial hue!
So, when my tongue would speak her praises due,
It stopp'd is with the thought's astonishment;
And when my pen would write her titles true,
Is ravish'd with the fancy's wonderment:
Yet, in my heart, I then both speak and write
The wonder that my wit cannot indite.

Rudely thou wrongest my dear heart's desire,
In finding fault with her too portly pride!
The thing which I do most in her admire,
Is by the world unworthily espied:
For in those lofty looks is clear implied
Scorn of base things, and 'adeign of foul dishonour,
Threat'ning rash eyes which gaze on her too wide,
That loosely they may not dare look upon her.
Such pride is praise, such portliness is honour;
That boldness innocence bears in her eyes:
And her fair countenance, like a goodly banner,
Spreads in defiance of all enemies.
Was never in this world aught worthy tried,
Without some spark of such self-pleasing pride.

Presh Spring, the herald of Love's mighty king, In whose coat-armour richly are display'd, All sorts of flowers that on earth do spring, In goodly coloars gloriously array'd; Go to my love, where she is careles: laid Yet in her winter bower, not well awake; Tell her the joyous time will not be staid, Unless she do him by the forelock take. Bid her, therefore, herself soon ready make To wait on Love amid his beauteous crew; Where every one that misseth then her mate, Shall be by him amerc'd with penance due. Make haste, then sweetest love! while it is prime, For none can call again the gone-pass'd time.

Since I did leave the presence of my love,
Many long weary days have I outworn,
And many nights, that slowly seem'd to move
Their sad protract from evening until morn:
For when the day the heaven doth adorn,
I wish that night the joyless day would end;
And when the night hath us of light forlorn,
I wish that day would shortly reascend.
Thus I the time in expectation spend,
And fain my grief with changes to beguile,

That further seems his term still to extend,
And maketh every minute seem a mile.
So sorrow still doth seem too long to last,
But joyous hours do wing their flight too fast!

The famous warriors of the ancient world
Used trophies to erect in stately wise,
On which they would the records have enroll'd
Of their great deeds and valorous emprize.
What trophies, then, shall I most fit devise,
On which I may record the memory
Of my love's conquest, peerless beauty's prize,
Adorn'd with honour, love, and chastity?
Even this verse, vow'd to eternity,
Shall be thereof immortal monument,
And tell her praise to all posterity,
That made admire such world's rare wonderment,
The happy guerdon of my glorious spoil,
Gotten at last with labour and long toil.

The doubt which ye misdeem fair love is vain,
That fondly fear to lose your liberty,
When, losing one, two liberties ye gain,
And make him bound that bondage erst did fly.
Sweet are the bands the which true love doth tie,
Without constraint, or dread of any ill!
The gentle bird feels no captivity
Within her cage, but sings and feeds her fill.
When pride dare not approach, nor discord spill
The league 'twixt them, whom loyal love hath bound,
But simple truth and mutual good will
Seeks with sweet peace to salve each other's wound.
There Faith doth fearless dwell in brazen tower,
And spotless Pleasure builds her sacred bower!

Again I wrote it with a second hand,
But came the tide and made my pains his prey.
"Vain man!" said she, "that fruitless dost essay
A mortal thing so to immortalize!
For I myself shall like to this decay,
And e'en my name shall be effac'd likewise."—
"Not so," quoth I, "let baser things devise
To die in dust, but you shall live by fame;
My verse your virtues rare shall eternize,
And on the heavens inscribe your glorious name,
Where when as Death shall all the world subdue,
Our love shall live, and later life renew."

The above sonnets have been so selected out of

One day I wrote her name upon the sand,

But came the waves and wash'd it all away;

the eighty-eight, as to form something of a subject; and we think it will readily be allowed, that rarely has a tale of love been told with so much loftiness of thought, joined to so much tenderness and delicacy.

We must afford space for a specimen of Spenser's powers on a loftier theme. After moralizing on the folly

Of rearing trophies for devouring death,
With so great labour and long-lasting pain,
As if our days for ever should remain,

and describing Rome as a tyrant-mistress,

Who made all nations vassals of her pride, And on the neck of all the world did ride, Yet with her own weight now down-press'd she lies, And by her heaps her hugeness testifies;

he has bequeathed us a noble pair of sonnets on the same subject, undeniable evidences of his great powers of conception, and of his command of language worthily to embody them.

O that I had the Thracian poet's harp,
To waken from the deep infernal shade
Those antique Cwarz, sleeping long in dark,
The which this successful whileom made!

To quicken with his vital note's accord
The stony joints of these old walls now rent,
By which th' Ausonian light might be restor'd:
Or that, at least, I could with pencil fine.
Fashion the portrait of these palaces,
By pattern of great Virgil's sp'rit divine:
I could essay with that which in me is,
To build with level of my lofty style
That which no hands can ever more compile.

O that I had Amphion's instrument,

He that hath seen a huge oak dry and dead,
Yet clad in reliques of some trophies old,
Lifting to heaven her aged hoary head,
Whose foot on ground hath left but feeble hold,
And half disbowel'd, lies above the ground,
Shewing her wreathed roots and naked arms,
And on her trunk all rotten and unsound,
Only supports herself for meat of worms:
And though she owe her fall to the first wind,
Yet by the crowd devoutly is ador'd;
While many young plants spring out of her rind.
Who such an oak hath seen, let him record
That such this city's honour was of yore,
And 'mongst all cities flourished much more.

This sonnet leads us by a natural association to Spenser's Fable of the Oak and the Briar. There is a power of painting, and a picturesque vigour in the language of this piece, which stand alone and unapproached in that, or perhaps any age of English poetry. We must find room for it, to the exclusion of some more airy pieces, which we had marked for insertion.

# FABLE OF THE OAK AND THE BRIAR.

There grew an aged tree on the green. A goodly Oak had it sometime been, With arms full strong, and largely display'd; But of their leaves they were disarray'd; The body big and mightily pight [built], Thoroughly rooted, and of wondrous height: Whilom had it been the king of the field, But now the gray moss marr'd his rind, His bared boughs were beaten with storms, His top was bald, and wasted with worms, His honour decay'd, his branches eere. Hard by his side grew a bragging Briar. It was embellish'd with blossoms fair, And thereto age wonted to repair; The shepherd maidens to gather flowers, To paint their garlands with his colours; And in his bushes small was used to shroud The nightingale so sweet, and thrush so loud, Which made this foolish Briar to wax so bold, That on a time he cast himself to scold, And snub the good Oak for that he was old.

"Why stand'st thou there, (quoth he), thou brutish block, Which nor for fruit nor shadow serves the flock, Behold how fresh my flowers are spread, Dyed both in lily-white and crimson-red, With leaves engrain'd in lusty green, Colours meet to cloathe a maiden queen. Thy vast hugeness but cumbers the ground, And darks the beauty of my blossoms round; The mouldy moss which thee aicloyeth [encircles], My cinnamon smell too much annoyeth; Therefore I rede thee, soon from hence remove Lest thou the force of my displeasure prove."

So spake this saucy Briar with great disdain, But little him answer'd the Oak again, But yielded, with shame and grief ad-awed, That by a weed he was so over-craw'd [crossed over]. It chanced soon after, upon a day, The husbandman's self to come that way, As custom was to view his ground And his trees of state to compass round; Him when the spiteful Briar espied, He causeless complain'd and loudly cried Unto his lord, stirring up stern strife:

"O sovereign liege! thou lord of my life, Pleaseth you weigh your suppliant's plaint, Caus'd by wrong, and cruel constraint, Which I, your poor vassal, daily endure, And but your goodness the same do cure, Am like, for desperate dole, to die Through felonous force of mine enemy."

Greatly aghast with this pitcous ploa,
Him rested the good man on the lea,
And bade the Briar in his plaint proceed,
With painted words then 'gan this proud weed.
(As mostly usen ambitious folk)
His colour'd crime with craft to cloak.

"Ah! sovereign lord of us creatures all, Thou placer of plants, both humble and tall. Was I not planted by thine own hand, To be the primrose of all thy land. With flowering blossoms to furnish the prime, And scarlet berries in summer-time? How falls it then that this faded oak Whose body is sere, whose tranches broke, Whose naked arms stretch unto the fire, Unto such tyranny doth aspire, Hindering with his shade my lovely light, And robbing me so of the sweet sun's light? So to beat with his boughs my tender side. That oft the blood springeth from woundes wide; Untimely my flowers are forc'd to fall, That are the honour of your coronal # And oft he lets his canker-worms alight Upon my branches, to work me spite; And oft his hoary locks he down doth cast, Whereby my flowrets' freshness is defac'd. For this, and many other such outrage I crave your kindly power to assuage. The rancorous vigour of his might, Nought ask I, only but to hold my right. Submitting me to your good sufferance, And praying to be guarded from grievance."

To this the Oak did cast him to reply Well as he could, but this his enemy Had kindled such coals of displeasure, That the good man could not stay his leisure, But home he hasted with furious heat, Encreasing his wrath with many a threat. His harmful hatchet he hent in hand, (Alas, that it so ready should stand!) And to the field alone he speedeth, For little help to harm there needeth. Then to the root he bent his sturdy stroke, And made full many wounds in the vast Oak; The axe's edge did often turn again As half unwilling to cut the grain, It seem'd the senseless iron did fear, Or to wrong holy eld it did forbear; For it has been an ancient tree, Sacred with many a mystery, And often cross'd by the priestly crew, And often hallow'd with holy water dew; But such like fancies were foolery, For nought might they save him from decay, For fiercely the good man at him did lay; The block oft groan'd beneath his blow. And sigh'd for his near overthrow. At length the steel hath pierc'd his pith, And down to the ground he falls forthwith: His wondrous weight made the ground to quake, The earth sbrunk under him, and seem'd to shake. There lieth the old Oak pitied by none!

Now stands the Briar, like a lord, alone,

Puff'd up with pride and vain plaisance,
But all this glee had no continuance;
For eftsoons winter 'gan to approach,
And blustering Boreas did encroach,
And blustering Boreas did encroach,
And beat upon the solitary Briar,
For now no shelter was seen him near
Now 'gan he repent his pride too late,
All naked left, and all disconsolate
His stalks the biting frost had nipt them dead,
And watry moisture weighed down his head;
The heaped snow it burthen'd him so sore,
That now he can his head upraise no more,
But is down—deep trampled in the mire:
Such is the end of this ambitious Briar!

The following are happy instances of Spenser's poetic phraseology:

The tenor of my tale
No leasing [lying] new, nor grandame's fable stale,
But ancient truth, confirm'd by credence old.

There no disquiet cometh to annoy The safety of our joy.

There doth soft Silence her night-watches keep, And here in the still hour of rest doth skeep Pour his limbs forth upon the pleasant plain.

However men may me despise and apight,
I feed on sweet contentment of my thought,
And please myself with mine own self-delight,
In contemplation of things heavenly wrought,
And loathing earth, I look to yonder sky,
And being driven hence, I thither fly.

Triumphal arches towering on high, And lofty spires, the neighbours of the sky.

Fame with her golden wings aloft doth fly Above the reach of envious decay, And with brave plumes doth beat the azure sky, Admir'd of base-born men from far away. Spenser also abounds in powerful moral painting: the following are specimens of his talent this way.

Each sweet with sour is wisely temper'd still, That maketh it be covered the more; On easy things, that may be had at will, Most sorts of men do set but little store.

Whose hath in the lap of soft delight
Been long time lull'd, and fed with pleasures sweet,
Fearless, or through his fault or fortune's spight,
To stumble into sorrow and regret;
If chance him fall into calamity,
Finds greater burthen of his misery.

What difference 'twixt man and beast is left
When the heavenly light of knowledge is put out,
And wisdom's noble ornaments are reft?
When wanders man in error and in doubt.
Unweeting of the dangers round about.
In this wide world in which the wretched stray,
It is their light, their loadstone, and their day:
But ignorance is like the grisly grave,
In which there never shineth cheering ray.

Nay, better learn of them that learned be, And have drank deeply at the Musea' well: The kindly dew drops from the higher trees, And feeds the little plants that lowly dwell.

I saw the bird that can the sun endure,

Is not the following image capable of national application?

With feeble wings essay to mount on high,
By more and more he 'gan his wing t' assure,
Following the example of his mother nigh;
I saw him rise, and with a larger flight
To pierce the clouds, and with his mighty pinions
To measure the most haughty mountain's height,
Until he reach'd the Thunderer's own dominions.

# WOMAN.

THE right education of this sex is of the utmost importance to human life. There is nothing that is more desirable for the common good of all the world: since, as they are mothers and mistresses of families, they have for some time the care of the education of their children of both sorts, they are intrusted with that which is of the greatest consequence to human life.

As the health and strength, or weakness of our bodies, is very much owing to their methods of treating us when we were young; so the soundness or folly of our minds is not less owing to their first tempers and ways of thinking, which we eagerly received from the love, tenderness, authority, and constant conversation of our mothers.

As we call our first language our mother-tongue, so we may as justly call our first tempers our mother-tempers; and perhaps it may be found more easy to forget the language, than to part entirely with those tempers we learned in the nursery.

It is therefore to be lamented, that the sex, on whom so much depends, who have the first forming both of our bodies and our minds, are not only educated in pride, but in the silliest and most contemptible part of it.

Girls are indulged in great vanity; and mankind seem to consider them in no other view than as so many painted idols, who are to allure and gratify their passions.

# ON EDUCATION.

I THINK we may assert that in a hundred men, there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy, have consequences very important, and of a long duration. It is with these

first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn, by different canals, in quite opposite courses, so that from the insensible direction the stream receives at its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# EDWARD WESTON.

### BY MRS, THOMAS A. DAVIS.

The pangs this foolish heart must feel, When hope shall be for ever flown; No sullen murmur shall reveal, No selfish murmurs ever own. Nor will I through life's weary years, Like a pile, diooping mourner move.

Annot Lule.

THE scene of my story is laid in the busy, bustling city of New York. Incidents will sometimes occur there, which have in them a touch of the romantic, notwithstanding the good citizens are descended straight from the honest Dutchmen, who eschewed romance and prelacy with all other forms of human frailty—except smoking!

Our nursery stories generally begin with "once there was a man," but mine begins with " once there was a woman." Not but what there was a man too, but he was only a cypher beside his wife. She had all the talent, all the energy, all the ambition, and of course, all the management; while it happened oddly enough, that the gentler qualities, which should by right have fallen to her share, belonged to him. His heart was the home of every kind feeling. He loved every body-even his termagant wife. It was as easy for him to submit, as for her to rule. But unfortunately for him, and unfortunately for those readers who are perhaps beginning to feel an interest in him, his head was as soft as his heart! Alas! for poor human nature, virtue is little prized when she comes alone.

The name of this worthy couple was Ross. At the time our story commences, Mr. and Mrs. Ross lived in an old brick house on Broadway. The front part of the house was used by Mr. Ross as an English goods' store; that is, James Ross was on the sign and James Ross stood behind the counter, but Mistress Margaret Ross was the real head of the estab-She kept the store, and the money-besides keeping boarders. She had a rare talent for money making. All the powers of her mind-and they were of a high order-were bent to this one object. By dint of close calculation and close economy, the old lady had contrived to scrape together some thousands, and though they made no show, Mr. and Mrs. Ross were considered "well to do in the world."

This honest pair had one child—a lovely daughter of eighteen. This beautiful girl, as you suspect, is to be the heroine of my tale. And certainly if you could have seen her, you would pronounce her just the thing for a heroine. So fair, such witching eyes, such soft brown hair, curving over the finest forehead in the world; and then such winning ways—a voice all music, and a step all grace. I am sure you would have fallen in love with her at once.

Whatever points of difference the old folks had, (and they were not few,) both agreed that their Emily was the prettiest girl in the world. I presume that no man, not himself a parent, ever felt inclined to dispute it. Of course, this only child was dearly loved by both her parents—but most by the father. Mistress Margaret loved her daughter as well as she could, but the love of money had taken such entire possession of her heart, that there was no room left in it

for her husband, and—if the truth must be told—not a great deal for her child. There was another reason why the father loved her best—she was like himself, all kindness and gentleness. She was a kindred spirit, and he found in her that companionship of the soul, of which he had painfully felt the want in his more energetic helpmeet.

Now I suppose you will be asking whether the daughter resembled her father in mind as well as heart. That's a very foolish question. What do you care about a lady's intellect, provided she has a pretty face and a kind heart? You are now introduced to a young lady that is pretty and amiable, and I advise you in this and all similar cases, not to be too inquisitive. What if Miss Emily could not "reckon the leger up" as readily as her more experienced mother, (who seemed to have an intuitive perception of every thing which led to money,) she could manage a bow of ribbon or a beau of another kind with much more skill. If she did not understand as well as her mother the art of earning money, she knew perfectly well how to spend it. Her having any to spend, was the only sign of maternal weakness that I ever noticed in the old lady.

When Miss Emily came into the room with a new bonnet on, I have seen the scowl of care dispelled for a moment, while an expression of gratified pride gleamed in her hard eyes.

"So Miss Em, you've got a new bonnet! what did you give for it?"

"Ten dollars."

"Ten dollars! well, that's a real waste of money, you extravagant gypsey! But it's a handsome bonnet though, and very becoming to you."

"Ah, my dear," said the fond father, drawing her towards him, "you must not think too much of the vanities of the world." But the pleased expression of his admiring eyes quite nullified the graver counsel of his lips, and the light hearted girl tripped away, satisfied that she might safely make some further investments in the "fancy stocks" of Broadway, without alarming her father's piety, or her mother's parsimony.

One morning, as Mrs. Ross was busily engaged in attending to the manifold duties of house and shop keeper, the servant informed her that there was a young gentleman in the dining room who wished to see her. On entering the room, she saw a young man of very prepossessing appearance, who rose and introduced himself as Mr. Weston. He wished to be accommodated with board. The landlady showed him her rooms and named the price, both of which suiting him, he gave her his references and took leave, promising to call next day.

"I shan't trouble myself about the references," said Mrs. Ross, as she run her eye over the paper, "I know by his looks that he is just the right sort of a man."

Digitized by GOOGLE

"Why mother," said Emily, who was busy at her drawing, "how does he look?"

"Why, he's got a real good face, and looks as if he knew what he was about."

Mrs. Ross was a keen observer, and would read your face like a book; you felt when with her, that you must take care of your thoughts, or she would see them! In this single interview, she had made up her mind that Mr. Weston was well bred, well educated, intelligent, amiable, and—what was to her mind of more value than all the other qualities combined—a good business man. Nor was she mistaken; Edward Weston was all this. He had a fine person, agreeable manners, and a well balanced mind. He was a New England man, and had received that substantial matter-of-fact training which most of the yankee boys get; and was thereby fitted to act well his part on the stage of life, whatever that part might chance to be.

The next evening Mr. Weston called, agreeably to his appointment, and arrangements were at once concluded for receiving him into the family. He met them at tea for the first time. The easy manner in which he paid and received the civilities of the table, and entered into conversation with those who sat nearest him, confirmed the favourable impression which his first appearance had made, and satisfied every one that he would be a valuable acquisition to their circle.

While they were thus observing him, he was equally busy in forming opinions of them. Of course he was introduced to Miss Ross—"and of course," you say, "fell in love with her." No, not quite—he only thought her the prettiest girl he had ever seen. He had too much sense to fall in love at first sight.

The next morning Emily came in to breakfast, as bright and fresh as a rose; and Weston thought her lovelier than before.

"I wonder if she is engaged," he said to himself, but what's that to you, Edward Weston? What right have you to be starting such a query about a young lady you have seen but once? I won't be so silly as to love a girl for having a pretty face!" So he magnanimously resolved to preserve the most perfect indifference towards Miss Emily—for the present. But alas, for poor Edward's brave resolutions! They melted so fast before the bright glances of Emily's beautiful eyes, that he had them all to make over again every morning!

Philosophers and moralists may say what they will about the insignificance of beauty; it sways them all. In a conflict where older and wiser men have fallen, no wonder if our warm-hearted friend was conquered. But to Edward's credit it must be said, that he did not yield—or at least did not acknowledge to himself that he had yielded, until careful, cool, and deliberate observation had convinced him that Emily was as good as she was beautiful. Having satisfied himself that she was worth winning, the next question was could he win her? Would such a piece of perfection deign to look at him? He was a modest man, and had no great opinion of his powers of pleasing; but he would try.

Now when a young gentleman has a particular reason for wishing to be particularly agreeable, he is sure to be particularly awkward. So it was with poor Edward. He could not offer Miss Ross the most common-place civility without a blush and a blunder. He who talked so well to every body else, could not ad-

dress the simplest observation to her without " murdering the king's English." Every word he spoke to her came from his heart, but was sure to stick in his throat. If he attempted to pronounce her name, his tongue clove to the roof of his mouth. This was very mortifying, but I believe it is the common experience of your genuine lovers, in the incipient stages of the malady. But somehow, it never seems to be any impediment in the way of success. I have wondered at this not a little, but my observations at that time threw some light on the subject. I perceived that Emily was always too much embarrassed herself, to notice the embarrassment of Mr. Weston. If he addressed an awkward remark to her, she only thought how stupid was her reply! O that people were always as blind to the faults of others, and as wakeful to thez own!

Time rolled on, and Edward sped well with his wooing. Now I suppose you will think it is time for the old folks to interfere. But they will do no such thing. Mr. Ross likes Mr. Weston because he is good, Mrs. Ross likes him because he is smart, and Miss Emily likes him because—but she don't tel why. I surmise, however, that it is because he likes her. This with most young ladies would be deemed a good and sufficient reason. Love, in their eyes, hides a multitude of faults. Yet a man is capable of loving you fervently, who would make but an ind ferent husband. Of course, this remark is not meant to apply to our hero, it is only dropped by the way, for the benefit of young readers.

Edward and Emily were like all lovers, the happiest of the happy.

"Before them lay one long bright day, Of summer and of joy."

In soft moonlight evenings they would walk together on the battery, and talk over the bright present, and the still brighter future—and say a thousand tender things which will not bear repeating.

But happy days fly as swiftly as any others, and theirs flew away all too soon. Important business required Mr. Weston to go to Europe, where he would be detained some six or eight months. This was sed news to Emily. The tears which started in her beautiful eyes on hearing it, gave Edward more heartfelt pleasure than her brightest smiles had ever done. The day of parting came—the sad farewells were spoken, and Edward set sail for Havre. Will they meet again?

Edward reached his destined port in safety, and entered with alacrity on his business. Time passed less heavily than he expected, for every arrival brought a letter from Emily. Is there any thing in the world of a scribbling kind, so delightful as a loveletter? The first sight of it sends an electric thrill through the frame! How your hand trembles in breaking the seal! With what delight is every line and word read again and again, till you have it all by heart! So it was with Edward. He felt—as who has not?—that the pain of separation was well nigh balanced by the pleasure of writing and receiving letters. For three or four months he was allowed this happiness, and then,

# " A change came o'er the spirit of his dream."

The letters failed! Packet after packet arrived, but not a word from Emily. He wrote to his partner in New York, inquiring if any thing had happened to

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her, or if he could account for her silence. But his partner was as silent as the lady; and poor Edward was left a prey to anxiety and conjecture. At length he resolved to endure this uncertainty no longer; and closing his business arrangements as soon as possible, prepared to return home. Just as he was on the point of embarking, a letter was put into his hands, informing him that Emily Ross was on the eve of marriage with another. Edward was overwhelmed at this intelligence. He immediately relinquished the idea of returning home, and wrote to his partner accordingly, requesting that their connection in business might be dissolved, as his feelings would never allow him to return to America.

Frederic Rockwood had long been an admirer of Miss Ross, but while Weston was by, he was obliged to admire her at a distatance. He was gay, good humoured, and good looking, and passed very well in society; but he had none of Mr. Weston's stability of character; in short, he was without principle. As soon as Edward Weston was gone, and Emily had time to dry her tears, Mr. Rockwood took the field. He flattered himself that he knew the avenues to a lady's heart much better than his rival; and perhaps he did, to a foolish one like his own. At first his advances were met with haughtiness, then with coldness, then with indifference, but at length with favour. Whether the young lady had become tired of writing letters, whether she experienced the truth of the saying, "out of sight, out of mind," or thought "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," whether she found a lover at her feet more serviceable than one three thousand miles away, or whether her affection for her first lover was cooled by the wide ocean which had rolled so long between them, it is impossible to say. Certain it is, that Mr. Frederic Rockwood did at length succeed in gaining Miss Emily's heart-if she may be supposed to have had such a thing-at

any rate, he obtained her hand, and that with the consent of both parents. Her mother favoured the match because Rockwood was richer than Weston. Her father consented because he could not help it. He felt the injustice done to Weston, and spite of his charity towards all men, he could not help seeing that Rockwood was not so good a man. But he never had opposed the wishes of his wife and daughter—how could he begin now?

Accordingly the marriage took place, and the happy—no, the gay pair set off for their new residence in Philadelphia. But such a faithless girl could not be a happy wife, and the man who could attempt to gain the affections of a young lady engaged to another, was not likely to make a good husband. At first they lived in considerable style; but their splendour soon began to wane; they became poor, and what was worse, Rockwood became intemperate, and treated his wife with such cruelty, that she was obliged to leave him, and return to her father's honse, in fact though not in name—a widow.

Edward suffered long and deeply. He had "ventured his all in one frail barque, and the wreck was total!" For some time he was unfitted for the ordinary duties of life. He felt as if he had nothing to live for—no motive to exertion. The world had lost all its brightness!

But at length, better thoughts came; the feelings of the man and the christian triumphed over those of the wounded lover. "Nothing to live for?" said he to himself, "it proves all too surely, that hitherto I have mistaken the great object of life. The great object of life can never be lost;—but an idol has prevented me from seeing it. Hitherto I have been living for myself, let me now live for God and heaven."

He was enabled to keep this resolution, and spent a long and happy life in promoting the good of his fellow men.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# MY SISTER'S CHILD.

### BY MISS A. M. F. BUCHANAN.

It has my sister's gentle eyes,
Her soft and shining heir;
Her cheek, in form and changeful dyes,
And placid brow are there.
My darling! when with merry laugh
I echo back thine own,
Tis oft that I forget me, half,
What cares my way have strown;
The partner of my being's spring,
Herself, while seemest thou,
I scarce can feel the world-worn thing
That acts thy mother now.

Yet while by yonder turf-bank low
Thou hid'st in feigning sleep,
Thine eyes, a glance may hardly know
From violets, whence they peep;
While o'er the runlet thou dost lean
And from its eddies dip
The foam, in cups of oak leaves green,
To wet thy smiling lip;
Though bounds my heart to meet thy play,
'Tis sometimes chilled with fear;—
Thus rang Asr voice but yesterday—
How long shall thiss be here?

4

"My sister's child!"—how well that sound
Recalls the happy hour,
When, looking innoceut and fond
As thou upon yon flower,
A mother's title sweet she heard
And on the accents hung,
While first thou marred the tender word
With thy unpractis'd tongue:
How proud I spoke! your beauty rare
To me was triumph high;—
Ye formed a picture strangely fair,
Its owner rich was I!

"My sister's child! my sister's child!"
With aching heart I said,
To watch her stroke thy ringlets wild,
Upon her dying bed.
She gave thee to my love, her trust
Most precious and the last,
To guard, when unto silent dust
Her worshipped form had passed;
I clasped theo from her thin white hand,
She faded as she smiled;—
God help me in her stead to stand
And bless her angel child!

Written for the Lady's Book.

# CABALLERO LADRONE.

### A TALE.

### BY HENRY P. HARRINGTON.

#### CHAPTER I.

### THE DILIGENCE AND THE ATTACK.

"Arre! Arre!" shouted the postilion to his seven mules; and away went the lumbering Diligence from before the door of the inn at Toledo, with the first glimmering of light, on the morning of a day in April 182-. Its several compartments, cabriolet, interior, and rotunda, were filled with passengers, and six rough looking horsemen, variously and grotesquely armed-pistols, knives, and dirks in their belts, carbines and sabres dangling at their saddles-accompanied the vehicle as a guard. The postilion, or zagal, as the Spaniards term him, ran beside the leading mule, for some distance, and then, bestowing a smart stroke of his whip upon him, and upon each of the succeeding pairs as they passed by, which startled them into a full gallop, vaulted up to the seat on the top of the coach, already partly occupied by the mayoral, or conductor. No sooner did the cortegé reach an ascent, than down he sprung again, and the sound of his well plied lash, and the echo of his "arre! arre!" formed until broad day light, the only relief to the monotonous creak of the heavy machine, the roll of its wheels and the clattering of hoofs.

When, however, the sun, just peering above the horizon, greeted the passengers with a sudden ray, as the diligence turned the brow of a hill, they began to shake off their lingering drowsiness, and to contemplate each other's appearance. The cabriolet contained a captain of the Imperial Guard, a merchant of Valencia, and a portly monk. The former, a tall man, with a naturally stern countenance, rendered doubly repulsive by the disfiguring cicatrice of a sabre cut, that extended from the left angle of his mouth nearly across his cheek, and huge whiskers, and moustaches, bent a searching look from a large glaring eye, upon the merchant, and when satisfied with his scrutiny, deliberately transferred his gaze to the monk, his face assuming a most significant sneer of contempt as he concluded his survey. The small, twinkling grey eyes of the merchant were busy in their turn, while the monk satisfied his curiosity with a dull and careless stare.

The diligence was now whirled along a more uneven country, covered with woods, and as it descended into a valley, where the thick underbrush, that skirted the road, formed dark and suspicious looking interstices, the merchant, with a glance of intense satisfaction at the officer's sabre and pistols, ventured to break the silence.

"Por el amor de Dios," said he, "I hope that we shall be unmolested by the robbers that have been lurking in the neighbourhood. It is much as one's life's worth to travel now, to say nothing of property."

"Vaya!" responded the monk; "it's little they

will get from me, a poor monk!"

The captain turned up his lip in a second and undisguised sneer, at the monk's reply, not vouch-safing to join in the conversation; but the merchant,

a loquacious individual, encouraged by the padre's attention, began a doleful history of the outrages committed by a band of robbers, on the very road they were travelling-the marauders being headed by a young Andalusian, so fierce, brutal, and cunning withal, that the utmost efforts of the police had been unable to ferret him out. He was in the very midst of a tale of this formidable fellow, when the Diligence suddenly stopped, while the reports of a half dozen carbines simultaneously resounded in the echoing au. "Virgen Santissima!" cried the merchant, " here they are!" and pale with affright and with chattering teeth, as a second discharge was heard, he crouched down in a corner, while the monk, equally terrified, But the captain was of different sat motionless. mettle. Hastily thrusting his pistols into his belt, and grasping his naked sabre, he threw open the door, and bravely sprung from the vehicle. A single glance betrayed the position of things. The guard were hotly engaged, some rods in advance, with about an equal number of robbers, mounted like themselves, amidst the discharge of pistols, the clashing of swords, and yells and outcries of every description. The mayoral, whose brain had been pierced by a ball at the first onset of the robbers, had tumbled, lifeless, from his seat, and lay in a heap, by the wheel; while the zagal had extended himself flat in the road with his face downward, vociferating "Misericordia! Misericordia!" in a doleful tone, as though he expected with every instant, to feel a sabre through his back. With a furious oath, the captain rushed towards the combatants, who were fast receding, the guards having, apparently, the mastery; when suddenly, one weakened by loss of blood, fell headlong from has horse; at which the animal, with head erect and a wild snort of terror, wheeled about, and would have gallopped from the scene. But the captain caught him by the rein, and, with a single bound, vaulted into the saddle and urged him again to the well con-Rearing and plunging, however, he tested fight. resisted every effort, rendered the more unmanageable by the sudden appearance of a robber on foot, who sprung from the bushes by the road side, where he had lain concealed, until his mounted associates should have drawn off the horsemen. This was the leader of the wretches, the fierce, brutal and cunning Andalusian of the merchant's story. He was a tall, swart, muscular, well made and strikingly graceful rascal, with regular features, but of stern expression; while his eye was peculiarly piercing. He had all the Andalusian vanity of dress; for his whiskers, even more luxuriant than those of our friend, the captain, whom we have left in a furious passion, beating the refractory beast he is bestriding with the flat of his sabre, were tastefully trimmed and brushed; his round conical hat was adorned with a tuft of black silk on the top, while a silk tassel dangled gracefully from the side of the upturned brim. In addition, it was encircled by a broad band of black velvet, secured by a glittering buckle. His velvet jacket, studded with rows of gold buttons, was elegantly embroidered, a

bright yellow silk kerchief, fastened by a ring of gold, enveloped his neck, and a sash of the same colour and material was wound about his waist. Such was the "Caballero Ladrone," (the robber cavalier,) who now, standing within a few feet of the captain, deliberately discharged his pistols at him. The ball took effect in the officer's left arm; and, rendered the more enraged by the wound, he hastily drew his own pistols from his belt, and returned the fire, but to no effect. Then, suddenly dismounting, he rushed up to the robber, whose face wore a most impudent compound of pride in himself and scorn of his foe. Not a word was spoken on either side, but their sabres flashed in the sunlight, and they engaged at once in deadly fight. The robber found it necessary to exert all his skill and prowess, for he was mated with an experienced swordsman, while the captain, who had anticipated an easy victory, lay, before many minutes, prone in the dust, in the convulsions of death, his life-blood pouring from a gaping wound, where the neck joins the shoulder.

Coolly wiping his sabre on the dress of his victim, the Andalusian approached the diligence. within a short distance, he shouted forth the usual robber command, " A tierra! boca abajo, ladrones!" (To the earth! mouths in the dust, robbers!) upon which the doors flew open, and the fourteen souls inhumed in its capacious bowels, with pallid cheeks and tremulous haste, bundled out, and placed themselves flat upon the ground in prompt obedience. The fat padre had no sooner plumped himself down in the road, than he began to call most dolorously upon all the saints in the calendar for protection, intermingling his invocations with aves and nosters, most unintelligibly gabbled over. In the mean time, a second command from the robber, like the " presto!" of a magician, summoned forth purses and watches from all sides, which he received very composedly, in his hat. The monk protested he had nothing; but his garb did not seem a sufficient security for his word; for, sternly bidding him to rise, the robber handled him pretty roughly in examining his dress, and finally, an ejaculation denoting success in the search, caused the poor monk's knees to totter, while with clasped hands, he supplicated for " piedad! piedad!" (pity) " por el amor de Dios, Jesu Christo, La Virgen Santissima del Pilar, Santiago," etc. only response of the irreverent freebooter, was a gruff command to "hold his tongue!" while he ripped up his reverence's flannel robes with a dirk, careless of scratching his skin, and took from its hiding place a well filled purse, which he tossed into his hat, with the rest of the spoils. By this time two or three of his victorious troop had gallopped up, and dismounting, and fastening their horses to trees, they obeyed his command to rifle the luggage. Staving in the tops of the trunks, without ceremony, with the butts of their carbines, they selected daintily from the clothing and valuables, stuffing what they thought worthy to be appropriated to themselves, into a large sack, until it was crammed to the very mouth. Their leader, meanwhile, stood guard over the prostrate sufferers, disdaining further toil. Unfortunately for the poor monk, his fears rendered him desperate; so finding himself somewhat behind his sentinel, he stole softly away into the bushes, creeping carefully on his hands and knees. But no sooner was the sack tied and slung across the back of one of the horses, than the wary glance of the Andalusian detected the ab-

sence of the devoted monk. Darting, with an oath, into the bushes, he drew out the skulking padre, now speechless with affright, by the hair, and, with a bloodthirsty ferocity, completed the dreadful tragedy of the hour, by severing his throat with a single stroke of his sabre. Down dropped the convulsed and bleeding corse, and while a cold shudder of horror ran through the fellow travellers of the murdered man. who, though, in their prone position, from which which they dared not move, they could not see the terrible deed, were vet fearfully conscious of its commission;—the clattering of hoofs announced the departure of the robbers. The zagal, after a time, ventured to lift his head, and seeing no lingering foe, summoned the rest to rise also. The bodies of the slain were first placed upon the top of the diligence, the mutilated trunks were gathered up, the passengers, in solemn silence, then resumed their seats within, the zagal's " Arre!" was the signal for motion, and the vehicle went on; leaving the disordered ground, the distained dust, where the captain and mayoral had met with their unhappy fate, and the yet unabsorbed pool of gore, yet reeking from the veins of the monk, the trophies of the fearful encounter.

#### CHAPTER II.

### THE MOTHER AND THE WIFE.

A PRIEST had been murdered by the Andalusian—a priest! The pale of religion had been violated, the Holy Catholic Church desecrated, and all Madrid was astir! Groups collected here and there, discussing the terrible event, and ejaculating, in wondering horror, at the enormity of the deed.

"Who was the monk?" asked one of four or five, gathered in close confabulation upon the matter, on the walk before the church of "Buen Suceso," in that centre of all the bustle and stir of Madrid, "La Puerta del Sol."

"Padre Lorenzo, of our monastery of San Geronimo," was the reply.

" Maria!" exclaimed the questioner.

"La Virgen!" echoed a tall commanding figure in a montera cap, with his brown capa folded so closely around him, that only a pair of piercing eyes were visible—who had paused, a moment before, by the group.

"They say this Andalusian is a handsome dog," said one.

"Yes; but the devil within him shows itself in his eye," replied another. "I heard a passenger, whom he has robbed, say so; and he cuts a throat with his band around him, as a butcher would a poor lamb!"

" Tunantes!" again exclaimed the second speaker, lifting up both hands.

" Demonios!" was the echo from the stranger in the montera cap.

"But the government has taken the affair seriously in hand now," continued the third speaker; "I have it, too, from an under secretary, that one of the rascals was taken this morning, and will disclose the lurking places of the Andalusian. Hush—hush:"

The speaker beckened to his companions to lay their heads close to his own. The stranger in the montera cap followed their example.

"It's whispered that he is often here in the Puerta del Sol, to discover who is about leaving the city, and where there will be a chance for spoil; and mingles in disguise directly among us!"

- " Benedito sea San Jose 'y La Virgen!"
- " Picaro?
- "Virgen Santissima!" were the simultaneous exclamations of the listeners, as fear or indignation actuated them. The stranger in the montera cap shook his head as he walked away, saying, in a tone of devout resignation, "Valgame Dios!"

As he passed from the square into the Calle Mayor, he quickened his pace, and moved yet faster, when he had left the deserted street, and was threading numerous narrow and dirty lanes leading in the direction of the Toledo gate. Then, too, he gave expression to his thoughts.

"If we are betrayed," he muttered, between his clenched teeth, "it is by that accursed Catalan, Tomaso. His chicken heart has failed him. Santiago! he had better have held his tongue!"

He entered a tenement, somewhat superior to the generality of the dwellings in that quarter of the city, situated in a narrow street, leading from the Calle de Toledo. Once within, all was comfort. A bright eyed creature sprung to meet him, so soon as his footstep touched the threshold, and was folded in his embrace. It was his wife. A second female, with a stern countenance like his own, and similarly tall and commanding in stature, extended her arms forward; and crossing his hands on his breast, he bowed before her to receive her blessing. It was his mother. For several hours, he sat with them, in seeming composure and delight; then, anticipating that the seal might have been set upon him, he said lovingly to his wife,

"I must leave you now, Antonita; perhaps to be gone for months. "Tis sudden notice of so long an absence, but 'twas received to-day as suddenly. Behold! here is money for you—enough until my return. Farewell!"

His leavetaking was short; though his lips, when he kissed her, dwelt longer than usual upon her own. She did not venture to entreat against his departure, for his will was law; and his expeditions had before this, induced an equal degree of despatch. The teams that filled her eyes were her only testimonials of grief, as she returned his parting caress; while his pious mother again bestowed her blessing, with a "Vays usted con Dios!"

The next morning, all Madrid was again astir with the news that the Andalusian was a prisoner, through the treachery of one of his band, Tomaso, a Catalan; but horror was also again awake; for it was told, Tomaso had been found on the pavement of an unfrequented street, a cold and stiffened corse!

### CHAPTER III.

# THE EXECUTION.

THE "Plaza de la Cebada," ordinarily a market place, was cleared of its stalls and tables, for it was to witness the execution of the Andalusian. The preparations for death by the gallows, are, in Spain, of the most primitive description. Two huge upright posts support a horizontal beam, to the centre of which the fatal rope is secured; the ascent being obtained by means of a ladder resting on the beam. On this occasion, the gallows was guarded by the police from the contiguity of the crowd, (the hangman alone, being admitted to enter within the limits they preserved;) and lifted itself in air, in the full sight of all, a mournful emblem of the scene to be enacted.

A dense mass of spectators, men and women, filled the square, while the balconies and windows of the enclosing houses were crowded with either sex; for custom hallows any thing, however repugnant to the sensibilities-and it is customary in Spain for even gentle woman to witness the bloody bull fight in the amphitheatre, and to make an execution a spectacle. The motley mingling of all Spain's various garbs was curious to see. Here strutted the Andalusian in his gay and beautiful dress-there stood a Catalonian, wild and picturesque, with his red woollen cap falling over his shoulder, and his silver buttoned jacket Further on was a Valencean, a brilliant kerchief, in Moorish style, folded about his head; and yet further a sturdy Gallegan, with coarse brown jacket and pointed cap; while the grave Castilian, wrapped closely in his capa, gazed around with a dignified air. It had been a gala scene, but for the horror inspired by

that gallows-tree, which lifted itself in the midst. A sudden impulse at length moved the mode crowd, as the church bells tolled the hour of noon; and as the din of voices was hushed in intense curiosity, from afar off, along the Calle de Toledo, were heard the mournful notes of attendant monks, as they chaunted the death-dirge of the condemned. They swelled louder and louder as the procession moved slowly on, and first appeared the mounted police, or " celadores," spurring their horses from side to side, and waving their sabres, that glittered in the sunbeams, to clear a way through the thronging crowd. Next came file after file of soldiery, their bayonets swaying, with measured motion, as they marched. In their midst was the prisoner. How changed from the bearing of the careless Andalusian! A shroud was his garment, his feet were tied together under the belly of the ass which he bestrode, and his hands clasping a crucifix, were secured before him with a cord. The staring spectators had come out to gaze upon the face of the terrible murderer, but he had baulked them. He held his head bowed upon his breast, and his dark luxuriant hair, which he had suffered to grow untrimmed, during his imprisonment, hung down over his features and shut them from sight, as with a veil. Ever and anon the crucifix was pressed to his lips by an earnest monk, but of his own accord he moved not a muscle. Still on went the solemn procession, until it reached the corner of the street, where it opens into the square.

Thereby, stood a woman, aged, yet tall and erect, gazing upon the sight with a beautiful girl in the Andalusian garb, fast clinging to her arm. They were the mother and wife of the criminal. Alas! they dreamed him afar off, and were watching with each passing day, to greet his loved return. They knew not of his hardened heart—of the blood upon his soul—they knew not that the shrouded wretch before them, bowing his head in shame, was the dear one of their hearts!

What sees that aged mother to rivet her gaze upon the doomed man? Her cheek grows bloodless, her lip tremulous; he is before her now, carried onwards, motionless as stone. She suddenly releases herself from the hold of her companion, and darts to his side; and now she is drawing aside his hair—yet carefully, so that no eye but her own can see—to look upon the face it conceals. Her lips are seen to move, as if addressing the guilty man; then she turns away, the paleness of her cheek grown more ghastly still, and her quivering lips of a livid hue!

"What is it, mother?" anxiously inquired her be piled up, mountains high, and all of bloody hue, young companion as she rejoined her.

"Nothing—nothing, Antonita; 'tis only that I am a coward at such sights."

None, save the devoted robber, had heard her low tremulous tones, as she caught a glimpse of his face, "Maria Santissima be with thee, my poor boy!"

The procession was now wheeling before the church of Saint Domingo, to reach the centre of the square. Still the prisoner preserved the gloomy stillness of his manner-still his heart was not uplifted. But now the beast he bestrides is turning the angle; and, at once, a startling cry, from many voices in unison, echoes through the air! The crowd on either side of the prisoner, are violently pushed into the open space before and behind him, to divide him from the soldiery, and trammel their action. cords that secure him to the ass, are cut, his hands too are freed, and he disappears in the horror-stricken throng! What startling sounds, like the sullen roar of an angry sea, issue from the mass of bewildered spectators at this sudden and unlooked for eventand what appalling shricks from those near the rescued and the rescuers, as they strive to force a passage from the spot, to escape the fire of the soldiery, momentarily expected! "An escape!" "A rescue!" "A rescue!" is heard on every side. Recovered from the shock of amazement, and obtaining sufficient room, the soldiers charge with their bayonets, while the celadores spur their horses forward, reckless of trampling some unfortunate under their hoofs, in their eagerness to secure the criminal again. In the mean time, the shroud is torn from him; yet his long hair marks where, surrounded by his faithful band, he strives to make his way. Two or three of the celadores are beside them now, cutting and slashing with their sabres and inflicting gory wounds. sound in the air, and one reels and pitches from his horse! The little band, with the Andalusian in their midst, fight their way, with desperate determination, foot by foot, towards the church. They strive but to protect him to its portal. Once kneeling beside its holy altar, he is safe! The panoply of the church is over him and around him, and though his crimes

in that blessed sanctuary even the arm of justice dares not descend to strike! But his hope is vainhe will not escape his threatening doom! A long and deafening yell from the crowd greets the appearance of a file of soldiers in the balcony of an adjoining house-where, with sure and deadly aim, they fire! Not a man of the rescuers has escaped; dead or severely wounded, they are stretched upon the ground, and even the Andalusian reels with his hurt! At the moment he is seized and dragged forward to the gallows, where he is seated upon the lowest round of the ladder. But he droops more and more, as the blood flows faster and faster from his wounds. With eager haste, lest he be cheated of his victim, the executioner, sitting above him, grasps him beneath his arms, and lifts him up, step by step; while the discordant outcries of the crowd are hushed, and the slow and solemn chaunt of the monks beneath the gallows, is heard alone. Now the top of the ladder has been reached by the executioner, half exhausted with the toil of the ascent. Seated on the topmost round, with the criminal just below him, he is forced to sustain him in a firm grasp with one hand, while he adjusts the noose about his neck with the other. Then, with his foot against the victim's back, he draws with his might upon the rope. But no convulsions follow-justice has been cheated of its preyand when he casts the Andalusian from the ladder, he swings to and fro, already a lifeless corse!

A few days after this event, a grim visaged man knocked at the Andalusian's door. The wife opened it with a smile of eager expectation, that was changed to bitter disappointment when she saw who stood beside it. But her sorrow was more bitter at the tale he told. He said that her husband had been lost upon the sea, and took from beneath his capa, a huge purse of gold, sent to her, as he said, with her husband's dying blessing!

She dreams, even now, as she weeps in her cottage in her own sunny Malaga, that her Francisco is sleeping beneath the waters—but the silent mother knows that he has hung upon the gallows!

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE ZEPHYR.

BY JOHN HICEMAN, JUN.

~~e&e~~

Hs comes, he comes, at summer morn,
Across the sleeping sea,
With fragrance gathered from afar,
The zephyr winging free.

With fairy tread among the boughs He seeks the linnet's nest, And fans her plumage as she lies, To break her matin rest.

He comes, he comes, at burning noon,
With cooling in his breath,
And kindly touches in his path
The fevered couch of death.

He lends a pinion to the cloud,

That skims the mountain's crest,

And lulls, with sighs, the infant ones

Upon the mother's breast.

He comes, he comes, at stilly eve, When the west is one deep glow, With spirit voices in his train, That breathe in accents low.

He sighs around the cottage lone
When pains their vigils keep,
And with his softly-whispered tone
Lulls sorrow into sleep.

THAT state of life is most happy, where superfluities are not required and necessaries are not wanting.

Those beings only are fit for solitude, who like nobody, are like nobody, and are liked by nobody.

# THE HORN OF MY LOV'D ONE I HEAR.

WORDS BY

J. K. MITCHELL, M. D.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

W. D. BRINCKLE, M. D.

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II.

Oh! look how he stands on the wild sunny slope—
He springs o'er the rocks like an antelope:
The signal he promis'd—his rifle—I hear,
And he waves his cap in the mountain air:
His voice, like a silver horn, 's ringing with glee,
And sweet as an angel smiles, smiles he for me.

IП.

The dark woods are hiding him—heart be thou still!

The foam of his footstep is white in the rill;

The boughs of the flower shrub crash as he flies;

He heeds not the blossom that trodden down lies:

He darts o'er the grass, and he springs to my side,

And presses me to him—and calls me his bride.

IV.

And oh! as I gaze on his forehead so high,

His soft sunny cheek, and his love-beaming eye,

And listen to accents, as sweet as the dove

Among the wild beech trees, pours out to his love:

I think not of absence—of hours so lone—

The pride of the wilderness calls me his own:

### Written for the Lady's Book.

### JOTHAM'S PARABLE.

### Judges ix.

### BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

THE trees of Israel once conven'd
In conclave, strange and bold,
To choose a ruler, though the Lord
Had been their king of old;
And first, the homage of their vow
They to the Olive paid,
But she the flattering suit repell'd,
And lov'd the peacoful glade.

Next, to the fruitful Fig they turn'd, On Shechem's shadowy height, And spread the gilded lures of power Before her dazzled sight; But shivering low, in every leaf, As the light breeze swept by, Ambition's sinful thought she spurn'd, And rais'd to Heaven her eye.

So then, the lowly Vine they sought,
That round her trellis bound,
In sweet contentment humbly dwelt,
Belov'd by all around;
Yet, hiding 'neath her clusters broad,
With unobtrusive smile,
And clinging closer to her prop,
She 'scap'd th' insidious wile.

Then up the thorny Bramble spake,
To every lofty tree,
"Come, put your trust beneath my shade,
And I'll your ruler be."
"The Bramble-shade!—The Bramble-shade!
Have ye forgot the day,
When Midian's old, oppressive yoke
Was nobly rent away?

"My glorious sire!—Have ye forgot How in God's strength he rose? And took his dear life in his hand, And triumph'd o'er your foes? So now, if with my father's house, Ye have dealt well and true, Rejoice ye in your new-made lord, While he exults in you.

"But if my slaughter'd brethren's blood,
Still from the dust doth cry,
And echo in that Judge's ear
Who rules both earth and sky;
Then from the bramble where ye trust,
Break forth at midnight hour,
The o'erwhelming and vindictive flame,
And all your host devour."

That voice the ingrate people heard,
With deep remorse and dread,
And deem'd some spirit, strong in wrath,
Had risen from the dead;
For there, on Gerizzim, he stood,
Amid its cedars bright,
And frown'd one moment on the throng.
Then vanish'd from their sight.

But fearful was the fiery doom
Of Shechem's leaguer'd tower,
When fierce Abimelech arose,
With war's disastrous power;
Each soldier bore a sever'd bough,
And rear'd a mighty pile,
From whence the wild, unpitying flame
Consum'd the men of guile.

And on that tyrant's head there fell A weight of wrath and pain, Dire judgment for usurping guilt, And for his brethren slain; The mill-stone, by a woman thrown, A servant's deadly thrust, Aveng'd the usurper's ruthless deed, And crush'd him to the dust.

# CONSTANTINOPLE AND ITS ENVIRONS.

ABRIDGED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK.

[See Plate.]

FROM THE GOLDEN HORN.

THE approach to this magnificent city, from the Sea of Marmora, is more beautiful, perhaps, than that of any other city in the world. Before the spectator lies a romantic archipelago of islands covered with pine, arbutus, and oak woods, from whence emerges, on every summit, some monastery of the Greek church. These levely islets seem to float upon a sea generally calm and unruffled, and are beautifully reflected from a surface singularly pure and lucid. Beside them is the coast of Asia Minor, from which rises at a distance, the vast contour of Mount Olympus, not, as the poet describes it, with "cloudy tops," but usually unveiled and distinct; its flanks clothed with forests, and its summits crowned with eternal snows, glittering in sunlight, imparting to the heated atmosphere below an imagined feeling of refreshing coolness. In some states of the air, the effect of refraction is so deceptive, that the mountain seems almost to impend over the spectator.

From hence the coast sweeps round to the mouth of the Bosphorus, in a recess of which lies the town of Chalcedon. Beside it stretches, for more than three miles, the great cemetry of the Moslems, the most extensive, perhaps, in the world; and rising from the plain, and ascending the side of a hill, is the fine city of Scutari, associated with early historical

recollections. It is of considerable extent, covering the inclined plane of the hill on which it is built, till the ascent is terminated by the lofty mountain of Bourgerloo, a detached portion of the great Bythinian chain. From thence a sphendid view is commanded, including the romantic windings of the Bosphorus, almost for the whole extent of the strait, from the Euxine to the Propontis.

Below the promontory of Scutari, the Bosphorus rushes out with its rapid current, and no longer confined within its narrow shores, expands itself into the open sea. The limpid torrent, like that of some great river tumbling down from its source, now wheels and boils, and creates such commotion that boats are oftentimes dangerously entangled.

On the European shore, and opposite to Scutari, two promontories project into the Bosphorus. The first is the peninsula of Pera, its lower part terminated by the ancient city of Galata, where the enterprising Genoese established one of their commercial marts under the Greek emperors, and where their language still attests their origin. The walls, with their ramparts and towers, are still entire; and the gates are nightly shut by the Turks with the same vigilant precaution as they were by their former masters. This is the crowded

mart, where merchants of all nations have their stores and counting-houses, and which the active and busy genius of the Genoese still seems to animate.

The town of Pera occupies the clevated ridge of a high promontory between the harbour and the Bosphorus. On the spine of this eminence the European natives have established their residence. The merchants, whose stores and offices are below, have their dwelling-houses on this lofty and healthful elevation, to which they are seen climbing in groups every evening, when the business of the day is over. Their habitations form a strong contrast to those of the Turks. They are lofty, solid, and convenient, and from their height command a magnificent view of the circumjacent seas, with all their bays and islands. Here also the ambassadors of the different powers of Europe have their palaces, among which the British, before its destruction by fire, was the most beautiful and conspicuous.

Below the promontory of Pera, the noble harbour of "The Golden Horn" opens to the view, its entrance formed by the points of Galata and that of the senaplic.

From the "Golden Horn," the city of Constantinople rises with singular beauty and majesty. The view of the city displays a mountain of houses, as far as the eye can reach: the seven hills form an undulating line along the horizon, crowned with imperial mosques, among which the grand Solemanie is the most conspicuous. These edifices are extraordinary structures, and, from their magnitude and position, give to Constantinople its most characteristic aspect. They consist of large square buildings, swelling in the centre into vast hemispherical domes, and crowned at the angles with four sleader lofty minarets. The domes are covered with metal, and the spires cased in gilding, so that the one seems a canopy of glittering silver, and the other a shaft of burnished gold.

Their magnitude is so comparatively great, and they cover such a space of ground, that they seem altogether disproportioned to every thing about them, and the contrast gives them an apparent size almost as great as the hills on which they stand.

Among the conspicuous objects arising above the rest, and mingling with the minarets of the mosques, are two tall towers, one on each side of the harbour, called the "Janissaries' Tower," and the "Tower of Galata." They command an extensive view over both peninsulas, and are intended for the purpose of watching fires, to which the city is constantly subject. Instead of a bell, a large drum is kept in a chamber on the summit, and when the watchman observes a fire, for which he is always looking out, he strikes the great drum with a mallet; and this kind of tolling produces a deep sound, which comes on the ear, particularly at night, with a tone singularly solemn and impressive.

The valleys between the hills are crossed by the ancient aqueduct of Valens, which conveys the water brought from mountains of the Black Sea to the several cisterns of the city. The humidity cozing through the masonry, nourishes the roots of various plants, which, trailing down form festoons with their long tendrils, and clothe the romantic arcades, which cross the streets, with a luxuriant drapery. Almost every house stands within an area planted with jujube, judastree, and other fruit and flowery shrubs peculiar to the soil and climate; so that the vast mass of building covering the sides and summits of the hills, is interspersed and chequered with the many hues displayed by the leaves, fruits, and flowers in their season. Of these the judas-tree affords the predominant colour. The burst of flowers from every part of it, in spring, at times actually gives a ruddy tint to the whole aspect of the city.

### EDITORS' TABLE.

There are magicians and conjurers is past, but still there are words of power—words that raise before the mind's eye, visions of riches and splendour, as suddenly as the genie of the lamp reared the palace of Aladdin. "Speculation" has acted the genie's part in our land, both in raising and destroying fortunes.

But the real cabalistic word of Americans is economy. This is used by all classes and found useful on all occasions. The politician, when he would secure a snug office and good salary for himself, has only to boast of his skill in promoting "national economy." The man of business, when asked to tell the secret by which he has lured gold to his coffers, will whisper "It is my economy."

The farmer and mechanic owe all their wealth and importance to the "successful practice of economy."

The ladies, too, are thorough economists. You will meet with none who advocate extravagance, however unthinkingly they may practise it. Hence, those who purchase the "dear and far fetch'd" materials for their dresses, will tell you that it is good economy, because of their superior durability, colours, latte, or some other excellence, never taking into account how soon the forms or patterns may become unfashionable. A fifty dollar bonnet will become as obsolete at the end of the season as one that costs but five.

There are economists who always save in little things, while they indulge in ruinous extravagance in their general arrangements or luxurious tastes; like the London fine lady, who was spending thousands of pounds for old china, while she refused to let a two shilling mangoe be cut at her table.

Some practise "severe economy" in regard to the wages of their help or their washerwoman. A lady will congratulate herself, if she saves ninepence a week in this way, and imagine herself an economist, though she may spend fifty dollars in the same time, on elegant superfluities. Persons who have not been blessed with a discriminating judgment, or who have not a jadicious and methodical system of regulating their expenses according to their income, seem to think that the practice of some little mean, paltry act or management, by which they save a sixpence, is economy. They will feast the rich—it is

hospitality; they will screw the poor—it is economy. Parents will deck their daughters in the most costly finery, while they complain bitterly of the expenses of education; and mothers often employ a third rate teacher, because such an one can be obtained cheaper, while the most fashionable milliner must make their dresses, cost what it may.

These hints on economy are thrown out for the consideration of our readers. American ladios—there was never a time, probably, since the close of the Revolutionary war, when the practice of true economy was more generally needed. The great mass of our people, for the last ten years, have lived beyond their incomes; they have dressed too fine, and each family has aimed at being thought richer than its neighbour. This state of things has been caused partly if not wholly by the facility with which credit was granted. Every body could run in debt—and it was such good economy to purchase things when you could get them cheap and be trusted for them besides!

The country is now wofully embarrassed by foreign debt, and though that is entirely the fault of the men who manage all such business, yet we wish our own sex would reflect on the encouragement they have given to this extravagance, by the eagerness with which they purchase all such foreign frippery.

The daughter of a bankrupt lately purchased, in the course of three months, French lace to the amount of ferty dollars. Now if all our population bought superfluities in the same proportion, it would create a foreign debt of seven hundred and twenty millions of dollars, (allowing eighteen millions of inhabitants,) against the United States, in the space of three months. The father of that young lady is certainly most to blame for this extravagance; but is she innocent of the fraud which is always practised when people buy what they do not need and cannot pay for? Yet she calls herself an "economist."

"Order is heaven's first law"—and whoever boasts of economy, except it be in conformity-with a system which has justice for its basis, and then has reference to the best good of the individual, family and country, for whom the plan was framed, is not an economist.

The present number commences the twenty-first volume of our publication. In presenting ourselves to our readers on this occasion, we take the opportunity to renew our thanks for the very liberal patronage which has been constantly bestowed upon us, and to express our determination to merit that patronage by unremitted exertions to add to the interest and value of our work. In each successive volume of the Lady's Book, since we commenced it, we have made a promise similar to that we have just uttered, and we appeal with confidence to our early and long-continued subscribers whether we have not in every instance complied with all our undertakings.

In the volume of which the present is the opening number, we purpose to make various improvements. What these will be we need scarcely enumerate, as our subscribers will have an opportunity of seeing them for themselves; but we may mention in a general way, that they will be such as we know will command their approbation. In our embellishments there will be noted both an improvement in the style and an increase of the number, and in the other mechanical arrangements there will also be changes for the better. Our list of contributors, it will be observed, is also increasing, and altogether, our means and advantages are such as to enable us to accomplish various results.

We take pleasure in announcing a story by Miss Leslie, for the August number—" Mr. Smith."

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are accepted:

- " Tears for the Dead."
- " The Broken Vow."
- "Recollections"—But we must take the liberty of revision, and also of excision; the last pretty freely, which we trust the authoress will excuse.
  - " Canzonet."
  - " The Dance of the Spirite," and " Winter Sunset."

Dryden somewhere remarks, that a friend of his, a man of much critical acuteness and keen wit, declared that if the naval battle between the English and Dutch fleets, (which occurred June 3d, 1665.) had not been of such great national concernment, he would prefer it should be lost by the English, rather than read the many bad odes and poems which a victory would inflict upon them. Adding, that "these eternal rhymers always watch a battle with more diligence than the birds of prey! and the worst of them were surest to be first in upon the quarry."

This was very severe; yet that the most ordinary poets or rather rhymesters are always the first to celebrate any great event, or pour the dirge of sorrow for any accidental calamity is true enough.

The loss of the Lexington was one of those mournful and deep tragedies which thrill every soul—move and melt every heart. Not so the poetry it has called forth. We have not seen one published poem on the subject, which we have considered good—of the number sent us (seven in all) we have not found one worth publishing. The four now on hand, entitled—"The Lexington"—"The Burning Ship"—"A Voice from the Lexington"—and "The Lexington is Gene," are all labelled "Not accepted." It is rather late in the day, when such an awful catastrophe as the destruction of Natchez is ringing in our ears, to revert to the tragedy of the Lexington; but having received several letters from the authors of the rejected articles, we take this mode of answering them. The other articles which have been examined and declined, are the following—which are all we have examined.

- "A Request"-(Very ordinary.)
- "The Vision"-(Too long.)
- "Tribute to the Memory of a Brother."
- "The Three Tiaras"—(A pretty idea, but the versification is imperfect.)
- "'Tis sweet upon you crystal Lake."—As a specimen of the soft" style of poetry—which is often inflicted upon us—we give an extract from this poem:—

"'Tis sweet when twilight gently steals
On hours with hopes full laden,
To roam, when not a breath reveals,
With one fond, lovely maiden:—
Oh, who would wish for purer bliss,
For joy more near to Heaven,
Than thus to roam in happiness
With one beloved maiden.

"Tis sweet to know that there is one
Will kindly think upon us;
Who, when our cheerless toil is done,
Will sweetly smile upon us;—
Oh, could I find one eye or lip
To give so sweet a token,
I then from Love's fond cup would sip—
Would sip, till it was broken!

We have still a large roll of MSS, unread. We hope our contributors will have patience; we find it a necessary virtae.

Miss Mary W. Hale, who has contributed several articles to the "Book," is not, as many suppose, daughter of Mrs. S. J. Hale. Mrs. Hale's daughters have never written for the public.

# TO THE BORROWERS OF THE LADY'S BOOK.

We cannot but feel gratified to know that our periodical is in general favour. This the large number of regular subscribers-who pay-is good evidence, and heartily do we wish we were rich enough to present the work to all such as wish to possess it, but are not able to subscribe. One thing, however, troubles us-the complaints which are made of borrowers: and as we feel quite sure, that all who borrow it would like to subscribe, if they felt able, we take the liberty of hinting. at this beginning of a volume, the propriety of such individuals uniting, say three or four families, and taking one copy of the Lady's Book. The expense, for each family, would be but trifling; and they would secure the privilege of an independent perusal of the work, which should be of no small importance to an American. Besides, they would confer a great favour on the Editors, by freeing them from such complaints as the following:

### To the Editors of the Lady's Book.

I have been for nearly two years a subscriber to the Lady's Book; but, though I esteem the work very highly, I shall be forced to discontinue it, unless some mode be devised to deliver me from the intolerable nuisance of lending.

Time was when I and my family anticipated much pleasure from the successive numbers as they came to hand, and we were always as anxious to have our books neat and clean as our garments. The case is now widely different. Five or six families in the vicinity are as eager to get the numbers as we are, and watch the post office as carefully. No sooner is a number received than my neighbours are in motion. "Miss A. begs you will send her your Lady's Book." Answer- We have not yet read it ourselves." Miss B. says, "Please, send her your Lady's Book." Answer as before-sometimes to half a dozen applications in a day. But perseverance is their motto, and we have no rest till they get it. It then goes the rounds of the neighbourhood; and about the time another number is expected, it is returned; the plates torn, or soiled with grease and dirt, and the cover commonly goue; no longer fit to occupy its place on the centre table or in the library. I have reason to believe that it is often made a play thing for children, "the dear little ones are so fund of pretty pictures."

The Rev. J. R. GOODMAN proposes to open a seminary for lads in the vicinity of Reading, Penn. No place could be better adapted for such a purpose. The soil is salubrious—the water excellent—the scenery picturesque and beautiful, and the society of the town is of the best possible kind. Mr. Goodman is extremely well qualified for the proposed undertaking. He is a ripe scholar, and an able teacher, and baving bestowed much and careful-thought upon the subject, understands and can apply practically the philosophy of instruction.

### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

# Lectures of the American Institute of Instruction.

This volume contains the Lectures-nine in number-delivered at the meeting of the "Institute," held last August. at Springfield, Massachusetts. The introductory, by Robert Rantoul, jun. "EDUCATION OF A FREE PROPER." is a massterly production. There is an excellent one on "Physical Education," by Dr. Pierson, of Salem, and, in truth, every Lecture in the volume deserves, and will reward, a careful perusal. The work should be widely circulated.

The Puture Life of the Good, is a little volume, published some months since, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Greenwood. It is a precious amulet for mourning hearts, who ween for the dear departed. In the holy light of the future life, thus beantifully described, how poor seem the pleasures of the present!

Proverbial Philosophy: by Martin Farquhar, Esq., A. M.

This, a reprint from the London edition, is really an extraordinary work. It purports to be the secret meditations and original thoughts of the author on many important subjects. The style is clear and concise—the illustrations and similes forcible and often beautiful. Occasionally, a little affectation of quaintness appears, as in the preface; but the spirit and tone of the whole is so pure and benignant, that no one can study it without profit. Here are a "few of the gems of thought" with which it shounds

"Despise not thou a small thing, either for good or for evil; a look may work thy ruin, or a word create thy wealth; the walking this way or that, the casual stopping or hastening hath saved life or destroyed it, bath cast down and built up fortunes

"The stream of small pleasures fill the lake of happiness; and the deepest wretchedness of life is the continuance of petty pains.

"Invention is activity of mind, as fire is air in motion; for we learn upon a hint, find upon a clue, we yield an hundred fold; but the great sower is analogy. There must be an acrid slee before a luscious peach; by culture may man do all things, short of the miracle-Creation. To improve and expand is ours, as well as to limit and defeat; but to create a thought or a thing is hopeless and impossible.

"While a man liveth he may mend: count not thy brother reprobate: when he is dead his chance is gone, then remember not his faults in bitterness. If thou think evil of thy neighbour soon wilt thou find him thy foe; if thou think of him in charity, wishing and praying for him, there is a secret charm which will draw his soul to love thee. Charity is prized of all; and fear not thou that praise; God will not love thee less becease men love thee more."

But we must stop now; if our readers like these extracts we can assure them, they will like the book better.

This and the preceding work are published by J. Dowe; Boston.

Poems: By William Thompson Bacon. Third edition. Boston: Weeks, Jordan & Co., pp. 235.

We are glad to find the genius of the author of these poems so well appreciated. A volume which has reached its third edition, does not require a laboured notice; it has been read. We shall, therefore, only say that this new edition is beautifully printed, and that the corrections and additions seem to have been made with much care and good taste. The following poem we think a fair specimen of the writer's powers.

### LIFE'S TRUEST PHILOSOPHY.

"Oh! how many of these sorrows Meeting us in this vexed life, Herald in as bright to-morrows, Spite of dangers, spite of strife!

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There is not one heart now lonely, But that heart some good may find-Evils are not evils only-

Chains are nothing to the mind.

Life's true wisdom is in taking Hence the powers thou hast in trust. And in keeping thee from asking Whether Providence is just."

This poem reminds us a little of Professor Longfellow's "Psalm of Life." In truth, Mr. Bacon seems to catch his inspiration somewhat too much from the light reflected from other poets, not from the sacred fire in his own soul. We are reminded of Wordsworth, Bryant, and occasionally of Willia. while reading his poems. But he is not a tame imitator. We think, indeed, that he has more genius than he has yet shown: that if he would observe and think more, and read and conv less. he would write what would be better worth preserving.

Outlines of Disordered Mental Action. By Thomas C. Upham. New York; Harper & Brothers, 1840.

This forms the hundredth volume of the Family Library, and we cannot but congratulate the publishers on the eminent success which has attended their efforts. The entire series is composed of valuable works, and the Library forms a valuable addition to our popular literature.

The "Outlines of Disordered Mental Action," is a clever treatise upon a subject of very great interest. The author has purposely made his volume of a familiar character, and it is not therefore distinguished by any high-reaching philosophy or science. It is, however, clear in its general arrangement, and its views are developed with a proper regard to the importance of the topic, and the comprehension of the general

The Youth of Shakepeare. 3 vols. Philadelphia: Lea & Blanchard. 1840.

The success of the very pleasant novel entitled "Shakspeare and his Friends," has induced the author to adventure on a second experiment, and if he has not in this succeeded so well as in the first, it is only because the subject has lost some of its freshness. The "Youth of Shakspeare" is managed with great ability, and all the admirers of that wonderful bard may peruse the fictitious account of his earlier years here given with amusement, if not with instruction.

The Countess Ida: A Novel. By T. S. Fay. 2 vols. 1840. Harper & Brothers, New York.

The design of Mr. Fay in writing these volumes, as he himself avows, was to illustrate the evil tendencies of duelling, and to show how much more praiseworthy it is in a man of real courage to defy the world's opinion and censure than to be driven to do what he believes to be wrong and criminal. This design is certainly highly commendable, and though the execution of the work is not exactly all that might be wished, we cannot withhold our praise from the meritorious attempt.

Application of the Science of Mechanics to practical Purposes. By James Renwick, L. L. D. Harper & Brothers, 1840.

Books of this kind are truly valuable. One such is worth a thousand trashy novels. Now here, for example, is an essay of not unsuitable length; easy in its style, illustrated by numerous engravings; and altogether adapted for popular use, which embodies an immense amount of valuable information. on subjects of daily and increasing importance.

The Postical Works of Lord Byron, complete. 10 vols. R. W. Pomeroy. Philadelphia, 1840.

For those who wish a convenient portable edition of Lord Byron's works, this is the very thing. The volumes are of the exact size to slip into a reticule or the pocket, and they are, moreover, of an exceedingly neat and graceful appearance. The type is clear and sufficiently large for all readers, and the arrangement is such that each volume is complete in itself. There are a number of embellishments, and the binding is very beautiful.

History of British America. By Hugh Murray, F. R. S. E. New York: Harper & Brothers, 1840.

At this juncture, when the relations of this country to Great Britain, in regard to the north eastern boundary, and the recent disturbance in the Canadas, have drawn general attention to the subject of the British American colonies, the publication of these volumes must be regarded as peculiarly opportune.

Under all circumstances, it would be a matter of interest to our citizens to become acquainted with the rise, progress, and history of our neighbours, but in view of the facts just referred to, it is especially important. The work of Mr. Murray seems to have been prepared with great care. Many authorities, neglected by former writers on the subject, have been examined, and much local intelligence, traditionary and of record, has been gathered from those best qualified to furnish it.

Mr. Murray's plan comprehends the history, statistics, topography, commerce, fisheries, &c., as well as the social and
political condition of Upper and Lower Canada, Nova Scotia,
New Brunswick, Newfoundland, Prince Edward's Island,
The Bermudas, and the Fur Countries; and in carrying out
this plan he has shown great diligence in the collection, and
skill in the arrangement of materials. Some unimportant
details have been omitted in the American edition, and numerous explanatory notes have been added by the Editor.

# Georgia Scenes. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, 1840.

This is a collection of very clever sketches, intended to illustrate the manners and local customs of a portion of the Southern people. Many of them are very high-coloured and exaggerated, but there is in agreeable vein of humour running through them all, that will commend them to general notice and regard.

### LITERARY NOTICES.

Democracy in America. The second part of this great work, by De Tocqueville, is about being published by the Messrs. Langleys, of New York. It is a work of exceeding merit and uncommon interest for Americans. We hope our readers will obtain it as soon as possible. De Tocqueville deserves the thanks of American women for his warm and bold tribute to their worth. He thus concludes his remarks:

"As for myself, I do not hesitate to avow, that, although the women of the United States are confined within the narrow circle of domestic life, and their situation is in some respects one of extreme dependence, I have no where seen women occupying a loftier position: (that is, of moral influence,) and if I were asked, now that I am drawing to the close of this work, in which I have spoken of so many important things done by the Americans, to what the singular prosperity and growing strength of that people ought mainly to be attributed, I should reply—to the superiority of their women."

We shall refer to this work again.

Hawaiian Spectator .- Such is the title of a quarterly periodical, published at the Sandwich Islands!-Truly the march of mind is over the deep-the schoolmaster has become an adventurer. The number before us, for October 1839, contains, among other articles of much interest, a well-written account of the visit of the French ship of war l'Artemise, to the Islands, last July. The transaction does no credit to the French nation. The testimony in favour of the good wrought by the American missionaries and teachers is strong, and we should think must be conclusive to every unprejudiced mind. There is a very interesting article, "Sketches of an Overland Journey in Central America," by J. J. Jones, Esq., lately of Boston. In short, the work, when considered as coming from a region which, about twenty years since, was only inhabited by debased, ignorant savages, must take the place of quite a lion among periodicals.

We have before us several numbers of Huddy's Military Magazine, a beautiful periodical, with coloured plates to correspond with its title. The letter press is good, and every effort is made by the enterprising propristors, to put forth such a publication as will command respect and patronage. Perhaps some of our fair subscribers have husbands who are imbued with a military spirit—if so, let them send \$5 to Mossrs. Huddy & Duvall.

Master Humphrey's Clock has reached the third number. We welcome back Mr. Pickwick and hir man Sam Weller. Right welcome are they and old Tooy the widow hater. An elegant edition is published by Lea & Blanchard, and can

be obtained of the publishers of this work. A remittance of Five dollars will pay for Lady's Book one year, and one set of Master Humphrey's Clock.

Periodicals.—We have been for some time, intending a notice the series of Foreign periodicals, republished in New York by the indefatigable Mrs Jemina M. Mason.—As a lady she is deserving of praise in our "Book," for the discretion and perseverance with which she has discharged the duties, devolved on her by the death of her first husband. Mr Lewer. Though she has since changed her name, she has set changed her pursuits; and the success which attends the esterprise sufficiently proves that her judgment and care are usefully employed. Of the merits of the works reprinted, at is not necessary to speak particularly—the four Reviews—"The London, Edinburgh, Westminster, and Foreign Quarterly," are all well known in this country. Then there are the magazines—Blackwood's, Bentley's, and the Metropolitas, all popular works—but Blackwood's is our favourite.

### DESCRIPTION OF FAMILION PLATE.

1. Plaid silk dress, skirt trimpled with three flounces, each flounce edged with black lace. Bishop slaves, plaited down the top, and trimmed with lace. Cape to cross in front and trimmed with lace to correspond with the dress. Straw bosnet trimmed with ribands.

2. Sitting Figure-Morning Neglige.-Blonde cap. this pretty cap is simply cut out of a half square, with the ends and point taken off. As may be seen by the plate, it is quite plan and flat at top, and has merely a few gathers at the back. The blonde border is turned up all across the front, and only turns towards the face when below the ear, the full frilling of the border falls exceedingly low, and is intermixed with flowers and satin ribands. A second fall of blonde may be seen further back on the cap, it turns up like the border in front. The hair is in bandeau as far as the temple, the remainder braided and turned back. Robe de chambre of China foulard sik, a nankeen coloured ground with a showy eastern pattern in bright colours. It is made with a piece put in at the neck. which is covered with a flat collar, the remainder of the dres which is all in one, is gathered to the neck piece. The sheves are gathered down in three places at the shoulder, the remainder of the sleeve which is immensely wide and long s drawn up by a silk cord at the inner part of the arm see plate.) The entire dress is lined with bright blue Florence (sarsnet.) It is fastened round the waist by a cord and tassel the colour of the lining. Long white sleeves are to be seen. underneath the others. Bronze shoes of peau Anglaise, white kid gloves, embroidered handkerchief.

3. We have no description to give of the riding dress, only to mention that it is the one worn by Queen Victoria, and is copied from the World of Fa-hion, in which publication the face is said to be a portrait of her Majesty.

4. Evening dress of white crape over satin akirt, trimmed with two flounces, featooned at the side with roses. Grecias corasge, confined in front with a single rose. Short full seeve, plaited down at top, and festooned at the side with a rose to correspond with the general trimming of the dress. Head dress formed of flowers and ribands (see plate.)

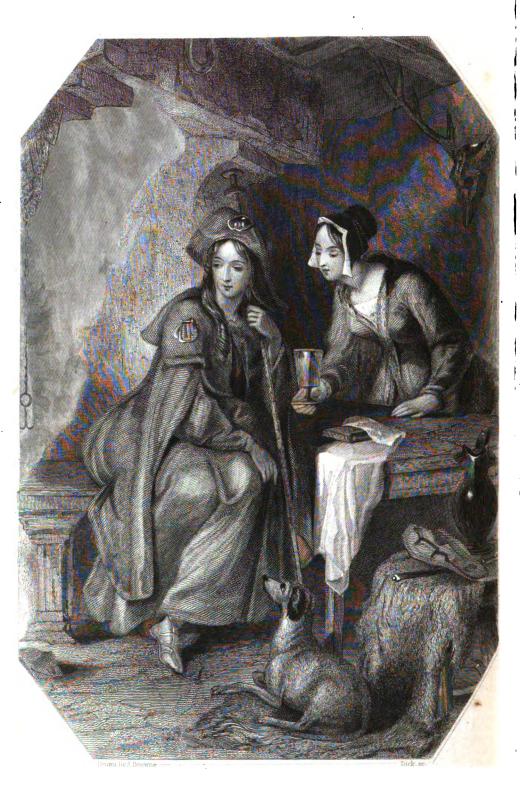
### CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

Flowers.—The most fashionable for hats are two branches of the camelia, pink acacia, two dshlias, roset, or a wreath of mixed flowers. For caps! Hop blossoms in every colour, roses, and field flowers. For straw bonnets: A branch of line, violets, lily of the valley; and for silk hats, all the above, with bachelor's buttons, daisies, and fancy drooping flowers, pink, or blue, consisting of large bells, one inside the other; they are placed quite at the side; wreaths going all round are sometimes worn.

The trimmings for caps and inside of hats are worn as low as possible at the sides of the face, far below the chin. It is not every face that this fashion becomes; at the top of the head the cap or borders cannot be too far back; but coming down at each side they are brought as much forward as possible.

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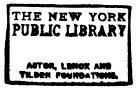


THE PILORIM.

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# L A D Y'S B O O K.

AUGUST, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# MR. SMITH.

BY MISS LESLIE.

Those of my readers who recollect the story of Mrs. Washington Potts, may not be sorry to learn that in less than two years after the marriage of Bromley Cheston and Albina, Mrs. Marsden was united to a southern planter of great wealth and respectability, with whom she had become acquainted during a summer excursion to Newport. Mrs. Selbourne (that being her new name) was now, as her letters denoted, completely in her element, presiding over a large establishment, mistress of twelve house-servants, and almost continually engaged in doing the honours of a spacious mansion to a round of company, or in complying with similar invitations from the leading people of a populous neighbourhood, or in reciprocating visits with the most fashionable inhabitants of the nearest city. Her only regret was that Mrs. Washington Potts could not "be there to see." But then, as a set-off, Mrs. Selbourne rejoiced in the happy reflection that a distance of several hundred miles placed a great gulf between herself and Aunt Quimby, from whose Vandal incursions she now felt a delightful sense of security. She was not, however, like most of her compatriots, a warm advocate for the universal diffusion of railroads-neither did she assent very cordially to the common remarks about this great invention annihilating both time and space, and bringing "the north and the south and the east and the west" into the same neighbourhood.

Bromley Cheston, having succeeded to a handsome inheritance by the demise of an opulent relative, in addition to his house in Philadelphia purchased as a summer residence that of his mother-in-law on the banks of the Delaware, greatly enlarging and improving it, and adding to its little domain some meadow and woodland; also a beautiful piece of ground which

he converted into a green lawn sloping down towards the river, and bounded on one side by a shady road that led to a convenient landing-place.

The happiness of Albina and her husband (who in the regular course of promotion became Captain Cheston) was much increased by the society of Bromley's sister Myrtilla, a beautiful sprightly and intelligent girl, whom they invited to live with them after the death of her maternal grandmother, an eastern lady, with whom she had resided since the loss of her parents, and who had left her a little fortune of thirty thousand dollars.

Their winters were passed in Philadelphia, where Albina found herself quite at home in a circle far superior to that of Mrs. Washington Potts, who was one of the first to visit Mrs. Cheston on her marriage. This visit was of course received with civility, but returned by merely leaving a card at the door. No notice whatever was taken of Mrs. Potts's second call; neither was she ever invited to the house.

When Cheston was not at sea, little was wanting to complete the perfect felicity of the family. It is true they were not entirely exempt from the occasional annoyances and petty vexations inseparable from even the happiest state of human life—but these were only transient shadows, that on passing away generally served as topics of amusement, and caused them to wonder how trifles, diverting in the recollection, could have really so troubled them at the time of occurrence. Such, for instance, were the frequent visitations of Mrs. Quimby, who told them (after they had enlarged their villa, and bought a carriage and a tilbury.) "Really, good people, now that things are all so genteel, and pleasant, and full-handed, I think I shall be apt to favour you with my

company the greatest part of every summer. There's no danger of Billy Fairfowl and Mary being jealous. They always let me go and come just as I please; and if I was to stay away ten years I do not believe they'd be the least affronted."

As the old lady had intimated, her visits instead of being "few and far between" were many and close together. It is said you may get used to any thing, and therefore the Chestons did not sell off their property and fly the country on account of Aunt Quimby. Luckily she never brought with her any of the Fairfowl family, her son-in-law having sufficient tact to avoid on principle all visiting intercourse with people who were beyond his sphere: for though certain of being kindly treated by the Chestons themselves, he apprehended that he and his would probably be looked down upon by persons whom they

might chance to meet there. Mrs. Quimby, for her

part, was totally obtuse to all sense of these distinc-

One Monday evening, on his return from town, Captain Cheston brought his wife and sister invitations to a projected pic-nic party, among the managers of which were two of his intimate friends. The company was to consist chiefly of ladies and gentlemen from the city. Their design was to assemble on the following Thursday at some pleasant retreat on the banks of the Delaware, and to recreate themselves with an unceremonious fete champetre. "I invited them," continued the captain, "to make use of my grounds for the purpose. We can find an excellent place for them in the woods by the river side. Delham and Lonsgrave will be here to-morrow to reconnoitre the capabilities of the place."

The ladies were delighted with the propert of the pic-nic party; more especially on finding that most of the company were known to them.

"It will be charming," said Albina, "to have them near us, and to be able to supply them with many conveniences from our own house. You may be assured, dear Bromley, that I shall liberally do my part towards contributing to the pic-nickery. You know that our culinary preparations never go wrong now that I have more experience, good servants, and above all plenty to do with."

"How fortunate," said Myrtilla Cheston, "that Mrs. Quimby left us this morning. This last visit has been so long that I think she will scarcely favour us with another in less two or three weeks. I hope she will not hear that the pic-nic is to be on our place."

"There is no danger"—replied Cheston—" Aunt Quimby cannot possibly know any of the persons concerned in it. And besides, I met her to-day in the street, and she told me that she was going to set out on Wednesday for Baltimore, to visit Billy Fairfowl's sister Mrs. Bagnell: 'Also,' said she, 'it will take me from this time to that to pack my things, as I never before went so far from home, and I dare say I shall stay in Baltimore all the rest of the fall—I don't believe when the Bagnells once have me with them they'll let me come away much this side of winter.'"

"I sincerely hope they will not"—exclaimed Albina—"I am so glad that Nancy Fairfowl has married a Baltimorean. I trust they will make their house so pleasant to Aunt Quimby that she will transfer her favour from us to them. You know she often tells us that Nancy and herself are as like as

two peas both in looks and ways; and from her account Johnny Bagnell must be a third pea, exactly resembling both of them."

"And yet"—observed Cheston—"people whose minds are of the same calibre do not always assimilate as well as might be supposed. When too nearly alike, and too close to each other, they frequently rub together so as to grate exceedingly."

We will pass over the intervening days by saying that the preparations for the pic-nic party were duly and successfully made: the arrangement of the ground being undertaken by Captain Cheston and Lieutenants Delham and Longrave, and completed with the taste, neatness, and judicious arrangement, which always distinguishes such things when done by officers, whether of army or navy.

The appointed Thursday arrived. It was a lovely day, early in September: the air being of that delightful and exhilarating temperature that converts the mere sense of existence into pleasure. The heats of summer were over, and the sky had assumed its mildest tint of blue. All was calm and cool and lovely, and the country seemed sleeping in luxuriant repose. The grass, refreshed by the August rains, looked green as that of the "emerald isle:" and the forest trees had not yet began to wear the brilliant colours of autumn, excepting here and there a maple whose foliage was already crimsoned. The orchards were loaded with fruit, glowing in ripeness: and the buckwheat fields, white with blossoms, perfumed the air with their honied fragrance. The rich flowers of the season were in full bloom. Birds of beautiful plumage still lingered in the woods, and were warbling their farewell notes previous to their return to a more southern latitude. The morning sunbeams danced and glittered on the blue waters of the broad and brimming Delaware, as the mirrored surface reflected its green and fertile banks with their flowery meadows, embowering groves, and modestly elegant

The ground allotted to the party was an open space in the woodlands which ran along an elevated ridge looking directly down on the noble river that from its far-off source in the Catskill mountains, first dividing Pennsylvania from New York and then from New Jersey, carries its tributary stream the distance of three hundred miles, till it widens into the dim and lonely bay whose last waves are blended with the dark-rolling Atlantic. Old trees of irregular and fantastic forms, leaning far over the water, grew on the extreme edge of this bank: and from its steep and crumbling side protruded their wildly twisted roots, fringed with long fibres that had been washed bare by the tide which daily overflowed the broad strip of gray sand that margined the river. Part of an old fence that had been broken down and carried away by the incursions of a spring freshet, still remained, at intervals, along the verge of the bank; and his ladies had prevailed on Captain Cheston not to repair it, as in its ruinous state it looked far more picturesque than if new and in good order. In clearing this part of the forest many of the largest and finest trees had been left standing, and beneath thair shade seats were now dispersed for the company. In another part of the opening, a long table had been set under a sort of marquée, constructed of colours brought from the Navy Yard, and gracefully suspended to the widespreading branches of some noble oaks: the stars and stripes of the most brilliant flag in the world blending

in picturesque elegance with the green and clustering foliage. At a little distance under a group of trees whose original forms were hidden beneath impervious masses of the forest grape-vine, was placed a sidetable for the reception of the provisions as they were unpacked from the baskets; and a clear shady brook which wandered near, rippling over a bed of pebbles on its way down to the river, afforded an unlimited supply of "water clear as diamond spark," and made an excellent refrigerator for the wine bottles.

Most of the company were to go up in the early boat: purposing to return in the evening by the railroad. Others, who preferred making their own time, were to come in carriages. As soon as the bell of the steamboat gave notice of her approach, Captain Cheston, with his wife and sister, accompanied by Lieutenants Delham and Lonsgrave, went down to the landing-place to receive the first division of the pic-nic party, which was chiefly of young people, all with smiling countenances, and looking as if they anticipated a very pleasant little fête. The Chestons were prepared to say with Seged of Ethiopia, "This day shall be a day of happiness—"but as the last of the gay procession stepped from the landing-board, Aunt Quimby brought up the rear.

"Oh! Bromley"—said Mrs. Cheston, in a low voice to her husband—"there is our most mal-a-propos of aunts—I thought she was a hundred miles off. This is really too bad—what shall we do with her—on this day too, of all days—"

"We can do nothing but endeavour as usual to make the best of her"—replied the captain"—but where did she pick up that common looking man whom she seems to be hauling along with her?"

Mrs. Quimby now came up, and after the first greeting, Albina and Myrtilla endeavoured to withdraw from her the attention of the rest of the company, whom they conducted for the present to the house; but she seized upon the captain, to whom she introduced her companion by the appellation of Mr. Smith. The stranger looked embarrassed, and seemed as if he could scarcely presume to take the offered hand of Captain Cheston, and muttered something about trespassing on hospitality, but Aunt Quimby interrupted him with-" Oh! nonsense now Mr. Smith-where's the use of being so shame-faced, and making apologies for what can't be helped. I dare say my nephew and niece wonder quite as much at seeing me here, supposing that I'm safe and sound at Nancy Bagnell's in Baltimore. But are you sure my baggage is all on the barrow-just step back, and see if the big blue band-box is safe, and the little yellow one; I should not wonder if the porter tosses them off or crushes in the lids. All men seem to have a spite at band-boxes."

Mr. Smith meekly obeyed: and Aunt Quimby taking the arm of Cheston, walked with him towards the house.

"Tell me who this gentleman is"—said Captain Cheston. "He cannot belong to any of the Smiths of 'Market, Arch, Race and Vine, Chestnut, Walnut, Spruce and Pine.'"

"No"—replied Mrs. Quimby—" nor to the Smiths of the cross-streets neither—nor to those up in the Northern Liberties, nor them down in Southwark. If you mean that he is not a Philadelphia man, you've hit the nail on the head—but that's no reason there shouldn't be Smiths enough all over the world.

However, the short and the long of it is this-I was to have started for Baltimore yesterday morning, bright and early, with Mr. and Mrs. Neverwait-but the shoemaker had not sent home my over-shoes, and the dyer had not finished my gray Canton crape shawl that he was doing a cinnamon brown, and the milliner disappointed me in new-lining my bonnet : so I could not possibly go, you know, and the Neverwaits went without me.-Well-the things were brought home last night, which was like coming a a day after the fair. But as I was all packed up, I was bent upon going some-how or other, this morning. So I made Billy Fairfowl take me down to the wharf, bag and baggage, to see if he could find any body he knew to take charge of me to Baltimore. And there, as good luck would have it, we met with Mr. Smith, who has been several times in Billy's store, and bought domestics of him, and got acquainted with him; so that Billy finding this poor Mr. Smith was a stranger, and a man that took ne airs, and that did not set up for great things, got very sociable with him, and even invited him to tea. Now, when we met him on the wharf, Mr. Smith was quite a wind-fall for us, and he agreed to escort me to Baltimore, as of course he must when he was asked. So then Billy being in a hurry to go to market for breakfast, (before all the pick of the butter was gone,) just bade me good bye, and left me on the wharf, seeing what good hands I was in. Now poor Mr. Smith being a stranger, and, of course, not so well used to steamboats as our own people, took me into the wrong one; for the New-York and Baltimore boats were laying side by side, and seemed both mixed together, so that it was hard telling which was which, the crowd hiding every thing from us. And after we got on board, I was so busy talking and he a listening, and looking at the people, that we never found out our mistake till we were half-way up the river, instead of being half-way down it. And then I heard the ladies all round talking of a nic or a pic, (or both I believe they called it,) that they said was to be held on Captain Cheston's grounds. So then I pricked up my ears, and found that it was even so; and I told them that Captain Cheston was a near relation of mine, for his wife was own daughter to Mrs. Marsden that was, whose first husband was my sister Nelly's own son; and all about your marrying Albina, and what a handsome place you have, and how Mr. Smith and I had got into the wrong boat, and were getting carried off, being taken up the river instead of down."

"And what did the company say to all this?" inquired Cheston.

"Why I don't exactly remember, but they must have said something; for I know those that were nearest stopped their own talk when I began. And after awhile, I went across to the other side of the boat, where Mr. Smith was leaning over the railing and looking at the foam flying from the wheels (as if it was something new) and I pulled his sleeve and told him we were quite in luck to-day, for we should be at a party without intending it. And he made a sort of humming and having about intruding himself (as he called it) without an invitation. But I told him to leave all that to me-I'd engage to pass him through. And he talked something of betaking himself to the nearest hotel after we landed, and waiting for the next boat down the river. However, I would not listen to that; and I made him understand that

any how there could be no Baltimore to-day, as it was quite too late to get there now by any contrivance at all; and that we could go down with the other company this evening by the railroad, and take a fresh start to-morrow morning. Still he seemed to hold back, and I told him that as to our going to the party all things had turned up as if it was to be, and I should think it a sin to fling such good luck aside when it was just ready to drop into our mouths, and that he might never have another chance of being in such genteel company as long as he lived. This last hint seemed to do the business, for he gave a sort of a pleased smile, and made no more objection. And then I put him in mind that the people that owned the ground were my own niece and nephew, who were always crazy to see me and have me with them; and I could answer for it they'd be just as glad to see any of my acquaintance—and as to the eatables, I was sure his being there would not make a cent's worth of difference, for I was certain there'd be plenty, and oceans of plenty, and I told him only to go and look at the baskets of victuals that were going up in the boat; besides all that, I knew the Chestons would provide well, for they were never backward with any thing."

She now stopped to take breath, and Cheston inquired if her son-in-law knew nothing more of Mr. Smith than from merely seeing him in his store.

"Oh! yes—did not I tell you we had him to tea? You need not mention it to any body—but (if the truth must be told) Mr. Smith is an Englishman. The poor man can't help that, you know: and I'm, sure I should never have guessed it, for he neither looks English nor talks English. He is not a bit like that impudent Mr. Montague, who took slices out of Albina's big plum-cake hours before the company came, at that great party she gave for Mrs. Washington Potts."

" Pshaw"-said Cheston.

"Yes—you may well pshaw at it. But after all, for my own part, I must say I enjoyed myself very much that evening. I had a great deal of pleasant talk. I was sorry afterwards that I did not stay down stairs to the last, to see if all the company took French leave like me. If they did, it must have been quite a pretty sight to see them go. By the bye (now I talk of French leave) did you hear that the Washington Pottses have broke all to pieces and gone off to France, to live upon the money that he made over to his wife to keep it from his creditors?"

"But Mr. Smith"-resumed Cheston.

"Why Bromley, what makes you so fidgety! Billy Fairfowl (though I say it that should'nt say it) is not the man to ask people to tea unless he is sure they are pretty decent sort of folks. So he went first to the British Consul, and inquired about Mr. Smith, and described his look and dress just as he would a runaway 'prentice. And the Consul knew exactly who he meant, and told him he would answer for Mr. Smith's being a man of good character, and And that you perfectly honest and respectable. know is quite as much as need be said of any body. So then we had him to tea, quite in a plain way; but he seemed very easily satisfied, and though there were huckleberries and cucumbers and dough-nuts, he did not eat a thing but bread and butter, and not much of that, and took no sugar in his tea, and only drank two cups. And Billy talked to him the whole evening about our factories, and our coal and iron: and

he listened quite attentively, and seemed to understand very well, though he did not say much; and he kept awake all the time, which was very clever of him, and more than Billy is used to. seems like a good-hearted man, for he saved little Jane from pulling the tea-waiter down upon her head as she was coming out from under the table; and he ran and picked up Johnny when he fell over the rockers of the big chair, and wiped the blood off his nose with his own clean handkerchief. I dare say he's a good soul; but he is very humble-minded, and seems so afraid of saying wrong that he hardly says any thing. Here he comes, trudging along beside the porter; and I see he has got all the baggage safe, even the brown paper parcel and the calico bag. That's his own trunk under all the rest."

Mr. Smith now came up, and inquired of Captain Cheston for the nearest inn, that he might remain there till a boat passed down for Philadelphia. "Why Mr. Smith"—interrupted Aunt Quimby—"where's the sense of being so backward. We ought to be thankful for our good luck in getting here on the very day of the pic-nic, even though we did come by mistake. And now you are here, it's all nonsense for you to run away and go and mope by yourself at a country tavern. I suppose you are afraid you're not welcome. But I'll answer for you as well as myself."

Civility to the stranger required that Captain Ches-

Civility to the stranger required that Captain Cheston should second Mrs. Quimby; and he did so in terms so polite that Mr. Smith was induced with much diffidence to remain.

"Poor man"—said Aunt Quimby, in a low voice to the Captain—" between ourselves it's plain enough that he is not much used to being among great people, and he's afraid of feeling like a fish out of water. He must have a very poor opinion of himself, for even at Billy Fairfowl's he did not seem quite at home; though we all tried to encourage him, and I told him myself as soon as we sat down to the teatable, to make just as free as if he was in his own house."

Arrived at the mansion of the Chestons, Mrs. Quimby at first objected to changing her dress, which was a very rusty black silk, with a bonnet to match; declaring that she was sure nothing was expected of people who were on their travels, and that she saw no use in taking the trouble to unpack her baggage. She was, however, overruled by the representations of Albina, who offered to both unpack and re-pack for her. Accordingly she equipped herself in what she called her second-best suit. The gown was a thick rustling silk of a very reddish brown, with a new inside kerchief of blue-tinted book muslin that had never been washed. Over her shoulders she pinned her canton-crape shawl, whose brown tinge was entirely at variance with the shade of her gown. On her head was a stiff hard cap trimmed with satin ribbon of a still different brown colour, the ends of the bows sticking out horizontally and scolloped into numerous points. She would not wear her best bonnet lest it should be injured; and fortunately her worst was so small that she found if she put it on it would crush her second-best cap. She carried in one hand a stiff-starched handkerchief of imitation-cambric, which she considered too good to unfold: and with the other she held over her head a faded green parasol.

Thus equipped, the old lady set out with Captain and Mrs. Cheston for the scene of the pic-nic; the

rest of the party being a little in advance of them. They saw Mr. Smith strolling about the lawn, and Mrs. Quimby called to him to come and give his arm to her niece, saying, "There Albina, take him under your wing, and try to make him sociable, while I walk on with your husband. Bromley how well you look in your navy-regimentals. I declare I'm more and more in luck. It is not every body that can have an officer always ready and willing to squire them."—And the old lady, (like many young ladies) unconsciously put on a different face and a different walk while escorted by a gentleman in uniform.

"Bromley"—continued Aunt Quimby—"I heard some of the pic-nic ladies in the boat saying that those which are to ride up are to bring a lion with them. This made me open my eyes, and put me all in quiver; so I could not help speaking out, and saying—I should make a real right down objection to his being let loose among the company, even if he was ever so tame. Then they laughed, and one of them said that a lion meant a great man; and asked me if I had never heard the term before. I answered that may be I had, but it must have slipped my memory; and that I thought it a great shame to speak of Christian people as if they were wild beasts."

- "And who is this great man"—inquired Cheston.
  "Oh! he's a foreigner from beyond sea, and he is
- "Oh! he's a foreigner from beyond sea, and he is coming with some of the ladies in their own carriage— Baron Somebody"—
- "Baron Von Klingenberg"—said Cheston—" I have heard of him."
- "That's the very name. It seems he is just come from Germany, and has taken rooms at one of the tip-top hotels, where he has a table all to himself. I wonder how any man can bear to eat his victuals sitting up all alone, with not a soul to speak a word I think I should die if I had no body to talk with. Well-they said that this Baron is a person of very high tone, which I suppose means that he has a very loud voice-and from what I could gather, it's fashionable for the young ladies to fall in love with him, and they think it an honour to get a bow from him in Chesnut street, and they take him all about with them. And they say he has in his own country a castle that stands on banks of rind, which seems a strange foundation. Dear me-now we've got to the pic-nic place-how gay and pretty every thing looks, and what heaps of victuals there must be in all those baskets, and oceans of drinkables in all those bottles and demijohns. Mercy on me-I pity the dish-washers-when will they get through all the dirty plates! And I declare! how beautiful the flags look! fixed up over the table just like bedcurtains-I am glad you have plenty of chairs here, besides the benches.-And only see!-if here an't cakes and lemonade coming round."

The old lady took her seat under one of the large trees, and entered unhesitatingly into whatever conversation was within her hearing; frequently calling away the Chestons to ask them questions or address to them remarks. The company generally divided into groups; some sat, some walked, some talked; and some, retreating further into the woods, amused themselves and each other with singing, or playing forfeits. There was, as is usual in Philadelphia assemblages, a very large proportion of handsome young ladies; and all were dressed in that consistent, tasteful, and decorous manner which distinguishes the fair damsels of the city of Penn.

In a short time Mrs. Quimby missed her protegée, and looking round for him she exclaimed—"Oh! if there is not Mr. Smith a sitting on a rail, just back of me all the time. Do come down off the fence Mr. Smith. You'll find a much pleasanter seat on this low stump behind me, than to stay perched up there. Myrtilla Cheston, my dear, come here—I want to speak to you."

Miss Cheston had the amiability to approach promptly and cheerfully: though called away from an animated conversation with two officers of the navy, two of the army, and three young lawyers, who had all formed a semicircle round four of the most attractive belles: herself being the cynocure.

"Myrtilla"—said Aunt Quimby, in rather a low voice—"do take some account of this poor forlorn man that's sitting behind me. He's so very backward, and thinks himself such a mere nobody, that I dare say he feels bad enough at being here without an invitation, and all among strangers too—though I've told him over and over that he need not have the least fear of being welcome. There now—there's a good girl—go and spirit him up a little. You know you are at home here on your brother's own ground."

"I scarcely know how to talk to an Englishman"—replied Myrtilla, in a very low voice.

"Why, can't you ask him, if he ever in his life saw so wide a river, and if he ever in his life saw such big trees, and if he don't think our sun a great deal brighter than his, and if he ever smelt buckwheat before?"

Myrtilla turned towards Mr. Smith (and perceiving from his ill-suppressed smile that he had heard Mrs. Quimby's instructions) like Olivia in the play, she humoured the jest by literally following them, making a curtsey to the gentleman, and saying—"Mr. Smith, did you ever in your life see so wide a river—did you ever in your life see such big trees; don't you think our sun a great deal brighter than yours—and did you ever smell buckwheat before?"

"I have not had that happiness"—replied Mr. Smith with a simpering laugh, as he rose from the old stump and, forgetting that it was not a chair, tried to hand it to Myrtilla. She bowed in acknowledgment, placed herself on the seat—and for awhile endeavoured to entertain Mr. Smith, as he stood leaning (not picturesquely) against a portion of the broken fence.

In the meantime Mrs. Quimby continued to call on the attention of those around her. To some the old lady was a source of amusement, to others of disgust and annoyance. By this time they all understood who she was, and how she happened to be there. Fixing her eyes on a very dignified and fashionable looking young lady, whom she had heard addressed as Miss Lybrand, and who with several others were sitting nearly opposite, "Pray Miss,"—said Aunt Quimby—"was your grandfather's name Moses?"

"It was," replied the young lady.

"Oh! then you must be a grand-daughter of old Moses Lybrand, who kept a livery stable up in Race street; and his son Aaron always used to drive the best carriage, after the old man was past doing it himself. Is your father's name Aaron?"

"No madam"—said Miss Lybrand—looking very red—"My father's name is Richard."

"Richard—he must have been one of the second wife's children. Oh! I remember seeing him about

when he was a little boy. He had a curly head, and on week days generally wore a grey jacket and corduroy trowsers; but he had a nice bottle-green suit for Sunday. Yes, yes-they went to our church, and sat up in the gallery. And he was your father, was he? Then Aaron must have been your own uncle. He was a very careful driver for a young man. He learnt of his father. I remember just after we were first married, Mr. Quimby hiring Moses Lybrand's best carriage to take me and my bridesmaids and groomsmen on a trip to Germantown. It was a vellow coachee with red curtains, and held us all very well with close packing. In those days people like us took their wedding rides to Germantown and Frankford and Derby, and ordered a dinner at a tavern with custards and whips, and came home in the evening. And the high-flyers when they got married, went as far as Chester or Dunks's Ferry. They did not then start off from the church door and scour the roads all the way to Niagara just because they were brides and grooms; as if that was any reason for flying their homes directly. But pray what has become of your uncle Aaron?"

- "I do not know"—said the young lady, looking much displeased—"I never heard of him."
- "But did not you tell me your grandfather's name was Moses."
  - "There may have been other Moses Lybrands."
- "Was not he a short pockmarked man, that walked a little lame, with something of a cast in his right eye: or, I won't he positive, may be it was in the left."
- "I am very sure papa's father was no such looking person"—replied Miss Lybrand—"but I never saw him—he died before I was born—"
- "Poor old man"—resumed Mrs. Quimby—" if I remember right, he became childish many years before his death."

Miss Lybrand then rose hastily, and proposed to her immediate companions a walk further into the woods; and Myrtilla, leaving the vicinity of Mr. Smith, came forward and joined them: her friends making a private signal to her not to invite the aforesaid gentleman to accompany them.

Aunt Quimby saw them depart, and looking round said—"Why Mr. Smith—have the girls given you the slip. But to be sure, they meant you to follow them."

Mr. Smith signified that he had not courage to do so without an invitation, and that he feared he had already been tiring Miss Cheston.

- "Pho, pho"—said Mrs. Quimby—" you are quite too humble. Pluck up a little spirit and run after the girls."
- "I believe"—replied he—"I cannot take such a liberty."
- "Then I'll call Captain Cheston to introduce you to some more gentlemen. Here—Bromley—"
- "No-no"—said Mr. Smith—stopping her apprehensively—"I would rather not intrude any further upon his kindness."
- "I declare you are the shame-facedest man I ever saw in my life. Well then you can walk about, and look at the trees and bushes. There's a fine large buttonwood, and there's a sassafras; or you can go to the edge of the bank and look at the river and watch how the tide goes down and leaves the splatter-docks standing in the mud. See how thick they are at low water—I wonder if you couldn't count them.

And may be you'll see a wood-shallop pass along, or may be a coal-barge. And who knows but a sturgeon may jump out of the water, and turn head over heels and back again—it's quite a handsome sight."

Good Mr. Smith did as he was bidden, and walked about and looked at things, and probably counted the splatter-docks, and perhaps saw a fish jump.

- "It's all bashfulness—nothing in the world but bashfulness"—pursued Mrs. Quimby—"that's the only reason Mr. Smith don't talk."
- "For my part"—said a very elegant looking girl—
  "I am perfectly willing to impute the taciturnity of
  Mr. Smith and that of all other silent people to modesty. But yet I must say, that as far as I have had opportunities of observing, most men above the age of twenty have sufficient courage to talk, if they know what to say. When the head is well furnished with ideas, the tongue cannot habitually refrain from giving them utterance."
- "That's a very good observation"—said Mrs. Quimby—"and suits me exactly. But as to Mr. Smith, I do believe it's all bashfulness with him. Between ourselves (though the British consul warrants him respectable) I doubt whether he was ever in such genteel society before; and may be he thinks it his duty to listen and not to talk, poor man. But then he ought to know that in our country he need not be afraid of nobody: and that here all people are equal, and one is as good as another."

"Not exactly"—said the young lady—" we have in America, as in Europe, numerous gradations of mind, manners, and character. Politically we are equal, as far as regards the rights of citizens and the protection of the laws; and also we have no privileged orders. But individually it is difficult for the refined and the vulgar, the learned and the ignorant, the virtuous and the vicious to associate familiarly and indiscriminately, even in a republic."

The old lady looked mystified for a few moments, and then proceeded—"As you say, people's different. We can't be hail fellow well met with Tom, Dick, and Harry—but for my part I think myself as good as any body."

No one contradicted this opinion, and just then a gentleman came up and said to the young lady—
"Miss Atwood allow me to present you with a sprig of the last wild roses of the season. I found a few still lingering on a bush in a shady lane just above."

"'I bid their blossoms in my bonnet wave,"

said Miss Atwood—inserting them amid one of the riband bows.

- "Atwood—Atwood"—said Aunt Quimby—" I know the name very well. Is not your father Charles Atwood who used to keep a large wholesale store in Front street."
- "I have the happiness of being that gentleman's daughter"—replied the young lady.
- "And you live up Chestnut now, don't youamong the fashionables..."
  - "My father's house is up Chestnut street."
  - "Your mother was a Ross, wasn't she—"
  - "Her maiden name was Ross."
- "I thought so"—proceeded Mrs. Quimby—" I remember your father very well. He was the son of Tommy Attwood who kept an ironmonger's shop down Second street by the New Market. Your grandfather was a very obliging man, rather fat. I have often been in his store when we lived down

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that way. I remember once of buying a waffle-iron of him, and when I tried it and found it did not make a pretty pattern on the waffles, I took it back to him to change it: but having no other pattern, he returned me the money as soon as I asked him. And another time, he had the kitchen tongs mended for me without charging a cent, when I put him in mind that I had bought them there; which was certainly very genteel of him. And no wonder he made a fortune; as all people do that are obliging to their customers, and properly thankful to them. Your grandfather had a brother, Jemmy Atwood, who kept a china shop up Third street. He was your great uncle, and he married Sally Dickison, whose father old Adam Dickison was in the shoe-making line, and died rich. I have heard Mr. Quimby tell all about them. He knew all the family quite well, and he once had a sort of notion of Sally Dickison himself, before he got acquainted with me. Old Adam Dickison was a very good man, but he and his wife were rather too fond of family names. He called one of this daughters Sarah after his mother, and another Sarah after his wife; for he said there couldn't be too many Sally Dickisons.' But they found afterwards they could not get along without tacking Ann to one of the Sarahs, and Jane to the other. Then they had a little girl whom they called Debby, after some aunt Deborah. But little Debby died, and next they had a boy; yet rather than the name should be lost, they christened him Debbius. I wish I could rembember whether Debbius was called after the little Debby or the big one. Sometimes I think it was one and sometimes t'other-I dare say Miss Atwood, you can tell, as you belong to the family."

" I am glad that I can set this question at rest"replied Miss Atwood, smiling heroically-" I have heard the circumstance mentioned when my father has spoken of his great-uncle Jemmy the chinaman, and of the shoemaker's family into which uncle Jemmy married, and in which were the two Sallys. Debbius was called equally after his sister and his aunt."

Then turning to the very handsome and distinguélooking young gentleman who had brought her the flowers, and who had seemed much amused at the foregoing dialogue, Miss Atwood took his hand, and said to Aunt Quimby-"Let me present to you a grandson of that very Debbius, Mr. Edward Symmington, my sort of cousin; and son of Mr. Symmington, the lawyer, who chanced to marry Debbius's daughter."

Young Symmington laughed, and after telling Miss Atwood that she did every thing with a good grace. he proposed that they should join some of their friends who were amusing themselves further up in the woods. Miss Atwood took his arm, and bowing to Mrs. Quimby, they departed.

"That's a very pleasant young lady"-said she-" I am glad I've got acquainted with her-she's very much like her grandfather the ironmonger-her nose is the very image of old Benny's."

Fearing that their turn might come next, all the young people now dispersed from Aunt Quimby's vicinity, who accosting a housewifely lady that had volunteered to superintend the arrangements of the table, proposed going with her to see the baskets unpacked.

The remainder of the morning passed pleasantly away; and about noon, Myrtilla Cheston and her companions, returning from their ramble, gave notice that the carriages from town were approaching. Shortly after, there appeared at the entrance of the wood, several vehicles filled with ladies and gentlemen, who had preferred this mode of conveyance to coming up in the early boat. Most of the company went to meet them, being curious to see exactly who alighted

When the last carriage drew up, there was a buzz all round-" There is the Baron-there is the Baron Von Klingenberg—as usual, with Mrs. Blake Bentley and her daughters."

After the new arrivals had been conducted by the Chestons to the house, and adjusted their dresses, they were shown into what was considered the drawing-room part of the woods, and accommodated with seats. But it was very evident that Mrs. Blake Bentley's party were desirous of keeping chiefly to themselves, talking very loudly to each other, and seemingly resolved to attract the attention of every one round.

- "Bromley" said Mrs. Quimby-having called Captain Cheston to her-" is that a baron?
  - "That is the Baron Von Klingenberg."
- "Well-between ourselves, he's about as ugly a man as ever I laid my eyes on. At least he looks so at that distance. A clumsy fellow with high shoulders, and a round back, and his face all over hair; and as bandy as he can be, besides. And he's not a bit young, neither.
- "Barons never seem to me young"—said Miss Turretville, a young lady of the romantic school-" but Counts always do."
- " I declare even Mr. Smith is better lookingpursued Aunt Quimby, fixing her eyes on the baron. "don't you think so, Miss?"
- "I think nothing about him"-replied the fair Turretville-" Mr. Smith"-said Myrtilla-" perhaps is not actually ugly, and if properly drest might look tolerably-but he is too meek, and too weakwasted much time in trying to entertain him as I sat under the tree, but he only looked down and simpered, and scarcely ventured a word in reply. One thing is certain, I shall take no further account of him."
- "Now Myrtilla, it's a shame to set your face against the poor man in this way. I dare say he is very good."
  - "That is always said of stupid people."
- "No doubt it would brighten him wonderfully if you were to dance with him when the ball begins."
- " Dance!"-said Myrtilla-" dance with him. Do you suppose he knows either a step or a figure. No no, I shall take care never to exhibit myself as Mr. Smith's partner-and I beg of you Aunt Quimby, on no account to hint such a thing to him.-Besides, I am already engaged three sets deep"-and she ran away on seeing that Mr. Smith was approaching.
- "Well, Mr. Smith"-said the old lady-"have you been looking at the shows of the place. And now, the greatest show of all has arrived-the Baron of Clinkanbeg-have you seen him?"
  - " I believe I have"-replied Mr. Smith.
- "You wander about like a lost sheep, Mr. Smith"said Aunt Quimby, protectingly-" and look as if you had not a word to throw at a dog-so sit down and talk to me. There's a dead log for you. And now you shan't stir another step till dinner-time.—Mr Smith seated himself on the dead log, and Mrs. Quimby proceeded—"I wish, though, we could find

places a little nearer to the Baron and his ladies, and hear them talk. Till to-day I never heard a nobleman speak in my life-having had no chance." But after all, I dare say, they have voices much like other people-did you ever happen to hear any of them talk when you lived in England?"

- "Once or twice, I believe"-said Mr. Smith.
- "Of course—(excuse me Mr. Smith)—but of course they didn't speak to you."
- " If I recollect rightly, they chanced to have occasion to do so."
- "On business, I suppose—do noblemen go to shops themselves, and buy their own things? Mr. Smith just please to tell me what line you are in."
- Mr. Smith looked very red, and cast down his eyes-" I am in the tin line"-said he-after a pause.
- "The tin line!-Well-never mind-though, to be sure, I did not expect you were a tinner-Perhaps you do a little also in the japan way?"
- "-No"-replied Mr. Smith magnanimously-" I deal in nothing but tin-plain tin."
- "Well-if you think of opening a shop in Philadelphia, I am pretty sure Billy Fairfowl will give you his custom: and I'll try to get Mrs. Pattypan and Mrs. Kettleworth to buy all their tins of you."

Mr. Smith bowed his head in thankfulness.

"One thing I'm sure of "-continued Aunt Quimby-" you'll never be the least above your business. And I dare say after you get used to our American ways, and a little more acquainted with our people, you'll be able to take courage and hold up your head, and look about quite pert."

Poor Mr. Smith covered his face with his hands, and shook his head, as if repelling the possibility of his ever looking pert.

The Baron Von Klingenberg and his party were all on chairs, and formed an impervious group-Mrs. Blake Bentley sat on one side of him; her eldest daughter on the other; the second and third Miss Bentleys directly in front; and the fourth, a young lady of eighteen, who affected infantine simplicity and passed for a child, seated herself innocently on the grass at the Baron's feet. Mrs. Bentley was what some call a fine-looking woman-being rather on a large scale, with fierce black eyes, a somewhat acquiline nose, a set of very white teeth (from the last new dentist) very red cheeks, and a profusion of dark ringlets. Her dress, and that of her daughters was always of the most costly description; their whole costume being made and arranged in an ultra fashionable manner. Around the Bentley party was a circle of listeners, and admirers, and enviers—and behind that circle was another and another. Into the outworks of the last Aunt Quimby pushed her way, leading or rather pulling the helpless Mr. Smith along with her.

The Baron Von Klingenberg (to do him justice) spoke our language with great facility; his foreign accent being so slight that many thought they could not perceive it at all. Looking over the heads of the ladies immediately around him, he levelled his operaglass at all who were within his view; occasionally inquiring about them of Mrs. Blake Bentley, who also could not see without her glass. She told him the names of those whom she considered the most fashionable: adding, confidentially, a disparaging remark upon each. Of a large proportion of the company, she affected, however, to know nothing, replying to the Baron's questions with—" Oh!—I really cannot tell you. They are people whom one does not know-very respectable no doubt; but not the sort of persons one meets in society. You must be aware that on these occasions the company is always more or less mixed—for which reason I generally bring my own party along with me."

"This assemblage"-said the Baron-"somewhat remines me of the annual fetes I give to my serfs in the park that surrounds my castle, at the cataract of

the Rhine."

Miss Turretville had just come up, leaning on the arm of Myrtilla Cheston. "Let us try to get nearer to the Baron"-said she-" he is talking about castles. Oh! I am so glad that I have been introduced to him-I met him the other evening at Mrs. De Mingle's select party-and he took my fan out of my hand, and fanned himself with it-There is certainly an elegant ease about European gentlemen that our Americans can never acquire."

"Where is the ease and elegance of Mr. Smith?" thought Myrtilla as she looked over at that forlorn

individual shrinking behind Aunt Quimby.

"As I was saying"-pursued the Baron-lolling back in his chair and applying to his nose Mrs. Bentley's magnificent essence-bottle-- when I give these fetes to my serfs I regale them with Westphalia hams from my own hunting-grounds, and with hock from my own vineyards."

"Dear me!-ham and hock!"-ejaculated Mrs.

Quimby.

- "Baron"-said Miss Turretville-" I suppose you have visited the Hartz mountains?"
  - " My castle stands on one of them."
  - "Charming !- Then you have seen the Brocken?"
- " It is directly in front of my ramparts." "How delightful !-- do you never imagine that on a stormy night you hear the witches riding through the air, to hold their revels on the Brocken?-Are there still brigands in the Black Forest?"
- "Troops of them-the Black Forest is just back of my own woods. The robbers were once so audacious as to attack my castle, and we had a bloody fight. But we at length succeeded in taking all that were left alive."
- "What a pity!—Was their captain any thing like Charles de Moor?"
  - " Just such a man."
- "Baron"-observed Myrtilla, a little mischievously, " the situation of your castle must be unique. In the midst of the Hartz mountains, at the falls of the Rhine, with the Brocken in front, and the Black Forest behind."
- "You doat on the place don't you?" asked Miss Turretville-" did you live there always?"
- "No-only in the hunting season. I am equally at home in all the capitals of the continent. I might, perhaps, be chiefly at my native place Vienna, only my friend the emperor is never happy but when I am with him; and his devotion to me is rather over-The truth is, one gets surfeited with whelming. courts and kings and princes: so I thought it would be quite refreshing to take a trip to America, having great curiosity to see what sort of a place it was. I recollect at the last court ball the emperor was teazing me to waltz with his cousin the Archduchess of Hesse Hoblingen, who he feared would be offended if I neglected her. But her serene highness dances as if she had a cannon ball chained to each foot, and

so I got off by flatly telling my friend the emperor that if women chose to go to balls in velvet and ermine and with coronets on their heads, they might get princes or some such people to dance with them: as for my part, it was rather excruciating to whirl about with persons in heavy royal robes."

" Is it possible"—exclaimed Miss Turretville—
"did you venture to talk so to an emperor?—Of
course before next day you were loaded with chains
and immured in a dungeon: from which I suppose
you escaped by a subterranean passage."

"Not at all—my old crony the emperor knows his man—so he only laughed and slapped me on the shoulder, and I took his arm and we sauntered off together to the other end of the grand saloon. I think I was in my hussar uniform—I recollect that evening I broke my quizzing glass, and had to borrow the princess of Saxe Blinkenberg's."

"Was it very elegant—set round with diamonds?" asked Miss Matilda Bentley, putting up to her face a hand on which glittered a valuable brilliant.

"Quite likely it was—but I never look at diamonds—one gets so tired of them. I have not worn any of mine these seven years—I often joke with my friend Prince Esterhazy about his diamond coat, that he will persist in wearing on great occasions. Its glitter really incommodes my eyes when he happens to be near me, as he generally is. Whenever he moves you may track him by the gems that drop from it, and you may hear him far off by their continual tinkling as they fall."

"Only listen to that, Mr. Smith"—said Aunt Quimby aside to her protegée—"I do not believe there is such a man in the world as that Hester Hazy with his diamond coat, that he's telling all this rigmarole about. It sounds like one of Mother Goose's tales."

"I rather think there is such a man"—said Mr. Smith.

"Nonsense, Mr. Smith---why you're a greater goose than I supposed."

Mr. Smith assented by a meek bow.

Dinner was now announced. The gentlemen conducted the ladies, and Aunt Quimby led Mr. Smith; but she could not prevail on him to take a seat beside her, near the head of the table, and directly opposite to the Baron and his party. He humbly insisted on finding a place for himself very low down, and seemed glad to get into the neighbourhood of Captain Cheston, who presided at the foot.

The Blake Bentley party all levelled their glasses at Aunt Quimby; but the old lady stood fire amazingly well, being busily engaged in preparing her silk gown against the chance of injury from any possible accident, tucking a napkin into her belt, pinning a pocket handkerchief across the body of her dress, turning up her cuffs, and tying back the strings of her cap to save the ribbon from grease-spots.

The dinner was profuse, excellent, and handsomely arranged: and for a while most of the company were too carnestly occupied in satisfying their appetites to engage much in conversation. Aunt Quimby sent a waiter to Captain Cheston to desire him to take care of poor Mr. Smith: which message the waiter thought it unnecessary to deliver.

Mrs. Blake Bentley and her daughter Matilda sat one on each side of the Baron, and showed rather more assiduity in helping him than is customary from ladies to gentlemen. Also their solicitude in anticipating his wants was a work of supererogation, for the Baron could evidently take excellent care of himself, and was unremitting in his applications to every one round him for every thing within their reach, and loud and incessant in his calls to the waiters for clean plates and clean glasses.

When the dessert was set on, and the flow of soul was succeeding to the feast which, whether of reason or not, had been duly honoured, Mrs. Quimby found leisure to look round, and resume her colloquy.

"I believe, madam, your name is Bentley"—said she to the lofty looking personage directly opposite.

"I am Mrs. Blake Bentley"—was the reply—with an imperious stare that was intended to frown down all further attempts at conversation. But Aunt Quimby did not comprehend repulsion, and had never been silenced in her life—so she proceeded—

"I remember your husband very well. He was a son of old Benny Bentley up Second street, that used to keep the sign of the Adam and Eve, but afterwards changed it to the Liberty Tree. His wife was a Blake—that was the way your husband came by his name. Her father was an upholsterer, and she worked at the trade before she was married. She made two bolsters and three pillows for me at different times; though I'm not quite sure it was not two pillows and three bolsters. He had a brother, Billy Blake, that was a painter: so he must have been your husband's uncle."

"Excuse me"—said Mrs. Blake Bentley—"I don't understand what you are talking about. But I'm very sure there were never any artist people in the family."

"Oh! Billy Blake was a painter and glazier both"-resumed Mrs. Quimby-" I remember him as well as if he was my own brother. We always sent for him to mend our broken windows. I can see him now-coming with his glass-box and his putty. Poor fellow-he was employed to put a new coat of paint on Christ Church steeple, which we thought would be a good job for him: but the scaffold gave way and he fell down and broke his leg. We lived right opposite, and saw him tumble. mercy he wasn't killed right out. He was carried home on a hand-barrow. I remember the afternoon as well as if it were yesterday. We had a pot-pie for dinner that day; and I happened to have on a new calico gown, a green ground with a yellow sprig in it. I have some of the pieces now in patch-work."

Mrs. Blake Bentley gave Mrs. Quimby a look of unqualified disdain, and then turning to the baron, whispered him to say something that might stop the mouth of that abominable old woman. And by way of beginning she observed aloud—" Baron, what very fine plumbe these are—"

"Yes"—said the baron—helping himself to them profusely—"and apropos to plumbs—one day when I happened to be dining with the king of Prussia, there were some very fine peaches at table (we were sitting, you know, trifling over the dessert) and the king said to me—"Klingenberg, my dear fellow, let's try which of us can first break that large looking-glass by shooting a peach-stone at it—"

"Dear me! what a king!"—interrupted Mrs. Quimby—"and now I look at you again, sir (there, just now, with your head turned to the light) there's something in your face that puts me in mind of Jacob Stimbel, our Dutch young man that used to live with us and help to do the work. Mr. Quimby boug

: ! him at the wharf out of a redemptioner ship. He was to serve us three years: but before his time was up he ran away (as they often do) and went to Lancaster, and set up his old trade of a carpenter, and married a bricklayer's daughter, and got rich, and built houses, and had three or four sons—I think I heard that one of them turned out a pretty bad fellow. I can see Jake Stimbel now, carrying the market-basket after me, or scrubbing the pavement. Whenever I look at you I think of him—may be he was some relation of yours, as you both came from Germany."

"A relation of mine, madam!"-said the Baron.

"There now—there's Jake Stimbel to the life. He had just that way of stretching up his eyes and drawing down his mouth when he did not know what to say—which was usually the case after he staid on errands."

The baron contracted his brows, and bit in his lips. "Fix your face as you will"—continued Mrs. Quimby—you are as like him as you can look. I am sure I ought to remember Jacob Stimbel, for I had all the trouble of teaching him to do his work, besides learning him to talk American; and as soon as he had learnt, he cleared himself off, as I told you, and run away from us."

The baron now turned to Matilda Bentley, and endeavoured to engage her attention by an earnest conversation in an under tone; and Mrs. Bentley looked daggers at Aunt Quimby, who said in a low voice to a lady that sat next to her—"What a pity Mrs. Bentley has such a violent way with her eyes. She'd be a handsome woman if it was not for that."

Then resuming her former tone, the impenetrable old lady continued—"Some of these Dutch people that came over German redemptioners, and were sold out of ships have made great fortunes"—and then turning to a lady who sat on the other side, she proceeded to enumerate various wealthy and respectable German families whose grandfathers and grandmothers had been sold out of ships. Bromley Cheston perceiving that several of the company were wincing under this infliction, proposed a song from one of the young officers whom he knew to be an accomplished vocalist. This song was succeeded by several others, and during the singing the Blake Bentley party gradually slipped away from the table.

After dinner the company withdrew and dispersed themselves among the trees, while the servants, &c. were dining. Mrs. Cheston vainly did her utmost to prevail on Aunt Quimby to go to the house and take a siesta. "What for?"—said Mrs. Quimby-"why should I go to sleep when I ai'nt a bit sleepy. I never was wider awake in my life. No, nothese parties don't come every day; and I'll make the most of this now I have had the good luck to be at it. But-bless me! now I think of it-I have not laid eyes on Mr. Smith these two hours-I hope he is not lost. When did he leave the table? Who saw him go? He's not used to being in the woods, poor man!"

The sound of the tambourine now denoted the approach of the musicians, and the company adjourned to the dancing ground, which was a wide opening in the woods shaded all round with fine trees, under which benches had been placed. For the orchestra a little wooden gallery had been erected about eight feet from the ground, running round the trunk and amid the spreading boughs of an immense hickory.

The dancers had just taken their places for the first set, when they were startled by the shrieks of a woman which seemed to ascend from the river-beach below. The gentlemen and many of the ladies ran to the edge of the bank to ascertain the cause—and Aunt Quimby looking down among the first, exclaimed—"Oh! mercy!—if there isn't Mr. Smith a collaring the baron, and Miss Matilda a screaming in dear life!"

"The baron collaring Mr. Smith, you mean"-

said Myrtilla, approaching the bank.

"No, no—I mean as I say. Why who'd think it was in Mr. Smith to do such a thing! Oh! see—only look how he shakes him. And now he gives him a kick—only think of doing all that to a baron—but I dare say he deserves it.—He looks more like Jake Stimbel than ever."

Captain Cheston sprung down the bank, (most of the other gentlemen running after him) and immediately reaching the scene of action rescued the foreigner, who seemed too frightened to oppose any effectual resistance to his assailant.

"Mr. Smith"—said Captain Cheston—" what is the meaning of this outrage—and in the presence of

a lady too!"

"The lady must excuse me"—replied Mr. Smith—
for it is in her behalf I have thus forgotten myself so far as to chastise on the spot a contemptible vilain. Let us convey Miss Bentley up the bank, for she seems greatly agitated, and I will then explain to the gentlemen the extraordinary scene they have just witnessed."

"Only hear Mr. Smith, how he's talking out!"—exclaimed Aunt Quimby—"And there's the baronfellow putting up his coat collar and sneaking of round the corner of the bank. I'm so glad he's turned out a scamp!"

Having reached the top of the bank, Matilda Bentley who had nearly fainted was laid on a bench and consigned to the care of her mother and sisters. A flood of tears came to her relief, and while she was indulging in them, Mrs. Bentley joined the group who were assembled round Mr. Smith and listening to his narrative.

Mr. Smith explained that he knew this soi-discret Baron Von Klingenberg to be an impostor and a swindler. That he had, some years since, under another name, made his appearance in Paris, as an American gentleman of German origin, and large fortune; but soon gambled away all his money. That he afterwards, under different appellations, visited the principal cities of the continent, but always left behind the reputation of a swindler. That he had seen him last in London, in the capacity of valet to the real Baron Von Klingenberg, who, intending a visit to the United States, had hired him as being a native of America, and familiar with the country and its customs. But an unforseen circumstance having induced that gentlemen to relinquish this transatlanuc voyage, his American valet robbed him of a large sum of money and some valuable jewels, stole also the letters of introduction which had been obtained by the real Baron, and with them had evidently been enabled to pass himself for his master. planation, Mr. Smith added that while wandering among the trees on the edge of the bank, he had seen the impostor on the beach below, endeavouring to persuade Miss Bentley to an elopement with him; proposing that they should repair immediately to a

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place in the neighbourhood, where the rail-road cars stopped on their way to New York, and from thence proceed to that city, adding,—"You know there is no overtaking a rail-road car, so all pursuit of us will be in vain; besides, when once married all will be safe, as you are of age and mistress of your own fortune." "Finding," continued Mr. Smith, "that he was likely to succeed in persuading Miss Bentley to accompany him, I could no longer restrain my indignation, which prompted me to rush down the bank and adopt summary measures in rescuing the young lady from the hands of so infamous a scoundrel, whom nothing but my unwillingness to disturb the company prevented me from exposing as soon as I saw him."

"Don't believe him,"—screamed Mrs. Blake Bentley—"Mr. Smith, indeed!—Who is to take his word? Who knows what Mr. Smith is?"

"I do"—said a voice from the crowd—and there stepped forward a gentlemen who had arrived in a chaise with a friend about half an hour before. "I had the pleasure of knowing him intimately in England, when I was minister to the court of St. James's."

May be you bought your tins at his shop" said Aunt Quimby.

The ex-ambassador in a low voice exchanged a few words with Mr. Smith; and then taking his hand, presented him as the Earl of Huntingford—adding—
"The only tin he deals in is that produced by his extensive mines in Cornwall."

The whole company were amazed into a silence of some moments: after which there was a general buzz of favourable remark; Captain Cheston shook hands with him, and all the gentlemen pressed forward to be more particularly introduced to Lord Huntingford.

"Dear me"—said Aunt Quimby—"to think that I should have been so sociable with a lord—and a real one too—And to think how he drank tea at Billy Fairfowl's in the back parlour, and ate bread and butter just like any other man—And how he saved Jane, and picked up Johnny—I suppose I must not speak to you now Mr. Smith, for I don't know how to begin calling you my lord. And you don't seem like the same man, now that you can look and talk like other people: and (excuse my saying so) but even your dress looks genteeler."

"Call me still Mr. Smith, if you choose"—replied Lord Huntingford—and turning to Captain Cheston he continued—" Under that name I have had opportunities of obtaining much knowledge of your unique and interesting country:—knowledge that will be useful to me all the remainder of my life, and that I could not so well have acquired in my real character."

He then explained, that being tired of travelling in Europe, and having an earnest desire to see America thoroughly, and more particularly to become acquainted with the state of society among the middle classes, (always the truest samples of national character) he had on taking his passage in one of the Liverpool packets given his name as Smith, and put on the appearance of a man in very common life, resolving to preserve his incognito as long as he could. His object being to observe and to listen, and fearing that if he talked much he might inadvertently betray himself, he endeavoured to acquire a habit of tacitumity. As is frequently the case, he rather overdid his assumed character: and was much amused at perceiv-

ing himself rated somewhat below mediocrity, and regarded as poor Mr. Smith.

"But where is that Baron fellow"—said Mrs. Quimby—"I dare say he has sneaked off and taken the rail-road himself, while we were all busy about Lord Smith."

"He has—he has"—sobbed Miss Bentley—who in spite of her grief and mortification had joined the group that surrounded the English nobleman—"And he has run away with my beautiful diamond ring."

"Did he steal it from your finger"—asked Aunt Quimby eagerly—"because if he did you can send a constable after him."

"I shall do no such thing"—replied Matilda, tartly—then turning to her mother she added—"It was when we first went to walk by the river side. He took my hand and kissed it, and proposed exchanging rings—and so I let him have it—and he said he did not happen to have any ring of his own about him, but he would give me a magnificent one that had been presented to him by some emperor or king."

"Now I think of it," exclaimed Mrs. Bently, "he never gave me back my gold essence-bottle with the

emerald stopper."

"Now I remember," said Miss Turretville, "he did not return me the beautiful fan he took out of my hand the other evening at Mrs. De Mingle's, And I doubt also if he restored her diamond opera glass to the Princess of Saxe Blinkinberg."

"The Princess of Saxe Fiddlestick!" exclaimed Aunt Quimby, "Do you suppose he ever really had any thing to do with such people. Between ourselves, I thought it was all fudge the whole time he was trying to make us believe he was hand and glove with women that had crowns on their heads, and men with diamond coats, and kings that shot peach stones. The more he talked, the more he looked like Jacob Stimbel—I'm not apt to forget people—so it would be strange if I did not remember our Jake, and I never saw a greater likeness.—"

"Well, for my part,"—said Miss Turretville, candidly—"I really did think he had serfs, and a castle with ramparts, and I did believe in the banditti, and the captain just like Charles De Moor. And I grieved, as I often do, that here, in America, we had no such things."

-" Pity we should?"-remarked Aunt Quimby.

To be brief—the Bentleys, after what had passed, thought it best to order their carriage and return to the city: and on their ride home there was much recrimination between the lady and her eldest daughter; Matilda declaring that she would never have thought of encouraging the addressess of such an ugly a fellow as the baron, had not her mother first put it into her head. And as to the projected elopement, she felt very certain of being forgiven for that as soon as she came out a baroness.

After the departure of the Bentleys, and when the excitement caused by the events immediately preceding it had somewhat subsided, it was proposed that the dancing should be resumed, and Lord Huntingford opened the ball with Mrs. Cheston, and proved that he could dance, and talk, and look extremely well. As soon as she was disengaged, he solicited Myrtilla's hand for the next set, and she smilingly assented to his request. Before they began, Aunt Quimby took an opportunity of saying to her—"Well, Myrtilla—after all you are going to exhibit yourself, as you call it, with Mr. Smith."

"Oh! Aunt Quimby—you must not remember any thing that was said about him while he was incog—"

"Yes—and now he's out of cog it's thought quite an honour to get a word or a look from him. Well well—whether as poor simple Mr. Smith, or a great lord that owns whole tin mines, he'll always find me exactly the same—now I've got over the first flurry of his being found out."

"I have no doubt of that Aunt Quimby,"—replied Myrtilla,—giving her hand to Lord Huntingford, who just then came up to lead her to the dance.

The afternoon passed rapidly away, with infinite enjoyment to the whole company; all of whom seemed to feel relieved by the absence of the Blake Bentley party. Aunt Quimby was very assiduous involunteering to introduce ladies to Lord Smith, as she called him, and chaperoned him more than ever.

The Chestons, perfectly aware that if Mrs. Quimby returned to Philadelphia and proceeded to Baltimore under the escort of Mr. Smith, she would publish all along the road that he was a lord, and perhaps convert into annoyance the amusement he seemed to find in her entire want of tact, persuaded her to defer the Baltimore journey and pass a few days with them; promising to provide her with an escort there in the person of an old gentleman of their neighbourhood, who was going to the south early next week; and whom they knew to be one of the mildest men in the world, and never incommoded by any thing.

When the fête was over, Lord Huntingford returned to the city with his friend the ex-minister. At parting he warmly expressed his delight at having had an opportunity of becoming acquainted with Captain Cheston and his ladies; and Aunt Quimby exclaimed—" It's all owing to me—if it had not been for me you might never have known them—I always had the character of bringing good luck to people: so it's no wonder I'm so welcome every where."

On Captain Cheston's next visit to Philadelphia, he gathered that the fictitious Baron von Klingenberg was really the reprobate son of Jacob Stimbel of Lancaster, and had been recognized as such by a gentleman from that place. That he had many years before gone to seek his fortune in Europe, with the wreck of some property left him by his father; where (as Lord Huntingford had stated) he had been last seen in London in the capacity of a valet to a German nobleman, and that now he had departed for the west, with the design, as was supposed, of gambling his way to New Orleans. Nothing could exceed the delight of Aunt Quimby on finding her impression of him so well corroborated.

The old lady went to Baltimore: and found herself so happy with her dear crony Mrs. Bagnell, that she concluded to take up her permanent residence with her on the same terms on which she lived at her son-in-law Billy Fairfowl's, whose large family of children had, to say the truth, latterly caused her some inconvenience by their number and their noise; particularly as one of the girls was growing up so like her grandmother as to out-talk her. Aunt Quimby's removal from Philadelphia to Baltimore was, of course, a sensible relief to the Chestons.

Lord Huntingford (relinquishing the name and character of Mr. Smith) devoted two years to making the tour of the United, States including a visit to Canada; justly believing that he could not in less time accomplish his object of becoming well acquainted with the country and the people. On his return

through the Atlantic cities, he met with Captain Cheston at Norfolk, where he had just brought in his ship from a cruize in the Pacific. Both gentlemen were glad to renew their acquaintance; and they travelled together to Philadelphia, where they found Mrs. Cheston and Myrtilla waiting to meet the captain.

Lord Huntingford became a constant visiter at the house of the Chestons. He found Myrtilla improved in beauty, and as he thought in every thing else, and he felt that in all his travels through Europe and America he had met with no woman so well calcuculated to insure his happiness in married life. sister of Captain Cheston was too good a republican to marry a foreigner and a nobleman merely on account of his rank and title: but Lord Huntingford as a man of sense, feeling, and unblemished morality, was one of the best specimens of his class, and after an intimate acquaintance of two months, she consented to become his countess. They were married a few days before their departure for England, where Captain and Mrs. Cheston promised to make them a visit the ensuing spring.

Emily Atwood and Mr. Symmington were bridesmaid and groomsman, and were themselves united the following month. Miss Turretville made a very advantageous match, and has settled down into a rational woman and a first-rate house-wife. The Miss Bentleys are all single yet; but their mother is married to an Italian singer, who is dissipating ber property as fast as he can, and treating her ill all the time.

While in Philadelphia, Lord Huntingford did not forget to visit occasionally his early acquaintance Mr. William Fairfowl, (who always received him as if he was still Mr. Smith) and on leaving the city he presented an elegant little souvenir to Mrs. Fairfowl, and one to each of her daughters.

At Lord Huntingford's desire, Mrs. Quimby was invited from Baltimore to be present at his wedding (though the company was small and select) and she did honour to the occasion by wearing an entirely new gown and cap, telling the cost of them to every person in the room, but declaring she did not gradge it in the least; and assuming to herself the entire credit of the match, which she averred never would have taken place if she had not happened to come up the river, instead of going down.

The events connected with the pic-nic day had certainly one singular effect on Aunt Quimby, who from that time protested that she always thought of a nobleman whenever she heard the name of Smith.

Could all our readers give in their experience of the numerous Smiths they must have known and heard of, would not many be found who, though bearing that trite appellation, were noblemen of nature's own making.

## REFLECTIONS ON WOMEN.

THE uselessness and expensiveness of modern women multiply bachelors.

Vile men owe much of their vileness to women of character, who hardly ever scruple to receive them into their society, if the men are rich, talented and fashionable, even though they have been guilty of ever so much baseness to other women.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

## SKETCHES FROM THE NOTE BOOK OF AN OLD GENTLEMAN.

No. I .- THE OLD MEETING-HOUSE.

BY MRS. H. BEECHER STOWE.

NEVER shall I forget the dignity and sense of importance which swelled my mind, when I was first pronounced old enough to go to meeting. That eventful Sunday I was up long before day, and even took my Sabbath day suit to the window, to ascertain by the first light that it actually was there, just as it looked the night before. With what complacency did I view myself completely dressed!-how did I count over the rows of yellow brass buttons on my coat! how my good mother, grandmother, and aunts fussed, and twitched, and pulled to make every thing set up and set down, just in the proper place! how my clean starched white collar was turned over and smoothed again and again, and my golden curls twisted and arranged to make the most of me! and last of all, how was I cautioned not to be thinking of my clothes! In truth, I was in those days a very handsome youngster, and it really is no more than justice to let the fact be known, as there is nothing in my present appearance from which it could ever be inferred. Every body in the house successively asked me if I should be a good boy, and sit still, and not talk nor laugh; and my mother informed me, " in terrorem," that there was a tithing man who carried off naughty children, and shut them up in a dark place behind the pulpit, and that this tithing man, Mr. Zepheniah Scranton, sat just where he could see me. This fact impressed my mind with more solemnity than all the exhortations which had preceded it: (a proof of the efficacy of facts above reason.) Under shadow and power of this weighty truth, I demurely took hold of my mother's forefinger to walk to meeting.

The traveller in New England, as he stands on some eminence, and looks down on its rich landscape of golden grain and waving cornfield, sees no feature more beautiful than its simple churches, whose white taper fingers point upward, amid the greenness and bloom of the distant prospects, as if to remind one of the overshadowing providence whence all this luxuriant beauty flows; and year by year, as new ones are added to the number, or succeed in the place of old ones, there is discernible an evident improvement in their taste and architecture. Those modest doric little buildings, with their white pillars, green blinds, and neat enclosures, are very different affairs from those great uncouth mountains of windows and doors that stood in the same place years before. To my childish eye, however, our old meeting-house was an awe-inspiring thing-to me it seemed fashioned very nearly on the model of Noah's ark and Solomon's temple, as set forth in the pictures in my scripture catechism-pictures which I did not doubt were authentic copies, and what more respectable and venerable architectural precedent could any one desire? Its double rows of windows, of which I knew the number by heart, its doors with great wooden quirls over them, its belfry projecting out at the east end, its steeple and bell, all inspired as much sense of the sublime in me as Stratsburg Cathedral itself, and the inside was not a whit less imposing.

How magnificent, to my eye, seemed the turnip

like canopy that hung over the minister's head, hooked by a long iron rod to the wall above, and how apprehensively did I consider the question what would become of him if it should fall! How did I wonder at the pannels on either side of the pulpit, in each of which was carved and painted a flaming red tulip, bolt upright, with its leaves projecting out at right angles-and then the grape vine, bas-relieved on the front, with its exactly triangular bunches of grapes alternating at exact intervals with exactly triangular leaves. To me it was an indisputable representation of how grape vines ought to look, if they would only be straight and regular, instead of curling and scrambling, and twisting themselves into all sorts of slovenly and irregular shapes. The area of the house was divided into large square pews, boxed up with stout boards, and surmounted with a kind of baluster work, which I supposed to be provided for the special accommodation of us youngsters, being the "loop holes of retreat," through which we gazed on the " remarkabilia" of the scene. It was especially interesting to me to notice the coming in to meeting of the congregation. The doors were so contrived that on entering you stepped down instead of up, a construction that has more than once led to unlucky results in the case of strangers. I remember once, when an unlucky Frenchman, entirely unsuspicious of the danger that awaited him, made entrance by pitching devoutly upon his nose into the middle of the broad aisle, that it took three bunches of my grandmother's fennel to bring my risibles into any thing like composure. Such exhibitions fortunately for me, were very rare, but still I found great amusement in watching the distinctive and marked outlines of the various people that filled up the seats around me. A Yankee village presents a picture of the curiosities of every generation:-there, from year to year, they live on, preserved by hard labour and regular habits, exhibiting every peculiarity of manner and appearance as distinctly marked as when they first came from the mint of nature. And as every body goes punctually to meeting, the meeting-house becomes a sort of museum of antiquities—a general muster ground for past and present.

I remember still with what wondering admiration I used to look around on the people that surrounded our pew. On one side, there was an old Captain McLean, and Major McDill, a couple whom the mischievous wits of the village designated as Captain McLean and Captain McFat, and in truth, they were a perfect antithesis, a living exemplification of flesh and spirit. Captain McLean was a mournful lengthy considerate looking old gentleman, with a long face which digressed into a long thin horny nose, which, when he applied his pocket handkerchief, gave forth a melancholy minor key'd sound such as a ghost might make, using a pocket handkerchief in the long gallery of some old castle.

Close at his side was the doughty, puffing Captain McDill, whose full-orbed, jolly visage was illuminated by a most valiant red nose, shaped something like an overgrown dough-nut, and looking as if it had been

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thrown at his face, and happened to hit in the middle. Then there was old Israel Peters, with a wooden leg, which clamped into meeting with undeviating regularity, ten minutes before meeting time; and there was Jedediah Stebbins, a thin, wistful, moonshiny looking old gentleman, whose mouth appeared as if it had been gathered up with a needle and thread, and whose eyes seemed as if they had been bound with red tape; and there was old Beniah Stephens, who used regularly to get up and stand, when the minister was about half through his sermon, exhibiting his tall figure, long, single breasted coat, with buttons nearly as large as a tea-plate, his large, black, horn spectacles, stretched down on the extreme end of a very long nose, and vigorously chewing, meanwhile, on the bunch of caraway which he always carried in one hand. Then there was Aunt Sally Simpson and old Widow Smith, and a whole bevy of little dried old ladies, with small straight black bonnets, tight sleeves to the elbow, long silk gloves, and great fans big enough for a wind mill, and of a hot day it was a mighty amusement to me to watch the bobbing of the little black bonnets which showed that sleep had got the better of their owners' attention, and the sputter and rustling of the fans when a more profound nod than common would suddenly waken them and set them to fanning and listening with redoubled devotion. There was Deacon Dundas, a great wagon load of an old gontleman, whose ample pockets looked as if they might have held half the congregation, who used to establish himself just on one side of me, and who seemed to feel such entire confidence in the soundness and capacity of his pastor that he could sleep very comfortably from one end of the sermon to the other, except when one of your officious blue flies, who, as every body knows, are amazingly particular about such matters, would buzz into his mouth, or flirt into his ears a passing admonition as to the impropriety of sleeping in meeting, when the good old gentleman would start, open his eyes very wide, and look about with a very resolute air, as much as to say, " I wasn't asleep, I can tell you," and then setting himself in an edifying posture of attention, you might perceive his head gradually settling back, his mouth slowly opening wider and wider, till the good man would be as soundly asleep as if nothing had happened.

It was a good orthodox custom of old times, to take every part of the domestic establishment to meeting, even down to the faithful dog, who as he had supervised the labours of the week, also came with due particularity to supervise the worship of Sunday. I think I can see now the fitting out on a Sunday morning—the one wagon, or two as the case might be, tackled up with an "old gray" or an "old bay," with a buffalo skin over the seat, by way of cushion, and all the family in their Sunday best, packed in for meeting, while Master Boase, Watch, or Towser, stood prepared to be an outguard behind, and went, meekly trotting up hill and down dale, in the rear. Arrived at meeting, the canine part of the establishment generally conducted themselves with great decorum, lying down and going to sleep as decently as any body present, except when some of the business loving blue bottles aforesaid, would make a sortie upon them, when you might hear the snap of their jaws as they vainly sought to lay hold of the offender. Now and then between some of the sixthlys, seventhlys, and eighthlys, you might hear some old patriarch giving himself a rousing shake, and pit pating soberly up the aisles as if to see that every thing was going on properly, after which he would le down and compose himself to sleep again, and certainly this was as improving a way of spending Soday as a good christian dog could desire.

But the glory of our meeting house was its singer seat, that empyrean of those who rejoiced in the divine mysterious art of fa sol la ing, who, by a de tinguishing grace and privilege could raise and is the cabalistical eight notes, and move serene, through the enchanted region of flats, sharps, thirds, fittee and octaves.

There they sat in the gallery that lined three side of the house, treble, counter, tenor, and base, each with its appropriate leaders, and supporters—there were generally seated the bloom of our young people. sparkling, modest, and blushing girls on one side. with their ribands and finery, making the place where they sat as blooming and lively as a flower garden. and your fiery forward confident young men on the other, and in spite of its being a meeting-house, we could not swear that glances were never given and returned, and that there was not often as much a approach to flirtation as the distance and the sobrier of the place would admit. Certain it was, that there was no place where our village coquettes attracted half as many eyes or led astray half so many hears.

But, have I been talking of singers all this time, and neglected to mention the Magnus Apollo of the whole concern, the redoubtable chorister, who occupied the seat of honour in the midst of the middle gallery, and exactly opposite to the minister! Certain it is, that the good man, if he were alive, would never believe it, for no person ever more magnified his office, or had a more thorough belief in his own greatness and supremacy, than Zedekiah Morse. Methinks I can see him now as he appeared to my eyes on that first Sunday, when he shot up from behind the gallery as if he had been sent up by a spring. He was a little man, whose fiery red hair, brushed straight up on the top of his head, had an appearance as vigorous and lively as real flame, and this added to the ardour and determination of all his motions. had obtained for him the surname of the "burning bush." He seemed possessed with the very soul of song, and from the moment he began to sing, looked alive all over, till it seemed to me that his whole body would follow his hair upwards, fairly rapt away by the power of harmony. With what an air did he sound the important " fa sol la," in the ears of the waiting gallery, who stood with open mouths, ready to seize their pitch, preparatory to their general set to-how did his ascending and descending arm astonish the zephyrs, when once he laid himself out to the important work of beating time. How did his little head whisk from side to side as now he beat and roared toward the ladies on his right, and now toward the gentlemen on his left. It used to seem to my astonished vision as if his form grew taller, his arm longer, his hair redder, and his little green eyes brighter, with every stare; and particularly when he perceived any falling off of time, or discrepancy in pitch, with what redoubled vigour would he thump the gallery and roar at the delinquent quarter, till every mother's son and daughter of them, skipped and scrambled into the right place again. Oh it was a fine thing to see the vigour and discipline with which he managed the business, so that if on a hot, drowsy Sunday, any part of the choir hung back or

sung sleepily on the first part of a verse, they were obliged to bestir themselves in good earnest, and sing three times as fast, in order to get through with the others. Kiah Morse was no advocate for your dozy drawling singing, that one may do at their leisure between sleeping and waking, I can promise you:indeed, he got entirely out of the graces of Deacon Dundas, and one or two other portly, leisurely old gentlemen below, who had been used to throw back their heads, shut up their eyes, and take the comfort of the psalm, by prolonging indefinitely all the notes. The first Sunday after "Kiah" took the music in hand, the old Deacon really rubbed his eyes and looked about him-for the psalm was sung off before he was ready to get his mouth opened-and he really looked upon it as a most irreverent piece of busi-

But the glory of Kiah's art consisted in the execution of those good old billowy compositions called fugueing tunes, where the four parts that compose the choir, take up the song, and go racing round one after another, each singing a different set of words, till, at length, by some inexplicable magic, they all came together again, and sailed smoothly out into a

smooth rolling sea of song. I remember the wonder with which I used to look from side to side when treble, tenor, counter and bass were thus roaring and foaming, and it verily seemed to me as if the psalm was going to pieces among the breakers, and the delighted astonishment with which I found that each particular verse did emerge, whole and uninjured from the storm.

But alas for the wonders of that old meeting-house, how are they passed away. Even the venerable building itself has been pulled down and scattered away, yet I still retain enough of my childish feelings to wonder whether any little boy was gratified by the possession of those painted tulips and grape vines, which my childish eye used to covet, and about the obtaining of which, in case the house should ever be pulled down, I devised so many schemes during the long sermons and services of summer days. I have visited the spot since-but the new modern fair looking building that stands where it stood, bears no trace of it, and of the various familiar faces that used to be seen inside-not one remains. Verily, I must be growing old; and, as old people are apt to spin long stories, I check myself, and lay down my pen.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### INCIDENT IN A SOLDIER'S STORY.

BY E. C. STEDMAN.

A PRISONER from the battle-field, Of wearied, starving mien, Protected by an armed shield, In sunny France was seen.

His blueding feet refused at length
Their wonted task to make,
And halting from exhausted strength,
No onward step would take.

An ancient village was the spot Where now he paused to rest; There, plenty filled the rural cot, And peace the happy breast.

He sat beside a quiet door,

The tear runs in his eye,

And thoughts of home, now his no more,

Awoke the prisoner's sigh.

But now, a gentle girl came forth, Adorn'd with gems and lace, While yet a pearl of rarer worth, Was beaming through her face.

She bent, the soldier's feet to view,
And dropp'd one glistening tear,
Then, with a smile so sweet, withdrow,
As e'eu his heart might cheer.

And quick as mercy's angels move, She doffed her gay attire, And came in humbler garb, to prove Compassion's kind desire.

A bowl of water warm she bore, And placed it on the ground; Then knelt the soldier's feet before, And bathed each bleeding wound-

What luxury then the prisoner knew, Those tender hands to feel; Such condescension might subdue A soldier's heart of steel!

And then his feet she gently bound In linen, clean and soft, Whilst kneeling there upon the ground, Her tears bedew'd them oft.

And food the maiden's mother brought
And shoes to guard his feet;
Though many an eye the scene had sought,
And crowds now filled the street.

But those kind angels heeded not
The gaze of stranger eyes;
For they had sooth'd a sufferer's lot,
And hush'd a prisoner's sighs.

Refresh'd, the soldier onward went,
But there his blessing staid;
And oft in dreams his thanks are sent
Back to the dark-eyed maid.

VIRTUE AND VICE.—Every man has actually within him the seeds of every virtue and every vice; and the proportion in which they thrive and ripen depends in general upon the situations in which he has been, and is placed.

GOOD SENSE AND LEARNING.—He that wants good sense is unhappy in having learning, for he has thereby only more ways of exposing himself; and he that has sense, knows that learning is not knowledge, but rather the art of using it,

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE OLD ENGLISH ESSAYISTS .- No. 11.

#### THE SPECTATOR.

BY A. STEVENS, A. M.

The Spectator followed the Tatler, and was projected jointly by Addison and Steele. In our first number we anticipated, in general remarks on Addison's character as a writer, the question of the merits of the Spectator. It is perhaps the most generally known and popular of all the writings of the Essayists. It was published in the same form as the Tatler, a half sheet of two pages, at the price of a penny. The stamp duty of 1712, raised the price to two-pence. Swift mentions that this duty threw most of the papers of the times into confusion, and exploded some, but the Spectator doubled its price immediately without any diminution of patronage, for a contemporary writer informs us that its sales rose to 14,000 per day; some days they were 20,000.

The first number was issued March 1st, 1710-11. It was written by Addison, and describes the character of the Spectator most admirably. It is an excellent example of the calm humour of its author. It is the portrait of a fine old man, taciturn, but not austere, inclined to credulity, and whose studies were more curious than learned. The sketch is throughout a delicate satire on the egotistical vanity of man-The estate to which he was heir had been preserved unaltered in its "very hedges and ditches" from the days of William the Conqueror-a satirical allusion to the habit of sacrificing improvement to a stupid reverence for antiquity. His mother too, we are gravely informed, "dreamed before his birth that he would be a judge," and we are assured that he " threw away his rattle before he was two months old," and "would not use his coral until they had taken away the bells from it." At college he was distinguished by a profound silence, and he does not believe that he ever spoke three sentences together all his life. His taciturnity, however, was construed by his taste into "solidity which would wear well." He diligently devoured all books ancient and modern. On the death of his father, he travelled over Europe, and even visited Grand Cairo to get the measurement of a pyramid, on ascertaining which he immediately returned home "with great satisfaction." don he frequented all the famous resorts, and was taken for a merchant on 'change for more than ten years, and also for "a Jew in the Assembly of stock-jobbers at Jonathan's." He would not have presumed on appearing before the public if his friends had not often assured him that it was a pity so much knowledge as he possessed should be lost to the The character of the aged gentleman is well sustained, and the satire smooth but cutting as a razor's edge.

The second paper is by Steele, and contains a description of the imaginary club, by whom the work is supposed to be conducted. We have heretofore mentioned that we are indebted to Steele for the chief dramatis personæ of the Spectator, and that even the idea of Sir Roger de Coverly, usually attributed to Addison, originated with him. The proportions and lineaments of the character are fully drawn in this

paper, yet the facility and completeness with which Addison afterwards takes up the idea and extends it through at least fifteen various papers, reflects the highest credit on his pen. Sir Roger is thus introduced by Steele. "The first of our family is a gentleman from Worcestershire, of an ancient descent, a baronet, his name Sir Roger de Coverly. great grandfather was inventor of that famous country dance which is called after him. All who know that shire are very well acquainted with the parts and merits of Sir Roger. He is a gentleman that is very singular in his behaviour, but his singularities proceed from his good sense, and are contradictions to the manners of the world, only as he thinks the world is in the wrong. However, this humour creates him no enemies, for he does nothing with lowness or obstinacy; and his being unconfined to modes or forms, makes him but the readier and more capable to please and oblige all who know him. When he is in town, he lives in Soho Square. It is said he is a bachelor by reason he was crossed in love by a perverse beautiful widow of the next county to him. Before this disappointment, Sir Roger was what you call a fine gentleman; had often supped with my Lord Rochester, and Sir George Etherege, fought a duel upon his first coming to town, and kicked bully Dawson in a public coffee-house for calling him youngster. But being ill-used by the above-mentioned widow, he was very serious for a year and a half; and though his temper being naturally jovial, he at last got over it, he grew careless of himself, and never dressed afterwards. He continues to wear a coat and doublet of the same cut that were in fashion at the time of his repulse, which, in his merry moods, he tells us, has been in and out twelve times since he first wore it. He is now in his fiftysixth year, cheerful, gay, and hearty; keeps a good house both in town and country; a great lover of mankind, but there is such a mirthful cast in his behaviour, that he is rather beloved than esteemed. His tenants grow rich, his servants look satisfied, all the young women profess love to him, and the young men are glad of his company. When he comes into a house, he calls the servants by names, and talks all the way up stairs to a visit. I must not omit, that Sir Roger is a justice of the quorum; that he fills the chair at a quarter session with great abilities, and three months age gained universal applause, by explaining a passage in the game act."

All the elements of this much admired character are contained in this sketch.

Addison in No. 106, describes the household of the knight. He is the more at ease in Sir Roger's family because it consists of sober and staid persons; for as the knight is the best master in the world, he seldom changes his servants; and as he is beloved by all about him, his servants never care to leave him—by this means his domestics are all in years, and grown old with their master. You would take his valet de chambre for his brother; his butler is gray-

headed, his groom is one of the gravest men that he had ever seen, and his coachman has the looks of a privy counsellor. You see the goodness of the master even in the old house-dog, and in a gray pad that is kept in the stable with great care and tenderness out of regard to his past services, though he has been useless for several years.

He could not but observe with a great deal of pleasure the joy that appeared in the countenances of those ancient domestics, upon Sir Roger's arrival at his country seat. Some of them could not refrain from tears at the sight of their old master; every one of them pressed forward to do something for him. and seemed discouraged if they were not employed. At the same time the good old knight, with a mixture of the father and the master of the family, tempered the inquiries after his own affairs with several kind questions relating to themselves. This humanity and good nature engages every body to him, so that when he is pleasant upon any of them, all his family are in good humour, and none so much as the person he diverts himself with; on the contrary, if he coughs, or betrays any infirmity of old age, it is easy for a stander-by to observe a secret concern in the looks of all his servants.

The chief companion of the Spectator, when Sir Roger is diverting himself in the woods or in the fields, is a very venerable man who is ever with Sir Roger, and has lived at his house, in the character of a chaplain, above thirty years. This gentleman is a person of good sense and some learning, of a very regular life and obliging conversation; he heartily loves Sir Roger, and knows that he is very much in the old knight's esteem, so that he lives in the family rather as a relation than a dependant.

Sir Roger, amidst all his good qualities, is something of a humourist; and his virtues, as well as imperfections, are tinged by a certain extravagance which makes them particularly his, and distinguishes them from those of other men. This cast of mind renders his conversation highly agreeable, and more delightful than the same degree of sense and virtue would appear in their common and ordinary colours. " As I was walking," says the Spectator, " with him last night, he asked me how I liked the good man whom I have just now mentioned? and without staying for my answer, told me that he was afraid of being insulted with Latin and Greek at his own table: for which reason he desired a particular friend of his at the University to find him out a clergyman rather of plain sense than much learning, of a good aspect, a clear voice, a sociable temper, and, if possible, a man that understood a little of backgammon. friend, says Sir Roger, found me out this gentleman, who, besides the endowments required of him, is, they tell me, a good scholar, though he does not show it. I have given him the parsonage of the parish; and because I know his value, have settled upon him a good annuity for life. If he outlives me, he shall find that he was higher in my esteem than perhaps he thinks he is. He has now been with me thirty years, and though he does not know I have taken notice of it, has never in all that time, asked any thing of me for himself, though he is every day soliciting me for something in behalf of one or other of my tenants, his parishioners. There has not been a law-suit in the parish since he has lived among them; if any dispute arises they apply themselves to him for the decision; if they do not acquiesce in his

judgment, which I think never happened above once or twice at most, they appeal to me. At his first settling with me, I made him a present of all the good sermons which have been printed in English, and only begged of him that every Sunday he would pronounce one of them in the pulpit. Accordingly he has digested them into such a series, that they follow one another naturally, and make a continued system of practical divinity."

While the knight is proceeding in his description of the chaplain, the venerable gentleman himself appears before them. On Sir Roger's accosting him with "who was to preach the next Sabbath?" he replies, "the Bishop of St. Asaph in the morning, and Dr. South in the afternoon," at the same time he shows his list for the "whole year," among which are the names of Tillotson, Calamy, Saunderson, and Barrow. The character of the Priest is in striking harmony with that of the knight.

So much for Sir Roger's chaplain. Our readers will be disposed to smile at the qualifications which the good knight considered so indispensable in him. We would not mar the beauty of his well-drawn character, by "odious comparisons," but a divine in this age of improvement, would find his "calls" "few and far between," with no other recommendations to public favour than those negative qualities so much insisted upon by Sir Roger de Coverly. The "plain sense, clear voice, good aspect, and sociable temper," are all very well, but the idea of " not much learning," and entertaining a congregation the year round with "all the good sermons which have been printed in English," would, we opine, be matters of question, notwithstanding the "continued system of practical divinity" they might form;-to say nothing of the sine qua non accomplishment of back-gammon.

In paper 517, Addison records the death of the venerable Sir Roger. We have heretofore mentioned that this event was contrived by Addison, because of the admiration and even love that he had conceived for the fine humour and perfect ideal of this interesting character, which Steele had begun to mar by introducing him in immoral scenes. His end corresponded with the old-fashioned virtue of his life. A letter from his butler describes it. We cannot forbear introducing this pathetic account of the " the melancholy news which afflicted the whole county." Says the letter, " I am afraid he caught his death the last county sessions, where he would go to see justice done to a poor widow woman, and her fatherless children, that had been wronged by a neighbouring gentleman; for you know, sir, my good master was always the poor man's friend. Upon his coming home, the first complaint he made was, that he had lost his roast-beef stomach, not being able to touch a sirloin, which was served up according to custom; and you know he used to take great delight in it. From that time he grew worse and worse, but still kept a good heart to the last. Indeed, we were once in great hope of his recovery, upon a kind message that was sent him from the widow lady whom he had made love to the forty last years of his life; but this only proved a lightning before death. He has bequeathed to the lady, as a token of his love, a great pearl necklace, and a couple of silver bracelets set with jewels, which belonged to my good old lady, his mother. He has bequeathed the fine white gelding that he used to ride a hunting upon, to his chaplain, because he thought he would be kind to him; and

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has left you all his books. He has, moreover, bequeathed to the chaplain a very pretty tenement, with good lands about it. It being a very cold day when he made his will, he left for mourning to every man in the parish a great freize-coat, and to every woman a black riding-hood. It was a moving sight to see him take leave of his poor servants, commending us all for our fidelity, whilst we were not able to speak a word for weeping. As most of us are grown gray-headed in our dear master's service, he has left us pensions and legacies, which we may live very comfortably upon the remaining part of our days. He has bequeathed a great deal more in charity, which is not yet come to my knowledge, and it is peremptorily said in the parish, that he has left money to build a steeple to the church, for he was heard to say some time ago, that if he lived two years longer, Coverly church should have a steeple to it. The chaplain tells every body that he has made a very good end, and never speaks of him without tears. He was buried, according to his own directions, among the family of the Coverleys, on the left hand of his father, Sir Arthur." The butler further remarks, that Captain Lentry, his master's successor, " makes much" of those whom his master loved, and shows great kindness to the old house-dog that "he was so fond of." "It would have gone to your heart" says he " to have heard the moans the dumb creature made on the day of my master's death. He has never joyed himself since; no more has any of us. It was the melancholiest day for the poor people that ever happened in Worcestershire."

"This letter," says the Spectator, "notwithstanding the poor butler's manner of writing it, gave us such an idea of our good old friend, that upon the reading of it, there was not a dry eye in the club."

Sir Roger de Coverly! peace to his memory, says many a pale-faced student at the mention of his name. Delectable is the recollection of the midnight hours, after the hard and late study of the college domicile, and the days of languishing in the sick chamber, when more arduous thinkings gave way to the benign presence and quaint converse of the bachelor Knight of Worcestershire. "His reasons "why men of parts alone ought to be hanged"-the famous history of his ancestors—his love for the inexorable widow, and his enumeration of her marvellous qualitieshis exploits in fox-hunting-his opinions of merchants-his criticisms on the illustrious dead of Westminster Abbey-how redolent they are of the old sterling humour of other days; how they smack of the ever-blessed times of pure Anglo-Saxon genius and manners, the days of roast-beef and plumb-pudding, when the old English gentleman had not yet lost the individuality of his character, but

"Had his old estate,
And kept up his old mansion at a bountiful old rate,
With a good old porter to relieve the old poor at his gate.
Whose custom was, when Christmas came to bid his friends

To his old hall, where feast and ball for them he did prepare; And though the rich he entertained, he ne'er forgot the poor, Nor was the houseless wanderer e'er driven from the door Of this good old English gentleman, one of the olden times!"

None of the other characters of the Spectator compare with Sir Roger de Coverly, yet they are all more or less excellent. "The gentleman next in esteem," is also a bachelor, a member of the Inner Temple,

of great probity, wit, and understanding. He understands Aristotle and Longinus better than he does Littleton or Coke. His father sends up every post, questions relating to marriage articles, leases, and tenures, all which questions he agrees with an attorney to answer and take care of in the lump. He is studying the passions themselves, when he should be inquiring into the debates among men which arise from them. He knows the argument of each of the orations of Demosthenes and Tully, but not one case in the reports of modern cases. No one ever took him for a fool; but none, except his intimate friends know he has a great deal of wit." His turn makes him at once both disinterested and agreeable. few of his thoughts are drawn from business, they are most of them fit for conversation. His taste for books is a little too just for the age he lives in; he has read all, but approves of very few. His familiarity with the customs, manners, actions, and writings of the ancients, makes him a very delicate observer of what occurs to him in the present times. He is an excellent critic, and "the time of the play is his hour of business; exactly at five he passes through New Inn, crosses through Russell court, and takes a turn at Will's till the play begins;" " he has his shoes rubbed and his periwig powdered at the barber's as you go into the Rade." It is for the good of the audience when he is at a play, for the actors have an ambition to please him.

Sir Andrew Freeport is a merchant of great eminence in London; a person of indefatigable industry, strong reason, and great experince. His notions of trade are noble and generous, "and (as every rich man has usually some slight way of jesting, which would make no great figure were he not a rich man) he calls the sea, the British common." He is acquainted with commerce in all its parts, and ascerts that it is a stupid and barbarous way to extend dominion by arms; for true power is to be got by arts and industry.

He abounds in several frugal maxims, amongst which the greatest favourite is "A penny saved is a penny got."

Captain Lentry is likewise a member of the club, a gentleman of great valour and good understanding, but marvellous modesty; he "deserves very well, but is awkward of putting his talent within the observation of those who should take notice of them." He was captain some years, behaved with great gallantry on sundry occasions, but having a small estate, and being heir to Sir Roger de Coverly, has quitted his military life. He is very frank, no sourness is found in his remarks, and he is the very soul of candour. His military life has furnished him with many anecdotes and adventures which amuse much the club, " for he is never overbearing though accustomed to command, and never obsequious, though he once obeyed men who were above him.'

Will Honeycomb comes next, the very impersonation of gallantry. He is a gentleman, who, according to his years, should be in the decline of life; but having "ever been very careful of his person, and always had a very easy fortune, time has made but a very little impression, either by wrinkles on his forehead, or traces on his brain." His person is well turned, and of a good height. He is very ready at that sort of discourse with which men usually entertain women. He has all his life dressed very well, and remembers habits as others do men. He can

smile when one speaks to him, and laughs easily. "He knows the history of every mode, and can inform you, from which of the French king's wenches, our wives and daughters had this manner of curling their hair, that way of placing their hoods. In a word, all his conversation and knowledge have been in the female world." "As other men of his age will take notice to you, what such a minister said upon such and such an occasion, he will tell you when the Duke of Monmouth danced at court, such a woman was then smitten, another was taken with him at the head of his troop in the Park. In all these important relations, he has ever about the same time received a kind glance, or a blow of a fan from some celebrated beauty, mother of the present Lord Sucha-one. This way of talking of his, very much enlivens the conversation amongst us of a more sedate turn; and I find there is not one of the company, but myself, who rarely speak at all, but speaks of him, as of that sort of man, who is usually called a well-bred, fine gentleman"—a sitirical picture not inapplicable to the "fine gentleman" of later times.

The last of this list of worthies is a clergyman, who visits the company very seldom. He is very philosophical, has great learning, great sanctity of life, and the most exact good breeding. He has the misfortune to be of a very weak constitution, and consequently cannot accept of such cares and business as preferments in his function would oblige him to; he is therefore among divines what a chamber counsellor is among lawyers, The probity of his mind, and the integrity of his life, create him followers, as being eloquent or loud advances others. " He seldom introduces the subject he speaks upon; but we are all so far gone in years, that he shows when he is among us, an earnestness to have us fall on some divine topic, which he always treats with much authority, as one who has no interest in this world, as one who is hastening to the object of all his wishes, and conceives hope from his decays and infirmities!

Many other dramatis personse are met with in the pages of the Spectator. Will Wimble is among the most interesting. The idea is Addison's. He gives the character with remarkable completeness in very few words, which he puts in the form of a letter from Will to Sir Roger. "I desire you to accept of a jack, which is the best I have caught this season. intend to come and stay with you a week, and see how the perch bite in the black river. I observed with some concern, the last time I saw you upon the bowling-green, that your whip wanted a lash to it: I will bring half a dozen with me that I twisted last week, which I hope will serve you all the time you are in the country. I have not been out of the saddle for six days last past, having been at Eton with John's eldest son. He takes to his learning hugely."

Here we see the veritable Will, not as in a mirror but face to face. [Will Wimble is younger brother to a baronet, and "descended of the ancient family of the Wimbles." He is between forty and fifty; but being bred to no business, and born to no estate, he generally lives with his elder brother as superintendant of his game. He hunts a pack better than any man in the country, and is very famous for finding out a hare. He is extremely well used in all the little handicrafts of an idle man. He makes "a May fly to a miracle;" and furnishes the whole country with angle-rods. As he is a "good-natured, officious

fellow," and very much esteemed upon account of his family, he is a welcome guest at every house, and keeps up a good correspondence among all the gentlemen about him. He carries "a tulip-root in his pocket from one to another, or exchanges a puppy between a couple of friends that live perhaps in the opposite sides of the country." Will is a particular favourite of all the young heirs, whom he frequently obliges with a net that he has woven or a setting-dog that he has trained himself. He now and then presents a pair of garters of his own knitting to their mothers or sisters; and raises a great deal of mirth among them, by inquiring as often as he meets them " how they wear!" These gentleman-like manufactures and obliging little humours, make Will the dazling of the country.

This well-drawn character is not without its moral. "Will Wimble's is the case of many a younger brother of a great family who had rather see their children starve like gentlemen, than thrive in a trade, or profession that is beneath their quality!" A more pungent satire on the wretched effects of the system of primogeniture could not be written.

Having heretofore discussed the general merits of the Spectator, we need say but little more. As a model of style it is considered first in our language. Its study in this respect would be of no little advantage at this time, when the perspicuity and smooth elegance of our old classics are disappearing before the bombast, inverted construction, and straining for effect, which the unnatural popularity of a foreign and fermented literature has produced among us. Johnson said that any one who would become a master of English style, must spend his days and nights in the study of Addison. It is favourably adopted as a model of style, by the general interest of its subjects; the student can never tire over these vivacious pages, and his pleasure will render easy the acquisition of a diction, which, from its being the natural style of the tongue, is, of itself, more readily acquired than any other.

The humour of Addison has always been commended without reserve. It is tranquil and refined. It is altogether intellectual, unperverted by the grossness of mere animal exhilaration. It is consistent with the highest moral sobriety. Beattie observes of Sir Roger de Coverly that "we always smile, but never laugh at him." Excepting Will Honeycomb, all the characters of the club are similar to Sir Roger. Each is well discriminated, but they all have one point in common, the ground of their common friendship, the secret of their congeniality of temper, and that is the free, but calm good humour of each. The moral tone of the Spectator is high. Many of its papers are devoted to religious topics. Not a few of the numbers on moral subjects are alike profound in their reflections and elegant in their style. It was Addison's design in projecting the Spectator, to refute a common impression of his day that " wit and impiety, talents and vice were inseparable."

The name of Addison has become almost a synonym for every grace of the mind, and every excellency of the heart. The combination of so much genius with so much virtue is rare, it is rare in this day of the acknowledged triumph of religious principles; its singularity in his age is infinitely more remarkable. "If any judgment be made of his moral character," says Johnson, "from his books, nothing will be found but purity and excellence. It is reasonable to believe

that Addison's professions and practice were at no great variance, since amidst that storm of faction in which most of his life was spent, though his station made him conspicuous and his activity made him formidable, the character given him by his friends was never contradicted by his enemies; of those with whom interest and opinion united him, he had not only the esteem but the kindness; and of others whom the violence of opposition drove against him, though he might lose the love, he retained the reverence."

Addison was born in 1671. His father was a clergyman and no doubt his early training produced that virtuous bias which marked his whole life and has shed a moral radiance over all his writings. He always had a strong predilection for the church, but was deterred from taking orders by an unconquerable diffidence. He pursued his studies first at the Charter House School, in London, an institution venerable in the biographical history of English literature. It was here that he became acquainted with Steele, who was his intimate associate in the best literary labours of Addison assisted Steele by some valuable papers in the Tatler, they jointly conducted the Spectator and Guardian, and were fast friends until the acrimony of political feeling dissolved a fellowship which had been endeared by a close congeniality of literary habits and matured through years of familiar intercourse.

At the Charter House and at Oxford, Addison devoted himself to classical studies, especially the Latin poets. His Musæ Anglicanæ was his first work—it is distinguished by the peculiar excellencies of his own mind. He sent a copy of it to Boileau, who, it is said, had, until its reception, entertained a contemptuous opinion of the poetical powers of the English.

A poem on one of the campaigns of the day, attracted to him the attention of the Court, and though no office was offered by the government, a pension of three hundred pounds a year was settled upon him by the crown, through the influence of Lord Somers, by which he was enabled to travel in France and Italy. It was during this tour that he wrote his Dialogues on Medals, and a considerable part of his Cato. He returned home in want, his pension having been suspended by the removal of his friends from power. His travels, which were soon after published, are devoted almost entirely to the topographical illustration of the Latin poets, and a comparison of the modern aspects of the country with their descriptions.

A poetical piece procured him again the patronage of the government, and he was appointed Commissioner of Appeals; in two years he became Under Secretary of State, and subsequently accompanied to Ireland, as Secretary, the Lord Lieutenant; having at the same time a nominal office, with a salary of three hundred pounds a year. It was during his stay in Ireland, that his old friend Steele, started the Tatler. Steele attempted to write secretly, but Addison detected him by the appearance of an observation on Virgil, which the latter remembered to have communicated to him. In about a month afterwards Addison's first article was published in the Tatler.

But a couple of months had elapsed after the cessation of the Tatler, when the Spectator made its appearance. The commencement of this paper, with so ample a plan, after the discussion of almost every subject of manners and light literature in the Tatler, shows a remarkable confidence and boldness in the

writers, but the eminent success of the attempt fully justified their courage. The conductors were not a little influenced by the party excitements of the day, and some of the earlier papers savour of their politica. It is said that a hearty whig preface, prefixed by Dr. Fleetwood to a volume of sermons, was inserted that it might be read by the Queen, who had the Spectator brought in regularly with her breakfast, and that the paper of that day was not published till twelve o'clock. (her breakfast hour,) in order that no time should be allowed to those about her to examine it, before a should be presented.

His next work was the tragedy of Cato. It was acted in 1713, with great eclat. The political spiral of the times dictated the popular judgment of the stage, and this fact unquestionably gave to the Cato its splendid triumph. Says Johnson, "The Whigs applauded every line in which liberty was mentioned, as a satire on the Tories, and the Tories echoed every clap to show that the satire was unfelt." Sustained thus by a clamorous spirit, entirely uncongenial with just criticism, it was acted night after night, a greater number of times than had been the lot of any drama before on the London stage. Though this celebrated tragedy has been justly called "the most splende of his works" yet as a drama it is seriously defective. " It is rather a poem in dialogue than a tragedy," # wants the verisimilitude in its characters and that power of exciting solicitude, growing in intensity as the scenes revolve and consummating instead of evanescing in the denouement, which form the effective excellence of tragedy. Its popularity was, however. boundless, the Queen even sent a request that it might be dedicated to her, and it raised the author's fame at once to its acme. Its success on the stage was no doubt owing in a great measure to its reception the first night, when Steele, as he acknowledged himself, " packed the audience" for the purpose.

At the same time the Guardian was started, which will come under review hereafter. Subsequently the Spectator was revived, but owing to the civil tumulis of the times, with little success. Addison wrote more than a fourth of the papers which are distinguished by a larger proportion of religious subjects than any he had before written. The Freeholder was commenced in 1715. Though devoted to politics, it is adorned with many instances of his elegant humour, and is celebrated particularly for the fine character of the Tory Fox-hunter, perhaps not inferior to Roger de Coverly. "Bigotry itself," says Johnson, "must be delighted with it."

The next year occurred his marriage with the Countess of Warwick, perhaps the most unhappy event of his life. He had been tutor to her son, and it was after a long courtship that he obtained her fiand; the disproportion of their rank had its usual effect, and Addison's last years, we have reason to believe, were embittered by the worst of human afflictions.

In 1717 he was elevated to the dignity of Secretary of State. He found himself entirely unfit for this station, being too diffident to defend the Government in the House of Commons, and, says Pope, "too fastidious in the use of fine expressions to issue with expedition the ordinary orders of his office." He retired with a pension of three hundred pounds. He devoted the remainder of his life to literary pleasures and labours. One of these, which was published after his decease, was a Defence of Christianity; it was not completed according to his original design. It is

painful to record that the tranquillity of his closing days was interrupted by the political controversy which has been referred to, and which dissolved the cordial friendship that had so long bound him to his literary co-labourer, Steele.

He died 1719, of asthma and dropsy. He called Lord Warwick, a profligate young nobleman, to his bedside, and said, "I have sent for you that you may see how a Christian can die?" The virtues which had adorned his life and chastened his genius, shed their mild lustre on his final hours, and he sinks from our view more amiable, more admired than he appears to our contemplation, when conversing with

him, through the beautiful, the refined productions of his pen.

Chesterfield said, that "he was the most timorous and awkward man that he ever saw." Pope declares his conversation had "something in it more charming than I have found in any other man. But this was only when he was familiar; before strangers, or perhaps a single stranger, he preserved his dignity by a stiff silence." It was his extreme diffidence that interfered with his success in office, yet it gave him an air of amiability which won the esteem even of his enemies. Swift said, that "if he had asked for the crown it would have been given him without opposition."

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### A SONG OF MARION'S MEN.

BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Sally St. Clair was a beautiful, dark-eyed Creole girl. The whole treasury of her love was poured out to Sergeant Jasper, who, on one occasion, had the good fortune to save her life. The prospect of their separation almost maddened her. To sever her long jetty ringlets from her exquisite head, to dress in male attire, to enrol herself in the corps to which he belonged, and follow his fortunes in the wars, unknown to him, was a resolution no sooner conceived than taken. In the camp she attracted no particular attention, except on the night before the battle, when she was noticed bending over his couch, like a good and gentle spirit, as if listening to his dreams. The camp was surprised, and a force conflict ensued. The lovers were side by side in the thickest of the fight; where, in endeavouring to turn away a lance aimed at the heart of Jasper, the poor girl received it in her own, and fell bleeding at his feet. After the victory, her name and sex were discovered, and there was not a dry eye in her corps when Sally St. Clair was laid in her grave, near the river Santee, in a green shady nook, that looked as if it had been stolen out of Paradise."—Tales of the Revolution.

In the ranks of Marion's band,
Through morass and wooded land,
Over beach of yellow sand,
Mountain, plain and valley;
A Southern maid, in all her pride,
March'd gayly at her lover's side,
In such disguise,
That e'en his eyes,
Did not discover Sally!

When return'd from midnight tramp,
Through the forest dark and damp,
On his straw-couch in the camp,
In his dreams he'd dally
With that devoted, gentle fair,
Whose large black eyes and flowing hair,
So near him seem,
That, in his dream,
He breathes his love for Sally!

Oh! what joy that maiden knew,
When she found her lover true!—
Suddenly the trumpet blew,
Marion's men to rally!
To ward the death-spear from his side,
Battling by broad Santee she died!

Where sings the surge
A ceaseless dirge,
Near the lone grave of Sally! igitized by

For the Lady's Book.

## MODERN ITALIAN NOVELS.

Y MRS. E. F. ELLET.

FALCO OF THE ROCK: THE CASTLE OF TREZZO: SIBILLA ODALETA: FOLCHETTO MALASPINA: THE PRISONERS OF PIZZIGHETTONE: THE PROSCRIBED: THE GENOESE BETROTHED: THE BATTLE OF BENEVENTO.

FALCO DELLA RUPE, or Falco of the Rock, is more properly a historical narrative than a romance; the greater portion of the book being occupied by the political intrigues and battles of the Marchese di Marignan, in the rebellion against his legitimate sovereign, Francesa Sforza, Duke of Milan. The ambitious prince is aided in his struggle to make himself an independent sovereign by a notorious pirate of the Lake of Como, who saved the life of his younger brother Gabriele di Medici, in an encounter with the Dukists on the lake, in the beginning of the tale. The love plot, if so it may be called, consists only in the birth and growth of a passion between the abovementioned Gabriel, a handsome and brave youth, and Rina, the beautiful daughter of the pirate Falco. When we first discern the mutual impression made on the heart of the lovers, we, of course, anticipate many difficulties and anxieties growing out of their different conditions in life, and the political storm in which they are involved. But there is none of all this; the loves of the youth and maiden are undisturbed by the interference naturally to be expected from the haughty elder brother; nay, the course might have run smooth even to the end, but for the unlucky chance of Gabriele's being killed in one of the Marchese's battles. There is no connexion whatever between the attachment of the young pair and the political incidents; the contemplation only serves to divert the attention awhile from the true hero, and the stirring events of the chieftain's treason. This is a heinous fault in a novel; but it is half redeemed by the vigorous and graphic delineations of the struggles between the party of Marignan, and that of the Duke; and the occasional touches of the manners and superstitions of the age are very happy. We would instance the scene of the death of Grampo, one of Falco's crew, the attempt of the monk to save the life of the wounded man by some miraculous water in which a nail from the true cross had been dipped, and the bitter execrations of the witch Imazza, the mother of the dead, against him who had been the innocent cause of his destruction. Altogether the work is superior to Il Castello di Trezzo, by the same author. The latter relates the treacherous imprisonment and murder, by Giovanni Galeazzo Visconti, Count of Verta, of his kinsman Bernabo, who shared with him the government of a moiety of Lombardy. The book is chiefly occupied with the adventures of a young cavalier, Palamede de' Bianchi, in his endeavour to obtain access to the Lady Ginevra, the daughter of Bernabo, confined with her mother and brothers in the same castle with the unfortunate prince. After many disappointments and perils, in which he is assisted by the faithful Enzel, one of the Italian arioli, or gypsies, common in that age, he at length succeeds, by the intercession of a French prince whom he rescues opportunely from a band of robbers, in obtaining an order from

Giovan Galeazzo for the release of his fair one. Poor Bernabo is poisoned; his remains have the house of being interred with regal magnificence behind the high altar of the church of San Giovanni in Conca beneath "a superb mausoleum, supported by six columns, on which is sculptured in white marble a horse mounted by an armed cavalier—the image of Bernabo." The lovers are united after his death, but never visit the court of Visconti.

The author of Sibilla Odaleta, and other fictions of the same general class, has by some been ranked next to Manzoni, on account of the vigour and cirverness of his sketches of past times, and the dramate force with which many of his scenes are painted His powers of description and dialogue, however, are not equalled by skill in constructing a story out of he materials; almost all his plots are badly managed. The incidents of his first novel, which he calls "As Episode of the Italian wars at the close of the fil teenth century," are wild and improbable to the last degree; yet the book, especially the first part of it, & animated and interesting from his vivid pictures of the events and characters of the age. The epoch is the invasion of Naples by Charles VIII., and he gives a by the way sketches of Ludovico Il Moro-of the city of Florence and the feelings of its inhabitants on the approach of the French monarch-of the wild and mysterious Savonarola-of the entrance of Charles into the city and his interview with the magistrates of the Republic-of the flight of the Neapolitan king, and his return to his dominions after the departure of the French. The following is a description of the coronation of Charles before leaving Italy.

" It was towards the middle of May, and the dawn promised a day cloudless and brilliant. Scarcely had the sun's rays begun to gild the summits of the mountains, when countless multitudes thronged the streets. and besieged the doors of the cathedral, which was to be the scene of the solemnity. That massive Gothic edifice had been adorned with great magnificence for the occasion; entrance had been prohibited for many days to the curious, that no impediment might be placed in the way of the artizans, for whose labours scarce sufficient time was allowed. Great was the anxiety among the people to see the result of their efforts; but as soon as the doors were opened two companies of halberdiers, sheathed in armour of polished steel, disposed themselves so as to guard the entrance and keep back the crowd, and Swiss guards were arranged in files extending even to the altar's foot, ready for their assistance should it be required. These troops made a brilliant display, arrayed in the antique fashion, wearing scarlet mantles over their leathern vests and buskins; but the most singular spectacle was to be seen in the crowd itself. Some walked around the square, or crowded about the doors of the cathedral, waiting with impatience for the royal cavalcade; others, assembled in groups near a pedestal on which once stood a statue of Tiberius, talked of the ceremony soon to take place, or the approacing tournament. Many discoursed of less important affairs; all accompanying their speech with the lively gesticulation peculiar to that dramatic people—capable of every generous action when liberated from the thraldom and darkness of ignorance.

"After tedious expectation, the roar of cannon from Castle St. Elmo announced that the King of France had left the palace on his way to the church. Then the confusion became general. The cannons of the other fortresses responded to the signal; the peal of warlike instruments resounded from vessels anchored in the bay; the bells of all the churches were rung, and the people crowded the streets more eagerly where the procession was to pass. lancieri led the way, their pennons fluttering in the breeze; they were followed by the cuirassiers, whose armour flashed back the rays of the sun, dazzling all eyes; then five hundred Swiss infantry, and a thousand Gascon soldiers preceded the twelve knights forming the body guard of the sovereign, who surrounded him, dressed in magnificent uniform. Charles himself, mounted on a superb horse of the Norman breed, covered with trappings of velvet and gold, rode majestically in the midst. He wore no cuirass or helmet as when he entered Florence; but a sumptuous mantle of crimson velvet, studded with points of gold and bordered with ermine, fell in graceful folds from his shoulders. An under vest of white silk, wrought with flowers in the Chinese fashion, covered his breast, on which sparkled the badges of various knightly orders, chief among them that of St. Michael. His breeches of white silk were terminated by yellow leathern buskins, garnished at the heel with the golden spurs indicative of his rank. At his right hand rode Brissonet, attired in the rich dress suitable to the eminent dignity conferred on him a few months before in Rome, by Pope Alexander. The splendour of his purple robe over his tunic embroidered with gold, displayed to advantage his noble person and features, which he knew how to invest with the imposing majesty of a church dignitary. His right hand, resplendent with precious jewels, was slowly raised as he bestowed benedictions upon the people.

"It was customary in those days for the king's dwarf to be ever seen at the left hand of his master; but Charles on this occasion deemed it prudent to dispense with the arrangement, desirous that nothing approaching to the ludicrous should diminish the solemnity. He was aware that in Florence the perpetual vicinity of the buffoon, who always assumed a comic air of importance, had contributed in no slight degree to remove from the minds of the spectators the awe excited by his name and presence. Therefore in place of the dwarf rode Gilbert de Monpensier, who was appointed to remain in Naples in his quality of Lieutenant of the kingdom. Behind him followed the Grand Constable D'Obigni, and the Seneschal De Dabari; followed in their turn by the nobles according to their rank. Two hundred Swiss soldiers made up the retinue, and with their heavy weapons kept back the multitude. The music of drum and trumpet filled the air, mingled with the peal of bells and the roar of ordnance; these, with the stunning acclamations of the people, formed a confusion of sounds more readily imagined than described.

"Arrived at the great door of the cathedral, the

company dismounted, and leaving their horses to the care of the squires, entered in the order prescribed by etiquette. They were met by the Archbishop, arrayed with ecclesiastical pomp in the sacerdotal robes, who led the king towards the throne prepared at the right of the great altar. As the monarch touched the railing, the officials who had accompanied him thither stopped, yielding the honour to the Italian barons, since it was not as king of the French Charles was received within the sanctuary, but as king of the Neapolitans. Only Brissonet as Cardinal, and Gilbert Monpensier as Viceroy, were admitted with him, and sat upon the seats prepared in honour of their rank, by the side of the monarch. The king ascended the throne, and the ensigns of royalty were presented to him: then the oath of allegiance was administered in due form, first to the clergy, next to the representatives of the kingdom, the nobility, and finally, to various corporations of the second and third orders.

"During this somewhat lengthened ceremony, a select band of musicians without, made the vaults of the cathedral echo, and from the piazza military companies responded with their gorgeous symphony, that would have suited a day of battle. The pulpit was then occupied by the orator who spoke in the name of the people; and this harangue concluded, with other ceremonies too tedious to describe, the new sovereign made ready to return to his palace, whence, having changed his dress after a brief rest he was to depart for the amphitheatre prepared for the tournay."

Folchetto Malaspina exhibits in a certain degree the same beauties, with nearly the same defects, which are prominent in Sibilla Odaleta. The time is the twelfth century, during the period of the famous confederation of the Lombard cities, at the head of which was Milan in the struggle against Frederic Barbarossa. The love scenes are but slenderly connected with the incidents of the tale and with the catastrophe; indeed the hero might as well have been a resolute Benedict, for aught that his amourette has to do with the plot. The three volumes are filled with his adventures in endeavouring to avenge the wrong done to his sister, by a false marriage, upon the profligate Guglielmo, his rival in politics and love. His formal challenge of his enemy at a banquet of Guglielmo's own adherents-the scene of the duel-the cowardice of Guglielmo, and their preconcerted interruption by the aged hermit, who forbids the fight-the public insult afterwards hurled upon the villain by Folchetto, in presence of the clergy, the nobles, and the people; and finally, his generous pardon of his humiliated and captive foe, are drawn in the most lively and picturesque colours. A new order, or profession is introduced to our notice in the course of the narrative; one, the author tells us, long afterwards common in Sardinia; the Accabaduri, or people whose trade it was to abridge the sufferings of the old or the infirm, by the summary process of knocking them on the head, from which action their caste took its name. woman of this class figures largely in the story. She has wandered from Sardinia to the scene of the novel. and though athirst for human blood, is opportunely bound by a debt of gratitude and a vow, to rescue and serve Folchetto. She not only informs him where to find the false certificate of his sister's marriage, but duly advises him, after the siege and capitulation of Tortona, that the convents are to be sacked by Frederic's troops thus giving him time to

rescue his sister and his lady love from the fury of the soldiery.

The story of I Prigionieri di Pizzighettone, (The Prisoners of Pizzighettone) is yet more incoherent, and unequal in style. There is a total want of connexion in the fate of the two "Prisoners," one of whom is no less a person than Francis the First, and the other a Spanish lady of some celebrity. The French king, however, and his warlike nobles, and the celebrated astrologer Cornelius Agrippa, are vigorously sketched. The monarch is made to be beloved most romantically by a half crazed girl, on whom our author has bestowed the faculty of second sight; and who translates Moore's lines, " I never loved a tree nor flower," &c., without deigning to give the poet the credit of the original. The first volume closes with the battle of Pavia; the novel ends with the death of the second sighted girl and the removal of the captive Francis to Spain.

The next romance of our author introduces us into a country new to the novelist; to wit—the island of Sardinia. Il Proscritto (the Proscribed,) with another Sardinian novel-Preziosa di Sanluri, is designed to present something like a complete picture of the manners of the men and women of that island; the latter of the Sard mountaineers, as the former of the more civilized citizens. Both contain striking scenes and graphic representations of natural scenery, and ancient ceremonies; "hair breadth 'scapes" and imminent perils by sea and land also abound. The story is told by a gentleman, Brunetto by name, who on the death of an uncle resident in Sardinia, is sent to that island from Genoa by his father, to divide with another uncle the patrimony of the deceased. He finds on board the vessel a mysterious youth, who repels all advances towards acquaintance, yet gives Brunetto some advice respecting the division of the estate. The youth is landed upon one of the small islands on the Sardinian coast. Our hero proceeds to his uncle's castle, where having nothing else to do, while waiting for the settlement of his affairs, he falls in love with his beautiful cousin Helen. But his hopes are speedily checked by the information that her affections are already engaged. He remarks also that a vacant chair is always set at his uncle's table; endeavours in vain to find out from his male cousins the meaning of this strange custom, but at last obtains an explanation from Helen. Her elder brother had been murdered a year or two before by unknown assassins. The men who brought home the body, swore that they had seen him fall by the hand of Naborre a youth in the neighbourhood, who had once saved her father's life, between whom and her brother there had been some slight dispute. The family and connexions of the deceased take an oath to revenge his death; and there was an old Sardinian superstition that till such an oath was accomplished, the shade of the murdered man would continue to haunt his former residence, and sit at the table with his surviving relatives. Helen, however, is certain of the innocence of Naborre; (Sardinian names are not particularly euphonious!) it is to him she has given her heart, and Brunetto, by her description, soon recognises him as the mysterious youth seen on his passage from Genoa. Naborre has been tried by the civil authorities for the murder; but in the lack of sufficient evidence to convict him, has merely been banished, under the penalty of death if he should return to the island. Brunetto with chivalrous generosity pledges himself to assist in vindicating the innocence of the persecuted lover of Helen, and a bringing the real assassins to punishment. He goes to Naborre's retreat; and, by the help of another friend, possessed of the faculty of ventriloquism, they succeed in detecting the criminals, a band of robbers in the vicinity. One of these bandits, dangerously wounded, is neglected by his companions; and with him the ventriloquist, concealed in the cave, plays the part of conscience, by whispering in his ear unseen: finally inducing him to confess the whole tale of guilt. The story ends with the restoration of the Proscribed, and his union with the lovely Helen.

The imitations of Scott are very evident in these volumes; both in the sketch of the uncle and he sons, and the character of Helen, who is drawn after Diana Vernon. The description of the fishing on the island of San Pietro is picturesque in the highest degree. The incidents succeed in natural order; the interest is well sustained till the discovery of the assassins, when the details become tedious. Altogether it is a weaker production than most of the author's novels.

La Fidanzata Ligure (the Genoese Betrothed) a a story of the present day, designed, says the author. to illustrate "the customs, manners, and character of the inhabitants of the Riviera of Genoa;" a beautic region of country. The plot is simple. A young Spanish nobleman, Velasco by name, comes to the Riviera to seek a young lady whom he had met and loved in Spain-Ida Contarini, the daughter of a net Genoese merchant. The maiden has been informed that there are objections on the part of Velasco's father, a proud old Spanish grandee, to his son's union with one who cannot boast equally ancient parentage—and too proud to enter a family reluctan: to receive her-determines to separate from her lover. She cannot, however, forget him; a meeting take place; but their reconciliation is again prevented by the interference of a mysterious stranger " in a dark mantel"-who afterwards turns out to be the agent of a Spanish marchioness, enamoured of Velasco, whose jealousy occasioned all the former difficulties, and who has employed this Garzia to prevent the union of the young pair. Garzia is executed for the murder of a fellow knave; and the obstacles to the happiness of Ida and Velasco removed-the romance ends selon la regle. The pictures of costumes and manners are not a little entertaining. There is a minute and interesting description of the villa Cortarini, and of the family mansion, within and with out; no doubt a correct sketch of the residence and the habits of a parvenu gentleman, who codeavours by splendour to conceal his want of pretessions on the score of descent. Ida the heroine, writes sentimental letters to her confidante, and solaces her leisure hours with the writings of Richardson, Sterne, Byron, "Valter Scott," and others. whom she quotes frequently with an air of something very like pedantry. We cannot say we found "the tissue of her story" nor that of "the dark mantel" particularly interesting.

On the whole, the author of "Sibilla Odaleta" and the novels succeeding, has displayed sufficient about to induce us to expect from him in the future something better than any work he has yet produced. If he but knew how to make the most of his materials like Manzoni, nothing could prevent his rising to a equal station. He possesses considerable power of

writing, and of dramatic conception; and occasionally succeds in giving strong individual reality to his personages. His picturesque style increases greatly the effect of his more striking scenes; nor are we disposed to deny him praise for his merit in dialogue; always excepting his attempts at humour, which we cannot forbear regarding as "most dolorous mirth."

The subject of La Bataglia di Benevento, or the Battle of Benevento, is intensely interesting, and affords an admirable ground-work for an historical romance. In the hands of a skilful writer, what space for portraitures of character and varied incident, within the splendid outline furnished by history! What a magnificent scene is open to the efforts of the artist! the epoch—that critical period in the annals of Europe-the fall of the dynasty of the Hohenstuffens;-the locality-in the court of the Swabian Sicilian monarch-or the plains of Apulia, where Saracen and Christian fought, where the soldiers of Manfred contended with the chivalry of France, and the armies of the Pope-the character of Manfred himself-brave in the field and wise in council-walking in the shadow of those fearful crimes imputed to him by his enemies, invested withal with the glorious qualities attributed to him by his ghibelline historians-genius, heroism, and lofty ambition—need such materials the embellishment of fancy? It appears to us that truth is here stranger than fiction, transcending the creations of imagination. But so thought not Signor Guerrazzi. He has tried to idealize the narrative, and in doing so has injured its vrai semblance materially. He has invented fictitious personages, and events so widely improbable, that the dignity of the historical portions is wofully lessened. When we say that the four volumes before us are replete with the worst faults of the Italian school of novelists, our readers may be assured that the author has failed in constructing a work at all worthy of the materials employed.

The first peculiarity that strikes us in the book is its excessive exaggeration. Scenes, manners, feelings, characters, are seen through a medium so highly coloured, that all aspect of truth disappears. We cannot recognize features so strained and distorted. The style is feverish; the author cannot describe the most

ordinary incident or scene without becoming extatic, and taxing every object in heaven and earth for comparisons. He is unwilling to let the sun rise or set in peace. His language is frequently " a world too wide" for his thought. All this prodigality of enthusiasm is needlessly thrown away on trivial matters, for there are a sufficient number of really interesting and striking scenes, on which it could have been bestowed with propriety. The description of Manfred's remorse, his detection of the conspiracy of his disaffected nobles against him, and their escape-his last battle and death scene-are well conceived and dramatic. So in an earlier portion of the book is the account of the passage of the Alps by the French, and the crowning of Charles of Anjou and Beatrice. There are many episodical incidents so wildly told that they linger in our memory as some incoherent nursery tale. We must not omit, however, to yield Guerrazzi due praise for the vigour with which he has drawn some of his characters-Manfred-to wit ;the counts of Caserta and La Cerra-and the fictitious Rogiero.

Grassa e Ceresio is a story of lovers divided, like Juliet and Romeo, by the ancient feuds of their families. They are more fortunate than the gentle pair of Shakspeare, matters being reconciled very comfortably between them after the decease of the heads of their respective houses.

The foregoing brief review of the works of the living novelists of Italy has, we trust, demonstrated that there exists sufficient talent in that country to work even more successfully the rich mine of materials so recently laid open. Great allowance must be made for want of experience in that species of composition; but since the new direction of popular taste, authors will undoubtedly continue to labour with increased energy; and we should be doing injustice to the abilities already developed, did we not confidently anticipate some more signal achievement in a field where there are already so many competitors. We take our leave of them for the present, hoping ere long to welcome some fascinating stranger to our shores, whose attractions shall cause him to be forthwith supplied with the national costume, and introduced as a familiar friend into our literary circles.

Written for the Lady's Book.

LINES.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET.

PEACE—O for that which cometh from above—
That owns no fellowship with aught on earth!
Brighter than sunshine—subtler than the air—
More deep and grateful than the forest shade—
Purer and milder than the bending sky!
The peace ineffable—that passeth thought!
My soul doth sigh for it.—Life's pageants vain,
The phantom joys that float on starry wings
Around youth's path, and strew their many flowersShe has beheld—and scorned their tributes all:—
The multitudinous voices, wild and loud
As chafing ocean, wherewith Folly calls,
She would not hear.—My spirit craveth peace.
The shrouded day on earth is waning fast—

She casts her earthly help and hope away!
—Father of life! bestow that better life!
Thou, who with woe didst purchase joy for man,
O write thy law of meekness on my heart!
Thou, from whose brooding wings shot living light
Into the mass of chaos, on my soul
Let shine the light it needs but will to see!
Then—o'er the puth where now I weeping walk,
Shall beam the glory of its distant goal!
Then from the deserts into pastures green
By the Good Shepherd led, the weary soul
Shall drink of fountains by the tree of life,
Where peace hath planted her immortal grove.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE ADOPTED DAUGHTER.

#### TALE.

#### BY MRS. MARY H. PARSONS,

"I will adopt Emily Sinclair! Yes, she shall be as my own child, and I will be to her a mother—if I have your consent and approval, Mr. Morton?" and the handsome woman who had uttered the above sentence, lifted up her dark eyes for a moment, and rested them inquiringly upon the face of her husband.

"My consent," he replied, "will certainly be given if you desire it; my approbation is a different affair. Much, very much is to be considered ere you take the keeping of another's happiness into your own hands, as I think you will do by voluntarily adopting Emily Sinclair." The cheek of Mrs. Morton flushed slightly, and a look of mingled shame and vexation passed over her fine face as she answered,

"It is apparent you consider me unfit for the task; I should like to make the experiment were it only to prove you a false prophet."

Mr. Morton was silent; many feelings struggled in his bosom, but he shrank from giving them utterance. He could not well explain to his wife why he deemed her incapable of giving or receiving pleasure in the adoption of Emily Sinclair. Let us, for a moment, advert to their past history. In early life, Mr. Morton was a clerk in the Ellsworth firm, one of the most flourishing, and prosperous in -The only daughter of Mr. Ellsworth, the fair and spoiled Ella, had singled him out from among many wealthier suitors, given him the passionate love of an affectionate but unregulated heart, married him with the consent of her father, and had thus been the means of raising him to rank and station far beyond his most sanguine hopes. The love of Morton was devoted enough to satisfy even Ella, exacting and capricious as she had ever been; his feelings of gratitude rendered him forbearing and gentle-yet resolute, when occasion demanded—the calm and even mildness of his disposition, the firm dignity of manner and character which preserved his own rights from being encroached upon, while he yielded often and tenderly to her-won upon her respect, and increased her love and esteem as the years of her life rolled on. Yet the faults of Ella were not corrected, scarcely ameliorated; many painful hours she had caused her husband, and remorse never failed to visit her with bitter and accusing pange, but the strong pride of her character, either stifled such feelings too soon, or prevented any good results. They were now in the autumn of life, and very beautiful still was Ella Morton, while her husband, with his open and placid countenance, his broad ample brow, and the winning smile that played about his mouth, as though it loved its resting place, the gentleness of his manners united to uniform kindness and benevolence of character, was one upon whom the eye loved to linger, and the heart bounded with a warm gush of feeling and sympathy to meet. Ella Morton had no children; long since her parents were dead, and upon her husband the one strong stream of a passionate and loving heart poured itself forth. Morton knew well it was -that all of earthly feeling her heart had garnered was lavished upon him; yet oh! how often and how bit-

terly she pained him-stung his soul with reproaches that were undeserved-doubting his faith, and filling his heart with sorrow, that he could not constitute her happiness, while his own was destroyed. loved her truly; she was indeed fair, and very captivating, and when the imperious and exacting temper, that sullied her character lay sleeping, there was a soft and winning tenderness in her manners, that wound round the heart of her husband, till he deemed her once again the Ella of his youth, the young wife of his bosom. Much of bitterness mingled in the thread of their destiny-much also of happiness; often she had erred and as often been forgiven; perhaps both felt of late that some one else to love, would give a new charm to their domestic life. Morton alone feared the experiment; his wife, selfconfident and haughty, believed herself fully competent to discharge the important duties that would devolve upon her in the adoption of a daughter. Emily Sinclair was eighteen, timid, gentle, and sensitive; shrinking from coldness, and clinging fondly to those who met her with tenderness and affection; her disposition was open and ingenuous, her temper regulated, her mind improved, her manners captivating, and her beauty of a kind to win love as well as admiration. This young girl was an orphan; she had few friends in her adversity, and none so able to assist, and aid her as Mrs. Morton. Her mother had been for years that lady's nearest and most intimate companion, and she loved Emily well for her own sake, but more tenderly for that of her lost mother. All this Morton knew; he hesitated in refusing a home to one so alone in the world, so very desolate-yet he feared her life would be one of outward splendour, while the bonds of dependence would wear upon the heart. As these thoughts passed through his mind, they left their shadows upon his face, and his wife liked not the expression of his countenance: sbe leaned forward, and resting her hand lightly on his own, for a moment, said:

"Your decision now, if you please—Lcan wait no longer."

He looked up earnestly into her face as he answered, "My dear Ella, this is a very serious matter, not to be lightly judged of or acted upon. Emply Sinclair had a faithful, judicious, but very tender mother; no shade of caprice ever rested on their mutual love; the timid sensitiveness of Emily's character has been fostered, rather than checked, and were she now exposed to coldness or mistrust from those she loved, it would prey heavily upon her mind—utterly destroy her happiness."

"So I do believe," replied Mrs. Morton, calmly; "knowingly, therefore, I take the risk; she shall never receive from me the slightest unkindness; and as to mistrust—such a feeling could not exist in the heart of any human being, when Emily's sunny eyes and truth-telling face were before them."

Morton sighed; he knew when evil thoughts are strong within, reason is blinded and powerless, and will not see, though the truth be clear before them. "I would not," he said gently, "discourage you entirely; but you should take time to reflect; to weigh well the responsibilities that attach to the character of mother. Ella! that young girl had better beg her daily bread from door to door, than meet with harshness, when her heart is pining for affection, and her spirit is bound in the strong chains that gratitude winds round the feeling heart!"

The fine eyes of Morton sparkled with the benevolence and kindness that actuated him: his wife felt the appeal, but she never doubted her power to do right; she forgot that when long indulged in, we lose command over the evil passions of our nature, and we may give no promise with safety for the future. Once again she spoke:

"You have wrought no change in my wishes, by your arguments. I feel satisfied I can be a faithful mother to Emily; and now, for the last time, are you content I shall make the trial?"

"Yes—but remember Ella, in becoming your child also becomes mine; and hereafter, if there is injustice done her, it will be my painful province to interfere"

Morton, as he ceased speaking, left the room. The few bitter and scalding tears that had gathered into the eyes of his wife, stole silently down her face; she could not but feel very deeply her husband's want of confidence in her character; yet, if her heart had been read aright at that moment, wounded pride would have been found mingling its lava stream with other and better feelings, until as it flowed onward, all that was redeeming in her nature, seemed prostrate beneath its power.

Emily Sinclair came to her new home with every warm and gentle feeling roused into action; the uniform and affectionate kindness of Mrs. Morton to her mother had filled her heart to overflowing with love, and gratitude-beside she had none other to loveand her young heart yearned for sympathy and affection! Strange what a winning power there was in that artless girl, to wind into the affections of those she loved-perchance it was that she never thought of self, that she lived and moved in the happiness of those around her; certain it is the heart of Mrs. Morton was deeply touched, and a change came over her disposition, that imparted pleasure, not unmingled with astonishment to her husband. Once or twice, when Mrs. Morton had shown, though very slightly, something of the unhappy temper she really possessed, Emily had manifested such a degree of startled surprise and even alarm, that Mrs. Morton exercised a strong check upon herself, and she was more than repaid by the happiness she bestowed; she felt it so, and resolved in secret to be ever after on her guard. Alas for the chains that bind us! forged by our own hands, and fostered by long indulgence, they are not broken without patient watching and waiting, long continued and persevering struggles to accomplish that which is right.

One morning they were at the breakfast table; the only silent one among them was Mrs. Morton; Emily chatted in the glad enjoyment of present happiness, to her kind "father," as it was his wish she should call him, while it was apparent from his maner how much he reciprocated her feelings, and how tenderly he regarded his adopted child. Somewhat abruptly Mrs. Morton addressed her husband:

"Pray, Mr. Morton, when is your nephew expected? He is so very changeable in his mood, I

should not be surprised if the next news be, that he is not coming at all; however, there never was the least dependence to be placed upon him."

"Nay, not so bad as that either," said Mr. Morton, smiling good humouredly, "poor Fred was never a favourite of yours, and you judge him hardly; he is somewhat self-willed, I admit—over blunt in his speech to please a lady, perhaps—but frank, honest, and upright, full of feeling and generosity."

"Quite a character," said Mrs. Morton, while a sneer played over her beautiful but scornful mouth; "yet I really cannot see that it was called for, unless it was for Emily's especial benefit; he pays you but a poor compliment, my love, when he supposes you could ever become interested in such a bore as Fred Meradith."

"Meradith!" exclaimed Emily, as a sudden and burning flush shot up to her very temples. "Did you say Meradith—and call him Mr. Morton's nephew?"

"To be sure I did," said Mrs. Morton. "What do you know of him—if you allow me to ask?"

"I—I—know him very well," stammered Emily, in confusion at the manner of the interrogatory, "we met him at the Springs, last summer."

"And found him irresistible and charming?" sneered Mrs. Morton.

"I did not say he was either," said Emily, in a low voice, while her lip quivered, and the tears came into her eyes. "He was very kind to my sick mother; the poor have few friends—we had none!"

"You do well to remember his attention, my dear little girl," said Mr. Morton, affectionately, "though had you forgotten it, Mrs. Morton would have loved you nene the less. Frederick Meradith is the son of my only sister, and I, at least, am grateful for your testimony in his favour."

Mr. Morton rose up from the table, with the look and manner of one who felt himself injured, and as he left the room, there was an expression of stern displeasure in his countenance, such as Emily had never seen before. She did not even look at Mrs. Morton, but waited for the sound of her voice; it came at last, cold, and austere. "Do not let me detain you for a moment, Miss Sinclair."

"You are angry at me—how have I offended? Oh, forgive me, mamma, and love me once more!" exclaimed the young girl, as she approached Mrs. Morton, and even laid her hand tremblingly upon that of the latter.

" My own Emily, it is I have been wrong!" said Mrs. Morton as tears gushed from her eyes. "I do not deserve such tender forbearance from you," and remorse sent a pang to the heart of the erring woman, which was stamped for an instant in lines of agony, and distress upon her countenance-but it was gone as soon; brief, momentary, without repentance, was the mental torture inflicted in the hour when conscience would be heard. She explained to Emily-"That Frederick Meradith had resided with them during the prosecution of his studies in that city. His father having died when he was very young, he was thrown much upon the protection and guardianship of his uncle, for whom he had always manifested the most extraordinary affection; she herself had believed it partly affected, that he might in some future time become heir to his uncle's wealth; she had even hinted the same to him, in a moment of strong irritation; he had resented it in the most insolent manner-had, indeed, never forgiven her for it. Moreover, he had in all misunderstandings with Mr. Morton, advocated his uncle in the most improper manner, (and here Mrs. Morton hesitated, and with all her tact, was slightly confused) using irritating and disrespectful language, even to the length of insinuating she was the cause of much misery to her husband." Mrs. Morton was silent for many moments as she closed her account, then she said, " I do not scruple to say to you, Emily, that Mr. Morton and myself have differed most seriously about this ill mannered boy; it has been a source of contention, and bitterness to both of us; yet he clings fondly to him, still loves him with the tenderest affection; while to me he is an object of contempt and dislike. For my sake then, Emily, never speak his name again approvingly to his uncle?"

Mrs. Morton rose hastily as she ceased, determined to hear nothing further from the young creature, who sat silent in astonishment and sorrow; but she kissed her affectionately, and as she did so, parted the long silken curls that lay upon her forehead, and looked, almost tearfully, into her loving and tender eyes. "Softly and deeply blue," they beamed upon her, while fresh from the heart came the truth and innocence that sparkled there. Her mouth was full, small, and beautifully formed; her skin fair and clear; her colour the hue of unbroken health and happiness; her form, child like in proportion, but perfect in the grace, ease, and elegance acquired by long association with one who had been strikingly gifted with each—her mother.

Mrs. Morton scarce knew how strong the affection she bore to Emily had grown, till that moment—she would have given worlds to have seen that troubled expression pass from her countenance, and cheerful trust in herself take its place: she saw doubt and sorrow in the young tender face before her, and she felt she had caused the one and deserved the other. Her proud heart throbbed, and her voice faultered as she bent over her, saying tenderly, "Trust me, Emily; love me and trust me!" and Emily sprang to meet her embrace, and hope and confidence entered into her heart again.

The morrow came, and Frederic Meradith. Morton received him with undisguised pleasure; all memory of the scene of yesterday seemed to have passed from his mind; perchance, for his own peace, he forgave too easily, forgot too soon. It was apparent Meradith was quite indifferent to the stately greeting he received from Mrs. Morton; it seemed. indeed, rather to amuse him; he had not forgotten old times, and incapable of bearing malice himself, he was at once surprised at her coldness, and amused at the recollections it called up in his mind. His face wore an expression of humour quite characteristic: eye-lashes, singularly long and heavy, shaded an eye, black, piercing, yet full of archness and fun; his mouth was finely formed, while it gave to the mind an impression of decision, not unmingled with scorn; his broad, noble brow was his uncle's, and Mrs. Morton could not but admit to herself, that he was excelled by few, in striking and manly beauty. As he turned from the salutations of each, aware there was some one else in the room, Mr. Morton said,

"Allow me, Miss Sinclair, to make known the scape-grace nephew we were discussing yesterday morning!—Mr. Meradith."

Meradith glanced with the irresistibly comic expres-

sion, he could instantly assume, at his aunt, "Ah! I doubt not I was most favourably reviewed." Then turning to Emily with a manner at once respectful and considerate, said, "Believe me, I am most happy to meet you here, Miss Sinclair; our acquaintance at the springs is one of the few recollections I love to cherish, for the sake of its pleasant memories. I trust the friendship there begun, will lose nothing by a nearer intimacy."

Emily bent her head, but did not reply: ah! what busy thoughts came knocking at her heart, laden with memory of the dead! The mother she had lost, rose up before her; but then, tenderly, and as a true friend, had Meradith ministered to her wants in that trying time; and he lost nothing by the recollection. Perchance he divined her feelings, for a softened expression came over his countenance, and he spoke in a more subdued, and gentler tone to his uncle. Mrs. Morton was a quick observer; what she saw gave her pain; and, as usual, she lost all control of her temper; she spoke harshly to Emily, contemptuously to Meradith: but by a strong effort the latter controlled himself and made no reply. Mr. Morton saw all, as he had seen for years, in silence: when alone with his wife, he endeavoured to reason with her upon the folly of her conduct. If she feared an attachment between Emily and Meradith, was she not taking the very course to precipitate measures? Let the lady answer for herself.

"I have warned Emily against any prepossession in favour of Meradith; and I have a right in common gratitude, to expect my warning will be attended to."

Morton sighed heavily as he replied:

"Remember Ella, I told you before adopting Emily Sinclair, that such a connexion would not promote your own happiness or secure hers. She is now your child, and mine also; no injustice must be done her; none shall be; whatever lengths your unfortunate temper may carry you in this affair, you shall not bring sorrow upon her innocent head. Be advised in time; let the young people alone, and ten to one they tire of each other, but if you excite commiseration for Emily in the mind of Meradith, you bring things to a crisis at once. Oh! if you could but be induced to like him."

"Like him!" she answered, with a glance of mingled scorn and bitterness; "like Meradith—ay! I have cause—when his insolent remarks have been a source of torture to me; and his base and petty interference has nearly alienated my husband's affections from me!"

"No Ella! no!" said Morton earnestly," it is not so; true, I have opposed your course of conduct to my nephew, believing it to be most unjust; he has been to blame, perhaps, more than I deem, but he is young and thoughtless—forgive him, love, for my sake!" and Morton bent down and kissed her, while his tone was one of mingled tenderness and sorrow. "He is the sole child of my only sister, the only relative of mine that has ever asked for your affection; grant it, Ella—let me tell Meradith you forgive him, and will be his friend hereafter?"

She bent her head down upon his arm, to conceal the tears that started to her eyes; but her heart was stubborn though it yearned with tenderness for him; "I cannot," she said; "ask any thing but that, and oh! how gladly I will grant it."

Morton coldly released his arm from the hand that clasped it, and without speaking left the room. He

had never, perhaps, in his life felt more deeply wounded; his trust in his wife was shaken; he doubted her love-"Selfish," he thought, "how utterly selfish she has proved herself!" Yet it was not so; it was the demon of an ill regulated temper that possessed her; it blinded her reason, and stifled the exercise of every womanly and gentle feeling. To what fearful consequences does temper, long indulged in, and ungoverned in character, often give rise! Mark the exclamation of Mrs. Morton as her husband left her.

" He thinks he will destroy my happiness—that he will triumph over me, and trample upon me! let him beware!" and deep and deadly hate of Meradith, mingled its dark current with the stream of troubled emotions that found place in her bosom.

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It was not lost upon Meradith, that each advancing day Mrs. Morton disliked him more; she was at no pains to conceal it; and as he answered her with equal bitterness, he began to find his position a painful one. Still the time fixed upon for his stay had been two months, and a hint to Mr. Morton to shorten it, had given him so much pain, his nephew feared to speak more openly: it seemed indeed doubtful if Mr. Morton really saw things as they were, from his apparently unobserving and total silence upon the subject. Certainly, Meradith admitted with wonderful facility, every excuse for prolonging his visit; there was powerful attraction in the winning manners and fairy beauty of Emily Sinclair; time seemed to glide away noiselessly, without imparting token of his presence, in her society. It was apparent to him that Emily was constrained in presence of Mrs. Morton; but they were often alone together; and as Mr. Morton's presence was a check upon his wife, she feared wholly to set at defiance, there was more of pleasure to Meradith in the home circle, than could have been under the circumstances anticipated. Poor Emily! hers was a sad situation. Loving Mrs. Morton so tenderly, she was pained to the soul by the withdrawal of all manifestation of affection for her; she strove by every winning charm in her power, to bring back the looks and tones of other days, and though she often succeeded, the presence of Meradith seemed instantly to destroy every new created feeling, and cold looks and colder words came in their place. It is true, these were not often directed to her, but when they were, Meradith met them with a severity of retort, an overwhelming and contemptuous scorn of manner and language that irritated Mrs. Morton almost to madness. In this he was much to blame; he never had or would conciliate his aunt, and he scarcely made an effort to conceal how much he despised her. His indignation was honest, but not much governed by the dictates of prudence.

One evening they sat round the drawing room fire, before candles were lighted, expecting Mr. Morton's return. Mrs. Morton was reclining far back, in a large easy chair, in a somewhat better humour than usual with Meradith, and pleased with Emily, who sat near upon an ottoman, conversing with the animation that gave to her soft and child-like features, so striking and peculiar a charm. Enthusiasm, intelligence, and present enjoyment sparkled in her bright expressive eyes, and gave to her countenance that beauty the most of all to be coveted, having its source in a gifted mind and feeling heart. Meradith sat in shadow, partly to screen himself from Mrs. Morton's observation, and that unnoticed himself, he might look upon one whose loving and gentle face

was ever present in his waking hours, and over the silent night time, seemed hovering like his good angel, to guard from all sorrow and harm. Much conversation had passed between them, when Meradith addressed Mrs. Morton:

"Shall you go to Mrs. Linden's ball, to-morrow evening?"

"We think of it," she replied coldly, " but do not desert any of the fair ladies of your acquaintance on our account. Miss Sinclair and myself have secured attendance."

" Indeed!" said Meradith, in a voice of slight vexation, "may I ask, Miss Sinclair, who has been so fortunate?"

"Oh! I am sure I cannot tell, unless it is papa," she exclaimed laughingly, " and hark! there is his step upon the stairway," and she sprang lightly from her seat, met Mr. Morton at the door, and her bright eyes sparkled with delight as she received his affectionate greeting-" I am sure there is not such another daughter in the city as mine!" he said fondly, as he passed his hand caressingly over her forehead: "Nor a father who better deserves such a one"added his wife, in a low, gentle tone, while her eye rested, in earnest love, upon the open and benevolent countenance of her husband.

"Thank you, Ella!" and he took the seat next "Come here, Emily, and sit upon this stool; see what I have brought you, love, for the dance tomorrow night." He unclasped a small box he held in his hand, and held up to view a rich set of pearl. "Beautiful!" was echoed on all sides; and very beautiful they were.

"I saw you wear a dress, a few evenings since, to which those pearls would prove a fitting accompaniment," said Meradith.

"You mean the white satin and crape?" said his uncle. "Yes, old man as I am, I was struck with its appropriateness to Emily's style of face and form; then we must have the white dress and pearls for the ball ?"

" Emily's dress is already decided upon," said Mrs. Morton, somewhat abruptly; "she wears blue, tomorrow evening."

"But surely, my dear, she can change her mindno unusual thing for a lady, you know. Now Emily, let us have your opinion; which shall it be, the white dress or the blue?"

Emily glanced timidly at Mrs. Morton, but could not see her face, designedly on the part of the latter; she was too proud to add one syllable to what had already been said; but she waited none the less eagerly for Emily's decision. Meradith saw the gentle girl's hesitation, and he exclaimed-"You decide for her, my dear uncle; depend upon it, the white would be in better taste—every way more suitable, and, if I read aright, more acceptable to Miss Sinclair."

"Well then, Emily, shall I decide for you?" said Morton.

"If you please-no," answered Emily. " Mamma, will you?"

"I thought the matter settled," was the reply, in a tone of severity, " and, at all events, I think we are wasting time in a most ridiculous manner-let us have tea," and the sharp, nervous pull she gave the bell rope, to order it in, was evidence enough of the irritation of her mind. A most uncomfortable meal it proved to all parties: poor Emily was disheartened and unhappy, and could scarce refrain from tearsMorton looked vexed and wearied, and his nephew almost savage, as from time to time, he glanced at Mrs. Morton and Emily. And what were the feelings of Mrs. Morton? She had sensibility and tenderness of character enough to feel deeply that she was the serpent in her domestic Eden—that but a few brief moments before, all were happy around her; but the workings of an ungoverned temper had polluted the fair scene of enjoyment, and turned into sorrow and bitterness the kindly feelings that filled the minds of each. Pride came to her aid, giving her strength to conquer the mental torture conscience was inflicting; she hardened her heart, and believed against conviction, that Meradith was the cause of all.

Through the ensuing day Mrs. Morton made no allusion to the dress, but told Emily, with much coldness of manner, that she expected her to go in the evening. Late in the afternoon, Emily went down stairs to seek her; she was not in the drawing room, but Meradith was, and as he handed her a chair, he said abruptly:—" You look pale, Miss Sinclair—almost ill; I doubt not that abominable discussion last night has caused it. Allow me to advise you as a friend, in this, and every other matter, to consult your own wishes, and not those of Mrs. Morton."

"I beg you will not speak thus again," said Emily, gravely; "I owe all of present happiness to the love of Mrs. Morton, and I would do any thing in the world to show her I am not ungrateful for all her kindness." Her voice faltered; she was silent, and it went to the heart of Meradith to see that bright face so sad and sorrowful.

"If I could be of any benefit," he exclaimed, "if it were only in my power to be of service to you!"

She looked up eagerly as he spoke, and said:

"You may think me very bold, Mr. Meradith, but you could do me the greatest service: treat your aunt with more attention and respect."

Meradith gazed at her in astonishment for a moment, and then laughed outright :-- Treat her with attention-why she would order me out of doors for taking such a liberty!" and again he laughed at the bare idea of a good understanding between Mrs. Morton and himself. Emily rose from her seat hurt and displeased. "Do not go, Miss Sinclair-stay, I entreat you?" but she was gone, apparently without hearing him. "Well," he muttered, "I have managed finely to be sure-what a confounded disposition I have to laugh, when I ought to be serious. I am afraid she is really angry, and hurt too-I wish to fortune I had held my tongue! But to think of the thing in earnest-Mrs. Morton and I playing the agreeable. Oh Jupiter!" and yielding to the merriment that filled his mind, he broke out fairly in a prolonged and hearty fit of laughter. Emily at that moment passed the open door; she had been unsuccessful in her search for Mrs. Morton, and was returning to her own room. Her face flushed and her eye sparkled, " I might have spared my advice," she thought, "it is only a source of ridicule to him," and a few burning tears chased each other down her cheeks as she closed the chamber door. "It was very cruel," she murmured, " very thoughtless in him, he must know I have suffering enough."

But Emily's was a firm mind, though her woman's heart often warred against it. In this instance, her sex's pride came to her aid, and she conquered every outward trace of emotion. She dressed herself with care in the oft mentioned blue dress, whose pale,

delicate colour accorded well with the snowy whiteness of her complexion; and beautiful she looked in her youth and innocence; but that which touched the heart was the goodness and truth depicted in every line of her fair and speaking countenance! She sought Mrs. Morton's chamber, and to her timed knock that lady answered "come in," but without rising, as was her wont, to receive her. Emily approached her, and placing in her hand the gift of the preceding night, said in a voice that trembled, though she struggled to be calm:—"Look kindly on me, dear manma, once more! Here are the pearls to despose of them as you wish." Through her affectious alone, could the heart of Mrs. Morton be touched.

"Oh! Emily, love!" she exclaimed passionately, "it is I have been to blame-dear girl, if you are always thus, I must be better at last!" and she kissed her often, as she held her in her arms, calling her by every endearing name, that a heart gushing with warm feeling sent forth to her lips. It was the happiest moment of Emily's life; blessed indeed is the woman who can forgive as freely and forget as entirely as Emily Sinclair. And she was richly rewarded by the warm affection her conduct called forth from Mrs. Morton-by the brief, but emphatic words of contrition that escaped the erring woman. Whatever remorse Mrs. Morton might have felt, she never would have sought Emily's forgiveness-her prode was rigid; inflexible in character; and she herself was so conscious of the fact, that she had in the fulness of her heart uttered the exclamation, we have elsewhere recorded, when Emily effected a reconciliation.

Together they sought the drawing room, and found Mr. Morton alone, who looked wearied and sad: a smile that absolutely beamed over his whole face, played upon his lips as he advanced to meet them.

"Beautiful, both!" he exclaimed, "where shall I find such another mother and daughter?"

"Then you do admire Emily in the blue dress?" said Mrs. Morton, while her splendid eyes flashed in triumh... "my taste must be right then, after all."

"It was not your taste I doubted," replied her husband seriously, "it was the assertion of it under the circumstances," Mrs. Morton felt the reproof, but it produced its customary result—irritation; she turned away in anger. "Let us go," she said, hastily, "we shall be late."

"Not till my nephew is ready," said Mr. Morton, he just left me, and will soon return."

"As you like, my dear sir," replied his wife contemptuously, "I suppose if it is his pleasure not to go at all, we may remain at home to entertain him. Well! it must be confessed it is turning the tables most effectually, for us to wait on him." Mr. Morton made no reply; he drew a chair towards the table, and opened a book, but the words swam dimly before his eyes, and his thoughts wandered afar off—a sickness of the heart came over him; a heavy, oppressive sense of unhappiness—he was disappointed where his love had been garnered; he was weary of contending further—he was weary of the world! Meredith entered the room.

"All here before me!" exclaimed he, with a countenance of such honest pleasure, it cheered his uncle to look upon it—"do excuse me—pray excuse me? I have been very remiss, but I was not sure you were going, or that I should be allowed to accompany you

if you were." He glanced at Emily, but her eyes were turned away, her manner seemed cold. "I have offended her," he thought, "and deserve to suffer." He approached to offer his arm, but Emily, as if anticipating his purpose stepped quickly forward, and secured that of Mr. Morton.

"You promised to be my beau to night," she said smilingly, "and I know you are one to regard a promise even in trifles."

"Most willingly, I will take charge of you," was the answer, but he looked at his wife, and saw with surprise, an expression of satisfaction upon her haughty features. With the quick observation of her sex, she discovered the confusion of Meradith, the coldness of Emily; no words can express the keen, joyous sense of triumph that filled her heart; a mocking smile hovered on her lip, and her dark eye flashed the scorn she bore him, as he approached to lead her to the carriage. Meradith felt his face flush with anger. as he read her countenance, but he controlled himself, and in total silence they were transported to a scene of gaiety, and splendour, that moved even Emily to forgetfulness, though her young heart was heavy with new and sad feelings. It was a proud night for Mrs. Morton; she had never appeared to more advantage-her stately, and striking beauty, the animation and elegance of her manners, at all times rendered her an object of interest, but now it was increased tenfold for the sake of one lovelier, and younger-Emily Sinclair. Pride and affection were both gratified by the attention she received; yet her gentle countenance wore a shade of sorrow that pained and annoyed Mis. Morton, at last she hinted it to Emily, who shrank in confusion from her words, and with feelings of shame, struggled with the thoughts that oppressed her, but-

#### "The heart is a free and a fetterless thing, A wave of the ocean, a bird on the wing!"

and ever the feeling would recur-"To think he should make me the object of his ridicule!" It was no consolation to Meradith to mark Emily's want of sympathy with the scene around her; that he had given her pain, filled his mind with sorrow, yet he found no opportunity to explain, as she quietly, but studiously avoided him through the whole evening. The night wore on, and the spirit of mirth and music still floated in the fragrant air-bright eyes and brighter faces were there-forms of loveliness and grace " moved down in the dance" before admiring eyes-smiles played upon rosy lips, and glad voices like music on the night wind, came over the listening ear-and yet in that stately hall there was sorrow and care, envy and repining! "The trail of the serpent"-the baser passions of our nature-were in the hearts of countless numbers, who swelled the glittering throng, ay! and excited by the very scene of splendour that surrounded them-eyes were brighter -snowy necks were whiter. Sad! and sorrowful! that thoughts like these should stir up within the human heart, the dark passions of discontent and envy!

Mrs. Morton departed early, as was her custom: on the morrow she was slightly feverish, apparently suffering from cold, and was confined to her room through the day. Emily remained with her most of the time, thus effectually avoiding Meradith, who, out of spirits—and I fear we must add humour—was very near making a vow against laughing the remainder of his existence. He changed his mind,

however, after a brisk ride on horseback; exercise imparted its invigorating glow to his frame, the blood stirred joyously in his veins, and he returned home in a happier and more hopeful mood, believing that all things would yet work for good. Evening came; Mrs. Morton retired early, and Emily, released from attendance, bent her steps to the drawnig room in search of a book she was reading, intending to take it to her chainber. When she entered and saw Meradith, she would have retreated, if she could have done so without notice, but he rose instantly and approached her.

"Do not go Miss Sinclair, I entreat you—all day I have wished for an opportunity of apologizing for my conduct—it was inexcusable. Can you forgive me?"

"For laughing at me? Oh certainly! I cannot object to any one laughing at me, if they have a fancy for it!" and Emily's tone was light, and scornful, but her manner was not wholly free from embarrassment.

"You did not suppose I laughed at you, surely!" he said, colouring with vexation and shame—"allow me to explain?" and he did so. Emily heard him gravely, but courteously, and said:—

"I am sorry indeed, you regard a reconciliation with Mrs. Morton as unworthy an effort—as only deserving of ridicule; there seems to be a mutual misunderstanding, which respect and attention on your part would soon remove."

"You do not know her," said Meradith earnestly, "you never can feel as I have felt, for my good and excellent uncle. He has borne patiently, with such conduct in his wife, as would have driven most men distracted, or have brought on a separation. I cannot respect her when I think of it—how impossible to love? You too, Miss Sinclair, suffer from her temper, are made to feel it often, and bitterly"—

"Hush!" said Emily in a softened voice, "no word of me; when I had no other earthly friend, she was my friend and mother! She took me to her home and heart, and oh! how truly she has loved! how tenderly she has cherished me!"

"Who would not love and cherish, if he might claim the blessed privilege to do so!" burst from the full heart of Meradith, "oh! Emily, let such privilege be mine? I will cherish and love thee dearest, through all the days of my life-yes! after the beauty of that sweet face is gone, and the tender and loving heart sends up in its place the impress of its own excelling virtues! Will you be mine, Emily?-you whom I have loved since the first hour I saw you-will you bless me with your love?" and he bent down over the soft white hand, that trembled as he touched it, and raised it to his lips. Emily spoke not-not for worlds would she have broken the spell that bound her-was she loved thus? she, the lone orphan, who a brief time before had no friend but her God? By one too, who had wound around her own young heart, touching as if by magic, one by one, her best and tenderest feelings? Meradith looked upon her fair, innocent face, in its soft and child-like beauty, and he knew as he looked, all the warm feelings of a woman's passionate and loving heart, were pictured theregently he bent over her, and moved a shining curl from her forehead-" Emily! mine! may I call you thus?" She looked up, and Meradith's rapturous expression of mingled joy and tenderness, told how entirely his heart was satisfied with that mute answer.

It was late that evening when Mr. Morton returned, he found Emily and Meradith together;—the latter, with the straight-forwardness that characterized him, explained their altered situation, asking his uncle's approbation.

"You have my consent-my warmest approval!" exclaimed Morton in much emotion-oh! Emily, I have loved him as a son, though I scarcely dare say so, beneath mine "own vine and fig tree." I do believe you love, most worthy of him-one who will make his path through life a happy one, though burdened with earth's trials and cares"-he kissed her forehead and seemed deeply moved. "It is no light thing, my Emily, for a maiden to give up her happiness into the keeping of another-neither is it a slight responsibility for that other to assume. Do not weep love, that I speak thus seriously-mine has been a chequered career-the brightest days of my life are over, and their memory is sorrow! How many bitter scenes are stamped upon my heart, in characters that can never be erased. And she, that I have loved so well, and so faithfully, has abused the glorious gifts that nature gave her, and the fair fruit so tempting to the sight, has been ashes at the core!" Morton bent down his head, while his frame seemed literally shaken by strong distress, but it passed, and he spoke again-"This morning I told Ella of your mutual love-I have long observed it, and knowing her ignorance of the truth, I wished her to hear it, first from mewhat passed I will not relate, but there is a limit to human forbearance, and it has reached that point with me. I will make known the facts to her now; she can effect no change, perhaps she may submit in silence."

"Be patient with her, my kind father!" exclaimed Emily as she clasped his hand, while the warm tears sprang to her eyes—"oh! be patient, she is ill now; has been feverish all day."

"Not so, Emily," said Morton sadly, "what passed between us this morning may have excited her almost to fever, but she was perfectly well when she rose. I will not see her until morning—and I think, love, hitherto, I have been too patient—do not fear me now!" Emily kissed the hand she held with a mingled feeling of reverence and love, and almost wondered at her own folly, in doubting the justice, or the tenderness of such a man, for the wife of his bosom. Good night was mutually repeated, and they separated.

The morrow came—the sun had ascended high in the heavens, ere Morton sought the chamber of his wife; his face was thoughtful, his step slow, and a something there was of resolve in his countenance—of settled resolution—not easily to be shaken or turned aside.

"I trust you are better," he said, as he entered her room, "Emily tells me you have been indisposed."

"I should not have supposed it a matter of much consequence to you, as I have not seen you since yesterday morning," replied his wife, her haughty mouth curving with scorn, and her fine eyes flashing with feelings very far removed from those of wounded tendemess.

"That is, you fancied I would bear your insults of yesterday, as I have borne many other things of the same kind, with patience. But you have tried me too far—allow me to recapitulate some few of your accusations? I was accused of trying to make a match between Meradith and Emily, for the express purpose of getting rid of the latter, whose adoption

I had never been satisfied with—also of favouring my nephew, and encouraging him in insolence of conduct and language to yourself—shall I go on? or are you satisfied upon review, that you have judged me falsely?" Morton looked earnestly into her face, as he ceased, and he hoped from his inmost soul she would do as he asked her—retract. But alas! for the stubborn pride, the head-strong temper that blinded her to a sense of her own errors. Her face reddened to crimson, as she exclaimed passionately, "Retract! it must be very different conduct on your part that will induce me to retract any thing I have once asserted!"

" Enough," said Morton, with an impatient gesture of the hand, "I did not come here to renew the subject, although inadvertently I have done so—my object was a different one—to acquaint you with the fact of Emily Sinclair's consenting to become the wife of Meredith."

"You do not tell me so!—you dare not!" burst from the exasperated woman, on whom the intelligence fell like a thunderbolt—"Emily love Meradith! Impossible! a creature all loveliness and grace, to wed with one so Tude, so insolent in manners, so unamiable in disposition!—it is not so—it shall not be so!"

Morton's face flushed with anger: "Spare your reproaches of my nephew," he said bitterly, "I love him as a son, and by heaven it is disgraceful in me to listen to them! It is not in your power to influence their fortunes for better or worse; they love each other-he will marry her and bear her to a happier home than this is!" Morton was fearfully excited, never before had his wife seen any thing of the passion he now exhibited; it did not allay-it only added to the rage that possessed her, to listen to language such as she had never received from him on any former provocation—she forgot that strong feelings were roused in his bosom at that moment, and her conduct was lashing them to madness. Every womanly emotion—generosity—delicacy—honour yielded before the demon that held her in his iron

"Is it for you to tell me this home is an unhappy one?" she fiercely interrogated. "There was a time when you were homeless, friendless, and the prey of grinding poverty-when, fool that I was!-I married and gave it to you!-Ay, to you, a clerk out of my father's counting room-without name, without connexions, and my hand gave them all!" Terrible, yet oh! how mournful! was the sight of that woman; she stood erect, her face and lips wearing the hue of death, every nerve quivering, and every muscle rigid with excitement, her brow knit, and her eyes literally glaring with intolerable light. Her husband grew pale as he looked upon her, but he confronted her with the dignity of a firm mind that feels itself injured. "Let me undeceive you, Ella, on one point-I am not the mean receiver of your bounty you deem me-it is true your father advanced the capital that enabled me to commence business—but I afterwards repaid him, doubly, trebly. It was my aid, my exertions, that saved him from ruin, and what is more, disgrace—he had involved himself to an unjustifiable extent, and without the assistance I gave him, would have brought poverty upon hundreds that trusted him. Your father wished to tell you every thing-I objected, from the romantic idea, that having performed a a generous act, yours was a mind would never repent

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it. It seems you were fully conscious of the obliga-

"And you expect me to believe this folly?" she exclaimed, with a countenance of unutterable scorn, "this trumped up story, to impose upon my credulity?"

"Ella! you dare not doubt my word?" said Morton, and a fearful change came over his brow and eye.

"Go!—order your nephew from your doors, or I will doubt your honour, truth, and love! He shall not marry Emily—she is mine; and I would see her dead at my feet before she should marry him. Go!—if you have the spirit of a man, and bid him never cross your threshold again!"

"I will—but Ella, we go together! you are no longer my wife—before God and man I am absolved —we part for ever!" He turned, and she raised her closed hands high in the air, the white foam gathered on her lip, the veins stood out rigid and swollen, over her forehead—"Aye go! forsake me for him—but mark me sir! our separation is eternal. Deluded as you are, in the day of repentance make no appeal to me!"—He left the room ere she ceased to speak. She stood erect—motionless—with eyes dilated, and hands raised, till she heard his step no more—she strove to move forward, and fell headlong to the floor, the blood gushing from her nose and mouth.

Meradith was passing the open door at the time; with a misgiving of something wrong, as he heard the heavy fall, he entered the room, and was inexpressibly shocked at what he beheld. He lifted her to the bed and sought Morton, who could not be found; his chamber door was locked, and as no answer was returned to knocking, it was concluded he was not there. A physician was summoned; Meradith and Emily watched till he came-tears filled every instant into the eyes of the gentle girl, and ran silently over her face-she felt too surely, that in some way this terrible scene had connection with herself. Meradith had the same thoughts, and he would have given much in that hour had he followed Emily's advice. "I have been to blame; would that I had tried to soothe her excited feelings, to gain her friendship," passed through his mind many times, during the few short moments before the physician As the reader has anticipated, Mrs. Morton had broken a blood vessel; no immediate danger was apprehended; but perfect quiet of mind and body were strictly enjoined, any deviation from which, might lead to the most fatal results. The first person Mrs. Morton recognized on coming fully to herself was Meradith, she turned away shuddering, and the soft, loving eyes of Emily met her glance-" Dear Emily!" and she strove to move. Tenderly, but firmly, Emily repeated the injunctions of the physician, and a strange and fearful sense of her situation came over the mind of the unhappy woman- Danger!" she murmured, "and death! Great God, how little am I fitted to die-oh my husband!"-and her voice was one of piercing anguish-she looked imploringly up to Emily, as again she said faintly, "My husband!" Tears mingled with the soothing words of Emily-" he is not here now, but be calm, he will soon come, and you will see him."

"Never!" she uttered despairingly, "oh God forgive me!" She was silent then, but her heavy eyes wandered incessantly to the door—she looked for her husband—their light was quenched, their beauty dimmed, their expression hopeless and despairing. Hours

and days rolled on, and Ella Morton still lay therestricken down in the towering pride of her guilt, by an arm mightier than her own, and terrible in its power. Not once had she looked upon her husband; firm in his purpose, he resisted the tears of Emily, the entreaties of Meradith. The bitter cup her own hand had prepared, the erring woman drained to the dregs; remorse with its iron fangs pierced to her very soul, and eventually wrought out repentance deep and sincere. The near approach of death, brought forcibly before her mind, the truth; she saw herself as she really was-her conduct in its proper light-and she shrank in dismay and terror from the evil she had brought upon her husband-he too, so worthy of a better fate! The scalding tears that wet her pillow, sprang from a source that had power to purify, they humbled the pride of her heart, and turned it gently, but surely, to Him, who can alone give efficacy to repentance. No surer proof of Mrs. Morton's altered feelings could be found, than her treatment of Meradith; true, he had sought most earnestly to soften her dislike, to win her esteem-but she had much to overcome, and it was a great triumph over self, when she was enabled to feel and speak with cordiality and kindness to him. She did so at last, and more: to Emily she spoke approvingly of their mutual loveand her reward was great in the gratitude and affection they both evinced.

Many times she had sent to her husband; when strength returned she wrote, but no notice was ever taken of either. One afternoon she was alone, sitting up, much altered in appearance, but with a look of returning health in her pale, sad face; she thought of her husband, of him who had loved her so well, and cherished her so tenderly-then her thoughts were of the past, miserable was its history, her own guilt and condemnation. Suddenly she rose up, gathered her white wrapper around her, and with slow, feeble steps, sought her husband's room. She entered without knocking; perchance the slumbers of Morton were interrupted at night, for he lay upon the sofa sleeping; his wife approached—Ah! he was changed also-yes, the suffering was not all hers, though the guilt had been. Tears gushed from her eyes, she knelt down by his side, wound her arms around him, and pressed her lips upon his cheek. He started instantly, awakening to full consciousness, when he saw her, he became very pale-" Mrs. Morton," he said, striving to disengage himself as he rose upon the

"Ella! your own Ella! your wife! My husband forgive me—and if the future do not prove the sincerity of my repentance, cast me off for ever!" She clung to him closely—she wept bitterly—she was changed, and suffering—and Morton lifted her from the floor, laid her head upon his bosom, and called her "his own" again!

### PURSUIT OF KNOWLEDGE.

HE that enlarges his curiosity after the works of nature, demonstrably multiplies the inlets to happiness; therefore we should cherish ardour in the pursuit of useful knowledge, and remember that a blighted spring makes a barren year, and that the vernal flowers, however beautiful and gay, are only intended by nature as preparatives to autumnal fruits.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ABRAHAM AT MACPELAH.

BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

DEEP wrapp'd in shades,
Olive, and terebinth—its vaulted door
Fleck'd with the untrain'd vine, and matted grass,
Behold Macpelah's cave.

Hark! hear we not A voice of weeping? Lo, you aged man Bendeth beside his dead. Wave after wave Of memory rises, till his lonely heart Sees all its treasures floating on the flood, Like rootless weeds. The earliest dawn of love Is present with him, and a form of grace, Whose beauty held him ever in its thrall: And then, the morn of marriage, gorgeous robes, And dulcet music, and the rites that bless The eastern bride. Full many a glowing scene, Made happy by her tenderness, returns To mock his solitude, as the sharp lance Severs the quivering vein. His quiet home Gleams thro' the oaks of Mamre. There he sat, Rendering the rites of hospitality To guests who bore the folded wing of Heaven Beneath their vestments. And her smile was there, Among the angels.

When her clustering curls Wore Time's chill hoar-frost, with what glad surprise, What holy triumph of exulting faith He saw fresh blooming in her wither'd arms A fair young babe, the heir of all his wealth. For ever blending with that speechless joy Which thrill'd his soul, when first a father's name Fell on his ear, is that pale, placid brow O'er which he weeps. Yet had he seen it wear Another semblance, ting'd with hues of thought, Perchance unlovely, in that trial-hour, When to sad Hagar's mute, reproachful eye He answer'd nought, but on her shoulder laid The water-bottle and the loaf, and sent Her, and her son, unfriended wanderers, forth Into the wilderness.

Ah, who can mourn
Over the smitten idol, by long years
Cemented with his being, yet perceive
No dark remembrance that he fain would blot,
Troubling the tear. If there was no kind deed
Omitted, no sweet healing word of love
Expected yet unspoken—no light tone
That struck discordant on the shivering nerve,
For which he fain would rend the marble tomb
To cry forgive! oh, let him kneel and praise
God, amid all his grief.

We may not say

If aught of penitence, was in the pang
That wrung the labouring breast, while o'er the dust
Of Sarah, at Macpelah's waiting tomb
The proud and princely Abraham bow'd him down,
A mourning stranger, 'mid the sons of Heth.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE MOORISH FATHER.

#### A TALE OF MALAGA.

#### BY THE AUTHOR OF "CROMWELL," "THE BROTHERS," ETC.

IT was the morning of the day succeeding that which had beheld the terrible defeat, among the savage glens and mountain fastnesses of Axarquia, of that magnificent array of cavaliers which, not a week before, had pranced forth from the walls of Antiquera, superbly mounted on Andalusian steeds, fiery, and fieet, and fearless, with helm and shield and corslet engrailed with arabesques of gold, surcoats of velvet and rich broidery, plumes of the desert bird, and all in short that can add pomp and circumstance to the dread game of war. The strife was over in the mountain valleys; the lonely hollows on the bare hill-side, the stony channels of the torrent, the tangled thicket and the bleak barren summit were cumbered with the carcasses of Spain's most noble cavaliers. War steeds beside their riders, knights of the proudest lineage among their lowliest vassals, lay cold and grim and ghastly, each where the shaft, the stone, the assagay had stretched him, beneath the garish lustre of the broad southern sun. The Moorish foe had vanished from the field, which he had won almost without a struggle-the plunderer of the dead had plied his hateful trade even to satiety, and, gorged with booty that might well satiate the wildest avarice, had left the field of slaughter to the possession of his brute comrades, the wolf, the raven, and the eagle. It was the morning, and the broad sun, high already, was pouring down a flood of light over the giant crags, the deep precicipitous defiles, and all the stern though glorious features which mark the mountain scenery of Malaga; and far beyond over the broad luxuriant Vega, watered by its ten thousand streams of crystal, waving with olive groves, and vineyards, and dark woodlands; and further vet over the laughing waters of the bright Mediterranean. But he, who having found concealment during that night of wo and slaughter in some dark cave, or gulley so sequestered that it had escaped the keen eyes of the Moorish mountaineers, now plied his bloody spurs almost in vain, so weary and so faint was the beautiful bay steed which bore him, paused not to look upon the wonders of his road, tarried not to observe the play of light and shadow over that glorious plain, although by nature he was fitted to admire and to love all that she had framed of wild, of beautiful, or romantic. Nay more, he scarcely turned his eye to gaze upon the miserable relics of some beloved comrade, who had so often revelled gaily, and in that last awful carnage had striven fearlessly and well, even when all was lost, beside He was a tall, dark featured youth, with a profusion of black hair clustered in short close curls about a high pale forehead; an eye that glanced like fire at every touch of passion, yet melted at the slightest claim upon his pity; an aquiline thin nose, and mouth well cut, but compressed and closely set, completed the detail of his eminently handsome features. But the dark curls-for he had been on the preceding day unhelmed and slightly wounded-were clotted with stiff gore, matted with dust, and bleached by the hot sun under which he had fought for hours bareheaded. The keen quick eye was dull and

glazed, the haughty lineaments clouded with shame, anxiety, and grief, and the chiselled lips pale and cold as ashes. His armour, which had been splendid in the extreme, richly embossed and sculptured, was all defaced with dust and gore, broken and dinted, and in many places riven quite asunder. The surcoat which he had donned a few short days before, of azure damask, charged with the bearings of his proud ancestral race, fluttered in rags upon the morning breeze-his shield was gone, as were the mace and battle axe which had swung from his saddle bow-his sword, a long, cross-handled blade, and his lance, its azure pennoncelle no less than its steel head, crusted and black with blood, alone remained to him. scabbard of his poignard was empty, and the silver hilt of his sword, ill-matched with the gilded sheath, showed plainly that it was not the weapon to which his hand was used. Yet still though disarrayed, weary, and travel-spent, and worn with wo and watching, no eye could have looked on him without recognising in every trait, in every gesture, the undaunted knight and the accomplished noble.

Hours had passed away, since, with the first gray twilight of the dawn he had come forth from the precarious hiding place wherein he had spent a terrible and painful night, and so far he had seen no human form, living at least, and heard no human voice! Unimpeded, save by the faintness of his reeling charger, he had ridden six long leagues over the perilous and rugged path by which, late on the previous night, the bravest of the brave, Alonzo de Aquilar, had by hard dint of hoof and spur escaped from the wild infantry of El Zagal to the far walls of Antiquera; and now from a bold and projecting summit he looked down upon the ramparts of that city, across a rich and level plain, into which sloped abruptly the steep ridge on which he stood, at less than a league's distance. Here, for the first time, since he had set forth on his toilsome route, the knight drew up his staggering horse-for the first time a gleam of hope irradiating his wan brow-and, as a pious cavalier is ever bound to do, stretched forth his gauntletted hands to heaven, and in a low, deep murmur breathed forth his heartfelt thanksgivings to Him, who had preserved him from the clutches of the pitiless heathen. This duty finished, with a lighter heart he wheeled his charger round an abrupt angle of the limestone rock, and, plunging into the shade of the dense cork-woods which clothed the whole descent, followed the steep and zigzag path, by which he hoped ere long to reach his friends in safety. His horse, too, which had staggered wearily and stumbled often, as he ascended the rude hills, seemed to have gained new courage; for as he turned the corner of the rock, he pricked his ears and snorted, and the next moment uttered a long tremulous shrill neigh, quickening his pace-which for the last two hours he had hardly done at the solicitation of the spur-into a brisk and lively canter. Before, however, his rider had found time to debate upon the cause of this fresh vigour, the neigh was answered from below by the

sharp whinny of a war-horse; which was succeeded instantly by the clatter of several hoofs, and the long barbaric blast of a Moorish horn. The first impulse of the cavalier was to quit instantly the beaten path, and dashing into the thickets to conceal himself until his foemen should have passed by. Prudent, however, as was his determination, and promptly as he turned to execute it, he was anticipated by the appearance of at least half a score of Moorish horsemen-who sitting erect in their deep Turkish saddles, goring the sides of their slight Arabian coursers with the edges of their broad sharp stirrups, and brandishing their long assagays above their heads, dashed forward, with their loud ringing Leblies, to charge the solitary Spaniard. Faint as he was, and in ill-plight for battle, there needed but the sight of the heathen foe to send each drop of his Castilian blood eddying in hot currents through every vein of the brave Spaniard.- "St. Jago!" he cried, in clear and musical tones, "St. Jago and God aid!" and with the word he laid his long lance in the rest, and spurred his charger to the shock. It was not, however, either the usual mode of warfare with the Moors, or their intent at present to meet the shock of the impetuous and heavily armed cavalier. One of their number, it is true, dashed out as if to meet him-a spare grayheaded man, whose years although they had worn away the soundness, and destroyed the muscular symmetry of his frame, had spared the little and wiry sinews; had dried up all that was superfluous of his flesh, and withered all that was comely of his aspect; but had left him erect, and strong and hardy as in his youngest days of warfare. His dress, caftan and turban both, were of that dark green hue, which bespoke an emir, or lineal descendant of the prophet-the only order or nobility acknowledged by the Moslemin-while the rich materials of which they were composed, the jewels which bedecked the hilt and scabbard of both scymetar and yatagan, the necklaces of gold which encircled the broad glossy chest of his high blooded black Arabian, proved as unerringly his wealth and consequence. Forth he dashed then, with the national war cry, " La illah allah La!" brandishing in his right hand the long light javelin, grasped by the middle, which his countrymen were wont to hurl against their adversaries, with such unerring accuracy both of hand and eye; and swinging on his left arm a light round buckler, of the tough hide of the African buffalo, studded with knots of silver; while with his long reins flying as it would seem, quite loose, by aid of his sharp Moorish curb, he wheeled his fiery horse from side to side so rapidly as utterly to baulk the aim of the Spaniard's levelled lance. As the old Musselman advanced, fearlessly as it seemed, against the Christian knight, his comrades gallopped on abreast with him, but by no means with the same steadiness of purpose, the track was indeed so narrow that three could barely ride abreast in it; yet narrow as it was, the nearest followers of the Emir did not attempt to keep it, on the contrary, giving their wild coursers the sharp edge of their stirrups, they leaped and bolted from one side to the other of the path, now plunging into the open wood on either hand, and dashing furiously over stock and stone, now pressing straight forward for perhaps an hundred yards as if to bear down bodily on their antagonist. All this, it must be understood, passed in less time than it has taken to describe it; for though the enemies, when first their eyes caught

sight of one another, were some five hundred yards apart, the speed of their fleet horses brought them rapidly to closer quarters. And now they were upon the very point of meeting—the Spaniard bowing his unhelmed head behind his charger's neck, to shield as best he might that vital part from the thrust of the flashing assagay, with his lance projecting ten feet at the least, before the chamfront which protected the brow of his barbed war-horse, and the sheath of his two-handed broadsword clanging and rattling at every bound of the horse against the steel plates which protected the legs of the man-at-arms!-the Moor sitting erect, nay, almost standing up in his short stirrups, with his keen black eye glancing from beneath the shadow of his turban, and his spear poised and quivering on high. Now they were scarce a horse's length asunder, when with a shrill, peculiar yell the old Moor wheeled his horse out of the road, and dashed into the wood, his baulked antagonist being borne aimlessly right onward into the little knot of men who followed on the Emir's track. Not far, however, was he borne onward; for, with a second yell, even shriller than before, the Moslem curbed his Arab, till he stood bolt upright, and turning sharp round, with such velocity that he seemed actually to whirl about as if upon a pivot, darted back on him, and with the speed of light, hurled the long assagay. Just at that point of time the lance point of the Spaniard was within a hand's breadth of the buckler-frail guard to the breast-of the second of those Eastern warriors, but it was never doomed to pierce it. The light reed hurtled through the air, and its keen head of steel, hurled with most accurate aim, found a joint in the barbings of the Exactly in that open and unguarded war-horse. spot, which intervenes between the hip bone and the ribs, it entered-it drove through the bright and glistening hide, through muscle, brawn, and sinewclear through the vitals of the tortured brute, and even (with such tremendous vigour was it sent from that old arm,) through the ribs on the further side. With an appalling shrick, the agonized animal sprung up, with all his feet into the air, six feet at least in height, then plunged head foremost! Yet, strange to say, such was the masterly and splendid horsemanship, such the cool steadiness of the European warrior, that, as his charger fell, rolling over and over, writhing and kicking in the fierce death struggle, he alighted firmly and fairly on his feet. Without a second's interval, for he had cast his heavy lance far from him, while his steed was yet in air, he whirled his long sword from its scabbard, and struck with the full sweep of his practised arm at the nearest of the Saracens, who were now wheeling round him, circling and yelling like a flock of sea fowl. Full on the neck of a delicate and fine limbed Arab, just at the juncture of the spine and scull, did the sheer blow take place; and cleaving the vertebræ asunder, and half the thickness of the muscular flesh below them, hurled the horse lifeless, and the rider stunned and senseless to the earth at his feet. A second sweep of the same ponderous blade brought down a second warrior, with his right arm half-severed from his body; a third time it was raised; but ere it fell, another javelin, launched by the same aged hand, whizzed through the air, and took effect a little way below the elbow joint, just where the vant-brace and the gauntlet meet, the trenchant point pierced through between the bones, narrowly missing the great artery,

and the uplifted sword sunk harmless! A dull expression of despair settled at once over the bright expressive features, which had so lately been enkindled by the fierce ardour and excitement of the conflict. His left hand dropped, as it were instinctively, to the place where it should have found the hilt of his dagger; but the sheath was empty, and the proud warrior stood, with his right arm drooping to his side, transfixed by the long lance, and streaming with dark blood, glaring, in impotent defiance, upon his now triumphant enemies. The nature of the Moorish tribes had been, it should be here observed, very materially altered, since they had crossed the straits; they were no longer the cruel pitiless invaders offering no option to the vanquished, but of the Koran or the scymetar; but, softened by intercourse with the Christians, and having imbibed, during the lapse of ages spent in continual warfare against the most gallant and accomplished cavaliers of Europe, much of the true spirit of chivalry, they had adopted many of the best points of that singular institution. Among the principal results of this alteration in the national character was this-that they now no longer ruthlessly slaughtered unresisting foes, but, affecting to be guided by the principles of knightly courtesy, held all to mercy who were willing to confess themselves overcome. When, therefore, it was evident that any further resistance was out of the question, the old Emir leaping down from his charger's back, with all the agility of a boy, unsheathed his Damascus scymetar, a narrow, crooked blade, with a hilt elaborately carved and jewelled, and strode slowly up to face the wounded Christian.

"Yield thee," he said, in calm and almost courteous tones, using the lingua franca, or mixed tongue,
half Arabic half Spanish, which formed the ordinary
medium of communication between the two discordant races which at that time occupied the great
peninsula of Europe; "Yield thee, Sir Knight! thou
art sore wounded, and enough hast thou done already,
and enough suffered, to entitle thee to all praise of
valour, to all privilege of courtesy."

"To whom must I yield me, Emir?" queried the Christian, in reply; "to whom must I yield? since yield I needs must, for, as you truly say, I can indeed resist no longer. I pray thee, of thy courtesy, inform me?"

" To me-Muley Abdallah el Zagal!"

"Nor unto nobler chief or braver warrior could any cavalier surrender. Therefore, I yield myself true captive, rescue or no rescue!" and as he spoke he handed the long silver-hilted sword, which he had so well wielded, to his captor. But the old Moor put aside the proffered weapon. "Wear it," he said, "wear it, sir, your pledged word suffices, that you will not unsheath it. Shame were it to deprive so good a cavalier of the sword he hath used so gallantly! But lo! your wound bleeds grievously. I pray you sit and let your hurt be tended—Ho! Hamet, Hassan, lend a hand here to unarm this good gentleman. I pray you, sir, inform me of your style and title."

"I am styled Roderigo de Narvaez," returned the cavalier, "equerry, and banner bearer to the most noble Don Diego de Cordova, the famous Count of Eabra!"

"Then be assured, Don Roderigo, of being, at my hands, entreated with all due courtesy and honour—'till that the good Count shall arrange for thy ransom or exchange."

A little while sufficed to draw off the gauntlet, to cut the shaft of the lance, where the steel protruded entirely through the wounded arm, and to draw it out by main force from between the bones, which it had actually strained asunder. But so great was the violence which it was necessary to exert, and so great was the suffering which it caused, that the stout warrior actually swooned away; nor did he altogether recover his senses, although every possible means at that time known were applied for his restoration, until the blood had been staunched, and a rude, temporary litter, framed of lances bound together by the scarfs and baldrics of the brave Emir's retinue, and strewn with war cloaks was prepared for him. Just as this slender vehicle was perfected and slung between the saddles of four warriors, the colour returned to the pallid lips and cheeks of the brave Spaniard, and gradually animation was restored. In the mean time, the escort of El Zagal had been increased by the arrival of many bands of steel-clad warriors, returning from the pursuit of the routed Spaniards; until at length a grand host was collected, comprising several thousands of soldiery, of every species of force at that time in use-cavalry, archers, infantry, arrayed beneath hundreds of many coloured banners, and marching gaily on to the blythe music of war-drum, atabal, and clarion. The direction of the route taken by this martial company was the same wild, desolate and toilsome road, by which Don Roderigo had so nearly escaped that morning. All day long, did they march beneath a burning sun and cloudless sky, the fierce heat insupportably reflected from the white limestone crags, and sandy surface of the roads; and so tremendous were its effects, that many of the horses and mules, laden with baggage, which accompanied the cavalcade, died on the way side; while the wounded captive, between anxiety and pain, and the incessant jolting of the litter, was in a state of fever bordering nearly on delirium, during the whole of the long march.

At length, just when the sun was setting, and the soft dews of evening were falling silently on the parched and scanty herbage, the train of El Zagal reached the foot of a rugged and precipitous hill, crowned by a lofty watch tower. Ordering his troops to bivouac as best they might, at the base of the steep acclivity, the old Moor spurred up its side with his immediate train and his enfeebled captive. Just as he reached the brow the gates flew open, and the loveliest girl that ever met a sire's embrace, rushed forth with her attendants-the sternness melted from the old warrior's brow, as he clasped her to his bosom, before he entered the dark portal. Within that mountain fortalice long lay the Christain warrior, struggling midway between the gates of life and death; and when at length he woke from his appalling dreams, strange visions of dark eyes compassionately beaming upon his, soft hands that tended his worn limbs, and shapes angelically graceful floating about his pillow, were blent with the dark recollections of his hot delirium, and that too so distinctly, that he long doubted whether these too were the creations of his fevered fancy. Well had it been for him, well for one lovelier and frailer being, had they indeed been dreams; but who shall struggle against his destiny!

Hours, days, and weeks rolled onward; and, as they fled, brought health and vigour to the body of the wounded knight; but brought no restoration to his o'erwrought and excited mind. The war still raged in ruthless and unsparing fury, between the politic and crafty Ferdinand, backed by the chivalry of the most puissant realm of Europe, and the ill-fated Moorish prince, who, last and least of a proud race, survived to weep the downfall of that lovely kingdom which he had lacked the energy to govern or defend. Field after field was fought, and foray followed foray, 'till every streamlet of Grenada had been empurpled by the mingled streams of Saracen and Christian gore, 'till every plain and valley had teemed with that rank verdure, which betrays a soil watered by human blood. So constant was the strife, so general the havoc, so wide the desolation, that those who fell were scarcely mourned by their surviving comrades, forgotten almost ere the life had left them. Hardly a family in Spain but had lost sire, son, husband, brother, and so fast came the tidings in, of slaughter and of death, that the ear scarce could drink one tale of sorrow, before another banished it. And thus it was with Roderigo de Narvaez. For a brief space, indeed, after the fatal day of Axarquia, his name had been syllabled by those who had escaped from the dread slaughter, with those of others as illustrious in birth, as famous in renown, and as unfortunate, for all believed that he had fallen in the catastrophe of their career. For a brief space his name had swelled the charging cry of Antiquera's chivalry, when thirsting for revenge, and all on fire to retrieve their tarnished laurels, they burst upon their dark complexioned foemen. A brief space, and he was forgotten! His death avenged by tenfold slaughter-his soul redeemed by many a midnight mass-his virtues celebrated, and his name recorded, even while yet he lived, on the sepulchral marble, and the bold bannerbearer was even as though he had never been. Alone, alone in the small mountain tower, he passed his weary days, his long and woful nights. Ever alone! He gazed forth from the lofty lattices over the bare and sun-scourged summits of the wild crags of Malaga, and sighed for the fair lucertas, the rich vineyards, and the shadowy olives of his dear native province. He listened to the clank of harness, to the wild summons of the Moorish horn, to the thickbeating clatter of the hoofs, as with his fiery hordes old Muley el Zagal swooped like some bird of rapine from his far mountain eyry on the rich booty of the vales below; but he saw not, marked not, at least, the gorgeousness and pomp of their array; for, when he would have looked forth on their merry mustering, his heart would swell within him as though it would have burst from his proud bosom-his eyes would dazzle and grow dim, filled with unbidden tears, that his manhood vainly strove to check-his ears would be heavy with a sound, as it were of many falling waters. Thus, hour by hour, the heavy days lagged on, and though the flesh of the imprisoned knight waxed stronger still and stronger, the spirit daily flagged and faultered. The fierce old Emir noted the yielding of his captive soul, noted the dimness of the eye, the absence of the high and sparkling fire, that had so won his admiration on their first encounter; he noted, and to do him justice, noted it with compassion; and ever, when he sallied forth to battle, determined that he would grasp the earliest opportunity, afforded by the capture of any one of his own stout adherents, to ransom or exchange his prisoner. But, as at times, things will fall out perversely, and, as it were, directly contrary to their accustomed

course; though he lost many by the lance, the harquebuss, the sword, no man of his brave followers was taken; nay more, so rancorous and savage had the war latterly become, that Moor and Spaniard now, where'er they met, charged instantly—with neither word nor parley—and fought it out with murderous fury, till one or both had fallen. And thus it chanced, that, while his friends esteemed him dead, and dropped him quietly into oblivion, and his more generous captor would, had he possessed the power, have sent him forth to liberty on easy terms of ransom, fate kept him still in thrall.

After a while, there came a change in his demeanour; the head no longer was propped listlessly from morn to noon, from noon "to dewy eve," upon his burning hand; the cheek regained its hue, the eye its quick, clear glance, keen and pervading as the falcon's; the features beamed with their old energy of pride and valiant resolution; his movements were elastic, his step free and bold, the head erect and fearless; and the old Moor observed the change, and watched, if he perchance might fathom the mysterious cause, and queried of his menials; and yet remained long, very long, in darkness and in doubt.

And what was that mysterious cause, that sudden o'ermastering power, that spell, potent as the magician's charm, which weaned the prisoner from his melancholy yearnings; which kindled his eye once again with its old fire; which roused him from his oblivious stupor, and made him bear himself once more, not as the tame, heart-broken captive, but as the free, bold, dauntless, energetic champion; clothed as in arms of proof, in the complete invulnerable panoply of a soul, proud, active, and enthusiastic, and, at a moment's notice, prepared for every fortune?—What should it be but love—the tamer of the proud and strong—the strengthener of the weak and timid—the tyrant of all minds—the changer of all natures—what should it be but love?

The half-remembered images of his delirium—the strong and palpable impressions, which had so wildly floated among his feverish dreams, had been clothed with reality-the form, which he had viewed so often through the half-shut lids of agony and sickness, had stood revealed in the perfection of substantial beauty before his waking eye sight; the soft voice, which had soothed his anguish, had answered his in audible and actual converse. In truth, that form, that voice, those lineaments, were all sufficient to have spell-bound the sternest and the coldest heart, that ever manned itself against the fascinations of the Framed in the slightest and most sylph-like mould, yet of proportions exquisitely true, of symmetry most rare, of roundness most voluptuous, of grace unrivalled, Zelica was in sooth a creature, formed not so much for mortal love as for ideal adoration. Her coal-black hair, profuse almost unto redundancy, waving in natural ringlets, glossy and soft as silk-her wild, full, liquid eyes, now blazing with intolerable lustre, now melting into the veriest luxury of languor; her high, pale, intellectual brow; her delicately chiselled lineaments, the perfect arch of her small, ruby mouth, and, above all, the fleet and changeful gleams of soul that would flit over that rare face-the flash of intellect, bright and pervading as the prophet's glance of inspiration-the sweet, soft, dream-like melancholy, half lustre and half shadow, like the transparent twilight of her own lovely skies the beaming, soul entrancing smiles, that

laughed out from the eyes before they curled the ever dimpling lipe—these were the spells that roused the Christian captive from his dark lethargy of wo.

A first chance interview in the small garden of the fortress-for in the smallest and most iron fastnesses of the Moors of Spain, the decoration of a garden, with its dark cypresses, its orange bowers, its marble fountains, and arabesque kiosk among its group of fan-like palms, imported with great care and cost from their far native sands, was never lacking-a first chance interview, wherein the Moorish maiden, bashful at being seen, beyond the precincts of the harem, unveiled, and that too by a giaour, was all tears, flutter, and dismay; while the enamoured Spaniard, enamoured at first sight, and recognising in the fair, trembling shape before him, the ministering angel who had smoothed his feverish pillow, and flitted round his bed during those hours of dark and dread delirium, poured forth his gratitude, his love, his admiration in a rich flood of soul-fraught and resistless eloquence. A first chance interview led by degrees, and after interchange of flowery tokens, and wavings of white kerchiefs by hands whiter yet, from latticed casements, and all those thousand nothings, which, imperceptible and nothing worth to the dull world, are to the lover confirmations strong as proofs of holy writ, to frequent meetings-meetings, sweeter that they were stolen, fonder that they were brief, during the fierce heat of the noontide, when all beside were buried in the soft siesta, or by the pale light of the amorous moon, when every eye that might have spied out their clandestine interviews, was sealed in deepest slumber. Hours, days, and weeks rolled onward, and still the Spanish cavalier remained a double captive in the lone tower of el Zagal. Captive in spirit, yet more than in the body, for having spent the whole of his gay youth, the whole of his young, fiery manhood, in the midst of courts and cities; having from early boyhood basked in the smiles of beauty, endured unharmed the ordeal of most familiar intercourse with the most lovely maids and matrons of old Spain, and borne away a heart untouched by any passion, by any fancy how transient, or how brief soever, and having at that period of his life, when man's passions are perhaps the strongest, and surely the most permanent, surrendered almost at first sight, his affections to this wild Moorish maiden, it seemed as if he voluntarily devoted his whole energies of soul and body to this one passion; as if he purposely lay by all other wishes, hopes, pursuits; as if he made himself designedly a slave, a blinded worshipper. It was, indeed, a singular, a wondrous subject for the contemplation of philosophy, to see the keen, cool, polished courtier, the warrior of a hundred battles, the cavalier of the most glowing courts, the bland, sagacious, wily, and perhaps coldhearted citizen of the great world, bowing a willing slave, surrendering his very privilege of thought and action to a mere girl, artless, and frank, and inexperienced; devoid, as it would seem, of every charm that could have wrought upon a spirit such as his; skilled in no art, possessing no accomplishment, whereby to win the field against the deep sagacity, the wily worldly-heartedness of him, whom she had conquered almost without a struggle. And yet this very artlessness it was which first enchained himthis very free clear candour, which as a thing he never had before encountered, set all his art at nothing. Happily fled the winged days in this sweet

dream; until at length the Spaniard woke, woke to envisage his position, to take deep thought as to his future conduct, to ponder, to resolve, to execute. It needed not much of the deep knowledge of the world for which, above all else, Roderigo was so famous, to see that under no contingency would the old Moor, the fiercest foeman of Spain's chivalry, the bitterest hater of the very name of Spaniard, consent to such a union. It needed even less to teach him, that so thoroughly had he enchained the heart, the fancy, the affections of the young Zelica, that for him she would willingly resign, not the home only and the country, and the creed of her forefathers, but name and fame, and life itself, if such a sacrifice were called for. Fervently, passionately did the young Spaniard love, honestly too, and in all honour; nor would he to have gained an empire, have wronged that innocent, confiding, artless being, who had set all the confidence of a young heart, which, guileless in itself, feared nought of guile from others, upon the faith and honour of her lover. At a glance, he perceived that their only chance was flight-a few soft moments of persuasion prevailed with the fair girlnor was it long ere opportunity, and bribery, and the quick wit of Roderigo wrought on the avarice of one, the trustiest of old Muley's followers, to plan for them an exit from the guarded walls, to furnish them with horses, and a guide, the very first time the old Emir should go forth to battle.

Not long had they to wait, as the month waned, and the nights grew dark and moonless, the note of preparation once again was heard in the hall, and armoury, and stable harness was buckled on, warsteeds were barbed for battle, and for a foray destined to last three weeks, forth sallied EL ZAGAL.

Three days they waited, waited in wild suspense, in order that the host might have advanced so far, that they should risk no interruption from the stragglers of the rear. The destined day arrived, and slowly, one by one, the weary hours lagged on. last-at last-the skies are darkened, and Lucifer, love's harbinger, is twinkling in the west. Three saddled barbs of the best blood of Araby, stand in a gloomy dingle, about a bow-shot from the castlewalls, tended by one dark turbaned servitor; evening has passed, and midnight, dark, silent, and serene, broods o'er the sleeping world; two figures steal down from the postern gate, one a tall, stately form, sheathed cap a pie in European panoply, the other a slight female figure, veiled closely, and bedecked with the rich flowing draperies, that form the costume of all oriental nations. 'Tis Roderigo and Zelicanow they have reached the horses, the cavalier has raised the damsel to her saddle, has vaulted to his demipique-stealthily for an hundred yards they creep away at a foot's pace, till they have gained the green sward whence no loud clank will bruit abroad their progress-now they give free head to their steeds, they spur, they gallop-Ha! whence that wild and pealing yell-"La illah allah La!"on every side it rings, on every side, and from bush, brake, and thicket, on every side up spring turban, and assagay, and scymetar-all the wild cavalry of el Zagal.

Resistance was vain; but, ere resistance could be offered, up strode the veteran Emir. "This, then," he said, in tones of bitter scorn; "this is a Christian's gratitude—a Spaniard's honour!—To bring disgrace—"

"No! sir," thundered the Spaniard; "no disgrace!

A Christian cavalier disgraces not the noblest damoiselle or dame by offer of his hand!"

"His hand," again the old Moor interrupted him; his hand—would'st thou then marry—"

"Had we reached Antiquera's walls this night, to-morrow's dawn had seen Zelica the all-honoured bride of Roderigo de Narvaez."

"Ha! is it so, fair sir?" replied the father; " and thou, I trow, young mistress, thou too art nothing loth?" and taking her embarrassed silence for assent "Be it so!" he continued, "be it so! deep will we feast to-night, and with to-morrow's dawn Zelica shall be bride of Roderigo de Narvaez!"

Astonishment rendered the Spaniard mute, but ere long gratitude found words, and they returned gay, joyous, and supremely happy to the lone fortress.

There, in the vaulted hall the board was set, the feast was spread, the red wine flowed profusely, the old Moor, on his seat of state, and right and left of him that fair young couple, and music flowed from unseen minstrels' harps, and perfumes steamed the hall with their rich incense, and lights blazed high, and garlands glittered, but blithe as were all appliances, nought was so blithe or joyous as those young happy hearts. The feast was ended, and Abdallah rose, and filled a goblet to the brim, a mighty goblet, golden and richly gemmed, with the rare wine of

Shirez. "Drink," he said, "Christian, after your country's fashion—drink to your bride, and let her too assist in draining this your nuptial chalice."

Roderigo seized the cup, and with a lightsome smile drank to his lovely bride, and deeply he quartied and passed it to Zelica, and she, too, pleased with the ominous pledge, drank as she ne'er had drank before as never did she drink thereafter! The gobiet was drained, drained to the very dregs, and, with a fiendish sneer, Muley Abdallah uprose once again. "Christian, I said to-morrow's dawn should see Zelica Roderigo's bride, and it shall-in the grave! To prayer—to prayer! if prayer may now avail ye! Lo your last cup on earth is drained-your lives are forfeit-nay, they are gone already!" Why dwell upon the hateful scene—the agony, the anguish, the despair! For one short hour, in all the extremities of torture, that hapless pair writhed, wretchedly convulsed, before the gloating eyes of the stern murderer-repressing each all outward symptoms of the tortures they endured, lest they should add to the dread torments of the other-not a sigh, not a groan, not a reproach was heard! Locked in each other's arms, they wrestled to the last with the dread venom: locked in each other's arms, when the last moment came, they lay together on the cold floor of snowy marble-unhappy victims, fearful monuments of the dread vengeance of a Moorish Father.

Written for the Lady's Book.

STANZAS TO

BY MRS. F. S. OSGOOD.

As smiles with glory, soft but warm,
The morning 'mid the wreathing mist,
So through thy fair and graceful form
Thy spirit plays—as flowers resist
Yet meekly bow before the blast
Their leaves, that but from lightness quiver,

And when th' unwelcome wind has pass'd,

Look up again as bright as ever—
So meets thy brow the storm of fate,
Yet meekly seems to yield the while,
And so, wert thou left desolate,
Thou'd'st look to heaven with tender smile.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## OUGHT LADIES TO FORM PEACE SOCIETIES?

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

We had the honour of a letter, some time since, from a distingushed advocate of the peace cause, on the above subject. The writer blamed the ladies of America, particularly the literary ladies, severely, for the encouragement they give to the warlike spirit among men. Mrs. Hemans' poetry was denounced in round terms, mothers were accused of kindling the martial enthusiasm of their sons by allowing them drums as playthings, and the opportunity of seeing military parades, and worse than these, it was affirmed, was the character and example of our Washington, to which these young aspirants for fame were always referred, as to a pattern of perfection.

Now it appears to us that the name of Washington is a surer check to the fierce and fiend-like passions enkindled by war, and to the lust of conquest, than all the prudential arguments which were ever urged

by the advocates of peace. His example has thrown shame on the selfish ambition of warriors who, for their own glory, poured out the blood of their soldiers, and freed their country from foreign oppressors only to fix a more galling yoke of servitude to themselves. Public opinion has a new and moral model for a hero. It is a model that will accelerate the reign of peace. It has made justice, self-denial, and humanity necessary to the soldier. The example of Washington withered the laurels of Bonaparte; it prevented Bolivar from placing a crown on his head. The war, therefore, in which Washington triumphed, should be kept in remembrance by every one who wishes the advancement of the world in knowledge, peace and happiness. From the history of that period, all may learn their duties as men, citizens, Christians. But the picture must be exhibited, if we wish to have it examined. Mothers must tell their sons of the virtues of Washington, of the trials he endured, the wars in which he was engaged, if they wish them to profit by the example of prudence, justice, fortitude, moderation and piety which he has left as a most precious legacy to his countrymen.

And if the history of our Revolution must be withheld from our sons, lest they should acquire an admiration for war, we must also prohibit the Bible from being read, for we are there assured that God has taught " hands to war," and given " strength for the battle." And we as fully believe that God blessed the labours of our patriots, and directed the movements of our armies, as he did those of Israel of old, and that we are bound to remember his goodness and give him grateful thanks for inspiring the colonists with courage to resist their oppressors, thus exhibiting an example to the world of the holy patriotism of a people called to be free, and the pattern of a perfect hero.

We fully agree with our respected correspondent that this subject of "peculiar worth" is one which ought deeply to interest our own sex. Though the sins of war are chiefly perpetrated by men, the sufferings fall most heavily on the women. Devoutly do we wish the reign of universal peace; but we do not think that the cause will be materially advanced by the formation of "Ladies' Peace Societies;" nor, indeed, by urging on men to become professors of the " non-resistance principle." In all humility, we would suggest that peace has its dangers and temptations as well as war. It is far more likely that the virtues and liberties of our country will be destroyed by the luxuries of the former than the wasting of the latter. The tree which grew stronger for the tempest will in the hot sunshine droop and wither; the cankerworm may destroy what the lion could not have overturned.

Our peace societies must exert their influence in suppressing the peculiar vices which prosperity engenders, those which spring from idleness, security, and abundance, before they will deserve to be esteemed as of much benefit to public morals. What advantage is it to stay the thunderbolt, if the impure vapours are permitted to accumulate? The lightning might destroy a few lives, the pestilence will sweep away multitudes. All history attests the fact, that luxury, such as grows rank among the people of a Republic, only in times of peace, is more baneful than the ambition of renown. Greece, Rome, Venice, all perished by the corruptions of wealth, not the crimes of war. Carthage only, of all the ancient Republics, was destroyed in battle; that would not have occurred had not the soldiers of Hannibal been enervated by the luxuries of peace at Capua.

It appears to us, therefore, that our American ladies will act the wiser part to teach their children to be temperate in all things, to do, in all cases as they would wish to be done by, to practise self-denial and the noble spirit of forgiveness towards their enemies, and of ready kindness to every one, than to spend their time in discussions on the propriety of a "Congress of nations in settling the peace of the world," or even devising how they shall prevent their little sons from looking on a military review. We deem it better that woman should study the things which make for peace at home, rather than devote her thoughts to the dissemination of peace principles abroad. Is she careful to promote peace in her own family and neighbourhood, is she gentle, kind, and charitable in her opinion of others? she may be sure that she is fulfilling the duties assigned by her divine Teacher, and that these humble duties, when performed in a right spirit, will be blessed to the promotion of his kingdom of peace on earth.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## "WHY SHOULD YOU WEEP AT A THOUGHTLESS WORD?" STANZAS

BY MRS. EMMA C. RMBURY.

When, like a fairy scene, in youth The untried world is spread before us, When fancy wears the garb of truth, And sunny skies are smiling o'er us, When never yet one thought of woe Our hearts' deep tenderness has stirred, How little then our spirits know The evils of a "thoughtless word."

When, one by one, our joys depart, When hope no more each moment measures, When, like a Niobe, the heart Sits lonely mid its perished treasures. When far from human aid we turn, The voice of comfort rarely heard, Oh, then how bitterly we learn The anguish of a "thoughtless word."

Wisdom alone is the true power that is capable of checking the progress of oppression; it is the sword which God gave to man to drive violence out of the world. Therefore, teach, instruct, propagate useful knowledge, wisdom, and virtue; expel terror and superstition, and injustice will gradually cease of itself to prevail in the world. The time will and must come, when princes will deem it their greatest triumph to protect the laws, and to show themselves fathers of generous and virtuous subjects. Continual increase of truth is the only road that leads to that happy period. We cannot, however, accelerate by dint of force the arrival of those times. Yet they

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will, and must arrive at last, because there is a Providence. Believe me, liberty cannot spring up from blood; the sword cannot prepare the soil where it is to grow up. Truth, light, and reason alone are the nurses of liberty. Liberty at all times declined again amongst every nation where it proceeded from riots, party spirit, and ambition, and was not supported by Nor are a few individual wise men sufficient to establish liberty; the whole nation must be wise if it is to become free from oppression; wise men can only scatter the seeds of liberty. Therefore let us carry light and truth to those that are in darkness, and expel error and superstition from the world.

# THE BROKEN HEART.

A BALLAD.

AS SUNG BY MR. QUAYLE.

COMPOSED AND ARRANGED FOR THE PIANO FORTE, BY

E. MERRIOTT, ESQ.

Selected for the Lady's Book, by James G. Osbourne, Philadelphia.





II.

The dwelling is lone where she wither'd in sadness,
The bower deserted, her harp is unstrung,
The roses she twin'd, and the light notes of gladness,
No longer shall blossom, no more shall be sung:
The dove hath a refuge, a house of protection,
When rent is the storm-cloud, and vivid its dart;
But desolate wanders the maid of affection,
Whose truth has been alighted, and broken her heart.

## IIL

She is gone, and her relics the willow weeps over,

In the grave's quiet slumber are hush'd her deep wees—
She hears not the sigh of a recreant lover,

No promises blighted disturb her repose:
Her spirit, too pure for the bonds that enchain'd it,

Now hallow'd in realms whence it ne'er shall depart,

Looks radiantly down on the wretch who disdain'd it,

On him who has rifled and broken a heart.

## THE PILGRIM.

[SEE PLATE.]

## BY MISS CATHARINE E. WATERMAN.

- "WRITHER are thy footsteps wending Gentle Pilgrim? night is nigh, Darkness with the daylight blending, Hides the sunny beams on high; Here within my cottage bending Rest 'till morning glads the aky.
- "Thou art travel-worn, and needest Timely aid, and succour now, Wherefore on thy journey speedest? Let the shrine await thy vow; Best fair pilgrim, that thou heedest Thy pale weariness of brow.
- "Take this draught of cooling brightness,
  "Twill reanimate thy frame,
  From the spring of silvery whiteness,
  Its glad diamond sparkles came;
  To thy heart 'twill give new lightness,
  Drink, in holy Virgin's name."
- "For thy kindness, gentle maiden,
  Hold me not unthankful here,
  For my heart with grief is laden,
  Which thy care must fail to cheer;
  And my path is all o'ershaden,
  Traced thro' many a misty tear.
- "Leagues away, my Father's dwelling Rises proudly on the sight, And the song of joy was swelling From fair dame and gallant knight; But those strains were only knelling, For my bosom's lost delight.
- "Belted Earls did round me hover, Nobles graced the stately hall, But my heart could ne'er discover

- In their eyes its pleasing thrall; For a far off, nameless lover, Still was dearest of them all.
- "Book, and priest, and prayer were waiting
  In the chancel for the bride,
  But from that unhallow'd mating.
  I have turned my steps aside;
  And the forms my heart is hating,
  In pursuance fiercely ride.
- "Hark! the hoofs of chargers ringing Clamour thro' the evening air, Holy mother!—they are winging Hither, to my heart's despair; Woes unnumbered they are bringing— Shield me, maiden, from the snare."
  - To the portal swift advancing,
    See a mounted horseman hie,
    While his brave steed, proudly prancing,
    Pants to clear the goal hard by;
    Dread and fear are wildly glancing
    From the youthful pilgrim's eye.
  - Hark! that cry—the pilgrim's bounding To the knight's extended arms, Echo's airy bell is sounding Notes, unmixed with grief's alarms; While the peasant's eyes astounding, Forth she burst in beauty's charms.
  - From her snowy shoulders lightly
    Down the pilgrim's cloak doth glide,
    And the ringlets clustering brightly,
    The slouch'd beaver fails to hide;
    And ere day, the chancel rightly,
    Welsom'd bask the willing bride.

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## Written for the Lady's Book.

## WOMAN'S MISSION GROUND.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

LIME a fair plant that opens to the day,
And turns its blossoms to the rising ray,
Blending its sweetness with the sun's pure light,
So the young Christian, waked from sin's dark night,
With heart expanded, and with soul of lové,
Lifts all her wishes, hopes, and thoughts above,
And consecrates, with humble prayers and tears,
To her dear Saviour, all her future years.

As budding flowers are op'd by gentle winds,
As the warm shower the frozen stream unbinds,
Those tears and prayers each generous impulse waken,
From the world's lethergy the soul is shaken;
And with new strength endow'd, new faith inspir'd,
New motives furnish'd, and new triumphs fired,
In forvent trust the true believer goes,
Pouring love's oil upon life's sea of woes,
And happy in diffusing happiness,
The leason learns—it is most blest to bless.

And must she wend to India's sultry shore? Or Afric's deep and untrod wilds explore? The hopeless heathen seek 'mid isles afar, Brave ocean's storms, and pertilence, and war? This may be duty—and at fears she'll smile, When call'd to aid her lov'd companion's toil:
Still woman's true appointed mission ground,
In every land, is where the young are found.
The guardian she of childhoed's sinless band,
The teacher form'd by holy nature's hand,
Each young immortal to her care is given,
To train as slave of earth, or beir of heaven.

Ye, noble few, who try your race to mend, Know the Reformer must be woman's friend; The poor neglected mother must be sought, Her mind enlightened, and her duty taught; She rears the tender plant, the blossom tends, Her soul through every nerve and fibre sends; What wonder dark, degrading evil reigns, While in blank ignorance her soul remains! Oh! give her light, that knowledge which imparts The way of truth to warm and willing hearts: And tremble not, proud man, lest she should dare The sceptre of earth's sovereignty to share, Thy boasted reason by her wit dethrone-She has an empire dearer than thine own; Thine are the thrones of life—her's human flowers; Show her this realm, its duties, pleasures, powers: And doubt her not, though with all lore endued, Her highest aim will be to make her children good!

## "THE PHILOSOPHY OF SUMMER.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

PARCH'D are the fields, the brazen sky Seems to the faint earth stooping; The founts that flowed so fresh, are dry, And things of earth are drooping.

But Nature's wise economy
Knows what is good and fitting;
And to apparent ill shall we
Do best by calm submitting.

Not always in the cool of thought
'Midst academic bower,
Is wisdom's wholesome lesson taught:—
But in the fiery hour.

With persecution train'd to cope, The mind learns all its vigour; And ere it taste the fruit of hope, Must know the martyr's rigour.

## EDITORS' TABLE.

......**&Be....**...

"The meanest flow'ret of the vale,
The simplest note that swells the gale,
The common sun, the air, the skies,
To him (or her) an op'ning Paradise."

THESE lines of that true poet, Grey, always conveyed to our mind the most charming idea of a simple and refined taste, united with a cheerful temper and kind feelings; such as every woman should seek to cultivate, if she does not naturally possess.

What we would, at this time, more particularly urge on our young friends is the cultivation of a taste for the beauties of nature. Foreigners say we are, as a people, sadly deficient in this taste. They ascribe the indifference, which they assert prevails, to the wonderful, sublime, and romantic scenery with which our country abounds, to the selfshness and vulgarity of feeling fostered by our republican institutions. When only wealth is sought and valued, refinement of taste will not be appreciated, nor the sense of the beautiful understood. It is said we only view Ningara as a great water power for machinery, and visit the White Mountains to look at the notch for a road.

These accusations have been, no doubt, partially true, or rather the useful has been thought so important, that the beautiful has been too much neglected. We have just begun to learn that the greatest advantages may be gained by uniting them; that trees, for instance, actually make the grounds which they ornament, more fertile.

The love of Nature is a cheap, safe, and pure pleasure. When the contemplation of a beautiful flower is sufficient to bring a smile of happiness over a fair face, we feel sure that the heart is rich in sweet impulses, which need but discipline and a right direction, to flow forth in gentle and beneficent virtues.

"Who loves not Summer's splendid reign, The bridal of the earth and main?"

The belle of the pent up city may almost be pardoned, if she does eavy the country maiden's rural privileges. To be able to range at will among the fresh flowers and bright fruits, to explore the green pavilions of the old woods, and recline on the shady bank of some gentle stream, and listen to the soft music of its lapsing waters—these are delights that country life in summer may command. And if the study of botany have been at all pursued, how much interest it will add to our rural excursions.

In such communions with nature the heart is made better and more strong to resist the temptations with which the world and its votaries beset the path of life. When all around us is so peaceful and lovely, can we be otherwise than placid and thankful for the innocent enjoyments the good Creator has placed within the reach of all his rational creatures? And though we must soon say, to use the words of the sweetest of nature's lyrists—

> "Thou art bearing hence thy roses, Glad summer, fare thee well, Thou'rt singing thy last melodies In every wood and dell"—

may we so have improved the time as to feel that though the rose has gone, its perfume—the sweet, cheerful, and devout thoughts it was formed to inspire—is shrined in our heart of hearts.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The following articles are on file for publication.

The Past.

Where shall the Beautiful rest?

The Dying Girl.

The Banished Son.
The Land.

The Land. The Memory of the Dead.

A Singular Story-not without a Moral to the Wise.

Would that we could give all our correspondents the same good account of their articles. It is to us a most unpleasant office to condemn. But true kindness to the writers as well as justice to our readers, requires that we be careful to admit only what is very good. The character of the "Lady's Book" requires that a high standard of moral and literary excellence be sustained. We feel sure that those who favour us would prefer that their articles should be laid aside, rather than published to the injury of the work. We, therefore, respectfully decline the following:

Matilda—A true Story.

Rickieness—A Sketch.

Domestic Helps and Domestic Hindraness. Chapter 1.— We cannot accept any article till we see the whole. From this specimen chapter, we infer the story will be too long for our purpose. We now come to the Muses' department, and as it is idle to dream of repressing the tide of song, which overflows our fress country, we shall only aim at turning aside the rills which would inundate our little parterre.

Life's Flowery Path.-Too flowery.

The Polish Exiles.—The subject is worn out.

The Heart's Lament.—There is considerable merit in this poem; we insert one stanza.

And still I deem in brighter spheres
Where joys immortal beam,
When freed from earth's corroding cares,
To find my spirit's dream:

And as I gaze on the deep blue heaven, My soul breathes forth a prayer, That the mystic feelings Thou hast given May find communion thers.

The Exile, and The Return, by the same writer. We advise her to persevere in her studies, till she attain that excellence it is evident she admires.

Reason's Conquest over Love.—Fanciful and rather pretty, but not very correct in rhythm or metre.

The Memory of Mrs. A.— B.—, etc.—Good thoughts; and here are two of the best stanzas.

The Gospel, gift of love divine, Makes man in God's own image shine, And when the work of life is done, Perfects in bliss what love begun.

Blest one, if o'er this earth thy smile Could sweeten sorrow, care, or toil, How radiant must it beam, where thou Supremely blest in love art—now.

Lovely Things.—Not the best poetry the writer can produce.

A Mother's Lament—Cannot be accepted—it has been before published.

Two letters, signed "Franklin," and an essay, signed "W—" have been received. We agree with the writer (the papers were, we presume, all from the same hand) that the influence of American ladies is of vital importance in correcting the evils of "speculation, luxury and extravagance" which have so prostrated the country. We have done, and shall continue to do what we can to awaken the attention of our fair readers to the advantages of encouraging the industry of our people, and cultivating the taste for "American fashions with beautiful American materials."

## EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Tes-its Effects Medical and Moral. By G. G. Sigmond, M. D.

In noticing this elegantly written volume of 144 pages, published in London, we aim not to alarm any sociable tea-party. It is true that Dr. Sigmond speaks freely and confidently of the injurious effects of some kinds of tea on particular constitutions; but it is evident that he has not yielded to the testetals massis. His mind is too well balanced, and too much accustomed to sober observation and reflection, to be exclusively occupied by one single dietetic idea, and to be rendered insane by its vain endeavours to comprehend it.

In speaking of the tea-plant, Dr. Sigmond has treated of its history, its botanical relations, and its agricultural and commercial importance. The limits of our notice will not permit us to quote his interesting observations on the history and botanical character of the tea-plant, and our readers must be satisfied with a glance at its commercial importance. In regard to this point, speaking of Great Britain, he observes—

"Individually and nationally we are indebted to the teaplant. A curious, if not an instructive work, might be written on the singular benefits which have accrued to our country from the preference we have given to the beverage obtained from this plant, above all those that might be derived from the rich treasures of the vegetable kingdom. It would prove that our national importance has been intimately connected with it, and that much of our present greatness, and even the happiness of our social system springs from this unsuspected source. It would show us, that our mighty empire in the East, that our maritime superiority, and that our progressive advancement in the arts and sciences have materially depended upon it!"

If the above sentiments be true in regard to Great Britain, and we believe them to be so, how much more significant are they as regards our own country. If the tea-plant has been the means of the extension and present greatness of the British empire—it has done more for America. It has been the source, the very parent, as it were, of a new empire here, whose extent, resources, and capabilities far outstrip those of the

Island Queen!-The famous "tea-plot," the few boxes of the fragrant leaves, which were thrown into Boston harbour by a few fearless individuals, hastened, if it were not the immediate cause of the struggle, those great events which resulted in the establishment of our national independence. And if every tea-plant of the East had been rooted up and destroyed for ever, in consequence of this heroic act of the brave " Boston Boys," we should still have reason to thank God that he had permitted it to grow and produce its leaves. But no such fatality has happened to this exhilarating and prolific vegetable. The Creator has caused it to flourish and yield its increase, for wise and important purposes; the extension of our commerce, the improvements made in our naval architecture. our national wealth, and the increased respect which is paid as an independent people, may, in no small degree be said to be due to our extended traffic in this one single article of which our author treats in his interesting volume. Does any reader think we over-rate the importance of the tea-trade? Let them bear in mind, that it is hardly two hundred years since the traffic commenced.

About the middle of the 17th century, a small parcel of tea was carried into Holland, by the Dutch East India Company, and two pounds and two ounces were imported into England, as a present to the king—now, it is computed that no less than fifty or sixty millions of pounds are annually brought into Europe and America for consumption.

Dr. Sigmond properly observes that although water is the

Dr. Sigmond properly observes that although scater is the great beverage of animals, and the support of vegetables, it will not, in all cases, suit the human constitution. In some countries, and in many cities and towns, the water is bad and unwholesome from its various impregnations; and is such places, people find it necessary to tincture the water with some kind of stimulating extracts. In such cases, tes has been found a favourite beverage and a promoter of the health and vigour of the mind and body.

"In almost all warm climates," says our author, "those who have previously lived in more temperate regions, costantly sip or drink large draughts; but if the first of these habits be acquired, and a bland, slightly bitter fluid, such as tea, be employed, health will be promoted, and the comfort it produces will become apparent."

Still the Doctor allows people may injure themselves by drinking tea which is very strong—he thinks black tea far less likely to be hurtfal than green—but recommends moderation in the use of both kinds. We would advise our readers, who may wish to become better acquainted with the history of the tea-plant, to consult this work of Dr. Sigmond. (we boye it will be republished in America) which will well repay the trouble of a perusal.

Master Humphrey's Clock goes steadily, and increases in interest as it advances.

The Young Maiden. By A. B. Muzzey. Boston: William Crosby & Co., pp. 260. Carey & Hart, Philada.

We thought the subject of advice to young ladies had been exhausted, the number of works of this description, having within the last two years, increased to quite a library. We accordingly took up "The Young Maiden" with somewhat cynical feelings, determined to look for faults, or at any rate not to be easily pleased. It is due to the author to acknowledge, as we cheerfully do, that we were disappointed. The book is good, very good. There has not, in our opinion, been one work on the subject, better deserving the favour of the public, with the exception of "Woman's Mission"-a reprint from an English author. We would commend this book of the Rev. Mr. Muzzey as one to be studied by those who would understand the "true sphere of woman," and the reasons for placing her empire at home. It is impossible, in a short netice, such as we must give, to attempt a synopsis of the work; the table of contents will show, in some degree, the course pursued by the writer. There are fourteen chapters, headed "The Capacities of Woman"-" Female Influence"-" Female Education,"-"Home"-"Society,"-"Love"-"Single Life" "Reasons for Marriage"-"Conditions of True Marriage"-"Conduct during Engagement"-" Trials of Woman and her Solace" (an excellent chapter)—and "Encouragements." We think it would be a good mental and moral exercise for our young friends, those who cannot, at present, enjoy the privilege of reading the "Young Maiden," if they would take the head of the chapters and write out what they consider should be the expositions of each subject. What, for instance, my dear young lady, would be your opinions on "Single Life?" Can it be a desirable life? and how best can it be rendered useful and happy? What "Reasons" would you give for "marriage?" and how "conduct during engagement?" If you cannot well answer these questions, read the "Young Maiden."

Things by their right Names, and other Stories, Fables, and Moral Pieces, in prose and verse. Selected and arranged from the works of Mrs. Barbauld, with a Sketch of her Life by Mrs. 8 J. Hale. Boston: Marsh. Capen, Lyon & Webb. pp. 203. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is one of the Juvenile Series of the "School Library," now being issued by the above publishers. Our opinion of Mrs. Barbauld's writings may be inferred from the part we took in preparing this volume. We are sure it will be a popular one with all young readers; and a profitable one in all families and schools. It is beautifully printed, and the utmost care has been taken to render it perfect in its typography; and notes explanatory of all terms and allusions which might perplex the youthful reader, have been added.

Greyslass, a Romance of the Mohawk. By C. F. Hoffman. 2 vols. Harper & Brothers, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philad.

The scene of this novel as the title indicates, is laid chiefly in the vicinity of the beautiful and picturesque Mohawk. The time chosen is the commencement of our revolution, and the period that immediately preceded it, and the characters many of them, are personages of historical prominence. Among them are the famous Brant and his son John. To those who are acquainted with Mr. Hoffman's abilities the mention of these materials will naturally suggest, what is the fact, that Greyslaer is an exciting, interesting, and vigorous production, full of graphic description and stirring incidents.

Combe on Infancy, edited by Dr. Bell. Carey & Hart, 1840.

This is an admirable treatise for parents and especially for mothers. In a plain, familiar, and easy way it describes the condition of infancy in its physiological traits, and points out the proper means of management. The notes and the supplemental chapter by Dr. Bell, of this city, add greatly to the value of the work.

## Keble's Christian Year: 1 vol. 18mo. Lea & Blanchard.

A sweet collection of poetry and fervent piety, in which the beauties of religion are heightened by the graces of the muse. The volume is edited by Bishop Doane, who has supplied a number of useful explanatory notes.

Woman and her Master, by Lady Morgan. 2 vols. Carey & Hart: Philadelphia, 1840.

There is no subject upon which a greater degree of interest is beginning to be felt than the intellectual position of woman. The progress of civilization, so necessarily dependent on her influence, requires that this should be ascertained and settled; and the tendencies of the age sustain the great demand. No social organization can be perfect until woman has received that place in it to which by nature and by reason she is alike entitled, and not only so, but her rights must be universally understood and acknowledged. She must take her stand side by side with man, not as his dependent, but his equal: his companion and not his slave. We do not mean to say that in the noisy clashings of polemics, or the turbulent strifes of politics she should take any direct part, nor enter into those marring controversies to which man is so prone; but we do avow that in all the social and intellectual relations of life, she should not only be allowed to participate, but her participation should be that of entire and absolute equality.

Lady Morgan in the really elever book now under notice has assumed the position we have just stated, and she enforces it with no little vigour and skill. The character of her work which is comprehensive, embraces a view of the condition of woman in all ages and countries; and while she painfully exhibits the deep and cruel degradation to which she has too often been exposed, she proves also both by argument and illustration that in every period, and under every form of the social compact, she has been a most important agent in the melioration and civilization of the world.

Lady Morgan's style is occasionally too diffuse, and in some instances she has suffered herself to be led into a panegyric upon the undeserving, but altogether her book is a very pleasant one, and contains much desirable information.

Memoirs of the Court of England, during the reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate. By John Heneage Jesse. 2 vols. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

These volumes contain much curious information. Numerous anecdotes gathered from the gossipping chronicles of the period are given, and much light is shed not only on the personal characters of the different members of the royal family, and their favourites, but also on the political history of the times. Mr. Jesse seems to have consulted all the accessible authorities, and several letters are now published for the first time in his collection.

Dr. Bethune's Address before the Artist's Fund Society, is a very sensible and eloquent production. The advice it embodies is sound—the criticisms it offers are judicious, and the spirit in which it is composed is free and independent.

Life and Travels of Mungo Park. 1 vol. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The very name of this volume will procure for it attention and perusal. Every body has heard of Mungo Park, and sympathised in his wanderings. His simple-mindedness, his devotion, his untiring efforts, make him an object of much greater general regard, than many of his fellow labourers who possessed abilities of a higher order. His melancholy and mysterious death invests his story and name with a degree of romance.

History of the Fine Arts. By B. J. Lossing. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

An excellent book, and one that deserves to be carefully studied. In this branch of knowledge our people are unfortunately deficient. The Arts though yet young among us must, before a great while, become of the highest importance, and all who can should make themselves familiar with their history. To this end this volume is well adapted, and supplies in a condensed form much useful and curious information.

Natural History of Quadrupeds. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This compilation is seasonably published as the want of such a work for a text book was beginning to be felt in many of our schools. It is illustrated by numerous engravings.

Love's Progress. Harper & Brothers, New York, 1840. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a story of the affections: a tale of mingled mirth and sadness, but full of truth and nature. It is designed to illustrate the strength of woman's attachment: the holiness of her zeal: her unselfish labours; her deep and enduring fortitude, and it accomplishes this design by a narrative full of interest, and occasional touches of the most exquisite pathos.

A New Home: Who'll Follow? or Glimpses of Western Life. By Mrs. Mary Clavers: 1840. New York, C. L. Francis. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The fact that this work has reached a second edition is sufficient evidence of the estimation in which it is held by the reading community; and it has been so generally praised by by all classes of critics that there is but little opportunity left of further commendation. It is indeed a most agreeable volume, abounding in the liveliest and most vivacious sketches, and at the same time conveying a very large amount of the

most valuable information. The basis of the work is fact: to make the filling up more attractive the writer has ventured upon a little fiction. This is not permitted, however, to interfere with its accuracy in geographical or topographical subjects, nor with its general truth of character.

Scenes in the Life of Joanna of Sicily. By Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. pp. 236. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The author of this interesting work holds, deservedly, a high rank among our literary ladies. Her translations from the Italian and German have been much praised. Her "Characters of Schiller" is a work highly esteemed for its elegance of style and just critical tasts. The present volume will not derogate from the fame of Mrs. Ellet, though we wish she had taken some other scene in history. Few more interesting, we are persuaded would be found, but this has already been appropriated. The author of "Miriam," published not two years since, a volume entitled "Joanna of Naples," a choice little volume, which we presume Mrs. Ellet had not seen when she prepared hers. Both works abound in beauties; we do not know to which we should award the preference, were it our duty to decide between them.

Mrs. Ellet's is the most true to history, and her descriptions of the magnificent scenes of the "Vindication" and the "Coronation," are exquisite pictures. The real life of Joanna, Queen of Naples, was a romance of wilder and more thrilling interest than imagination has invented. But the state of society at that period was most deplorable, or such scenes could never have occurred. Who that reads this interesting work would wish to exchange our comfortable common-sense, common-place world, for the splendour which barbarian ignorance and lawless physical force then threw around the few who wielded power? We wish Mrs. Ellet would turn her attention a little more to her own country: she describes the past so beautifully, that we are anxious she should draw a portrait of the present.

"The Well Bred Boy; or New School of Good Manners," is the title of a very good little book, prepared by a Boston lady for the young. We commend it to the notice of mothers.

Poems: by Mrs. Follen, pp. 192.

This unpretending work has been some months before the public, and received the praise of several impartial critica. We could hardly claim such a title, did we now take up the volume with the intention of reviewing it. But in truth we only write to commend it. We hope every lady who can afford the expense, will purchase a copy. And sure we are that the hearts of our readers will respond to our appeal, when they recollect that Mrs. Follen, the widow of the late lamented Dr. Follen, who perished in the Lexington, is now dependent on her own literary labours.

This work, and the preceding are published by William Crosby & Co., Boston. The Poems are beautifully printed.

## DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Coloured silk skirt, the bottom trimmed with three folds, figured mull spencer, bishop sleeves, with sash to match the dress. Chip bonnet, ornamented with flowers.

Fig. 2.—White skirt trimmed with a broad flounce—spencer similar to that in figure 1—piuk sash—straw bonnet, ornamented with roses and pink ribands.

## CHIT CHAT OF FASHIONS.

At a late drawing room held by Queen Victoria, Lady Dinorbin, late Miss Smith (no relation to our Mr. Smith,) were the following splendid dress.

Costume de Cœur, a splendid white pompadour satin train, sprigged with rich gold and coloured boquets, and trimmed with rich gold dentelle; a rich white India muslin dress, embroidered with fine gold, and trimmed with two volants of rich gold dentelle, over white satin. Head-dress, plume of feathers, with rich gold dentelle lappets and diamonds.

The dress of D'Israelis' wife was also very rich, at the same time remarkable for its simplicity.

A manteau of rich pale green satin, lined with white, and trimmed with blonde; body and sleeves a Medicis, superbly ornamented with a profusion of the finest diamonds; petticont of tulle, embroidered in a novel and beautiful style, forming boquets of various colours. A head dress of feathers and blonde lappets; ornaments, a splendid suite of diamonds and emeralds.

The Queen's dress—white net over rich white satin, trissmed with blonde flounces and flowers; the body and sleeves splendidly ornamented with diamonds and blonde; train of silver tissue, richly brocaded in colours, (of Spitalfields manufacture.) trimmed with silver and blonde, and lined with white satin.—Head-dress, feathers, diamonds, and lappets.

The Duchess of Northumberland.—Manteau of superb like satin glace, lined with silk, and ornamented with a bouffant of satin, with a deep fringe of pearls surrounded with a flouncing of Spanish point lace; corsage of the same, decorated with magnificent point lace, intermixed with pearls; stomacher of diamonds; skirt of lilac serophane over a rich satin sip of the same colour, glace, tastefully trimmed with flounces of point lace and fringe of pearls. Head-dress, feathers and point lace lappets, and magnificent tiara of diamonds; necklace and ear-rings en suite.

Caps are more or less ornamented with flowers. There are other pretty coiffures, between a cap and a turban, the crown is that of a cap; but in place of the blonde border there is a roll of gauzo, exactly such as would be to a turban—it may be with or without a falling end. The flowers adopted to these caps are hop-blossoms, in every possible colour. They are placed as low as where the cap-string should come on each side. Indeed all the trimmings are worn unusually low at the sides.

Hats.—The hats are getting smaller, and a more becoming shape. The front and crown seems all of one piece, and towards the back the form gradually slants, so that the back of the crown is even lower than the bonnet. These little bonnets sit very round and comfortable to the face; they come very long at the sides; the trimming is as simple as possible, or quite the contrary. Some have flowers and lace; others only a trimming of the material.

Siegres.—The plain, tight, long sleeves are coming in again decidedly, notwithstanding all that has been said against them; it must be admitted that they are sadly disadvantageous to some figures, viz., to those remarkably tall and thin, or to those inclined to embonpoint and low in stature.

Head Dresses.—One of the prettiest caps that has appeared for some time, is composed of rose-coloured gauze; the caul is so very small that it does little more than cover the knot of hair behind. The front is formed of three rows of gauze bias, quilled full, and encircling the caul in such a manner as to form a diadem on the summit of the head, descending at the sides, and turning up at the back of the caul. A full knot of satin riband, with floating end, adorns one side, and a rose, with buds and foliage, ornaments the other.

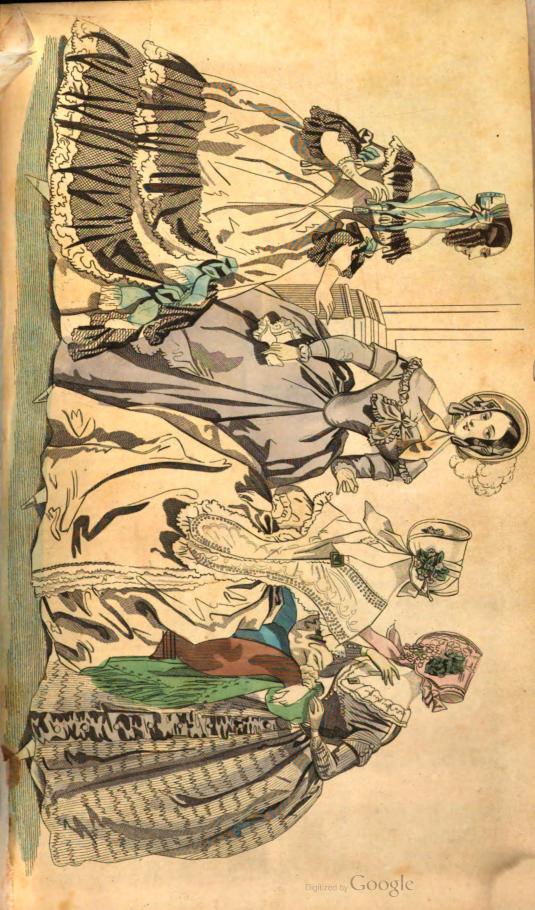
We said nothing in the July number of No. I. of our Origiginal large sized Steel Engravings—but our friends of the Press have done it for us. Are not twelve such Engravings in a year worth more than \$37 The present number is also marked by a plate, equally as beautiful, but on a different subject. Our object is to give a variety. The next will be a View of Fairmount—our own Fairmount—and, if it is possible, will be still finer than Constantinople. By looking at this latter engraving with the hand partially closed, the effect of the distance is perfectly magical—the boats seem to stand out from the picture.

The most ridiculous and absurd stories are told by some of our papers, of the celebrated dancer. Mad. Elzeler. We deem it a duty we owe ourself as a Philadelphian, to say that there is but little truth in their account of the fulsome adslations which have been paid her.

She has been seen and liked—has drawn good houses—been called upon by some few persons, and will be forgotten in a week after she has left us, for the next new lion. THE NEW YORK PUBLIC LIBRARY

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## GODEY'S

# L A D Y'S B O O K.

SEPTEMBER, 1840.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE "BLACK KNIGHT'S RIDE;" OR, CLARE OF CLEAVES;

A LEGEND OF THE CASTLE OF EMPENBREITSTEIN.

BY PROFESSOR J. H. INGRAHAM, AUTHOR OF " LAFITTE," ETC.

More and eve he knelt before me!
Did with lip and eye adore me;
Knelt and prayed until he won me—
Won me but to mock and scorn me!
Pride! for thee I am forsaken,
My love become his jeer and jest,
Justice has my guilt o'ertaken—
The grave alone can give me rest!
[Altered from "THE DESERTED BRIDE."]

1.

The stupendous castle of Ehrenbreitstein frowning in warlike strength above the Rhine, casting its vast shadow far over the opposite city of Coblentz, and almost mingling its banners with the clouds, has for centuries drawn forth the admiration and wonder of travellers. Its high and commanding position on the summit of a mountainous rock, from the perpendicular sides of which its walls rise skyward, crowned with turrets and towers of huge proportions; its extensive range of battlements that seem to enclose a city within their wide circumference; its impregnable air, and singularly majestic and stern feudal aspect, all convey to the mind the idea of massive strength co-enduring with the everlasting hill upon which its foundations are laid. Its origin is lost in the obscurity of the Gothic ages; but so far back as the close of the seventh century it was a feudal hold of great strength, and conspicuous in the baronial wars of the age; throughout the savage Germanic contests of a later period, and for a long time after the crusades, the surges of war roared around its base, but ever broke harmlessly against its impregnable sides; and to this day its possession, by hostile princes in the wars of that region, is deemed of the

first importance, and is striven for in seas of blood and carnage. It is now, and has been for a long period, a national fortress; but in the twelfth century it was in the family of the Duke of Cleaves, whose ancestor, so says one of the numerous fabulous legends relating to it, Hugh of Cleaves, a famous Gothic knight of great piety and prowess, aided by St. Peter, constructed it in one night to circumvent the devil in some scheme against the good knight, which is not recorded in the legend. Be this as it may-there exists a tradition connected with this castle, as it stood in the fourteenth century, the subject of which is one of this good knight's female descendants, and the last of his line, who dwelt therein, and the substance of which will be found in the following story.

11

In his extraordinary progress through Europe, calling on the nations to rise up and rescue the Holy Land from the unbeliever, and commanding every good knight to arm himself for the protection of the Holy Sepulchre, Peter the Hermit passed beneath the walls of Ehrenbreitstein, and Count Maurice of

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Cleaves answered his challenge with a thousand mailed men at his back. With these warriors the old iron-knight fell into the vast human current that, ere it reached the confines of eastern Germanv. swelled into a sea of casques, and spears, and gonfalons, and plumes, which threatened in its majestic advance to overwhelm the whole land of the Saracen. Beneath the walls of Jerusalem the brave knight left his bones, and those of his family and retainers, and in his own land there remained behind none to inherit his lands and castle of Ehrenbreitstein, save an only daughter who had just attained her twenty-third year. Clare of Cleaves, as she was called, had made her first appearance in public on the occasion of a tournament held at the castle of a neighbouring prince, in honour of the sanction of the "Golden Bull," as a maid of honour in attendance upon the "Queen of the Tournament." She was just then entering her seventeenth year, and her beauty was so extraordinary as to call forth the admiration of the Emperor, who honoured the lists with his presence, and elicit the marked homage of scores of youthful knights, and eke some gentle-born esquires in nonage, who yet aspired to knighthood. From that day the same of her beauty spread abroad, and soon, at every tournament in Europe, was heard the name of "Clare of Cleaves, the Rose of Ehrenbreitstein;" and many was the knight who kept his eye on this opening bud, and inwardly resolved to pluck and wear it on his breast when time should have unfolded all its beauties; when the blooming girl should ripen into the glorious woman!

Among, and the most distinguished of these, was a young noble called the Count Ernest of Augsburg. He had first beheld Clare of Cleaves at the tournament; and shortly afterwards departed to the Holy Land to lend his sword in delivering the tomb of Christ from the Saracen. After seven years absence, during which he had won knightly rank and distinction, the death of old Count Maurice induced him to return to his native land, and sue, as became a brave knight and true lover, for the hand of his daughter, whose image he had faithfully treasured up in his heart since the day he beheld her gracing the gallery of the lists, distinguished among a thousand lovely women like a star in the galaxy. On his arrival at his own castle, therefore, he delayed no longer than sufficed to lay aside his battleworn armour in exchange for a burnished suit of fine steel mail, in which flowers of gold were cunningly worked by the armourer, and which was otherwise ornamented with devices emblematical of his character as a wooer. He then set forth, attended by a stately retinue, towards the castle of Ehrenbreitstein, his heart beating with anticipation, and fluttering between the fears and hopes which did then, as now, torture the bosoms of all who go a-wooing.

## TIT.

SEVEN years had effected a great change in the person of Clare of Cleaves; and the hoyden maid of honour of sixteen, at twenty-three was a magnificent woman. Count Maurice had been dead a year, and, save twice to ride with the hawk and thrice to hear mass in the cathedral of Coblentz, she had not quitted her castle, where attended by her maids and pages, she lived in the greatest seclusion. Until her father's death she had remained in a convent, as was the custom in that day, and was little heard of in the

world; though the memory of her girlish beauty was living in a thousand chivalrous bosoms. That she was high-born, that she was heiress of a wide domain, that she was wonderfully beautiful was well understood; but of her mind, of her heart, and of her disposition, nothing certainly was known, because none knew her; though rumour strangely whispered that she was devilish as she was beautiful; and that her heart fed on cruelty as the vulture on blood.

One golden morning in autumn, and for the third time in that season, the lady of Ehrenbreitstein, tempted by the brilliancy of the day, took the field with her principal falconer, and some of the more immediate attendants upon her person. In the progress of the sport she had ridden to the summit of a hill a league south of the castle, the better to command the flight of her favourite falcon, which rejoicing in its freedom, soared at large above the open country, unmindful of the quarry in the plain, and heedless of her recall. At one moment he would sail away upon the wind with motionless pinions like an arrow shot from the bow; at another dart upward to a great height, and sweeping swiftly down towards the earth sportively brush his mistress' plumes with the tip of his long, slender wing, and soar again; now he would balance himself in mid-air above her head, and, at the sight of the silken jesses to which she tempted his return, he would shoot off horizontally as if he would no more fold wing until he had regained his native mountains, which were reposing, like blue clouds, in the far south west.

"Lo, Egli! Lo, la! lo lah! will you not obey me?" she cried, reining in her palfrey upon the bill-top, and watching, with an impatient eye, his playful circles. "Nay, then I will bring thee down, sir truant! If thou wilt fly thy jess, thou shalt ne'er perch on the wrist of another mistress!"

The speaker was in the full pride of virgin womanhood. Fame had not outrun truth in reporting her matchless beauty. The equestrian attitude in which she arrested herself on the summit of the hill, was strikingly fitted to display her superb figure, and the spirited character of her features. Her height was very little above the ordinary standard of her sex, but an air of pride and command, (the repulsive characteristics of which were lost in a nameless grace she blended with them) supremely suited to her figure, made her appear taller than she was. She wore a hawking jacket of black velvet, thickly studded with stones of jet, that closely fitted a waist and bust that, with the queenly neck and carriage of the superb head, Juno would have lost her throne to have defaced-so rounded, and faultless, was every undulating outline-so feminine, and yet so majestic, the graceful turn of the expansive shoulders -so full of harmony the magnificent whole! A single jet clasped the collar beneath her snowy throat, and stones of smaller size fastened the cuffs to the wellturned wrists, on one of which was secured the jess from which she had loosed her falcon. Her face was as nearly oval as was consistent with the contour of beauty, and her complexion was just enough shaded with the warm tint of Italy, to make it a matter of doubt whether she were brunette or blonde, did not the dark colour of her eyes decide it. Her features were moulded after a strikingly beautiful cast, and wore a lofty and decided character, that did not in the least take from her loveliness, but

rather harmonized with the high-toned air of her charms. The whole style of her face and head was of the most perfect model, and of singular finish. was bewildering to gaze upon it! It seemed not earthly—yet it was not heavenly! Her large, glorious eyes! how deeply black they were! how like the sun their lustre-how full of command-how rich their hue-how brilliant and expressive-oh how beautiful they were-how very beautiful! yet there was something in them to dread! It did not speak in the look, but was covert there, beneath, and far within, the soft silky netting that fringed them! Save a stray tress that floated in the wind, her raven black hair was bound beneath a hat of sable velvet, from which depended a crimson plume tipped with the same mourning colour, which with strange taste she chose thus to unite with scarlet in her costume; for, she also wore loose Persian trowsers of crimson silk, relieved by a broad stripe of black, and on her feet were red velvet half-boots sparkling with jets. The contrasts, singular as they appeared, were strikingly becoming to her. She rode, as was the custom at that period among German ladies, as it is at the present day among those of Austria, with a foot in each stirrup. And such feet! They were, very evidently, too lovely to be hidden in an exercise in which a beautiful woman best displays the graces of her sex, and the elegance and action of her figure. She rode a snowy Arabian sent to her by her father from Joppa, and in his government exhibited the most perfect horsemanship. As she followed the truant bird with her eyes, after reining-up on the hill, there was an imperative action of her head and person that was alone wanting to complete the goddesslike expression of her more than mortal beauty. Her voice, though raised in angry command, was as rich as the clearer tones of an organ, or the notes of a silver bugle. The errant flight of her favourite at length angered her, and she gave utterance to the threat, " If thou wilt fly thy jess, sir truant, thou shalt ne'er perch on wrist again!"

As she spoke she made a signal to one of her pages, who carried a long, graceful bow in his hand, and at his back a well-filled quiver, rich and elegant enough to grace a lady's shoulder.

"My bow, Albert! and—stay! reach me the quiver!"

"Nay, lady Clare," interposed the youth, who saw by the settled determination of her look, her fell intention—"nay, you will not slay brave Egli!"

"Peace, boy! the vile bird shall die!" she said, drawing a shaft from the quiver, and fitting it to her bow. "Soh, Teekla, soh! will you be quiet, Teekla!" she cried, as her beautiful Arabian bounded and pranced with her, and the long bow was brandished before his head. "Soh, beast, or I will have a knife in thy heart!"

The hawk now returned from one of his long flights, and was rapidly approaching her, when she raised the bow and covered his white breast with her steady aim.

"Nay, lady Clare! he returns," cried the falconer.
"I will punish him for this, if you will harm him not!"

At these words the lady depressed the point of her shaft, as she saw that the falcon was descending towards his usual perch on her wrist, when alarmed by seeing the bow, the sagacious bird turned his wing, and rose rapidly into the sky.

"Now by the head of the good St. Peter of Cleaves, the bird hath taken his last swoop!" she cried, rising and bending forward in her stirrups, and bringing the feather of the shaft to her eye. The next instant it cleft the air with unerring flight, and was within its length of the side of the bird, when it was struck by a shaft shot from an opposite direction, and shattered to fragments in the air. At the same time a young man in a green hunting-frock rode forth from the concealment of a neighbouring thicket of oaks, and betrayed the source from which this surprising shot had come.

"Thou art full bold, sir forester!" she cried, in admiration at his skill, and not grieved at the escape of her favourite.

"Grace for my boldness, fairest of women!" he interrupted, gracefully approaching, and deprecating with a look of mingled humility and gallantry, her rising displeasure, "it is a brave bird, and for a little sport in its native element when it is so elastic and clear, he deserved not death. Thou wilt forgive the truant, lady!"

The forester was very handsome, and his voice had something in its tones that was singularly pleasing, and there was in his clear blue eyes an homage to her charms that was flattering to her as a woman. It was, therefore, with a smile that she said:

"On condition you call him back to his perch, sir forester; which you can do if your skill in falconry be equal to that in archery! Faith, it was a true eye and a steady hand that sent that shaft!"

"Ne'er, in all falconrie, hath shot like that been made," said the falconer, his eye glittering with pride at a hit so creditable to his craft. "Thy fathers for many a long year before thee have been yeomen of forestry, to perfect this so well in thee, fair sir!"

The young man smiled, and cast his eyes upward to seek the falcon, which had continued ascending until it appeared a black speck in the blue ether. Placing to his lips a small bugle, he blew a long and peculiar strain, which the bird no sooner heard than he was seen to descend towards the earth in concentric circles, whirling with greater or less velocity as the music of the bugle was lively or slow, and this ceased not its prolonged wild note until the bird had come within a few feet of their heads.

"Lo, loh, Egli! I will forgive thee if thou wilt return to perch!" said his mistress, as she saw him so near her. The bird, however, eyed her suspiciously with his keen, restless glance, and balanced himself on his outspread wings.

"Be not displeased," said the young forester; "he will soon be on his perch."

Then taking up the same note he had wound on his bugle, he whistled a low musical recall, which brought the bird to his wrist, from which he transferred it to that of its mistress.

"Thanks, good forester," she said, without fondling the recovered bird; "thou hast shown thyself master of thy calling. I would retain thee in my forest. I have had sport enough to-day; ride by my rein, and I will discourse with thee touching thy service with me. Whom serve you?" she asked, as they turned their horses towards the castle of Ehrenbroitstein.

"The young Count Ernest of Augsburg," said the handsome forester, who showed as much skill in horsemanship as he had in the use of the bow and in falconrie. As he spoke he turned and looked upon her surpassing beauty, and seemed to be filled with wonder at it as he gazed.

" Ernest of Augsburg! I thought he was yet in the Holy land. It was he, if I mistake not, in whose arms my brave father died!"

"It was, lady. I am glad you remember this of him, for it will greatly favour his suit which he is about pressing in the court of love."

"Ah! hath he thought to wed?" she asked, abruptly.

" It is as his messenger that I am on my way to Ehrenbreitstein, lady!" he said, modestly.

"Sayst thou! we are like to have a suitor, then, and yonder rock-founded castle a lord, if its lady be willing," she said, with an expression between haughty surprise and feminine gratification. "Well, sir forester, know that your mission is at end. I am Clare of Cleaves!"

"To my heart-nay," he said, instantly correcting himself-" so your matchless beauty, lady, which fame hath trumpeted throughout Christendom, taught me, when I saw thee, like Diana, bending thy bow upon thy false falcon-thyself a goddess fairer than she! Ah, lady," he added, sighing, but his words reached not her ear, "there went then an arrow from thy bow, which too surely reached its mark!"

"Where now sojourns this lord of Augsburg, who thinks himself knightly enough to protect a bride that he must leave the defence of the cross to come a-wooing? Methinks he hath a good share of knightly vanity!"

"He is now, with his retinue, encamped not a league hence!"

"And hath sent you forward."

"To ask audience of you on the morrow, or such day as may fall in with your pleasure, in furtherance of the object on which he has come."

"As he has done me courtesy to journey thus far, I must needs yield to his demand. But stay, is this Count Ernest well or ill favoured?"

"Men do call him a good knight, but I have never heard ladies speak of him their opinion," answered the other with some hesitation.

"What think you of him, yourself, sir? surely you have an opinion to give!"

"He is something favoured like myself, I am told, and in stature we are equal."

She surveyed the speaker an instant, and then said, with a smile of approval:

"What colour hath his eyes?"

"Blue, lady."

" And his hair?"

" Auburn, lady, and worn long to the shoulder."

" Hath he a fair skin?"

"Nature gave him one, doubtless; but life in camp, and the ardent suns of Palestine, hath embrowned it something."

"This should not be a fault in a woman's eye. How carrieth he himself."

"As becometh a gentleman, fair lady."

"Nay, sir, hath he the jaunting air, and gallant part that some of our young knights affect, or doth he bear himself like a brave and modest soldier, such as would please a lady's eye?"

" In sooth, fair lady," said the handsome young forester with a smile, and heightened colour, " if thou wilt be pleased to name a day when thou wilt re-

ceive him in audience, thou wilt then be able thyself to judge in these things."

"I will then receive him on the third morning from this at eleven. If he please me as well as his messenger hath done, i'faith! Clare of Cleaves will soon, perchance, become Clare of Augsburg! We are now at the portal of the castle. Wilt enter, sir, and partake our hospitality, or ride back and convey my answer to your master?"

"Thanks, fair lady. I will ride back."

"Then well fare thy speed, sir. If thy lord be as well skilled in the use of Cupid's bow as thou art in that thou carriest across thy saddle-peak, or knows as well as thyself the notes of a recall that will beguile a hawk from the sky, he will soon bring Clare of Cleaves from the rock of Ehrenbreitstein to his arms. Farewell, good forester."

"Lady, farewell!" said the youth, lifting his cap, and releasing by the act a cloud of auburn ringlets that swept his shoulders: then riding away as the lady entered the arch of the castle, he added-if knighthood and true love can win thee, matchless creature, Ernest of Augsburg shall yet wear thee in his bosom!"

Thus spoke the young forester, blinded by her beauty so that he did not see in her any thing evil; this talisman, like a mantle, covering every thing that in a less lovely woman would have been seen in its own light-impatience, anger, a haughty spirit, and revengeful temper! Yet how few men can ever see any thing censurable in a beautiful woman! Her very beauty is her apology. Like the king, " she can do no wrong."

THE day named by Clare of Cleaves, on which the Count Ernest of Augsburg was to have audience, arrived; and half an hour before eleven it was announced to the lady, who was seated in her castle hall, which was hung with armour, and lighted from richly stained windows, surrounded by her maidens, that a knight glittering in steel, and mounted on a coal-black charger, attended by a brilliant retinue, was winding round the foot of the rock, and approaching the castle. In a few minutes afterwards a trumpet sounded from without, and was answered by a blast from the warder. This was followed by the entrance of a man-at-arms, who reported that a knight, styling himself Count Ernest of Augsburg, craved audience of the fair lady Clare of Cleaves.

"Have him conducted hither, and see that his retinue be hospitably entreated both with meat, drink, and lodges."

A short time elapsed when the seneschal ushered into the presence of the beautiful mistress of Ehrenbreitstein the newly arrived stranger. He was a knight of commanding presence and elegant person, which was set off by a suit of the richest armour. His appearance instantly prepossessed the maiden in his favour. He approached, and kneeling at her feet, did silent and reverential homage to her charms.

"Rise, noble knight! thou art welcome for seven days to the hospitalities of Ehrenbreitstein. errand I have already learned from thy forester. so please you, sir knight, unhelm, or at the least do us the courtesy to raise thy visor. I' faith! I behold the auburn locks thy messenger dwelt upon, but I fain would also see the face he so modestly likened unto his own—which, beshrew me, would not have done discredit to his master, were he the handsome William de la Marck himself!"

The noble suitor lifted his visor at her command and before her stood the forester.

- <sup>44</sup> By the mass! thou wert thine own messenger then, and methinks thou didst not speak disparagingly of thy person. Thou art twice welcome that I also meet my brave forester in the person of Count Ernest of Augsburg."
- "Fairest lady, thou art too gracious. Vouchsafe to receive me," he added, kneeling, "as thy true lover, whether I come in the guise of a forester, or as a mailed knight; for the same true heart beats for thee, whether covered by green coat or iron corslet. Seven years ago I first beheld thee at the tournament of Hainault, eclipsing the sun with the brightness of thy beauty. From that day thy image has been the light of my life. Three days since I rekindled on the altar of my soul the fire of my love by the blaze of thy beauty, and would now fain worship at the shrine of the deity I have so long adored afar off!"
- "A well-spoken and figurative speech, and doubtless couched in knightly phrase;" said the lady, casting upon him one of those fascinating looks which afterwards became the destruction of so many infatuated noble youths. "But, my lord of Augsburg, if I love thee not in return, thou wilt have had but poor compensation for the long passion thou speakest of."
- "Lady, I do hope that my deep love will move thee. Even as the warm hand will lend warmth to that it presses, till both are of the same heat, so I trust my burning passion will kindle in your indifferent bosom a kindred fire."
- "Nay, thou art too sanguine, sir knight!" she said, with a haughty look that heightened every charm of her face and person; "I can never return your passion."
- "Sweet lady Clare, I beseech, bid me not cease to hope—crush not at once the dear and lovingly nourished dreams of years."
- "They have, indeed, been dreams! I tell thee thy love meets no response in my breast, sir Count! It can never win Clare of Cleaves!"
- "If my love may not, may not my arm do it? May I not make myself worthy of thee as a knight. Name the deed man dare attempt, and I will achieve it," he cried, with animation; it being no uncommon thing for ladies to name, and knights to perform achievements as the price of their hands. "If thou hast a vow to pay—a pilgrimage to be made—a knight to challenge—a deed of arms to be done—name either or all of them, and Ernest of Augsburg will pay the vow, perform the pilgrimage, and do the battle. Whatever mortal man may do, that becometh a gentle knight, will I do for thy love, lady!"
- "None of these, sir knight. Yet he who would wear, must win me!—but not with love! Love, Count of Augsburg! Clare of Cleaves knows not the name, and laughs at the passion. It is a weakness my nature is free from, thank the saints! In all things, save love for thy sex, I am a woman. This I can never feel; and must ever be insensible to it in others. Seek not, then, sir wooer, to win me by your love. Deeds, knight, deeds! feats of coolness and courage, of risk and mortal daring! These I love—these alone can win the hand you aspire to!"

- "Lady, command me!" said the ardent knight, a little surprised at her words; but so great was his passion, and so irresistible her beauty, that they affected him not. He neither thought nor reasoned upon the extraordinary developement of her moral nature. He saw presented only a temporary bar to his suit, and panted to achieve some deed of bravery that should make himself worthy of the object of his love—or rather, perhaps, of his blind adoration; for his senses, rather than his heart, were made captive.
- "Thou hast heard of Margaret of Hainault, who gave her hand to the knight of Waldeck, for laying at her feet the skin of a Numidian lion slain by his own hand; and of Elenor of Nassau, who wedded the Count of Lichtenstein, who, at her bidding, encountered unarmed, and did valiantly slay the savage bear of the Baden forest, which had destroyed so many villagers!—of these and other deeds thou hast heard?"
  - " I have, lady!
- "He who would wed Clare of Cleaves must imitate them."
- "Speak, noble and beauteous lady! By my knightly honour, I am proud to do service for one who hath such love for deeds of arms. Shall I seek out the Saracen chief, Saladin, and lay his casque and sword at thy feet? shall I man a war-ship, and search the Levantine seas for the vast serpent that stretches himself a league out upon the water, and slay the monster for love of thee; or shall I make capture a savage lion, subdue his fierce nature, and lead him to thee docile as the noble hound stretched by thy side!"
- "Nay, knight, these are exploits that depend as much on superior strength of body, or finer temper of steel, as upon manly courage! Such trials as these are fit only for a man-at-arms, whose worth is measured by so much bone and sinew! I have a higher trial for such as would seek to wed with the heiress of Ehrenbreitstein! It is a feat that shall test not the power of a knight's arm, or the weight of his stroke, but it will try the bravery of his heart—the courage of his spirit—test the mettle of his soul—aye, prove if his love be stronger than life. For he who loves me not better than his life, and shrinks to prove it by the trial I put him to, is no fit mate for Clare of Cleaves!"
- "Name the exploit, lady, and if it have nought to do with necromancie, by my knightly troth I'll do it," answered the brave young knight. But little did the enthusiastic youth know the trial that awaited him; that, instead of some notable feat of arms becoming a soldier and crusading knight, she was to mock his love, and indulge her barbaric taste, by putting him to the performance of a gladiatorial feat; which must, almost inevitably, result in a terrible death.
- "Thou hast noted the position of my castle of Ehrenbreitstein, knight?" she answered inquiringly.
- "With awe and admiration. I looked upward from below and saw an eagle swooping past its lower tower window, who looked no bigger to my eye than a sparrow; and when I cast my eyes down from your castle-gate, the boats upon the Rhine looked no bigger than egg-shells."
- "Thou hast well remarked it, knight; and didst thou note the foundations?"
- "By my troth, did I; and pointed out to my esquire how they seemed a part and portion of the perpen-

dicular rock—so sheer was the dizzy line from the battlements to the water's edge."

- "And didst thou discover a projecting ledge extending around the foundations whereon a man could pass from the gate where you entered quite around the castle?"
- "In truth, lady, it bethinks me now, that I did discern, at intervals of the precipice, something like a hand's breadth, or more, of the rock reach out beyond the wall of the castle; but—our Lady save the mark! a bird, save with a well-balanced wing, could scarce maintain foot hold thereupon."
- "Nevertheless, Sir Knight of Augsburg, that shelf hath been passed on horseback."
- "By the rood, (saving your presence, lady,) it must have been Sathanas who rode the beast."
- "Nay, it was one of my own ancestors, Schwartz Ainhalt, known as the Black Knight of Cleaves.— Hear the tale. Being surprised in his castle, he issued forth from the gate in full armour, and finding the way down the rock filled with the enemy, with a desperate thought, he turned to the left where the shelf is for some yards, of secure breadth; and there being hotly pursued he had no alternative but to keep on. He accomplished the circuit of the rock in safety, and came upon his enemies so suddenly from the opposite quarter that they gave way before him in fear, and he thereby maintained his castle."
- " Methinks I have heard something like this of one of our old German knights."
- "And in order to see if our modern knights are worthy of their fathers, I fain would have this exploit again performed," she said, endeavouring by a look of the most fascinating influence to dissipate the thoughtful brow the knight had begun to assume at her words. He remained silent and deliberating for a few seconds, but a glance from her finely expressive eyes and an enchanting smile completed his infatuation.
- "Lady, it shall be done, if man and horse be equal to it. If not, God be merciful to my poor soul."

She extended, with a smile of triumph, her hand; which he ardently pressed to his lips, and then signified his intention of immediately making the trial.

- "Nay, good knight," she said, detaining him; "I give thee till the seventh day to prepare thy horse and armour."
  - " Not in armour, lady?"
- "Horse and rider in full armour—so rode my brave ancestor," she said, without observing his surprise.
- "Then thou wilt die a maiden, Clare of Cleaves, for the knight of Augsburg."
  - "Ha, dost thou shrink?"
- "Nay; death is sweet from so fair an executioner. I do accept your challenge and shall make myself ready for the achievement. Presently I will go out and survey the path by which I am to win a bride, or meet a knightly death."

Such was the spirit of a gentle knight—such was the power of a noble maiden in that age. The one never hesitating to perform the most insane acts if imposed upon him by his "ladye-love"—the other too often abusing the singular power with which the extravagant gallantry of the times had endowed her.

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THE day for the trial of the love and gallantry of the young and brave Count Ernest arrived, and many of

the neighbouring barons and strangers of consideration who happened to be sojourning at Cobientz, hearing of an achievement that the knight of Augsburg was to undertake for the love of the beautiful ady of Ehrenbreitstein, and having heard of the tame of her beauty, assembled at the castle—as much to behold the lady herself as to witness a deed of bratery. At twelve o'clock the knight galloped into the court of the castle, mounted on his coal black charger. He was in full armour, and rode with as vizor up, around the court, gracefully saluting the lady of the castle and with a cheerful countenance and pleasant smile, returning the salutations of the knights and barons that hailed his appearance.

Up to this moment, but few of the spectators knew the exact nature of the feat he was to perform; supposing it to be some honourable deed of arms that should both prove the suitor's prowess as well as test the sincerity of his love. But after the emotion caused by his appearance had subsided, the seneschal of the castle proclaimed in a loud voice that, "In honour of the noble maiden, Lady Clare of Cleaves, and as the condition on which she is to be won and wed, Count Ernest of Augsburg, who hath soughther hand in marriage, like a good knight and true lover, hath vowed to ride in full armour around the castle of Ehrenbreitstein by the passage known as the "Black Knight's Ride."

This announcement was received with a murmur of surprise, which was soon changed to one of adignation, which sufficiently indicated that the nature of the "Ride" was well known. Many of the barons crowded about the young knight, and endeavoured to deter him from the madness of rushing on to certain destruction, while others frowning darkly upon the lady Clare, left her castle without the courtesy of an adieu. The daring knight and leal lover smiled at their earnestness and remained resolute. They then turned from him to endeavour to move the lady. But she was inexorable and put an end to their appeals by asking the knight if he had forgotten "why he was in armour and on horseback?"

The gentlemen then retired to one side wondering that in such a glorious body, nature had forgotten to put a soul. Nevertheless, her charms fired many a thoughtless youth, and more than one of those that plead in vain for the doomed knight, for a look or a smile from her would readily have taken his place had he shrunk from the task before him.

The lover kissed his hand in answer to her ironical interrogation, and closing his vizor made a signal that he was ready. The gates were thrown open and he rode prancing forth. In a few minutes the battlements of the castle were filled with anxious spectators; the river below, for the proclamation scon reached the town and opposite city, was lined with crowded barges; and Coblentz seemed to have poured out its population along the shores of the Rhine. On the loftiest tower of the castle, whither she had retired when the knight rode forth, was seen the beautiful, but wicked woman, whose pride and vanity, love of feminine power, and, above all, an innate cruelty of nature, had gathered together so vast a multitude.

Gallantly and gaily the knight pranced out beneath the arch, and leaving the broad path that descended the rock, turned short to the left, as the "Black Knight" had been forced to do, by his enemies. With a light rein, and at an easy, ambling pace, he

passed over the first part of the "Ride," which brought him beneath the tower where stood the lady Clare. Here the shelf became all at once so narrow as scarcely to admit the passage of an antelope between the yawning precipice and towering walls of the castle. After stopping and calmly surveying for a moment the dizzy descent, he cast his eyes upward and beheld the cruel lady of his love gazing down upon him, radiant with the fatal beauty that had intoxicated him. He raised his visor, smiled upon, and fervently kissed his hand to her. Then waving a farewell salute to the thousand spectators above and beneath him, he looked up to Heaven, and solemnly placed his hands folded cross-wise together upon his heart. At this silent act there was the stillness of death, for all men clearly saw in it that the knight had given his soul into the keeping of the Blessed Virgin. The next moment he had closed his visor, settled himself firmly in his saddle, and like the rushing whirlwind dashed forward along the narrow ledge of the precipice. Once, the hind foot of his horse slipped over the verge, but he instantly recovered himself; once, the knight in turning an angle of the castle reeled, but by an extraordinary muscular effort retained his seat. A second time the noble animal lost his footing, and yet a third time he stumbled bodily forward; but the good knight brought him up, while horse and rider seemed to be coursing through mid air. A buttress of a tower, at length obstructed the path, if such could be denominated the shelf on which hitherto he had been sustained by a miracle, for as far as he could see before him it did not appear to offer room for an eagle to cling with his talons. He did not hesitate or faulter; but burying his spurs to their rowel heads, the horse leaped desperately forward—but his hoofs never more lighted on the ground! Headlong like a mass of iron hurled from the sky, knight and steed plunged roaring through the empty air, and striking the side of the rock half way down were dashed to pieces ere they reached the earth.

VI.

THE rumour of this event was speedily noised abroad. But as it chimed in with the rough temper of the age it caused little sensation beyond curiosity to witness the beauty which could produce such fatal effects. Many, it is true, condemned the cruelty of a maiden who could send so brave a knight and true a lover as he had shown himself to be, to almost certain death; but there were others of ardent temperaments, buoyant with youth and overrunning with the spirit of adventure, who panted for distinction, and were ready to woo the lady for her beauty's sake, and attempt the feat of the "Black Knights' Ride," for the honour of chivalry. Among these ambitious knights, and who were most noted for rank and deeds of arms was first, William de Croy, lord of Chievres; a gentleman of great daring, and the best lance of the age. He paid his suit to the beautiful heiress of Ehrenbreitstein, whose fame was now wider extended than that of any maiden in Christendom, at the head of a splendid retinue of gentlemen and eight hundred menat-arms, each man six feet in height. Like the hapless Count of Augsburg he was dazzled by her beauty and swore to attempt whatever she should command, so that her hand should be the reward of his success. She named, as she had before done, the feat of the " Black Knight's Ride." Cheerfully the lord of Chievres accepted the challenge; and for seven days afterwards he was entertained by her, with his whole company, in a style of princely magnificence. The eighth day the retinue of the brave William de Croy, lord of Chievres, returned slowly back from the fatal rock of Ehrenbreitstein, bearing on his shield, the mangled corse of their leader.

There was also the young Duke Edward of Weimar, a brave knight, as famous for his skill in gentle minstrelsy as for his prowess in battle. He heard of the beauty and cruelty of the maiden of Cleaves, and for his adoration of the first fell a victim to the last. There came then the prince Landgrave of Hesse who swore if beauty was to be won he would win it, and that where Black Schwartz rode he could ride. But seven days after he came to woo, he lay mangled at the foot of the cliff of Ehrenbreitstein. Another and another of greater or less degree, all distinguished as knights of valour and repute, and all remarkable for their manly beauty and noble spirits, shared the same fate.

Seven of the best knights in Europe had now fallen a sacrifice to the beauty and savage cruelty of Clare of Cleaves, and others after beholding her, were yet as ready to offer themselves up as victims on the altar of her sanguinary passion. So wonderful a circumstance filled Europe with wonder, till at length it began to be publicly hinted that the beauty she possessed in so extraordinary a degree, with the use she put it to could not but be of an unholy kind; and some of the churchmen even went so far as to say that she could be none other than Satan in the shape of a woman, such being the guise which he finds best suited to tempt mankind with. At length, feeling ran so high, the bench of bishops prepared to take up the case and summon her before them to answer to the truth or falsehood of the popular accusations. at this crisis an event took place which rendered their interference unnecessary, while it satisfied the public mind that human may approach very near to diabolical nature, and be human still.

VII.

WILLIAM DE LA MARCK was the only son of the Elector of Saxony. He was about thirty years of age and the boldest spirit, the best knight, the most accomplished gentleman, and the handsomest man of the age. His deeds of arms in the Holy Land against the infidel had already become the theme of minstrel's song; and his conquests in the lists of love were sung from castle to castle by many a troubadour. It was said he had the fiercest eye in battle and the softest : glance in beauty's bower, of any gentle knight, and that his voice in fight was like the sound of a trumpet, but in love soft as the tones of a lute. Through all Europe the fame of his beauty and valour had spread not less widely than the beauty and barbarity of the fair Lady of Ehrenbreitstein. Every maiden in the land dreamed of young William de la Marck and all who beheld him became as infatuated with love as did the seven knights with passion for the lady Clare. Yet he was as modest as he was wellfavoured, and heeded not the smiles of fair ladies nor the admiring glances of their impassioned eyes. But this indifference was not because nature had denied him, as she seemed to have done Clare of Cleaves, susceptibility to the tender emotions of love. It was because he already loved! He had seen in Arabia a

beautiful girl the daughter of a Moslem Prince, who had taken him prisoner; and a mutual and romantic passion sprung up between them. He succeeded, for love hath much eloquence and argument, in converting her to Christianity and then escaped with the lovely Zaida from the infidel camp to his own tent, where he was privately united to her in marriage. This privacy he chose to preserve until a befitting time should arrive to disclose the step to his father. Shortly afterwards he quitted Palestine, she accompanying him in the disguise of a page, and returned to Saxony. It was but a few days after his arrival, that he heard of the fame of Clare of Cleaves and of the destruction of the seven knights. Until now his marriage had remained a secret. But it was remarked that on hearing this he instantly proclaimed it, and presented his oriental bride to his father's court. This event soon flew through the country and was

not long in getting to the ears of the heiress of Ehrenbreitstein, infinitely to her mortification and disappointment: for having previously learned that the handsome William de la Marck had arrived in Saxony, her vanity had whispered that as a true and adventurous knight he would feel himself bound, on hearing of her fame and the failure of her lovers' achievements, to cast himself at her feet and endeayour to redeem their honour. In this case she had mentally resolved, if he proved to be all that fame reported of him, that he should become her liege lord without trial-for her pride was as much interested in becoming the bride of such a distinguished knight as her love for cruelty in sacrificing him-and therefore, without requiring of him the feat of the "Black Knight's Ride," she determined at once to accept him. Her vexation therefore was infinite when the intelligence of his marriage reached her; and with mingled grief and anger she shut herself up in her castle and refused to see any of the chivalrous suitors that continued to resort at Ehrenbreitsteinthe fate of the seven knights having served rather to fan, than allay the flame her beauty had kindled.

Nearly two months had elapsed since she had closed the gate of her castle against all wooers, when one silvery night as she was reclining on her bed, sleepless and thoughtful, her chamber, through the crimson windows of which the full moon poured her light, filled with a pale, rosy atmosphere, a strain of music of the most seraphic sweetness floated through the room. She listened entranced. Gradually it died away as if losing itself in heaven-then swelled again an undulating wave of melody that ravished her soul. She listened breathlessly, stilling even the beating of her heart, lest it should break the harmony. Low, deep, and rich as the tones of a wind-harp, at man's voice at length mingled and rose with the music as if borne upward on its wings and floated with harmony linked with harmony till it seemed to her as if two angels discussing their loves were floating around her. At length she could distinguish words that were addressed to herself. They were glowing with passion and tenderness, and, not less than the melody in which they were borne, reached her heart. At length both the lute and voice ceased, and, breaking the spell in which she was wrapped, she flew to the lattice. But there was no one visible; nor scarcely could there have been, for the lattice through which the music had entered her chamber overlooked the "Black Knight's Ride" at a point where the sheer descent was scarcely broken

from the top of the wall to the still, black surface of the Rhine beneath. It could not have reached her from the water; and either the minstrel had stood on the narrow projection of the cliff beneath or was upborne by the air. After vainly attempting to solve the mystery, though she did not doubt that her serenader was some enamoured knight, she retired to her couch with the knowledge for the first time that she possessed a heart. Throughout the whole night she seemed to hear the sweet voice of the invisible minstrel, and with it, gently crept into her heart the first emotions of love; and when she arose in the morning, with a sigh, she was fain to confess herself a woman in every thing, love not excepted. The next night she waited impatiently for the return of the same hour, when the same exquisite strains, accompanied by the singularly rich and melodious voice filled the chamber with melody. Her first impulse was to fly to the window to discover whence it proceeded; but fearing it would stop if she did so, she restrained her

curiosity until it should cease.

The words did not discourse of love as before, but seemed to be the complaint of some wandering minstrel, with no home but the castle of the stranger. Yet all his words, she thought, might figuratively apply to a knight seeking a home for his houseless love in the rest of his lady-love's bosom.

"Ah, where in this cold, barren desert around
Shall a home for the storm-driven spirit be found?
Some green, sunny spot, by no cloud darken'd o'er
Where each wild wish reposing shall wander no more?
Home, sweet home;

Ah where shall the care-tortured heart find a home?

"Bright beauty may tempt us with song and with smile,
In her rose-mantled arbour to linger awhile;
But an hour scarce is fled ere her charms all decay
And the fabric of bliss falls to ruin away!
Home, sweet home:

Ah 'tis not with beauty the heart finds a home!

"To the proud halls of fame for a home shall we fly!
There the tear still will fall and the heart still will sigh;
For see where the dust lies on armour and plume,
And the moth-cankered standard but droops on the tomb?
Home, sweet home!

O 'tis not in grandeur the heart finds a home!

"Shall we rise up and hasten at pleasure's loud call
Where the lamp glitters bright in the gay festal hall!
There the brow still will ache though with roses 'tis boand
And the dark spirit still for a home will look round!
Home, sweet home,

O 'tis not in pleasure the heart finds a home!

"And even in that circle, the dearest on earth,
Where the first hallow'd feelings of childhood have birth;
The glance of distrust, and the wild throb of care,
Will tell the lone heart that its home is not there!
Home, sweet home,

'Tis not e'en in friendship the heart finds a home.

"O there is but one spot whence the thoughts back will come,
With the green clive bough as the signal of home,
To tell that the deluge of sorrow is past,
And that verdure appears o'er the dark waves at last:
Home, sweet home,

Yes, there still is a spot where the heart finds a home!

"Tis there, in that land bove the bright starry skies,
Where the beam never sets, where the bloom never dies,
Where no death e'er can blast, where no cares ever come,
O 'tis only in Hearen that the heart finds a home!

Home, sweet home,
Yes, 'tis only in Heaven that the heart finds a home!"

The voice of the singer fell upon her soul, like gentle dew, awaking all its tenderness, while the words deeply affected her spirit; and for several minutes after the song ceased she sat in tears. Then recollecting herself, she rose to fly to the lattice, when the melody was renewed, and he sang, in ravishing strains, of love and beauty; then, changing his theme, his clear voice rang with martial tones as he described deeds of chivalry done for love of ladies. He then skilfully improvisatized the loves and fates of the seven knights, and in the highest terms of chivalrous courtesy, and with the sweetest minstrelsy, celebrated the charms of the fair maid of Ehrenbreitstein, and closing by vowing himself her devoted slave, true and leal lover, ready to do to the death for the honour of her beauty, and to make manifest the greatness of his love and devotion.

"By 'r Lady! thou, at least, shalt not attempt the Black Knight's Ride," she exclaimed with emphasis, involuntarily shuddering at the thought—so deeply already, were her heart's feelings interested in the unknown and nameless minstrel.

As she spoke she flew to the lattice, threw it open, and leaning over the oaken sill, glanced down the precipice just in time to see, on the shelf, forty feet below her, the gliding figure of a man, clad in a minstrel's cloak, disappearing behind a projection of the buttress. She uttered a cry of terror, and falling back on her knees, clasped her hands together in prayer for his safety. So wonderful was the change love had effected in the cruel maid of Cleaves—so omnipotent his power over the heart of woman, which cannot resist it with impunity! At that moment the proud lady of Ehrenbreitstein, the haughty and beautiful Clare of Cleaves, proved herself to be a woman!

The succeeding night she listened, in vain, for the return of the unknown singer. The next morning she would have given orders to have the entrance to the "Ride" watched; but fearing this would wholly prevent his return, she decided to wait for the evening in hopes he would yet re-appear. But that night and the next, and for many succeeding nights, the lute and the voice were hushed. She now began to fear that he would no more return, and that her love, finding no mate, would return upon her own heart, and die there consuming it. Thrice she ordered her horse and rode around the castle-rock to assure herself that he had not been destroyed by falling from the dizzy precipice. At length, as she heard of him no more, she began to tremble lest she had been the sport of some supernatural being who sought to punish her indifference to the love of others by kindling in her bosom a passion without an object-inextinguishable and hopeless!

## VIII.

The lady of Ehrenbreitstein had now been secluded full three months, on account of her chagrin at the marriage of the only knight in Christendom she would see at her feet; and nearly a month had elapsed since the mystemous minstrel's disappearance, when one clear morning the martial notes of a trumpet awoke the echoes of the castle. Shortly afterwards it was announced to its mistress, who was seated in her boudoir, surrounded by her maidens, that a knight craved audience with the noble lady of Cleaves.

"Doth he come with a train or unattended?" she asked, having, since the mysterious visit of the un-

known troubadour, began again to take an interest in the outer world.

- "Alone, my lady," replied the seneschal.
- "What message sent he?"
- "None; save that he prayeth brief discourse with the fair and beauteous star of Ehrenbreitstein."
  - "These were his words?"
- "To a letter, my lady. I marked them well, he did speak them with such knightly sweetness," said the old man.
  - "What style has he?"
  - "He gave neither his title nor dignity."
- "Go, Eda, to the lattice that overlooks the portalyard," she said to one of her maidens, "and tell me what device he beareth on his shield."
- "Bless the Virgin! my lady!" cried she, looking from the window, "such a sight I have not seen since that poor, handsome knight of Augsburg—"
- "Hush, minion, and tell what thou seest!" said her mistress quickly.
- "A tall and noble knight, in silver armour, from casque to spur!"
  - "Silver armour, girl?"
- "Not all silver, my lady, now that I look again! The bars of his vizor and gauntlets are of finest steel, and a golden chain, full five yards long, encompasses his neck."
- "His shield, maiden—his shield! what is the blazonry thereon?" she demanded impatiently.
- "It is of steel, polished like a mirror, and set in a silver frame curiously worked. His esquire beareth it."
  - " But the device?"
- "It is plain, my lady. There is a handsome page leading his milk white steed!"
  - "Neither device nor motto?"
- "No, my lady; all I see in it is the tower of the castle—and now I catch a glimpse of the lattice and myself as it wavers in his esquire's hands!"
  - "Do you see his face—look sharply, girl!"
- "His vizor is down; but as he looks about at the tall towers, I can see through the bars the eyes and lips that should belong to a well-favoured knight."
- "Leave your station, minion! Go, Gessner," she said, turning to the seneschal, "and, with Albert, usher him to our presence."

The immediate presence of a new suitor at once restored her former character, so far as pride and female vanity went to form it. Love, indeed, had possessed her heart for an unknown minstrel; but while she cherished this love she still felt a disposition to enjoy the triumphs of beauty, and again have knights sacrificing themselves for her charms.

In a few minutes, preceded by the seneschal, a knight in shining silver armour entered the apartment and advancing, saluted in silence the lady. His form was elegant and manly, and his net armour yielded to every action of his body, as if woven of woollen instead of metal. His height was commanding and his walk stately, and yet full of ease, while in his carriage manly grace governed every motion. The lady Clare thought she had never beheld such a model of a knight. His vizor was closed, and a snow white plume, that drooped from his helm, shaded the eyes within.

After he had saluted her, he stood a few moments surveying her, as if struck with wonder by her beauty. Then recovering himself he approached, and kneeling offered himself as her suitor. There was something

in the sound of his voice when he opened his mouth to speak, which caused her to start, and brought the colour to her brow; but as he went on, it became so disguised by the confinement of his helmet, that, if she at first thought she detected something familiar in it, she now rejected the idea.

"Dost thou know the conditions, fair knight?" she asked, bending upon him the look that had infatuated and slain so many wooers.

"Lives there a knight in Europe that knoweth them not!"

"I then accept thee," she said, trembling even while she was speaking, lest, by some ill-chance, he might achieve what she believed was impossible for man to accomplish, and thereby for ever destroy her hopes of a union of hearts with the invisible minstrel, should she ever discover him. Nevertheless so strong was her passion for the exercise of her singular power, that she consented even at the risk she apprehended. "Seven days thou shalt be entertained within my castle when the trial thou hast sought will take place. Gessner, see this gentle knight well bestowed, and look hospitably after his attendants,"

That night the maiden was alone in her chamber, her thoughts, indifferent to her knightly guest, wandering after the unknown minstrel, whom she felt could be none other than gentle born. As the full moonlight streamed through the stained window, she recollected that it was just a month since he first appeared. He chooses the full moon to guide his perilous steps, she thought! While thus musing, the same strains of music that had first awakened her woman's nature, floated through the apartment. She ceased to breathe, and listened with silent rap-Higher and higher the strain rose and with it rose distinctly the same enchanting voice that had completed the captivity of her senses and unsealed the fountain of her heart's love. Almost breathless she remained until the melody was dying away, when springing to the casement, she looked out and by the light of the moon beheld the same figure in the minstrel's cloak she had before seen. He was standing on the verge of the precipice leaning in an easy, natural attitude against the buttress, with a small harp in his hand which he was holding in the position he had She made a slight noise in just ceased playing. opening the lattice, and he looked up. His face was clearly visible in the light of the moon, and she thought it was the handsomest in the world. But her terror at his situation left her no time for admiration.

"Gentle troubadour, for the love of the Virgin! fly from that dreadful place!" she cried.

"Lady," he said, kissing his hand to her, "I am happier to stand here, so I be near thee, than to occupy the downy couch of thy knightly guest."

"Nay, sweet minstrel, thou wilt fall and be dashed to pieces!"

"I shall then meet with many a gallant knight's end," he said, with a slight vein of irony which she was too much alarmed to notice!

"Nay, then, if thou carest for me as thou hast sung, leave this terrible spot!"

"Lady, that I care for thee—behold where I stand! That I love thee—remember my words! that I will not leave this place where I can be near thee, I swear by thy most fatal beauty!"

"Fatal!—it is indeed fatal if thou come to harm!" she cried bitterly. "Alas! what wilt thou do?"

"Lady, I will not return by the way I came; by mine honour, I will not! If thou carest indeed for a poor minstrel who hath adventured something for love of thee, there is a way in which thou canst serve me!"

"Name it quickly; my brain whirls with looking down! Nay, take heed, or thou wilt plunge headlong! How can I serve thee; for, in truth, never before felt I such fear for any man in peril!"

"If thou canst let down a cord within my reach, well secured to the bars of thy window, I may sake, y reach it!"

"Enter my casement! Thou art bold, sir!"

"It is my love that makes me so, fairest of women!" he said, in those tones of irresistible sweetness that had such power over her heart. She hesitated a moment, but her love conquered her maidenly suggestions of propriety. In a few seconds a rope was swinging in the air, and in a minute afterwards the bold troubadour was suspended between earth and heaven. It was but for a brief space, for lightly ascending by its aid, he scaled the wall, and leaped into the open casement, and kneeled at her feet!

Dawn discovered the handsome troubadour and the lady standing by the lattice discoursing still of love. She had confessed her deep passion, and wholly surrendered to him her heart! She had discovered that he was all her fervent wishes painted the unknown minstrel. But he was still unknown! He had told her he was a knight, and she knew it by his bearing: that he was gentle born his speech and carriage told her! She therefore gave herself up to her passion knowing that she was loving worthily. He had promised that he would disclose his name and title on the day of "the trial" of the Knight of the Silver Armour; and happy in her love, she did not censure the delay. Before sunrise he departed from the castle, by a postern, of which she gave him the key, leaving her in the exquisite consciousness of loving and being loved. And never was love more deep and absorbing in woman's breast than in hers!

By day, for six successive days, she coldly entertained the knight who was her guest; but impatient for night, it would no sooner approach than she would fly to her boudoir to meet him who shared her heart. They were a glorious pair! Her lofty forehead, her fine dark eyes, her classical features, and superbly cast head and bust, all found a manly counterpart in him. The same raven hue of the flowing hair was his—the same elegance of form!—He looked like a twin brother—but it was only the likeness that perfect beauty hath with itself!

The morning of the seventh day at length dawned and at the hour appointed, the knight, who had not yet unclosed his helmet, rode into the court of the castle, and, in the presence of numerous barons and knights whom the report of this achievement had drawn to the castle, signified his readiness to make the trial imposed on him.

The lady of Ehrenbreitstein was seated, as here-tofore, in a balcony opening into the court. But her thoughts were now more on her absent ministrel, whom her eyes restlessly sought out in the assembly; for he had promised she should see him there, than on the fate of the knight who was about to adventure his life for her hand. If she suffered herself to think of him, it was with dread, now her heart was no longer her own, lest he should, by a miracle, succeed bigilized by

In conformity with knightly courtesy, it was necessary that the knight before entering on the performance of deeds of bravery or arms for his " ladye-love," should, if he had hitherto kept his vizor closed, raise it at her command. Therefore, just before he was ready to ride forth, the lady of Cleaves intimated to him that as yet she had not seen the features of the knight who was to perform the conditions by which he was to win her hand. Thereupon, the knight, who was mounted on a snow-white steed of great beauty of limb, which, with his silver armour and snowy plume, presented altogether a singularly beautiful effect, rode up to the balcony and instead of lifting his vizor, at once unhelmeted and stood an instant before her bare-headed. She gazed in his face as if she beheld a spirit from the other world; and then clasping her hands together she dropped on her knees, and with a face pale as marble gasped-

"No-no!-oh-no!-do not! I shall die!-no-no-attempt it not!"

She had discerned in the knight the minstrel!

Slowly he replaced his helmet with his eyes fixed upon her with a strange meaning—it was not love; it looked like menace! Settling himself in his seat, he made a signal for the gates to be thrown open.

"No, no!" she shricked, stretching from the balcony; "thou shalt not die! I will be thine—I will be thine! only do not ride!"

The knight replied not, but gallantly waving his hand to her, and to the hundreds around him who were wondering at this scene, he galloped forth beneath the arch. At the same instant, tearing her hair and weeping fountains of tears, the justly-punished lady rushed to the battlements, expressing in tones of grief and despair her determination to leap from them if he should be lost. When she gained them, the air was filled with the encouraging shouts of a thousand men, and beneath her, all in shining white, like a spirit, rode the knight along the terrific pathway. Onward he flew like the wind! Now he approaches the fatal buttress, and lo! with a bound twenty feet forward, the flying animal clears the narrowest part and lights on the broader shelf beyond! Still onward he bounds! He turns yonder angle of the castle wall in safety! He is far beyond the "Seven Knights' Leap!" Safely he winds round the southern tower. There is the most perilous passage before him! It is a fissure. Heaven preserve the bold rider! The horse hesitates—it is to gather strength. He leaps—he is in the air—he has lighted on the shelf beyond-he is safe again! Now he courses like the wind. He has nearly accomplished the circuit. A few more leaps, bold rider. He is **s**afe!

"He is safe!" filled the sky from twenty thousand grateful tongues. Lady Clare saw the last bound of the knight's steed as he reached the gate—heard the shout of victory, and fainted.

She recovered in a few seconds, and looked round upon the faces about her as if doubtful if the joy that filled her breast had foundation. "Does he indeed live?" she asked, shrinking from the dizzy precipice that met her eyes.

"He does, my lady," replied her page; "and behold, I see him coming up hither! His horse dropped dead, my lady, ere he leaped from him, yet he himself looks fresh as when he started. He is a noble knight." "Hist, boy! Thou knowest naught of the worth which mocks praise. Support me. I will meet him here, that the vast multitude who have witnessed his daring may witness its reward."

As she spoke, she advanced a little way to meet the knight, who approached her with his helmet in his hand. "My lord, my brave lord!" she cried, rushing forward to cast herself on his bosom; "I should have been justly punished for my cruelty to so many brave knights, if I had lost thee this day. Now I am happy, and thrice happy too, that my true love and gentle minstrel is the knight that hath done this gallant achievement. Here is my hand and in the presence of this beholding assembly, I acknowledge thee as lord of Ehrenbreitstein and the husband of my heart's choice."

"Hold, lady!" he cried sternly, putting her back as she offered to embrace him. "In the presence of this beholding people, I call Heaven to witness that I have no wish nor power to wed thee nor any other woman—being already married. In me, behold William de la Marck, of the Electorate of Saxony, as many present will recognise me to be. Alone to punish thy pride and cruelty I have sought to win thy heart. As a minstrel I wooed thee—as a knight I have this day won thee, and also redeemed the honour of knighthood on which there was a stain through the failure of thy knights. This hand is therefore mine, and thus I fling it from me and put thee to open and public shame!"

As he spoke, the knight cast contemptuously from him the hand she had with so much love placed in his; and turning from her, prepared to descend from the tower. He had not made three steps ere a terrific cry, as if a human heart had broken, caused him to turn quickly round, when he beheld the wretched lady in the act of springing from the battlements. Ere he could reach her she had cast herself down headlong from the top of the tower.

Such was the extraordinary end of a woman who made her superhuman beauty the unholy instrument of great crimes; and thus, befittingly, Heaven always punishes those who abuse its gifts. To this day the "Maiden's Flight," and "The Seven Knights' Leap," as well as the dizzy path called the "Black Knight's Ride," are pointed out to the curious voyager up the Rhine, by the boatmen, who, with but little encouragement, are always found prepared to illustrate one and all of these places by some veritable legend.

## EDUCATION.

In whatever light we view education, it cannot fail to appear the most important subject that can engage the attention of mankind. When we contrast the ignorance, the rudeness, and the helplessness of the savage, with the knowledge, the refinement, and the resources of civilized man, the difference between them appears so wide, that they can hardly be regarded as of the same species. Yet compare the infant of the savage with that of the most enlightened philosopher, and you will find them in all respects the same. The same high capacious powers of mind lie folded up in both, and in both the organs of sensation, adapted to these mental powers, are exactly similar. All the difference, which is afterwards to distinguish them, depends upon their education.

#### TARPEIA.

## BY JULIET H. LEWIS.

"Tarpeia, the daughter of Tarpeius, the keeper of the Roman capitol, agreed to betray it into the hands of the Sabines on this condition—that she should have for her reward, that which they carried upon their left arms—meaning the golden bracelets they wore upon them. The Sabines having been let in by Tarpeia, according to compact, Titus, their king, though well pleased with having carried the place, yet detesting the manner in which it was done, commanded the Sabines to give the traitress her promised reward, by throwing to her all they wore upon their left arms; and therewith unclasping his bracek: from his left arm, he threw that, together with his shield, upon her. All the Sabines following the example of their cheft that traitress was speedily overwhelmed with the number of bracelets and shields heaped upon her, and perished beceath them. There are many different accounts of this transaction."

Unblushingly the maiden stood, Rome's recreant, shameless child; While round were ranged her country's foes, Those Sabine warriors wild. They stood with lips all proudly curled, And brows bent down in ire, And eyes, that on the traitoress Flashed forth their haughty fire, As though they'd scorch her very soul With their consuming scorn; Such deep disdain a noble heart Had never brooked, or borne. In his right hand each warrior held His blade, all stained with gore, And on his stout left arm a shield Of heavy weight he bore, And round that arm a bracelet bright Was clasped, of massive gold; Twas for those shining bands that Rome, Proud, boasting Rome, was sold. All silently they stood: but hark! Their lord and chieftain speaks-"Ha! this is well-her just reward From us, Tarpeia seeks. "Thy heritage—is Rome's deep hate-Thy memory-lasting shame-And thou hast wedded to a curse Thy once untarnished name. "Thy father is the prey of worms-His life-blood stains my blade-Thy city is one mighty bier On which her sons are laid, "Thy home-earth doth not hold a spot Loathsome enough for thee, And one long life of bitter woe-Of torture—agony—
"Were all too blissful for thy lot And shall I let thee live, When anguish, such as thou should'st feel This world can never give? "But I have not discharged the debt, From Sabines due to thee-Warriors! on your left arms you bear The price of treachery." He threw to her the bribe for which Imperial Rome was lost, And then upon the traitoress His heavy shield he tossed. She fell beneath it with one shrick, One agonizing moan, While fast the weighty shields were piled And golden bracelets thrown. Buried beneath her infamy, Crushed 'neath her weight of guilt, Her ignominious monument Of her reward was built, Digitized by Google

## THE FATE OF THE GIFTED.

#### BY MRS. E. F. BLLET.

THE sun was just setting when Proctor, a student of painting in the Royal Academy, went forth from his studio to inhale the fresh air. He was pale and evidently fatigued by his incessant toil for several days past; but the expression of his countenance was one of triumph. He had just completed his model of the group of "Diomedes torn in pieces by his own horses."

"To-morrow," said he to his friend Clifton, as they strolled together along the crowded streets, "to-morrow I shall astonish the umpires of the exhibition with a piece such as they hardly expect from me, Ha! what think you our good President will say to Diomedes?"

"What can he say," replied his friend, "but that you have surpassed yourself? Yet be not too confident. The prize is not always to the best runner."

- "I am not wont to be too sanguine," said Proctor, with some degree of pride in his manner. "I did not count much on my Ixion, which you know they so highly approved, and which brought me a pretty sum. But on the piece I send to-morrow I have laid out my best exertions. It has cost me many a wakeful night, and toilsome day, and now finished, it embodies my happiest conception. I am not too vain, George, in trusting that the high road to fortune is now open before me. And then—hey for Florence and Rome!"
- "I respect your enthusiasm," said his friend, "in the pursuit of honourable distinction. When free to act, such ambition is unquestionably the test of genius bestowed to illuminate and instruct mankind. But necessity may sometimes chain down the reluctant spirit. Then—when the inspiring call of ambition can no longer be obeyed—it is a hard task, but one worthy a philosopher, to keep alive the desire after excellence. I hope you will never, in any circumstances, suffer that lofty feeling to expire in your bosom."
- "You fear I may forfeit my title to praise should it be denied me," said Proctor.
- "No, no! your powers cannot sink into inaction, but they may assume a savage, not a benevolent attitude; may dictate, rather than persuade—may deter, rather than invite. Urged by opposition into contest, you are in danger of histening to the impulses of irritated feeling—of deriding or abusing what nature formed you to admire—of subverting what you cannot improve."
  - "Trust me, George!" said Proctor.
- "I will—I do!" cried Clifton, grasping his hand. And the friends changed their conversation.

A few days after, Proctor and his friend were together in his studio, and before them stood the group of Diomedes and his horses. The work had obtained at the exhibition a degree of admiration far surpassing that which had been in former years bestowed upon other productions of the artist. It had been pronounced masterly—but it had found no purchaser. Proctor had impoverished himself to com-

plete it suitably to the grandeur of his design; now it was returned to him with empty praise. The youth's countenance were an expression of chagrin and bitterness it is impossible to describe. His friend was repeating the encomiums passed upon the work; its author's powers having been compared to those of Michael Angelo. He was pronounced inferior to Phidias alone.

"Yet no liberal patron could be found to help the beggarly artist to a meal, in return for the toil that afforded them so much pleasure!" cried Proctor, bitterly.

"Have patience!" suggested his friend; "the public may not always be ungrateful."

"I thank the public, who will let me starve on the hope of their remembrance!" cried the heart-stung sculptor. "No, no! I may sink into poverty—into debasement; I may become a pensioner on the charity of the public—but this shall not remain to show to gaping fools when I am dead, what I might have been! See," added he, scornfully, "I am more generous than my patrons, I destroy from the face of earth what might hereafter be a shame and reproach to them!"

So saying, he dashed his model furiously to the ground. It broke into a thousand pieces;—he spurned the fragments with his foot—and then became calm again.

Passing from one extreme of feeling to another, Proctor now abandoned himself to inactivity, and appeared no more at the house of the President, where he had before been a frequent and honoured guest. He shunned all his acquaintances, even Clifton, as much as possible; being seldom seen, and then always meanly dressed, and in deep dejection. Some friends who admired his genius, and compassionated the morbid sensibility which had made him feel neglect so acutely, took pains to ascertain his condition. They found he had taken lodgings in a garret in Clare market, at sixpence a night; and that he supported life on a few dried biscuits a day, drinking from a neighbouring pump, and wandering frequently, no one knew whither. A report of this state of things was carried to the Council of the Royal Academy, and Mr. West, the President, having proposed the consideration of some measures for his relief, it was moved and carried that he should be sent to Italy by the Academy, being allowed the usual pension; and that fifty pounds should be given him to make preparation for his journey. His friend Clifton was commissioned to invite him to dinner on an appointed day, at the house of his kind protector.

Chiton was grieved to find his unhappy friend had suffered more than even he had feared from the effect of his disappointment. He prevailed on him with difficulty to accept the President's invitation—not yet communicating the good news, as his benefactor wished to enjoy his surprise.

It was indeed a lifting up from the depth of despair to the summit of hope. Proctor listened in deep

agitation to the announcement of the resolution in his favour. It was settled that he should immediately prepare for his journey in company with the President's son. The day was named, and with a heart overflowing with gratitude and joy, Proctor took his leave.

But the revulsion of feeling proved too much for his exhausted frame and broken spirit. The next morning found him in a paroxysm of raging fever. Through his illness Clifton watched devotedly by his side, having taken lodgings in the same house, and strove to tranquillize the patient's continual ferment of mind. Alas! the powerful spirit reawakened to energy, seemed literally to prey upon the enfecbled body.

A week after, Clifton's name was announced at an early hour, at the house of Mr. West. The door of the great painter's study was eagerly thrown open; the visitor was seen coming slowly along the gallery, with tearful eyes, and a face full of sorrow. Proctor had died that morning.

Thus perished, in the blossom of his genius, a victim of neglect, and of a too ardent imagination, an artist who, with proper cultivation, might have become the Canova of Great Britain.

[The following poem, just received from a friend across the Atlantic, written by a young English poetess, will not, I hepe, prove unacceptable to the Editors of the Lady's Book.—\* \* \* \* \*.]

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For the Lady's Book.

## WASHINGTON.

## BY MISS ELIZA COOKE,

Land of the West! though passing brief the record of thine age, Thou hast a name that darkens all on history's wide page; Let all the blasts of Fame ring out—thine shall be loudest far, Let others boast their satellites—thou hast the planet star, Thou hast a name whose characters of light shall ne'er depart, 'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain, and warms the coldest heart; A war-cry fit for any land where freedom's to be won—Land of the West, it stands alone—it is thy Washington.

Rome had its Cæsar, great and brave; but stain was on his wreath:
He lived the heartless conqueror, and died the tyrant's death!
France had its Eagle, but his wings, though lofty they might soar,
Were spread in false ambition's flight, and dipped in murder's gore,
Those hero gods, whose mighty sway would fain have chained the waves,
Who flashed their blades with tiger zeal to make a world of slaves—
Who, though their kindred barred the path, still fiercely waded on,
Oh! where shall be their glory by the side of Washington?

He fought, but not with love of strife; he struck but to defend; And ere he turned a people's foe, he sought to be a friend; He strove to keep his country's right by reason's gentle word, And sighed when fell injustice threw the challenge—sword to sword. He stood the firm, the calm, the wise, the patriot and sage; He showed no deep, avenging hate, no burst of despot rage; He stood for Liberty and Truth, and dauntlessly led on, Till shouts of victory gave forth the name of Washington,

No car of triumph bore him through a city filled with grief;
No groaning captives at the wheels proclaimed him victor chief;
He broke the gyves of slavery with strong and high disdain,
And cast no sceptre from the links when he had broke the chain.
He saved his land, but did not lay his soldier trappings down,
To change them for the regal vest, and don a kingly crown;
Fame was too earnest in her joy—too proud of such a son—
To let a robe and title mask her Washington.

England, my heart is truly thine—my loved, my native earth; The land that holds a mother's grave and gave that mother birth, Oh! keenly sad would be the fate that thrust me from thy shore, And faltering my breath, that sighed, "Farewell for ever more!" But did I meet such adverse lot, I would not seek to dwell Where olden heroes wrought the deeds for Homer's song to tell; Away, thou gallant ship! I'd cry, and bear me swiftly on, But bear me from my own fair land to that of Washington!

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## ADVICE-GIVING.

## BY MRS. VOLNEY E. HOWARD.

" My dear Mrs. Willet! do give me your advice?" cried pretty Mrs. Copeland, as she ran into her friend's drawing room, with the privileged air of an established favourite; "I have just received this card of invitation from Mrs. Cummings; I am aware that every body don't visit her, yet a great many quite respectable people do, and uphold her by their presence at her parties, which I am told are quite delightful; now-you know Edward well, and I want you to advise me what to do about going-I don't see why he should care about it-do you?"

"Why do you not ask him?" said Mrs. Willet, smiling.

"Oh, I can't-he is not at home, nor will he return till the very day of the party, if he does thenso do advise me what to do. Shall I venture?" cried the little beauty, busying herself in pulling over her friend's work basket.

"Any thing I can do for you, my dear, I will do cheerfully," said Mrs. Willet, "except giving advice. I have 'an oath-an oath in heaven,' against advising any one."

"But I really want your advice; now if I go, I must purchase an elegant dress, and have it made up immediately, and then if Edward should object to my going! Oh, if you will but advise me I shall be so obliged!" responded Mrs. Copeland.

"Ave-so I have been told an hundred times! But sit down a minute, and I will endeavour to recal for your edification a few of my sad experiences in The reminiscences the way of advising people. crowd upon my mind so thickly, that I scarcely know what examples to choose, but this very pincushion which I am sewing, reminds me of one instance. You have seen Mrs. Chapman: I once happened to go on a shopping expedition with her, she was making various purchases, and at last cheapened a piece of silk very much like this in hue and figure. I thought it very pretty, and told her I believed it would not fray or fade, and as she admired it very much side purchased it. Unlucky the day when I first set eyes on it! I never afterward met Mrs. Chapman without some allusion being made to that dress; sometimes it was- don't I look horridly to-day? but purple is very unbecoming to me; some people in recommending things never think of other people's complexions!' or 'you see I have got this horrid silk yet; well, to be sure, it don't fade-I wish it would, it might look a little delicate then!' next, well, I never was so tired of any thing as I am of that gown you advised me to buy! I believe the ugly thing never will wear out!'

"Why don't you give it away?" said I, when the complaint had been iterated a dozen times, at least.

"Oh! I am not able to give away good dresses because they are ugly. Other folks may be able to afford it, but I am not so lucky!" would she exclaim.

"At another time, a young friend was addressed by two gentlemen with both of whom I was well acquainted. One of them was amiable, well principled, and prudent, with every prospect of doing well in the world, while I knew the other to be a reckless pro-

fligate, with talents and property, but of a temper and habits much to be dreaded. Louisa, as I then thought, most providentially, seemed much more inclined to admire the anniable Mr. Jones than the gay Mr. Hallet, although as she is a woman whose attachments are not very strong, circumstances or persuasion might have inclined the balance to the other side. As my advice was most earnestly requested, I did not scruple to give my vote in favour of Mr. Jones, and as her own fancy coincided with my advice, she became his wife, and in my opinion a very happy woman.

" By a series of fortunate chances, crowning some desperate adventures with a success they by no means deserved, Mr. Hallet became a rich man, and as success is with the crowd the test of merit, received the name of a very smart man. He obtained the hand of a lovely girl, an old friend of Louisa, whose better judgment was dazzled by his talents and splendid property, and the style in which they lived occasioned no little vexation to Mrs. Jones. It is true that Mrs. Hallet's cheek grew pale, that she lost her gaiety, and that her voice was heard no more in song or laughter; it is true, it was whispered that her life was far from happy, yet, as she dressed elegantly, and rode in a richly ornamented carriage, Mrs. Hallet was called a lucky woman. Never did I meet Mrs. Jones, without hearing some such speech as the following:

"Pray, did you see Mrs. Hallet's new carriage-horses? They are the most beautiful creatures I ever saw. She has two sets of horses, and I don't know how many sets of jewels. Well! they live in great style to be sure, but if it had not been for some of my friends' advice, Isabel Mason would never have

rode in that carriage!'

"Perhaps it would be 'Have you been into Ma-'s to-day? Mrs. Hallet has some most splendid dresses making there, I should feel rich with only one of them, and she has three, besides some made a month or two since! Well! to be sure I am very happy with Mr. Jones, he is one of the best husbands in the world, as far as he can; but I must own it provokes me to see Mrs. Hallet driving about in her splendid barouche, while I am walking, or what is as bad, in a hack, when I know-but all that is over now, only I do think folks ought to be careful how they undertake to advise young girls about marriage.

"Mrs. Jones would not have changed her fine baby for the childless Mrs. Hallet's diamonds, or her kind and attentive husband for the cold and sarcastic husband of her friend, but because she could not have diamonds too, I was somehow to blame; but I never could reconcile her love for her husband, with her perpetual repinings that she did not choose another lot.

"I will give you a third instance. 'My dear madam,' cried young Mrs. Stayforth, running into my room, which was next her own in the boarding house, 'Mrs. Williamson is in my room, she is going to a ball to-night, and wishes to borrow my beautiful

new cape. She happened to be in the store when I bought it, so she knows I have it; you know her better than I do, pray advise me; will she be careful of it? I would not have it hurt for any thing,

" I cannot pretend to advise you, said I, but of the many articles which I have loaned to Mrs. Williamson, not one was returned uninjured, and I certainly will not lend her mine, which is of the same value of yours.'

". Well! I wont lend it then; I did not want to lend it, but did not know what to do; I am so glad I asked your advice! She is as well able to purchase one as I am,' cried she, as she left the room, and I, satisfied that I had done a friendly action to Mrs. Stayforth, thought no more of it.

" Mrs. Williamson was a woman whose passion for dress and fashion was unbounded, while her circumstances prevented her indulging it to the extent she desired. Distantly connected with several patrician families, she prevented the relationship from being forgotten by her undaunted assurance. Her husband was a man whose situation and character forbade her being entirely overlooked, and her venomous tongue made many dread to provoke her by omitting to invite her family to their public entertainments, though she was never admitted to their more private parties. She was invulnerable to all hints. cold looks, or covert slights; like a brazen statue she beheld those arrows fall harmless at her feet, and finally succeeded in establishing herself in a certain approximation to the first circles that enabled her to shine a reflected radiance on those beneath her. Envied by those of her old acquaintance who were as ambitious as herself, without her talents for pushing; laughed at and despised by those into whose society she had forced herself, she felt it necessary to dress and fete more extravagantly than those whose gentility rested on firmer foundations. Her husband's income, though stretched and economized to the utmost, would admit but few of these extravagances, and there was no act of meanness to which she would not stoop, to decorate her person or supply her table.

"Alas for my advice! Not long after the incident I mentioned, Mrs. Williamson, by means of a fortunate bet which she had gained, was enabled to give a party to which she invited some foreigners of distinction, but to which Mrs. Stayforth was not invited. As soon as I became aware of this, I began to tremble for the consequences, and retiring to my room, determined to ensconce myself there till the storm In vain: immediately after tea. I heard a tap at my door, and as my boding heart anticipated it was Mrs. Stayforth.

"Well!" said she, after seating herself comfortably, 'I have come to spend the evening with you: I feel quite lonely as Mrs. Smith and Miss Lincoln are going to Mrs. Williamson's party!' After a pause, she resumed, " Did you ever see the celebrated Mr. -? I would give any thing to see him, but I suppose I never shall. Did you know that he is to be at Mrs. Williamson's party to-night?-Oh yesand so is Mr. -----, and ever so many of the first people! Well! I don't wonder that she did not invite me, since I was so ill-natured to her about my cape; I'm sure I had rather have given it to her than have missed this party. It will be a lesson to me in future to do as I think right, without minding other people.'

"I ventured to hint that she might not have received a card even if she had loaned her cape, as Mrs. Williamson, when she did give a party, was noted for inviting only those whose notice she tegarded as adding to her consequence, or to whose parties she expected to be invited in return. The idea was scouted.

" Oh dear! Mrs. Williamson was always so police to her, till she was so mean about the cape! but it was no use talking about it.' Thus she rang the changes on this disagreeable theme the whole evening, never directly accusing me, but constantly letting me know how excessively disagreeable were the consequences of my advice! During the whole of our future residence under the same roof, not a day passed without some mention of her disappointment, and I had good reason to believe that in her eagerness to regain the favour of Mrs. Williamson, she threw the blame on my shoulders, for Mrs. Williamson suddenly left off speaking to me when we met, and though I neither loved nor esteemed her, I had no desire to make her my enemy.

"As Southey says, 'Mysteriously the hand of heaven worked out its hidden way;' actions the most trivial, apparently the most unimportant, have often a most singular influence upon our future lives. Trace back the most important incidents of our lives to their secret sources, and say if I had not gone there or done this, or if I had not gone there and didn't do so and so, this would not have happened;' and you will often find what a trifle has affected your most important interests. For instance, I could prove to you that dressing a doll fashionably for your little cousin, was the remote occasion of your marrying Mr. Copeland."

"How? my dear Mrs. Willet."

"I will tell you; I remarked the circumstances at the time; you were visiting me, you know. dress the doll handsomely you needed a piece of pink silk, and determined to go to the milliner's to procure some. Despite the slippery state of the street, you persevered as you had an opportunity of sending it the next morning, and thought it would give so much pleasure to your little sick cousin. In returning, you slipped and sprained your ancle, which was the reason you did not go to a ball which you had promised to attend, and passed instead, a quiet evening with me. Had you been at the ball, you would in all probability, have never seen Mr. Copeland, who just called to see me previous to starting the next morning for the West, to which you are so soon to go. You know that after making your acquaintance, he suddenly discovered that it would be better to stay and wind up his business;' the rest you know.

"But apart from all that may look like levity, I will give you one piece of advice for general use; to govern your conduct throughout life. Do always that which is right, in preference to that which may appear more pleasing. Never do that of which you doubt the propriety, or the approval of your best friends, and never blame those of whom you have asked advice, when they have given it to you to the best of their ability. You are not bound to follow the advice given, unless your own judgment approves it; should the result prove unpleasant, it is as much the fault of your own judgment as that of your adviser. Though we can see the consequences of what we have done, we can seldom know what would have been the consequences of what we did not do."

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## MY FATHER.

## BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

SHALL we not render thanks for him,
Whose sorrows all are o'er ?
Whose footsteps leave the storm-wash'd sands
Of this terrestrial shore ?
Who to the garner of the blest,
In you immortal land,
Was gather'd as the ripen'd sheaf
Doth court the reaper's hand.

Yet precious was that reverend man,
And to his arm I clung,
'Till more than fourscore weary years
Their shadows o'er him flung—
Not lonely or unlov'd he dwelt,
Though earliest friends had fled,
For sweet affections sprang anew,
When older roots were dead.

There lies the Holy Book of God,
His oracle, and guide,
Where last my children read to him,
The page still open wide;
Yet where he bent to hear their voice
Is but a vacant chair,
A lone staff standing by its side—
They call—he is not there.

He is not there, my little ones!—
So suddenly he fled,
They cannot bring it to their minds
That he is of the dead;
Yet oft the hymns he sang with them,
So tunefully and slow,
Shall wake sad echo in their souls,
Like parting tones of woe.

There was his favourite noon-day seat, Beneath you trellie'd vine,
To mark the embryo clusters swell,
The aspiring tendrils twine;
Or lightly leaning on his staff,
With vigorous step he went,
A little way among the flowers,
With morning dews beaprent.

How dear was every rising sun
That cloudless met his eye,
And nightly how his grateful prayer
Rose upward, warm and high;
For freely to his God, he gave,
The blossom of his prime,
So, He forgot him not, amid
The water-floods of time.

The cherish'd memories of the past,
'How strong they burn'd, and clear,
Prompting the tale, the listening boy
Still held his breath to hear,
How a young cradled nation woke,
To grasp the glittering brand,
And strangely raise the half-knit arm
To brave the mother-land.

Those stormy days!—those stormy days!
When with a fearful cry,
'The blood-stain'd earth at Lexington
Invok'd the avenging sky;
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When in the scarce-drawn furrow
The farmer's plough was staid,
And for the gardener's pruning-hook
Sprang forth the warrior's blade.

The glorious deeds of Washington—
The chiefs of other days!
Another lip is silent now,
That us'd to speak their praise:
Another link is stricken
From the living chain that bound
The legends of an ancient race
Our thrilling hearts around.

We gaze on where the patriarchs stood, In ripen'd virtue strong,
How shall we dare to fill the place
That they have fill'd so long?
How, on the bosoms of our race
Enforce the truths they breath'd,
Or wear the mantle of the skies
That they to us bequeath'd?

And ah! to think that breast is cold,
Whose sympathetic tone
Besponded to my joys and woes,
As though they were its own:—
To know the prayer that was my guard,
My pilot o'er the sea,
Must never, in this vale of tears
Be lifted more for me.

There was no frost upon his hair,
No anguish on his brow,
Those bright, brown locks, my pride and care,
Methinks, I see them now—
Methinks, that beaming smile I see,
In love and patience sweet,
Oh father! must that smile no more
My entering footsteps greet?

Yet wrong we not that messenger Who gathersth back the breath, Calling him, ruthless spoiler, stern, And fell destroyer, death?
His touch was like the angel's Who comes at close of day,
To luil the willing flowers asleep
Until the morning ray.

And so they laid the righteous man 'Neath the green turf to rest, And blessed were the words of prayer That fell upon his breast;
For sure it were an ingrate's deed To murmur or repine,
That such a life, my sire was clos'd By such a death as thine.

But thou, our God, who know'st our frame,
Whose shield is o'er us spread,
When every idol of our love
Is desolate and dead;
Father and mother may forsake,
Yet be Thou still our trust,
And let thy chastenings cleams the soul
From vanity and dust.

## THE CRIPPLE'S DREAM.

A LEGEND OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MIRIAM," &C.

As the youth sat resting his distorted foot on its accustomed cushion, with every-day objects about him, and the familiar faces of the venerable Herocles and gentle Ianthe by his side, he felt that the emotions had fled with which he had listened to the predictions of a being, most august in appearance and pretensions, on the lonely seashore and under the gathering shadows of twilight. Aware that he could not transport his hearers back to the spot where his own blood had been chilled with a superstitious awe, he shrank from repeating what would be heard with feelings so different from his own. It was not till the old man again passed his hand over his dark curls, saying in a tone of encouraging kindness -" Tell us all, Reuben!"-that the stripling dared proceed. When age is neither harsh nor unreasonable, and youth is open and confiding, how much mischief may be nipped in the bud! how may the very beginnings of evil be tenderly removed without inflicting a wound on the heart where as yet they have taken no root! "Tell us all!"-Were that injunction obeyed, how often might parents fondly lead back unsuspecting youth from paths where temptation lies in ambush, and sin prepares her pitfalls!-Reuben did tell all, though the downcast eyes of the old man spoke a grave disapprobation; and he marked Ianthe shudder as he repeated the prophet's expression-"That shrunken foot shall rest on the Christian's neck."

But his ingenuousness had not yet been put to its full test. When his narrative was ended, Ianthe sat silent, as if conscious that the affair was too serious for comment of her's, and looked anxiously at her father. Herocles too mused a few moments, and then asked-"Why didst thou wish to see this man?" Reuben was confused. "I scarce know;" was his low reply. "It might have been an impulse of boyish curiosity," continued Herocles; "but now thou hast seen him and heard him too, what dost thou think of him? Is he an impostor-a madman-or is he a prophet?"-Again Reuben hesitated, and coloured deeply; and after surveying him a few moments earnestly, Herocles resumed: "There is then a shadow of doubt and uncertainty upon thy mind?-Nay, Ianthe, do not clasp thy hands and bend thine eyes upon him with such sorrowful surprise. A calm investigation alone can draw the truth from a perplexed spirit. Let him speak freely to us, as he hath done, ever since his tongue first lisped." "I will, father!" exclaimed Reuben with energy, " for you are to me all that a father could be. I will tell you the whole truth. I longed to see him, partly, as you say, from idle curiosity; I heard men and boys talk much of him in our streets; and they told many marvels of his eloquent discourse which stirred up multitudes to follow him; and of the wonders that he wrought. Then, too, I have listened of late, until my heart throbbed, as Zillah the beautiful Jewess talked of the former glories of her nation: how could I help remembering that her nation was my nation? that a

scroll found on the forehead of the poor founding Reuben declared him a Hebrew, and that my face confirms it? Once, too, as Zillah looked on me with her dark sad eyes, I beard her say—"His parents would have joyed in him, but who—who are his parents?" Alas! how often since, as I have sat alone, that question hath sounded in mine ears and been echoed from my heart!—"Who are his parents?" Father, you know that I love you, but must I not sometimes yearn to know those whom God made my own real parents? Can I help pining to ask why they cast me off ere I had words to sue for love, or a memory in which to treasure ther faces? Is it wrong?"

He looked at Herocles and Ianthe with such a mournful earnestness that they could not answer him, and he went on. "Then, too, I am not as other boys; they go leaping forth joyfully to their sports, while I lay this distorted limb and feeble frame apart in some nook, and as I watch their active games, and listen to their merry voices, my thoughts wander away, I know not where. Yet often are my dreams rudely broken; Christian boys scoff at me and tell me I was born a Jew; and Jewish boys go bounding past me with scornful glances because I have been bred a Christian; and my soul is often troubled by day and by night. So hath it been with me, father; and when I saw that Zillah believed this man a great prophet, it moved me to seek him. It seemed to me that if he were God's messenger, be might bring truth to my mind and peace to my "And hath it been so, Reuben? hath thy soul been at peace since he talked with thee by the seashore?"-"Oh no!"-"Did he say aught that might make thee a better man?"-" No, father, no." "Did he tell thee aught of thy past lot which hath hitherto been known to God alone?"-" Nay, father, he spake only of those things to which our friends and neighbours have all been privy. The whole town knows that Herocles the rich Christian found me a deserted infant at his gate, and that from that hour" -his voice was choked for an instant, but he went on-"from that hour I have had a home and a father."-" Did he prophesy aught of thy future destiny which lieth not within the reach of thine own efforts?" Reuben paused; "I know not; he told me I should be rich and great, but I covet not such a lot."-" Thou dost not yet, my son; but if thou shouldst believe him, would not the thought dwell much in thy mind? Wouldst thou not begin to long for the predicted splendours? Wouldst thou not at last venture a struggle for what thou hadst begun to covet? Then would ambition aid in the fulfilment of that very prophecy which called it into being. My child, dost thou not see that the tempter, the crafty one, hath been with thee? that he who would kindle the fires of worldly passions in thy young heart cannot be a messenger from the pure God? He said thou wouldst become a Jew; did he tell thee how, or why? did he utter one word to prove the faith of the

Christian false? did he not trust that superstitious credulity would check thy researches after truth, and that while thou shouldst labour under an awful impression that thy destiny was fixed, his words would work out their own accomplishment by a secret influence on thy actions? He hath insulted thy understanding by appealing solely to thy imagination. So doth not the true Master. My son, hear this man, if thou wilt; study him, the more closely the better; imposture bears no near approach. But with him study the written records of the perfect teacher, even Jesus of Nazareth. Compare the life, the actions, the teachings of both; then tell me which came from God. Thou art no longer a child, even in years; and amid the infirmities of the body, thy mind hath ripened fast. In thine hours of calmness and solitude, read those simple records with care-and never. whether the down be on thy cheek, or the silver beard descend on thy breast, wilt thou rise up in the synagogue and call thyself a Jew!"

Herocles rose as he uttered these words with feryour, and laying both hands on the head of Reuben, with a benediction, he passed from the apartment, Innthe lingered, gazing wistfully on the boy, as he stood with his eyes fixed on the matted floor. Discreet as she was zealous, she felt that a single injudicious word at this moment might do harm; that an unskilful touch on the harp of many strings, when so highly tuned, might for ever mar some of its sweetest chords. But as she paused under the soft light of the alabaster lamp suspended from the ceiling, her whole soul looking out from her face with the expression of a guardian angel who beholds his charge threatened with danger, Reuben raised his eyes, and exclaimed, "Fear not, sister!"-"Wilt thou heed our father's injunction?"-" I will indeed; this very night will I again peruse the life of Jesus Christ as if I had never seen it before. I will read as for life."-A bright flush of joy passed over her face as she glided silently away; and as the sound of wooden bolts without told that the slaves were closing the house for the night, Reuben retired to his lonely chamber, to fulfil his promise in the stillness of midnight.

Comparatively fresh from the hands of the simple men who wrote them, the various portions of the New Testament had already been framed into a volume by the fathers of the church; and it had become what it has been for ages, the fountain of truth and virtue. The mists of centuries had not yet gathered thick over it; the true meaning shone out bright and unimpaired from every line of the gospels upon the youthful student. The manners they painted had not passed away; an oriental clime glowed around him, as around the beings of whom he read: many of the trees and plants, the garments, the diseases, the superstitions, the customs, the very phrases of every day use, which gave reality to the sketches, were familiar to him. His mind dreamed not of obscurities, and still more perplexing elucidations; the voices of Christans wrangling over disputed passages had never reached the ear of the recluse invalid; and what wonder if reading with new, intense, impartial interest, reading, as he said, " for life"-he studied till he felt conviction stealing over his mind, and glowing in his heart! And in spite of all that time and man's devices have done, have not those wonderful annals still the same power over him who reads in such a spirit?

The stars were growing pale in the eastern sky, when Reuben rose with a glowing cheek and brightened eye; and reverently laying aside the parchments on which the narratives of the Evangelists were traced in a beautiful Greek character, he cast himself on his knees. The most susceptible thing on earth is the conscience of the virtuous; and those whose errors are fewest are often the readiest to reproach themselves. In silence the tear of penitence rolled down his cheek as he revolved his meditated wandering from the Shepherd, the recital of whose holy life and cruel death had just thrilled him with love and pity; and in silence rose the aspirations of his grateful heart.

When the young watcher at last laid his head upon the pillow, the scenes in which his fancy had just mingled, again rolled before him; but more and more confusedly as thought dissolved into dreams. He saw floating before him the dark barren mountains of Judea, the blue sea of Galilee, the solitary well of Sychar under a noonday sun; he saw many human forms acting over, in strange confusion, things of which he had read; but in every groupe, one figure which he longed to behold was still wanting. At last he found himself hurried on amid a throng of figures, where the strong and the feeble, the healthy and the diseased, were jostled tumultuously together. The vigorous were bearing those whose wan cheeks, sunken eyes, and listless limbe, told of the weary sick bed whence they had been taken. Vacant or wondering eyes looked out from curtained litters that were carried past him; the blind touched him with outstretched hands as they groped along; the deaf and dumb gibbered in his ear with uncouth struggling sounds and rapid gestures; a glaring maniac broke from the grasp of two strong men, and rushed by him, rending his garments and uttering fearful howls; while afar off under a cyprus tree stood the horrid leper, from whom all men turned away shuddering. Towards one spot pressed the ghastly multitude; every eye, that had sense in it, turned in one direction; and presently there was a halt-a dead stillness. The crowd surged to and fro; it divided; and a majestic figure advanced; yet even now he could not discern its features, so strong was the spell cast by his waking reverence over his sleeping vision. paused beside a litter; he heard a cry from those about it, and saw the bony cheek and dim eye of the man who lay within, utterly changed as he rose and sat upright. The form came nearer; and the blind man, who stood at his side, started back and clasped his hands before his eyes with a loud exclamation, as if the dazzling heavens and earth had suddenly opened upon them. And now Reuben felt that his own turn had come, that a look of superhuman sweetness and penetration rested upon him, that an outstretched hand almost touched his breast. His heart beat violently; faith, hope, love tempered with awe agitated his whole frame; and as if in response to his unuttered prayer, he felt the miraculous power rush through his system. The foot that had never touched the green sod "was whole;" the distorted limb assumed its fair proportions; the shrunken sole was involuntarily pressed with a firm and elastic tread on the earth, and the useless crutch fell from his grasp. The surrounding objects wavered and flickered; in a rapture of gratitude and joy he clasped his handsand awoke!

Who can tell the bitterness of disappointment with

which he murmured-" was it only a dream?" But Reuben's character was of a texture so susceptible to all good impressions, that even the wild and wandering fancies of a dream, when capable of yielding a spiritual blessing, were not lost upon him. For a time indeed he wept, in the weakness of human nature; then he again remembered the uses of prayer. and it brought what it never can fail to bring, a spirit of resignation. As he afterwards lay calmly musing, he felt that never from that night should he peruse the account of his Saviour's miracles, and read the simple words-" great multitudes followed him there. and he healed them," without a most vivid and thrilling conception of the scene; and a corresponding admiration of the beautiful ministry of Christmany thousands read that same brief phrase, with but a vague image of all that it discloses!

He did dot fail, too, to realize how much the moral deliverance he had that night experienced was more precious than restoration from any physical infirmity whatever; and that marvellous as were the God-attesting miracles of Him who once walked the earth with power to cure the body's worst maladies, far more blessed was the influence left behind himable, age after age, to pour balm on the wounded spirit and cure the vet more fatal diseases of the soul.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE WIFE'S LAMENT.

FROM AN UNPUBLISHED MS.

BY T. H. CUSHMAN.

THE trump and the banner still lead him afar-Ambition, alone, seems his life-guiding star. And tones that I loved as the music of song, Now only to dreams and remembrance belong.

And while woodlands brighten, too soon to decay, And flowers are passing like spirits away, I can but half liken their fate to my own, And think that hope, gladness, like them may be strown.

Ah! can all the joys that so long I have felt, Like mists from the mount, into nothingness melt? The last look at parting, its sorrow divine-Can it fade from his bosom and cling but to mine?

Be still my sad heart-he yet will return, And love's brightest torch more brightly shall burn. And thou, my young blossom! smile on in thy glee, No thought would I mingle of sadness with thee.

Yes! smile-and its rapture my heart shall renew. I'll read in thy glance that the absent is true; He called me his ever, his lip on my brow, I trusted then fondly-I'll doubt him not now!

And though founts of feeling may close not at will; His mem'ry returns to my heart with a thrill, And let still for ever grief's fountain awake-I well could bear madness, if borne for his sake.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## EOLINE; OR THE WIND-SPIRIT.

## BY CHARLES BEECHER.

## CHAPTER I.

Upon the Rhine in one of the most romantic parts of Germany, lived once a youth who had a desire to become a great musician. His father was the village blacksmith, of skill in his craft, and known even to the neighbouring metropolis for his art in shoeing horses. And the ring of the old man's hammer, to which he whistled a lively accompaniment, was all day long heard from his shop at the foot of the hill: and the smoke from his forge curled up the side of the hill among the trees, and the furnace-fire gleamed across the still waters of the river even till after nightfall. But Karl was not like his industrious father, nor like his quiet mother, nor like any of his brothers, sisters, aunts, uncles, nor like any boys in the village. His mother used to say she knew not what to make of him. As for his father, after vainly trying to make him a blacksmith, he called him (more in sorrow than in anger) a drone, and went on ham-

mering at his anvil and whistling, leaving Karl to take care of himself. This he did by wandering over the wild country, listening to the legendary lore of the peasantry, and often being gone for days together carrying sometimes a supply of provisions, at others trusting to his own skill in woodcraft, and the hospitality of the cottagers. Occasionally forcing his skiff far up the Rhine, he left it to float back again by day or by night, while he lay looking at the shores, at the skies, or at the celestial underworld in the waters, and thinking of nothing at all-at least nobody can say of what he thought. He was luxuriating in the sense of being and dreams of beauty ere yet the voices of passion had waked him.

As to his conversation, it was admitted to be quite stupid; for the little that he said was generally disconnected and unintelligible. "Alas," thought his parents, " his wits and his feet are equally wander-

ing!"Digitized by GOOGLE

This youth, as I have said, formed the resolution of becoming a great musician. How he came by such an an idea nobody knows—because nobody knows what beings, human, divine, or infernal he met in his wanderings, or what communion he held with them. What is certain is, that one evening after a three days' navigation of the Rhine, he came home bringing music, and an old violin, whereupon he set himself to practice so diligently that many people declared that he neither ate nor slept—or hinted that when he did sleep, he hired some imp to keep his bow a-wagging. No more excursions—no more Rhine voyages—he stuck to his attic and became speedily a most intolerable nuisance to his good old parents.

"I would not be such a drone as thou for all the world," said the old man to him when he sat resting a moment one noon in the shade of a huge beech tree. "Thou makest noises that have no more music in them than my old bellows. Why if thou must fiddle, doest thou not learn a waltz or jig, of Hans the bland fiddler, and make us dance a merry measure, not sit there tweedling from the gutturals into those everlasting sky-flourishes."

"Yes!" said his good old mother, looking over her knitting, "and not worry my head off by thy hurry-pi-goes, thy harmonics, thy trills an hour long, thy seventh position, and I know not what position! Heaven bless thee, thoul't be a cripple for life, screwing thyself into so many horrid positions. One would think sometimes we had a monstrous humblebee in the house, and at other times one would say that several cats were fighting each other's eyes out."

Poor Karl! What said he to all this, and to similar daily tirades? He shrugged his shoulders, muttered something about "struggling genius," and crept back to his attic. There seated upon a ricketty stool, before some impracticable combination of scientific difficulties, with a sad look, he toiled on.

Thus passed several years, and Karl having pursued his purpose steadily though not silently, resolved all at once, to go to the city and signalize himself by performing in a manner unheard of.

According to his usual custom, saying nothing to any one, he left his home, and wending his way to the city, presented himself at the domicil of a celebrated musician. "What dost thou wish?" said the benevolent old man with a smile of encouragement, "Wilt thou study the violin? thou art welcome-I will teach thee." "I wish," said Karl abruptly, " to perform a concerto." "Indeed!" said the musician, eyeing him from head to foot: "So young -a concerto? why my boy—but hold, let us hear what one so young can do." Karl rehearsed a passage.— "Bravo! that will do-thou shalt have thy wishthou hast studied, I see-thou hast genius-yes tomorrow night thou shalt have thy wish. And meanwhile, thou shalt be as mine own pupil, and as it is easy to see thou knowest not the world, call this thy home!"

Karl was apparently lost in a reverie; for without saying a word, he continued looking in the musician's face, and there was a tear in his eye as he said "Do you think I can play?" "Play!" said the other touched by his simple modesty, "Why my boy, we will make a Viotti of thee yet!" Karl knelt and kissed the hand held out to him, and went forth burdened with extacy. All that day and the next, he

wandered through that great city, yet scarcely seeing or hearing any thing. He was ever running against people, stumbling over bundles, getting in danger of the horses' feet, yet on he went, smiling and whispering.

As the evening drew nigh, just before dusk he came again into the room of the musician, who was talking with several composers and performers, concerning the extraordinary boy, his skill, and his sudden disappearance.

"Here he is now!" said the musician, turning round and putting on his cap which he held in his hand; "Why, we had well nigh gone to the theatre without thee. Come along there is no time to lose." Karl seized his violin, and surrounded by the musicians, every one gazing curiously on him, at length reached the theatre.

The novelty of the spectacle, the splendour of beauty, the enchantment of the gorgeous scene, together with the delicious harmonies of a powerful orchestra filled his soul with an exalted joy.

Presently the old musician beckened, and trembling, Karl advanced to the centre of the stage. Why was that applause? Why were roses thrown at his feet? Was it that his extreme youth and timid beauty won the hearts his music should subjugate?

He seized his bow, and waked the slumbering harmonies of the instrument. The hushed audience remained breathless with surprise, as leaving quickly his uninspired theme, and dashing on in the exultation of the moment, he threw off a succession of variations wild and of a singular sweetness; ever increasing in intricacy as the excitement of his fancy increased. The orchestral performers dropped their instruments and rose to gaze; fair and beautiful faces from every side eagerly turned to him not unmoved by his strains. At length, his soul all kindled, and now for the first time realizing its own immortal power of passion and of conception, broke forth within him like a volcano, prompting him to heights to which his yet limited mechanical powers could not go. Tears were pouring from his own eyes; his bosom was heaving; and he launched forth into an attempt too, too difficult. He falters, hesitates, stops; recommences, grows indignant, frantic, but in vain. His hand, his bow no longer obey his soul. At once with a look of despair, he dashes his instrument upon the stage, tramples upon it, and with a single cry of agony rushes forth; and to him the bursts of applause from the enthusiastic audience are but mockery of the keen anguish of his soul.

## CHAPTER II.

COME to the banks of the Rhine! Come visit at eventide the solitary retreat of the youthful musician.

Upon a beautiful knoll reaching forth clad with ancient trees and flowering vines into the midst of the stream which girt it about in its swift embrace, at the foot of a lofty hill stood an old cottage. Here in his former wanderings had Karl often received warm-hearted hospitality. Here, now that the former occupant had removed to another country, had Karl fixed his abode. A huge elm hung its weeping branches far above and around it; some of them trailing upon the bosom of the stream. When the evening rays streamed across the river through the wide casement, they lit with mellow radiance several

pictures, and himself a picture, the weary Karl recreating with his guitar after a day's toil at the violin.

Here he lived cut off from the world; alive only in the communion with the music of other days, and the music of nature. Here he was as quiet and contented as it was ever his nature to be, though he was often subject to moods of deep gloom, especially towards close of day. At length he constructed a large Eolian, and when the hour of weariness and despondency came, used to place it in the ample window, and ascending by steps which he had made into the old elm, sit till dark hearing the fitful harmonies, and imagining them the voices of unseen minstrels.

When night came darkling around, Karl would betake himself to rest, first devoutly praying to God as he had been taught in very infancy.

With earliest dawn he used to begin his tiresome unintermitted toil with the bow; and through the day expend soul and strength in the study of his instrument.

One evening, some years after the commencement of this life, Karl sat in the elm tree listening to the Eolian and combating the discontented feelings within him thus, "Surely God has been bountiful to me in giving such talents as I do possess, and what though my conceptions and my endeavours far transcend my actual powers.-Yet is not this the very life of genius? Is it not this which renders my endeavour unceasing, my courage invincible, my fame sure? Let me cease then to repine at my slow progress; let me reflect that if by years of suffering I can at length express to mankind that of divine harmony and love which is within me, I shall be indeed blessed. But yet, ah, I am alone! How I long for sympathy! How I yearn for a being with whom to commune! Is there neither of earth nor of air one that might come to answer me? Alas, from earth I shut myself out, and as to spirits-can I be credulous of the tales of my infancy? Would they were true!" Karl thus grew visionary, and yearned for the supernatural.

One night, as he lay asleep, he thought he saw a vision, as I shall relate. His Eolian (in his dream) lay upon the window-sill-he himself was resting upon his cot-it was evening, and he was about to arise and put his Eolian in the window, through which the soft moonlight was streaming, when a tone from one of its strings of peculiar sweetness arrested him. "How is this?" said he (in his dream) looking up, " I thought that the window-ha!whence comes that wind? See that string vibrate!" A strange awe crept over him such as he had often heard described as foretelling the approach of supernatural visits; his eye was fixed upon the gleaming chord as it continued to give forth what in music is called its harmonic octave, in doing which, the centre of the string forms a point of rest, on each side Above the middle of which the vibration is visible. of the chord he saw a mist, which gradually formed itself into the appearance of a diminutive female resting the extremity of one foot upon the point of rest of the chord, with her arms floating in the air, and an etherial robe falling from her shoulder to her knees. Her face was extremely delicate, and more beautiful than any thing human. Her eyes, with an intense indescribable expression, were fixed upon his so earnestly that his heart beat violently, and his breathing became almost lost with emotion. He tried to speak, but could not. The spirit stretched

her hand toward him, waved it thrice and smiled—the chord whereon she stood still giving out its thrilling music. At length her voice rose upon his ear like the faintest whisper of the wind, and all it seemed to say was "Eoline! Eoline!" When slowly the vision faded—the sound of the chord ceased, Karl awoke, and it was morning—and a breeze was sweeping across his Eolian which he had forgotten the evening before to remove. And as the murmuring harmonies rose and fell, he fancied he heard the whisper-like voice, "Eoline! Eoline!"

#### CHAPTER III

An, what a weary day was this to Karl! For the first time he found himself utterly rebellious against his wonted toil. The violin was to him harsh and unmanageable. He spent all the morning in gazing upon his Eolian, or in ascending the elm-tree, or in wandering among the trees of the dark hill-side, and hearing in each breeze the name of Eoline.

A new power had arisen; no longer was his soul wholly obedient to the love of ideal perfection and of immortal fame. Love now spoke, and he felt within the intolerable cravings of vain desire. A desire not for something earthly, but for a certain exalted communion which he could not body to himself in words, which was as strange and high as his own soul's aspirings—as wild and beautiful as the vision of Eoline.

Late in the forenoon, while he was wandering and

musing, a great storm arose, and the wind began to roar through the trees, the rain to descend in torrents, accompanied by thunder and lightning. mindful of this, but rather soothed than otherwise, by the music of the storm, Karl bent his steps to the river bank to look forth on its commotion. The waters were leaping about in the first fury of the wind. A small pleasure-boat from above came drifting towards the bank in spite of the efforts of the oarsmen to keep off. There were several persons therein, who looked upon the approaching shore with terror. The boat however struck safely—only emptying them all out among the shallow waves. The oarsmen pulling the boat ashore crept beneath it for shelter, while the others, conducted by Karl, entered the cottage. They were a monk from a neighbouring monastery, an old musician and his daughter, all three thoroughly drenched and shivering with coldso that Karl busied himself with kindling a sprightly fire upon the hearth, when having contrived for the three, seats around the blaze, he began to scrutinize his unexpected visitors.

The monk was a benevolent looking old man whom he had never seen before. But the face of the other caused him to start, and a flood of painful recollections passed across him. It was the same who had accompanied him to the theatre. The girl was his only daughter.

The old musician did not recognize in the study-worn countenance of Karl, that blooming boy who had sought him radiant with hope and inexperience; so after a moment Karl regained self-possession. But there was one that knew him, though no sign escaped her. Bertha, the musician's daughter, had been present at his reception, long ago by her father. She had noted the inspiration of his face—the nobleness of his bearing—she had heard the wonder of her father and of his visiters at the skill of one so young—

ahe had been witness of his failure at the theatre a failure which was in the apprehension of the wise a triumph—because it was the soul outdoing the feeble body; and since that she had dwelt upon his image in the deepest recesses of her heart.

After they had somewhat dried their dripping garments, and were warm, they began curiously to look around them, Karl as curiously watching what the old musician would do. Presently he rose, and without asking leave, seized the violin, and preluding awhile, played a piece descriptive of the storm, and of their fortunate deliverance. "Well, good youth," said he, looking round, " this is a noble violin of thine—this too is a pleasant home, a pleasant refuge in thy distress, may heaven fulfil to thee the grateful wishes of our hearts. But now pray let us hear thy skill who livest thus alone with thy music." Karl took the bow and played a gentle air-gradually his theme became sad, and spoke of the past. The old musician appeared astonished. "Surely," thought he, " I have heard this." The youth grew more warm in his reminiscences, and at length struck forth one brilliant morsel which flashed upon the delighted old man the whole truth. In an instant the youth was in his arms. "Karl! Karl my son! where hast thou been?" and with a moist eye the old man gazed in his face. Bertha also arose with a look of warm affection, and seizing his hand pressed it to her lips, and said, " My brother, wherefore dids't thou leave us?" Then suddenly she resumed her seat blushing.

And now sitting they conversed long, and Karl related to them his history, his manner of life, and the vision of the past night. They were much surprised, and endeavoured to persuade him to return with them-since now the storm had cleared away, and they must proceed down the Rhine ere night closed upon them. "Come with us, Karl, my son, and thou shalt reign like a monarch in the hearts of all Germany, for thy soul is worthy." "And besides," said Bertha, "my brother Karl thou art lonesome here, and unhealthy thoughts and feverish imaginings rise upon thee." "Let the voices of thy friends prevail my son," said the monk. "Knowest thou not that these discontented thoughts, these unnatural longings of which thou tellest, these visions, and voices, are but the beginning of insanity engendered in thy brain by solitude and a too susceptible soul debarred from that communion with its fellows appointed by the good Creator? Come with us, and it shall be well with thee."

Karl steadily disregarded their entreaties, though had it not been for the vision of Eoline he might have yielded to the three—but when he thought of the aim he had set before himself, and felt how far he was from its accomplishment, how he had just begun to scale the barriers of mechanism, which kept him from the sunny land of musical perfection, when he heard once more in the breeze the whisper "Eoline," he felt that his destiny was fixed. "Bye and bye," said he, "I will come to your city and see you," and he went forth with them to the boat.

The monk placed his hand on Karl's head and blessed him, bidding him not to peril his soul by seeking prohibited communion. "Remember my son," said he in a tremulous accent, "Eternity is long!"

The old musician embraced him silently. But Bertha taking a ring from her finger placed it upon his, though as she was doing it a sudden blast struck

her almost into the water, had not Karl caught her in his arms. Then she said, " If ever I can serve thee, this ring is my pledge to be true." They then departed, and Karl remained musing. The beauty and evident affection of Bertha were sweet and soothing, but he was not now capable of satisfaction in gentle emotions; nothing but a high and transcendent state could now reach his desire. He quickly disregarded Bertha and thought only of Eo-"O would she but come again!" said he, as he placed his Eolian in the window, and lay upon his cot trying long in vain to sleep, that he might again behold the expected vision. At length lulled by the murmuring of the many-voiced winds he fell asleep.

## CHAPTER IV.

Again the indistinct figure descended upon the chord, and smiled as she waved her hand toward him-and again the light of those eyes reached his heart. And now he became thoroughly convinced that though it was a vision, it was real, that the figure before him was a living being, and that his communion with her became possible only because his body was sleeping and his spirit disenthralled. He thought within himself "Now I shall in vain, since I am asleep, endeavour to speak aloud, but I will fix my mind upon her, and will my thoughts to become known to her-perchance it will avail." Thus then he willed to address her, "O most beautiful sprite, thou hast appeared to me in thy supernatural loveliness, either to afford me the bliss of such communion as I have hitherto pined for in vain, or to render me by regret ever after miserable. Tell me, what art thou, and why thou visitest me?" Then he thought, that while a flush faint as the first colour of dawn overspread her transparent cheek thus her wind-like voice sighed forth, " I am Eoline, daughter of the king of the winds. Thee have I seen many times as I flew across the blue sky, and lingered around thee, though thou knewest it not. Dost thou not remember the wind that drove thy bark to land when thou wast sinking on the lake? I was that wind. Hast thou not heard harmonies in the air, and in thy dreams? I was those harmonies-I was the blast which yesterday swept against the maiden whose ring thou receivedst."

Then did Karl reply in his thought, "Spiritual Eoline, must I then never see thee but in my dreams? must my days be the misery of vain desire?"

She replied, "Mortal, it is permitted me by the good God who rules the world of spirits in and out of the body, to assume mortality whenever one of thy race first shall consent with me to certain conditions."

"Name them—I am ready to obey thee in every word."

"The daughters of our race live in the clouds," said she, "and in the air about earth; wherever we will, we go at pleasure—we are insensible to external ill, we are immortal. Should one of us become mortal, she forfeits her freedom, is exposed to sickness and death, and her life never continues later than that of the being to whom she is joined. Upon him she may confer possession of any power his soul most covets—first warning him, that thereby he is exposed to some dreadful future calamity—of the approach of which she can never more than once give him intimation. The power is his till the day

of his death. But he acquires also the power of seeing all of our race, and we are multitudinous, whenever they choose to appear. Until to-morrow night reflect on what I have said, and if thou wilt undergo the ordeal, thou shalt,"

Thrice again the airy vision waved her hands, bending forward and smiling as she stood upon the central point of the chord. Then growing pale, she vanished as before; the chord ceased to vibrate, Karl awoke, and it was morning; and as before he thought amid the plaintive sounds of his harp, wooed by the morning breeze, he heard the dying whisper "Eoline."

#### CHAPTER V.

KARL rose in a strange condition. Unable to remain still, he was constantly changing his position, wandering from room to room, from the house to the river, from the river to the wood-so great was the exultation of his spirits from the night's vision. He embraced every breeze with empty arms, and looking wildly up to heaven exclaimed with a tender gratitude, " I have at length found that for which, without knowing it, I have always pined!" Then a new thought striking him, he hurried to the skiff and was quickly skimming toward the city. Now came rustling behind him a fragrant breeze, strong and constant, to which he raised his sail, for he thought " Perchance it is Eoline who sees whither I am going." And when he found that turn as the river would in its windings the breeze blew ever behind him, he knew it was she, and reached forth his arms to clasp the yielding air, whispering Eoline! dear Eoline!" And the glad wind filled his swelling sail, and the waves hissed beneath his rapid prow.

Karl found the old musician and Bertha at music; they joyfully welcomed him—and according to custom handed the violin that he might share their entertainment. But Karl played alone—and such was the sympathy of their music-fraught souls, that they knew he had again seen Eoline.

"Send now for the grey monk," said Karl. So when he was come and their salutations were passed, the three listened to Karl's recital till he thus concluded.

"And now very dear friends, I crave your presence to-night, at which time my fate must be decided." At this the monk was sorely troubled, Bertha turned pale, and they all said many things to disuade him from his project.

But he said, "It is in vain that ye dissuade me, my most dear friends. I am not about any crime, that you should shrink thus from me. I worship God, and so does Eoline. She is his creature though hitherto not of our sphere. Now it is permitted her to become one of us that she may supply to me what otherwise my lonely spirit could never find on earth."

Then as they saw that they could not prevail, though they greatly feared that he would repent when it was too late, they went with him.

Right up against the Rhine, then skimmed that light vessel, the monk and Bertha sitting before Karl, and the musician behind, facing them. The same balmy wind, always favourable, as Karl shifted the helm, filled the sail—and the divided waters foamed fiercely by. The three passengers crossed themselves as they saw that the wind was intelligently following their course, and the monk breathed a prayer and an exorciam. But when he saw that

nothing ensued, he became tranquil. And pleasantly they conversed of the beautiful scenery upon the winding shores, and of what was above and below. Only of what was within them they spoke not—for too high was raised their anxious expectation. Bertha ever and anon turned upon Karl her dark, liquid eye with such a melting gaze of tenderness, of fear, and of pity—ah, could he note it unmoved? He could not; but every time her look began to cause an emotion within, the wind shook the sail, and he heard the whisper behind—" Eoline!"—

When they reached Karl's home, the wind ceased; they left the boat, and soon were seated in the music chamber around a small table, whereon was set wine, dried fruits, and bread. They refreshed themselves and conversed in low voices till dark, when they all sang a sacred choral—more than once Karl started as he fancied he heard an unseen songstress joining the harmony. But it was only his Eolian, which now and then responded to a note of the song in unison with its own chords. Then after the monk had pronounced their vesper prayer and benediction, they retired to their respective apartments. All save Karl made a resolve not to sleep. But no sooner had they touched the rushes of their cots, than they were locked in a profound slumber.

#### CHAPTER VI.

What now were Karl's emotions? It were vain to attempt describing them. He merely said to himself in a choked voice from time to time, "It is come! the hour has arrived!" And in his excitement sleep was impossible. Portents without also, increased his wakefulness. It seemed as though the beings to whose race Eoline belonged, aware of the approaching departure from their realms, were holding a farewell festival. Whisperings and rushings as of wings, and mounings of the blast filled the night. The gusts swept through the old forest with a sullen and increasing roar. Karl went forth to look upon the scene. The tall trees were swaying hither and thither and tossing their black boughs on high, and their massive foliage rolled about like waves of the sea. In the midst of them the just-risen moon was fitfully disclosed, like a fiery-red beacon. The river chafed and foamed white along its banks, and above the hill behind rose a black overhanging mountain of clouds.

Filled with awe, Karl retired, commended himself to heaven, and lay down. As soon as slumber sealed his eye-lids, he saw already descending upon the centre of the gleaming wire, that exquisite spirit-form; not so faint and indistinct as before she had seemed, but now perfect in every outline, vivid in every tint, matchless in every proportion, clad in dazzling folds of celestial drapery—the regal purple and gold of cloud-land; and the star which shone in the midst of her forehead was pale in the lustre of those eyes of unfathomable fire whose beams shot burning to his very soul-nor now was she alone. The shadowy image of a gigantic spectre was at her right hand, and on every side above and beneath were wavering outlines of misty forms. These were the spirits of her race. "Mortal!" sighed the vision, "this is the third and last time, take me for ever, or see me henceforth no more."

And Karl doubting whether he were alive or dead, arose and knell at her feet, & Swear by the good God

whom we both adore, that until the last thou wilt be true!" And he said, stretching out his hands, and gazing enraptured in her face, "I swear!" Then, through the wide room was there a hurrying to and fro, of the gathered spirits. Eoline waving her hand, and saying with a mournful smile to them all, "farewell!" descended slowly, and began to glide within his embrace, he thought it but a mist—a breeze wafting odours upon time.

But when her lip touched his, her bosom heaved against his, her arms clasped his neck, her eye flamed close to his, her breath warmed his cheek, he folded her to his heart, and at once found himself awake, in the midst of the chamber, holding in his arms no phantom, but breathing, palpitating, clinging, the fresh-created mortal Eoline! The cottage was rocking with a sudden whirlwind, raging without; "Fear not," said Eoline, "it is but their farewell rejoicing," and looking forth, he saw a thousand forms riding away upon the retreating winds.

At the same moment, the door of his room opened, and in came the monk, the musician, and Bertha, pale and trembling at the noise which had roused them fearfully from their deep sleep. "My son," said the monk, but then first beholding the form resting on Karl's bosom, he stopped in dismay, and knew not what to say. But that cloud-descended figure, leaving its clinging hold of Karl, advanced to kneel at his feet, saying in a voice of inexpressible, but human sweetness, "Holy man, I too am at last mortal—oh, give me a blessing!" Karl knelt at her side, and said, "I have sworn to make Eoline mine till death—unite us, holy man, in sacred bands, and give us both thy blessing."

In a tone tremulous and low, hardly knowing what he said, bewildered by unaccountable impulses, the monk repeated the solemn words. And as the last word was spoken, across the still tide of the river shone forth the morning star, and they arose in the first blush of dawn-one by earth's most sacred tie. Then the old musician came forward, and embraced Karl, and scarcely daring to touch Eoline, laid his hand upon her head, "God bless thee, mysterious guest!" said he, and turned suddenly aside. Bertha next approached, and gazing with humble admiration upon Eoline, at length fearfully embraced her, saying, "May thy destiny be like thyself, fair and joyous!" And now the morning star grew pale with the approaching day. The birds made merry in the branches, and the pious monk said, "Let us go forth, and beneath the blue heavens recommend ourselves to God. and pray for his blessing upon the deeds of this night.

So they went forth.

### CHAPTER VII.

Swiftly then flew by the golden hours of that summerday, as they all sat beneath the cool elm upon Karl's turf seat, conversing upon themes spiritual and high. All regarding their new companion wonderingly, Karl scarce believing himself not yet in a trance, and fearful that Eoline would breathe herself away from him upon the first rising wind. But not a breath stirred, every leaf slept, the birds were silent. It seemed as though the spirits of her race were casting a hushed spell upon all nature, while she was in the first bewildering lesson of humanity, with all its strange conditions, its weaknesses, its pains, its enthralments, that she might gradually learn to be enslaved in her

frail prison-house, after being wont to roam at will the circle of the earth-embracing air. Right opposite to her and Karl sat the three guests, listening to her eager inquiries of human life. "And what is pain?" she said, "spirits of our race know it not, save as we see and pity human suffering."

"Daughter," said the monk, "may God lighten the lesson thou hast chosen to learn; thou wilt not long need to ask any of our race 'what is pain?' It attends thy every future hour."

Bertha now eagerly demanded many things concerning her home in the cloud land, and concerning her race, and they listened reverently to her revealings: "In every breath," said she, "which in summer stirs the leaf, in every sigh that comes through the grove you hear the motion of a spirit's wing. Behold you distant tree, which gently waves its topmost leaves; to me, and Karl to thee, are visible dim spirits, rocking and hovering amid its foliage!"

The others started. Karl started, and now first felt a trembling reminiscence of the supernatural relations he had assumed. "Yes, I see them," he said, "they approach!" She waved her hand, the tree became motionless, the spirits vanished. The others looked upon Karl with an uneasy sensation, for they seemed to feel that while Eoline had but partially assumed humanity, Karl had partially shaken it off. "How else," said they, "can he see what is to us invisible?"

As the day declined they went to the boat, for their uneasiness in his presence increased. They began to fancy themselves begirt with many beings, whom, not seeing they could not tell whether to fancy lovely or fearful. So they prepared to sail down the Rhine; Bertha bidding Karl farewell with a composed mien, but a wounded spirit. Her hope was crushed. Yet she thought "Somewhat tells me that but for Eoline, he would be mine. Who can say that wearying of earth she may not vanish away suddenly?"

Yet long they lingered on the bank, even till starlight, when bidding Karl soon come to the city they went. Karl then with Eoline stood watching the lessening bark till it was out of sight. Long time they looked out over the waters, over the land, upon the sky, and at last they turned to explore the sacred depths of each other's eyes. "Oh Karl!" said Eoline, as he folded her in his gentle embrace, "What is this which I feel? Is this pain of which they spoke, this keen, quivering fire which thrills from thee through my very heart? Is this pain? for though I can scarce endure it, methinks I would have it endless!"

"No, Eoline," replied the trembling Karl, "pain thou hast yet to learn, but never from me! This is pleasure, this is joy, this is rapture!" And raising his bride softly in his arms he bore her silently through the divine night to their chamber.

### CHAPTER VIII.

In the morning Karl awoke and gazed with a holy joy upon the matchless creature who lay at his side, her tresses loosely flowing upon her swelling bosom, her transparent cheek flushed with her first sleep, in the existence of humanity. How long he gazed !— What thoughts crowded upon him? "What is our fate? What awaits this daughter of the wind, heaven's gift—my soul's first rest? Unwitting as we both

are of earth or its ways, what shall be our lot, when she gradually gains a knowledge of her destiny; of what mysterious joys and woes are woven into the tissue of life; and will she not regret her cloud-land home? Will she not cease to love me?" He never once asked the equally momentous question, "Shall I ever cease to love her?"

And thus musing, he rose, and prepared for the first day of his no longer solitary life—solitary! when every time he looked forth he saw hither and thither flying some spirit of the air. But as they all smiled upon him, looking merry and beautiful, he soon felt at ease, and rejoiced at the new peopling of realms hitherto uninhabited.

He prepared a simple repast, and drawing from the nook his violin, gazed thereon with a wishful eye. "But no," said he, "not till she awaken." And he sat watching at her side. "Is it thou?" said she, as those tender orbs first unclosed upon him, "where have I been? Methought I lay by thy side last night, but at once I found myself wandering as of old, in my cloud-land home, and thou wert not there-then sadly I said, Alas, has it been all delusion? did I but imagine I had entered the sensible world, and won for my own that beautiful mortal?' then gathered about me all the spirits of my race, and greeted me: methought they inquired if thou wert unkind, that so soon I returned from thee, and at the supposition arose in wrath to hurry forth in search of thee. I affrighted, started up, but found thy arm yet around me-thyself at my side. After that I saw many confused things, and then came a deep void of which I have no recollection. What are these things Karl?" and he replied, "Dreams, sweet one-thy first dreams in the life of mortality!" Then she arose, and together they worshipped. Ah, who would not envy the bliss of those gentle beings through the long sunny hours of that day? Those hours sparkled in the circle of the hours of their existence like diamonds in a crown.

Karl was lost in the delicious flood of new feelings that sprung up from the deepest fountains of his heart. All his desire after the transcendant in beauty, the supernatural in power, of thought and passion were at once met. His love for Eoline was an agitating compound of love, fear, wonder, admiration and worship. He imagined that in the height of his extasy, he had reached that point whence nothing could cast him down; that being superhuman in his powers, he could bid defiance to the degrading changes of humanity.

As for Eoline she was happy and sad. She remembered her cloud-land home, her race, her freedom, and she felt her imprisonment. But she learned that there is in the love of a high-souled mortal, something more than is possible to spirits of air-something of "Methinks," she said, "thy spirit, Karl, is of a higher order than mine. We in our roamings through the air often are passed by other beings, not of our race, of loftier bearing, with that in their look upon which we may not gaze, in whose presence, such is the power of their very being upon us, we may not tarry. Often, oh Karl, when I meet the free outbreaking of thy soul, I shrink, and say to myself this is one of those loftier spirits, anciently free, now a prisoner, soon again to remount to primeval grandeur."

Let us leave them to the happiness of their unrestrained wanderings, over hill and glade, by river, and through forest, until months shall have lapsed by, until she become perfect in her lesson of fortitude, and until he become in a measure familiarized with his happiness and his new powers.

For, long it was ere Karl could at all re-awaken his ambition for musical supremacy, or regard it in any other light than a mortal passion which he had shaken off. Yet at last he began to find that he was mortal still. Time was doing its irresistible work upon him as well as upon all things around him. Before the close of one year Karl was restless.

"Why," said he, "do I possess mortal endowments if they are ever to be hidden in solitude? Is it not mine to sway hearts, with a superhuman power? and what is such a power unused?"

In this first musing, could Eoline have traced its results, she might have read a prophecy of the future. Unaware of its tendency she sympathized in the feeling and stimulated it by her anticipations of his triumph.

Karl was not one to live in a placid mingling of the heart's rays in the soft sunlight of happiness; the rays came through the prism of his fantasy divided, and some one colour was ever most brilliant. He thought when first love threw its rosy hues upon existence, that this dominion should be perpetual, but he began to find the development of his soul incomplete; that changes awaited him of which he had never dreamed. While he had been struggling by his own genius toward perfection, a sense of his inefficiency had chastened his spirit-a view of the almost endless path before him left him never unstimulated to exertion. But suddenly placed at that point beyond which humanity might not proceed, with a sense of absolute sway, came pride, and a thirst for the incense of hearts. His mind was unsettled because its stimulating desires were gratified. He could no longer aspire. He could no more idealize. He must descend to reap the fruit of the realization of past idealizings. Karl went to the city. The old musician and Bertha received him most affectionately, and looked upon Eoline with long and earnest scrutiny. The intensity of her beauty was veiled, shining through that most touching expression in woman, of submissive dependence.

Karl became at once the deity at whose shrine the world strove who should pay most homage. Such were his performances, that naught hitherto most beautiful and difficult in music seemed worthy of re-Such immense feats of skill as no other performer had ever conceived were thrown off by him as trifles-mere ornaments to the grand flow of his ideas. It was not for arpeggios, harmonics, pizzicatos, trills, and the entire array of difficult follies for which he cared. It was the altogether unearthly quality of his tones, which seemed more like the utterance of a being's own voice, than mere musical sounds. It was the impetuous flow, the sublimity of his conceptions—the lightning rapidity, the absolute certainty of all his varied effects. During all his performances Bertha observed that from the first sound of his bow, Eoline became pale, cold, motionless as a corpse-indeed, a terror seized her at the thought she was dead, and she tried to procure assistance, but none in that audience heard aught but the magic strains of that strange instrument. When Karl ceased, Eoline immediately appeared as before. all Bertha's questions she returned no reply, except to beg her to pay no regard, with which she found it too easy to comply.

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Karl now was intoxicated with that pernicious draught, most sweet, most fatal to man, power. He beheld himself a god worshipped by crowds of enthusiastic votaries, calling forth at will their innermost hearts.

Eoline saw with dismay that he now treated her as secondary where she had been first; from that moment her eyes were opened, and she saw the impending future, and the too sure results of her own doing.

Could she but have dreamed this! What! he for whom she had imprisoned herself in the midst of death, upon whom she had conferred the very powers that rendered him immortal; that he should glory in those powers and in the incense they drew; that he should think carelessly of herself! Her soul overflowed with an unutterable agony. "Karl! my beloved, let us return to our first home; I weary of this great city-I weary of its sights and sounds-I weary of absence from the spirits of my race, who seldom sweep through the tainted airs of the city, or delight to hover over its gardens and groves-oh let us return!" Karl's reply was only this, so had the greed of applause steeled his heart, " And what then would avail my supernatural power-I could not cause the rocks and the trees to follow me."

The heart-stricken Eoline only once, as was permitted, gave Karl warning of the future. "And what then wilt thou do, when finally I leave thee, and thou lose that wherein thou now gloriest?" Karl presumptuously replied, "That which is part of myself, or rather, which is my very self, I can never lose!" So Karl became greatly independent of Eoline, loving her not as she required, but only as men ordinarily love.

At the same time he became more dependent upon Bertha, who not only loved him for himself, but worshipped him for his genius—she ministered that subtle incense which Eoline could not. The one was the origin of his power, the other the subject. The one could not adore him for it—the other did, most fervently.

As Karl exerted his power among men, he gradually assimilated himself to them. Eoline remained unchanged. Hence, without effort, he could not commune with her soul, but recurred to more human converse with Bertha. Yet, when the memories and the past came over him, he felt bitter remorse and self-degradation—"How art thou fallen, O Lucifer, son of the morning!"

#### CHAPTER IX.

ONE evening Karl announced his unexpected resolution to set out on a musical tour to visit the principal cities of Germany. The homage of one began to gow stale. The old musician joyfully proposed to company him. But Eoline at once opposed passionately his going. "Karl, my beloved," said she, weeping, "I implore thee, go not, I languish, I die for our calm river home. Once thou lovedst me more than fame and the world. Oh return with me! oh return!" and she knelt at his feet, embracing his knees. "Return, or if thou goest, leave me behind thee, and that for ever!"

He gazed with surprise upon her violent agitation, little discerning its cause, but repressing the risings of tender pity, he yielded to his proud impatience say-

ing, little wotting what he said: "Stay, if thou wilt stay; we will go," and he glanced at Bertha, whose eye dilated with joy.

With a pallid cheek and a tearless eye, Eoline, rising, gazed one instant distractedly in his face, then saying only "farewell," fled to the open window, and precipitated herself from the balcony. Karl sprang to prevent her, but too late; he rushed down the stairway, but was met at the door by a blast that dashed him senseless upon the floor, and which drove back the musician and Bertha.

Karl was not easily restored, and raved wildly, in recovering, of an old man of fierce frown who had dashed him backward.

They went forth, they sought, they sent; the night passed, but no Eoline. In the morning Karl resolved to visit the cottage, and permitted Bertha, at her urgent entreaty to accompany his search. All the way upon the river, he was baffled by sudden gusts, driving him from his course, making him row twice or thrice the same distance, often threatening entirely to whelm him in the waves.

Karl looked fiercely forth, and cursed the spirits of the storm, for his imperious soul was enraged at their assumption of sway over him. His utmost toil was no more than sufficient to bring himself in sight of the cottage by evening, and there landing, they hastily went forward to enter the well-known door. "If she be not here," said Karl hurriedly, "she has deserted me for ever!" The house was empty, and the only sound within its empty walls was the wail of the Eolian.

Karl went forth to the grove, while Bertha sat within, and as she listened to that harp's low murmur, though no wind was stirring, she timidly called aloud " Eoline! Eoline!" But there came no answer. Karl returned and his look told Bertha how fruitless had been his search. He, on his part, was startled to see in her eye a single fiery ray which spoke of joy; he became greatly agitated, the power of passions never controlled, was within. Each understood silently the mind of the other, and shuddered at their great but seductive danger. They hastened to fly. But the premature evening was wrapped with clouds, and sudden gusts proclaimed the approach of a tempest. They hastened to the boat-lo! it was drifting in the mid-river, whither the winds had borne it.

And as the winds arose, and began to howl through the forest, and the branches of the huge trees to creak and groan beneath the coming storm, Karl saw from far, on every side sweeping toward him as a focus, myriads of frowning spirits of the blast. In desperation he snatched Bertha and bore her within the cottage, and sitting down with the half-fainting girl in his arms, listened to the burst of the tempest in all its sublimity.

That night! that fearful, maddening, remorseful night, stamping the souls of the innocent with guilt, while around them were the revels of triumphant dæmons.

When the morning light, calm and blessed as though storm and sin had never been upon earth, met their eyes, they shrunk from its ray. Looking upon one another with mingled fear and sorrow, they went forth—as they went, behold Eoline stood there pale and weeping before them! "Karl!" she said, "beautiful, beloved, faithless!—betrayed, alas! by that I myself gave thee—thou hast broken thy vow—thy doom awaits thee—thou will see me in life no more!" and she

vanished; but upon every breeze that floated by, Karl heard the mournful echo, "No more! no more!"

They now found their boat restored to its moorings—they returned to the city—the monk was called—and in a few hours, Bertha was the wife of Karl the perjured.

In such a rapid flight of events, man lives years in a single day, and it would be vain to describe the chaos which formed now the mind of Karl. Amid shame, remorse, and a secret dread of coming ill, was still an unworthy self congratulation at his unshacklement from a connexion which interfered with his increasing ambition, and bound him to supernatural life.

He tried to call what was passed as others used to do, a mere feverish dream, and to convince himself that at last having awaked, he was calling out his better nature in a healthy human career.

#### CHAPTER X.

That evening the theatre was crowded to overflowing, for news of Karl's intended tour was rumoured abroad; this was his farewell. On the morrow with his bride and her father, he was to commence his triumphal progress.

He came, and a thunder of applause shook the building. Tall, pale, intellectual, he stood one instant meditating, then raising his bow, he dashed it upon the strings. The audience screamed with delight—they rise—they lean forward—they strain every sense.

Now! O those intensely thrilling wails of misery! They are dissolved in tears. Now!—hatk!—that howl of fury—every forehead is knit with a frownand eyes kindle with rage. Anon, laughter loud and irrepressible convulses all. "What magician is this," said the old musician, "what new display is this of his superhuman energies? Before, he hath enthralled us, bound and carried us captive, now he seems but to be dallying with us. He provokes us to tears, and in an instant contradicts us into mirth. All moods throng upon his bow—all mingling conceits rush from his wizard hand. What shall be next?"

Thus did they adore his power, little wotting that this incoherency was the fatal forerunner of his doom, that the lamp was throwing up fitful flashes ere it went out for ever. Karl himself was in amaze.

Where now was that power of which he vauntingly

said that it was his very self and could never be lost. He found himself progressing furiously from theme to theme, mixing without regard to congruity, the beautiful, the grotesque, the sublime, the ridiculous, the exquisite in pathos, and the execuable in discord.

He strove to pause, but no, he must go on-his bow, like a living thing, darted hither and thither with lightning strokes—he strove to command his thoughts to restore order. He caught glimpses of a noble thought, pursued it, and found himself uttering accursed howls; and now the audience changed from admiration to wonder, from wonder to awe, from awe to terror, for they saw that it was no longer a sane mind that gave forth those notes. The violin seemed to them to dilate-to become alive-and its screams were like the screams of torment of the damned. When suddenly, a great sound shook the temple, the windows were shattered inward, the doors flung wide open, the lights extinguished-in rushed the thronging spirits of the Blast, innumerable -unseen, save to the eyes of the miserable Karl, upon whom they scowled in fiendish malignity. gather him round-they raise him in their whirling flight-the spectre instrument still uttering its harrowing shrieks of despair. There is heard a single human cry, a heavy fall, and all is still. The lights reillumine—they wake from their trance—they gaze around.

There, in the centre of the stage, lies the insensible Karl—the old musician holds his head, Berthabends over his pallid face—

"To the cottage," said he, and was again sense-

Thither they bore him, attended only by the monk, the weeping Bertha, and her father. They laid him upon his cot, and waited the passing of his spirit, the monk meanwhile saying prayers for his soul.

A sudden sound came from the Eolian—a single string was seen violently vibrating—Karl by a spasmodic effort, sat up, and gazed fearfully forwards— "Eoline!" gasped he, and fell back—the chord snapped asunder. They looked in his face—he was dead.

And there they buried him beneath the old elm. And ever since, when the wind mournfully sighs through the branches, may be heard a faint Eolian wail, and they say

"It is the spirit of Eoline moaning above the grave of her faithless husband."

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE PHILOSOPHY OF AUTUMN.

BY PROF. W. J. WALTER.

Profusion walks the langhing earth:

Boon Nature seems reposing,

For she has filled all hearts with mirth,

In thrift her hand ne'er closing.

Hark! how the hills re-echo round To swains, whose toils are ended, While with their harvest-homes, the sound Of village pipes is blended. Yet, 'mid the riot of this hour
Are future cares not banish'd,
Nor 'midst this overflowing store,
Have thoughts of prudence vanish'd.

The needful swain reserves a part
For coming Spring selected:—
There is a seed-time of the heart,
Oh, be not that neglected!

### THE VILLAGE BRIDE.

BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"Estrange her once it boots not how, By wrong, doubts, falsehood—any thing that tells A change has come upon your tenderness, And there is not a high thing out of heaven Her pride o'ermastereth not."—Willis.

"CONGRATULATE me, Ormesby, I have at last found the object of my lifelong search; I am going to be married."

"I do congratulate you, with all my heart, my dear Frankfort," returned his friend, "for if your experience of wedded life should equal mine, your only regret will be that you have so long deferred the period of its enjoyment."

"Ah, if I had been situated as you are, Ormesby, I should have married long ago."

"Do you mean to say that if you had been a young physician, struggling against the storms of fortune, you would have shared your poverty with a wife, when as the heir of a rich merchant you have shunned marriage as if it had been a pestilence?"

"Yes, for had I been poor I should have been sure of meeting with disinterested affection."

"I have often wondered," said Ormesby, "how it was possible for you to be so distrustful of yourself, and so destitute of all faith in woman."

"The reason of my self-distrust is too evident to need explanation," said Frankfort, smiling bitterly, as he glanced towards the mirror which reflected his instelligent but not handsome countenance, "mine is not a face that 'limners love to paint, and ladies to look upon;' and I value not the 'golden opinions' which my wealth can-buy."

"You do yourself injustice, Frankfort, with your gifted mind and high-toned feelings, you might easily win the love of woman, despite your swarthy brow which you just now regarded with so much scorn. For my own part, I do not believe that beauty is the most powerful of all spells over the affections. It has a magic power of attraction, but it requires the aid of some more enduring charm before it can retain the love it awakens."

"You know but little of woman's nature, Ormesby; a smooth cheek, a bright eye, a rosy lip, would win her from her allegiance to an angel. I have seen too much of society to be in doubt as to my own position in it. I can fully appreciate the civilities of ambitious mothers, and the allurements of fashionable daughters, for I well know that girls, educated according to the modern system, would not matry 'le Diable boiteux' if he had my ad lands for his heritage."

"Why you have grown as suspicious as an old miser, Frankfort; you can surely have had no cause to harbour such evil fancies."

"Have I not, Ormesby?" said Frankfort, in the low tone of suppressed indignation, "listen to the tale of my experience in woman's faith. In the days of my early youth, I met with the beautiful Emily B—, the only child of a fashionable but dowerless widow. The charms of her person were enhanced by the frank and artless manners which suited so

well with the almost childlike delicacy of her features and complexion. I loved her with all the fervour of boyish affection, and was fool enough to fancy that my feelings were reciprocated. I offered her my hand, was accepted, and only waited until I should become of age to take possession of my estate and to claim my beautiful bride. There wanted but one week of the long anticipated time, when I learned on what a precipice I stood. Before she knew me, Emily had plighted her faith to a young officer in the navy, and it was his prolonged absence in the Mediterranean, which had afforded her the opportunity of making a wealthier alliance. A letter from the indignant lover gave me the first intimation of her falsehood, and with it he sent a packet of letters, received from her during the first months of my acquaintance with her, in which allusions the most degrading and insulting were made to me; my personal defects were depicted in the most glaring colours, my devotedness was unsparingly ridiculed, my boyish passion derided, and sentiments of the most unchanging affection were expressed towards her absent lover. Then came others of a later date, hinting of maternal influence and poverty, and the necessity of keeping up an appearance in society. Finally, the correspondence was closed by a short and cold billet bearing date long after she had consented to become my wife, and containing sundry good and cogent reasons why my birthright of fertile acres should be preferred to the heritage of him who was destined to plough the barren waves. I enclosed the packet in an envelope to Emily, and adding a note which simply stated that my reasons for declining the honour of her alliance were fully explained in the letters, I bade her farewell for ever. So ended my dream of woman's faith. Emily afterwards found a third fool on whom to practise her arts, and is now, I am told, an exemplary wife and mother. Exemplary forsooth! her outset in life was one series of falsehoods, yet is she now, to outward seeming, a model of propriety. Such is my experience, Ormesby; can you wonder that I am somewhat slow of belief now?"

But is it just, Frankfort, to condemn the whole sex for the faults of one deceitful woman? It is not in fashionable society that one must look for perfect integrity of character. The conventional forms prescribed by etiquette are so full of deception, and there is so much petty hypocrisy constantly practised in the interoourse of daily life, that the snow-white purity of truth is soon sullied, if not destroyed."

"I am aware of that, Ormesby, and therefore it is that I have fled from the gay world, choosing rather to seek my wife amid the shades of rural life."

"And pray where did you find the paragon, who alone could satisfy your fastidious taste?"

11\*

"I may as well follow the advice given in the French fairy tale, and commence at the commencement. You know it is now two years since I returned from my long sojourn on the continent, but you cannot imagine with what weariness I had long looked upon all the allurements usually offered to travellers abroad. My eye was completely sated with pictures and statues, palaces and cathedrals-I was annoyed by the perpetual presence of 'gens d'armerie,' disgusted with the filth and coarseness of the 'most refined nation in the world,' and tired of the frivolities and vices of the great capitals of Europe. I longed once more to breathe the free air of my native land; and as soon as I set foot upon the shores of America, I commenced a tour of the United States. After a year's sojourn amid all kinds of people and every variety of scenery, I was returning to my long forsaken home, when a droll incident befell me, while passing through New Hampshire.

" I had left my servant and carriage at the town -, and with a small valise, a fishing case and a few books, turned off from the high road to the pretty village of Merrivale, where, I had learned, I should find excellent trout fishing. On my arrival at the quiet little inn, I soon perceived that I was an object of especial attention and curiosity. This was to me quite unaccountable, for my dusty dress and diminutive portmanteau were not very great provocatives to interest, among that class of people who estimate a man's importance by the weight of his baggage. However, I was not allowed to remain long in doubt. I had barely time to perform my ablutions and return to the bar-room, when I was thus accosted by the host: 'Glad you are come, sir; we heard you were taken sick, and were afraid you would not get here.' I stared. 'Our poor old master is going fast, sir," continued Boniface, " and he is very anxious to see you; I believe he thinks the school won't get on unless he tells you all his plans and regulations.' In a moment I saw into the whole mystery, and was smiling at the odd mistake, when the door opened gently, and a young girl timidly entered. Ah, here comes little Ally,' said the worthy host, ' I thought the old man would be in a hurry to see you when he heard you had come; how is your father this evening, Alice?' 'He is a little better, sir,' said the girl, but he is so impatient to see the new master, that I thought I would step over and ask the gentleman if he would be kind enough to come to-night.' I dare say he will, Ally,' said the garrulous landlord. 'You see, Mr. Smith,' added he, turning to me, "our old schoolmaster has had a paralytic stroke, and it has made him quite helpless, but he still feels an interest in the school he has taught for so many years, and I suppose he wants to see if you are as good a scholar as you were represented to be to the commitiee.' All this time, Ormesby, I was gazing at the fair creature who stood before me. Imagine a delicate and graceful girl of some seventeen summers, with a face of almost infantine freshness and beauty, peeping from under a ccarse cottage bonnet, and you will have some faint idea of the first appearance of Alice Grev. It suddenly came into my head to carry on the farce. at least for a little while, and having discovered, by dint of judicious questions, that no one in the village had ever seen the expected Mr. Smith, I found no great difficulty in assuming his character. I accordingly accompanied the pretty Alice to her home. It was a low one story cottage, almost overgrown with

honeysuckle and ivy, and would have been very picturesque but for an unsightly building projecting on the side, which I afterwards ascertained to be the village schoolhouse. When we arrived at the door, Alice left me a moment, but returning almost immediately, led me into a small, neat apartment, where, reclining on a low bed, supported by pillows, I found her father. The old man closed the book, (a volume of Euripides,) from which he had been reading, and extending his hand, feebly expressed his pleasure at my arrival. As I looked on his expansive brow, his clear eye, and the long white locks which fell upon his shoulders, I thought I had never seen a finer or more intellectual head. He had been for twenty years the schoolmaster of the little village of Merrivale. Arriving there, wearied with the turmoil of a busy world, for which his meek spirit was little fitted, he had married there, and was now about to die there. His wife and two children had preceded him to the tomb, so that Alice was the only tie that bound him to life.

All these circumstances I learned in the course of our conversation, and I also found that the old man, paralysed as he was, (for the lower half of his body was completely helpless, still endeavoured to attend to his pupils. He could not bear the thought of having his school dispersed; his bed was therefore placed immediately at the door leading to the little schoolroom, and he was in the habit of calling up the classes as regularly as when he presided at his well-worn desk, while he deputed to the gentle Alice the task of keeping order among the motley assem-1 was strangely interested in the simplehearted old man and his pretty daughter, and as I listened to his plans regarding his pupils my heart smote me for the deception I had practised. he would be sadly disappointed if informed of his mistake, and I knew that in his precarious state, a slight degree of agitation might cost him his life. I therefore determined to continue my personation of the new master, at least until the real Simon Pure should arrive. I accordingly despatched a note to my servant, directing him to make his way to New York and there await my coming, while I laid aside for the time all the luxuries to which I had been accustomed, and became the inmate of the "master's" house.

Imagine me, if you can, Ormesby, seated at an old and most curiously whittled desk, and giving lessons to about a dozen flaxen-headed rustics, together with perhaps twice as many rosy cheeked damsels. doubt whether all my philanthropy would have induced me to humour the joke for any length of time, had it not been for the pretty Alice. Her influence was all-powerful among the pupils. The raising of her finger and the glance of her eye towards the old man's sick bed was sufficient to restore order at all times, and as her father still chose to hear the recitations of the classes my labours were but light. The education of Alice had been carefully directed, with a view to her obtaining her future subsistence as a teacher, and the old man begged me to give her my especial attention. This was no difficult task, for her quickness of perception and rapid flow of thought made instruction a pleasure. I soon found it was far more agreeable to construe Virgil with Alice, than to explain the rules of arithmetic to the young farmers, and many an idle hour did the indolent scholar obtain, while I was mending pens or setting copies

for the pretty villager. My only fear was that the real Mr. Smith would make his appearance, but, having learned his address, I wrote privately to ascertain the state of his health, and found he had been compelled to seek a southern climate, so that I no longer stood in dread of appearing as an impostor before I was ready to state the truth. However, I soon became heartily tired of my new freak of folly and should scarcely have continued it so long had it not been for the pleasure I found in watching the noble impulses of a pure and unsophisticated mind. But why make a long story about it. I have wooed and won Alice Grey under the guise of a poor schoolmaster, and not until she is bound to me by irrevocable ties will she know the brilliancy of her destiny."

"And her father?"

"He gave us his blessing, and is quite content to see Alice the wife of his successor."

"But are you prepared, Frankfort, for the many ill-natured remarks to which the slightest taint of rusticity in your village bride will give rise?"

"Certainly; I care not a pin's worth for the criticisms of the fashionable world. Alice is quiet, lady-like, and gentle; if she lacks the mincing airs of the boarding school dolls of society, she possesses a simplicity infinitely more attractive."

"Do you not fear the influence of gaiety and fashion upon a mind so totally ignorant of the allurements of the world, Frankfort? Many a clear eye has been dazzled by unwonted brightness."

"I will tell you frankly the state of my feelings, Ormesby. I look upon my marriage as an experi-I am thoroughly wearied of the life I have led for the last twelve years, and I am willing to risk every thing for a change. I have studied the temper and habits of Alice Grev. and believe her to be truth itself. She loves me with that tender, child-like affection which is more natural, considering the disparity of our years, than an ardent passion; and I cannot but hope that this affection, together with the gratitude she will feel when made acquainted with her true condition, will preserve her untainted amid the atmosphere of fashion. But I shall leave her to the guidance of her own impulses. I do not wish her to be directed by my will, I seek a woman whose heart is sufficiently uncorrupt to be her best director. If Alice be such a woman, I shall be happy; but if I am doomed to disappointment-if I find her adopting the deceptive forms of society, and becoming a mere woman of fashion, then will I 'whistle her down the wind,' and leave her to her own pursuits."

" Frankfort, with such feelings you ought not to marry."

"Why not?"

We Because you are receiving more than you give. You take the homage of innocent affection and you give in return the cold, calculating regard of one who has long since expended his fervid feelings. You expect the most entire devotion, and you offer her the half-withheld attachment of one who distrusts her sex—you expose her to the full glare of wealth with all its temptations, and resolve even now to cast her off if she be dazzled by its splendours."

"But I anticipate no such result, Ormesby; I think she will be proof against all temptation, and if my love be less fervid than in the days of my boyhood, it will be more durable.

"I shope it may be so," said Ormesby, "but I must confess I have my doubts on the subject. Few girls

of eighteen are sufficiently discreet and prudent to suit the notions of—"

"Of a husband of forty, I suppose you mean," said Frankfort, laughing; "why man, you are as distrustful of me as if I were a woman."

"More so, Frankfort, for I have less faith in the generosity of man's nature."

"Well, let us each enjoy our own opinion, and abide the result; but now, with your permission, I will see your wife, Ormesby, for I am in need of her assistance in the choice of a wedding-dress for my village bride."

If women could read the calculations which enter in and mingle with the affections of men, how often would they shrink from the homage which is offered them-the homage which they repay by the sacrifice of themselves. Alice, young, warm-hearted, and sincere, had given her affections, without reserve, to the " new master." His poverty had awakened her pity, his talents excited her respect, his kindness won her love, and she wedded him at the bedside of her dying father, without one thought of worldly interest to disturb the pure current of her tenderness. Her marriage was a sad one, however, for the excitement proved too much for her old father, and on the following morning he was found lifeless in his bed. He had passed from aleep unto death without a struggle. Overwhelmed with grief, Alice gave little heed to her husband's arrangements respecting the school, and it was not until he announced to her his intention of quitting New Hampshire, that she learned he had relinquished his charge. Passively yielding to his will, she allowed him to conduct her where he would, and a prolonged tour through Canada and along the lakes, aided much in restoring her feelings to their wonted cheerful tone. It was not until then, when he saw her sunny temper once more lighting up her fair face, that he conducted her to his stately home, and revealed to her astonished gaze the riches of which she was now mistress.

At first Alice seemed like one in a dream. She almost feared to close her eyes lest the rich and beautiful things by which she was surrounded should fade like fairy gifts from her view. But when the tumult of her feelings had subsided—when she could sit down calmly and reflect upon all that had occurred, a painful thought arose within her mind.

"Why," said she to herself, "why did he not tell me of this? how could he deceive me with details of poverty and plans for economy and industry? Can affection thus voluntarily utter the language of false-hood?" To her sensitive mind such a thought seemed like ingratitude, and yet she vainly strove to repress it. Again and again it occurred to her, even in the midst of the confidences of wedded love, and she was chilled by the first faint shadow of distrust long ere she knew the deep darkness of suspicion's cloud.

Alice was now placed in a painful and unnatural position in society. "Have you seen Mrs. Frankfort yet?" was the common question among the "exclusives," and various were the criticisms to which the poor girl was subjected. A few romantic young ladies thought her timidity very charming, but to the hard and worldly characters, who are always to be found among the leaders of fashion, the blushing and sensitive Alice was a mystery and a marvel. They were perfectly scandalized at her deficiency in the accomplishments deemed requisite in society. She could not dance, she was ignorant of scientific music, she did not know the use of finger-glasses, she had

been heard to laugh out loudly and gleefully while at an evening party, and she had actually been seen eating fish with her knife. These, and many similar enormities, were laid to her charge, and Alice felt that she was the object of continual remark. But, although ignorant of many minute points of etiquette, she was by no means deficient in quickness of comprehension and energy of character. She saw that her husband was exceedingly annoyed by her occasional rusticity, and she set herself seriously to work to correct it. She soon found that society would forgive almost any thing in those who contributed to its amusement, and that in or ler to destroy the odium of being country-bred, she must begin by a course of city extravagance. Stimulated by a wish to do honour to her husband, and, perhaps too, by that latent vanity which lurks in every human heart, she commenced her career by the study of the arts of dress. Until thus transplanted to the regions of fashion, she had been, if not unconscious, at least regardless of her personal beauty; but she was now urged to make the best use of every advantage she possessed, and, placing herself under the guidance of some of those kind friends who are always ready to assist others in spending money, she soon learned how much skilful management may improve natural loveliness. Sparing no expense, and gifted with native good taste, the "village bride" soon became distinguished as the "best dressed woman in society;" and none but those who know how some persons toil and struggle to obtain such a reputation, can be aware of its importance. Many a woman has wasted her time, neglected her children, forgotten her duties, and ruined her husband in the effort to acquire it. In proportion as Alice began to feel at ease in society, she ceased to excite remark by her simplicity of manners and frankness of speech. With the same sincerity of heart, she had learned to throw the veil of courtly grace over the unpleasant truths which people like not to hear, and in less than two years from the period of her marriage, Mrs. Frankfort's appearance and deportment were as much admired as were her brilliant parties and splendid house.

Few young hearts can resist the allurements of wealth, gaiety, and fashion, and Alice was certainly subjected to great temptation. The restraints which had at first seemed irksome to her, became daily less burdensome, and at length she was as much devoted to the pursuits of pleasure as if she had been educated in the atmosphere of fashionable society. The stimulus of company became essential to her comfort, and the languid inertness of her morning hours, the natural result of continual festivities in the evening, was only to be dissipated by fresh excitements. The village bride was fast becoming the fade and emuyeè woman of fashion.

In the mean time, Frankfort was in the situation of a child who has ignorantly set in motion a machine which he cannot stop. He knew but little of his own nature when he thought he should be indifferent to the sarcasms of his gay friends, and a casual jest which he overheard, respecting "Harry Frankfort's schoolmistress," aroused him to the utmost indignation. He had carnestly urged on Alice the necessity of conformity to the customs of society, and placed at her disposal a large sum of money, to be devoted expressly to the expenses of a fashionable career. But he foolishly expected her to do all these because he wished it, and to check her course just at

the proper point—as if a young, inexperienced woman was likely to be the judge of such a period, or capable of acting from mere calculation in a matter so closely depending on feminine weakness and vanity. Instead of remonstrating with his young wife and expressing his wishes on the subject, he acted upon his principle of self guidance and while he awaited in moody silence the result, he treasured up within his heart every thing which he could wrest into an expression of ingratitude and indifference towards him. Too proud to hint at the jealous pangs which he suffered when he saw her surrounded by the foplings of the day, he suffered her to receive their attentions, and listen to their flatteries, when a word from him would have been sufficient to drive them from her presence. Alice loved her husband too well to derive any real pleasure from the society of others of his sex, but she was delighted with her triumph over those who had once looked down upon the little rustic, and she was thus led by vanity to the very verge of error, without being conscious of having taken one step in the wrong path. It was the duty of her husband to have watched over the strong impulses of a nature which had never before been exposed to temptation, but Frankfort possessed one of those stern vet distrustful tempers which, while willing to believe the worst, was disposed to visit error with unsparing severity. A deviation from his standard of right, was in his eyes an unpardonable crime, and he watched in sullen silence the gradual change in his wife's habits of life. Yet so carefully did he mask his feelings beneath the guise of kindness that Alice dreamed not of their existence. A faint suspicion that her husband's manner was less tender, sometimes crossed her mind, but her confiding temper rejected it as a vain fancy, and she was therefore but ill prepared for a sudden disruption of the ties which bound them together.

One evening she had just turned from her toilet, attired in almost queenly splendour, when the carriage of a friend, who had called to convey her to a party, rolled up to the door. As she stepped lightly across the hall, she opened the library door, and looking in, said, "Do not be late to-night, Harry, I feel as if I shall be ready to come home quite early." Her husband made no reply, and the next moment he was gone. But little did she think as she listened to the light jest and uttered the merry repartee that night, that she had looked her last upon the face of her husband. At a late hour she returned alone.

Piqued and wounded by her husband's neglect of her wishes, she had half determined to appear downright angry with him, but her anger was soon checked by the tidings that he had left the house soon after her departure, taking with him his servant and a quantity of baggage. Without waiting to disrobe herself of her brilliant array, she hurried to the library. The grey dawn was just peeping in at the open casement as she entered the room, and uttering an exclamation of joy she sprang forward to seize a packet which she saw upon the table. It was directed to herself, and eagerly breaking the seals, she found a number of bills from her milliner, jeweller, confectioner, etc., all accepted and endorsed on the back with the word "paid," in the handwriting of her husband. As she threw them impatiently aside, her eye fell upon a letter which contained these words:

"For nearly three years, I have watched in silence

the gradual corruption of your heart: for nearly three years I watched the infusion, drop by drop, of insincerity and folly into the pure fountain which was to me as the gem of the desert! Alice, I wedded you for your truthfulness, your purity, even more than for your leveliness, but you have deceived my trust. The fulsome flattery of every fool in society has been breathed upon the stream of thought, until it no longer reflects the unbroken image of the heaven which once smiled upon it. You have turned from the quiet scenes of domestic happiness and chosen the path of gaiety. I leave you to pursue it. In the hands of my agent you will find the sum of \$5,000 per annum, subject to your order, and, by thatwhich is exactly the half of my income-I trust you will regulate your expenses. Henceforth we must live apart. I shall sail for England in order to avoid the fracas of a public separation, and if you still continue your usual course of life, my absence will be a reproach to me only. I know the step I am now taking will not be justified by the world, for a disappointment which only affects one's happiness is not considered a sufficient cause for a severance of those ties, which, without congeniality of feeling, are worse fetters than those of the galley slave. You will be looked upon as a martyr, and I as a monster; but so be it. I expect no answer to this letter: the suspicions which have long been growing up in my heart, (suspicions not of your conduct but of your candour,) have now become a part of my belief, and all your assertions will not change my opinion. You are but like your sex, your birthright is insincerity. I thought to have wedded disinterested affection—I did not know how quickly the deceitfulness of the heart can wither the fairest plants that take root within its soil.

"One word, and I have done. If you are not yet too deeply imbued with the love of vanity, there is a faint hope for the future. Withdraw from the scenes of gaiety—spend your life in the seclusion which befits penitence, and if at the expiration of two years from this day, you seek a reconciliation you will not find me inexorable. A letter may be then left with my agent—but remember I receive no letters at an earlier period. Farewell, and may you, for both our sakes, learn wisdom in the loneliness to which I now consign you.

H. F."

Words were too feeble to describe the effect produced upon the mind of Alice by these bitter and unmerited reproaches. It was the first intimation she had received of her husband's displeasure, and it came to her in the shape of a scathing thunderbolt. Her first impulse was to seek him and implore his forgiveness, but the more she pondered over the fatal letter, the more her heart rebelled at the thought of appearing as a suppliant before him. "Three years." murmured she, "three years has he been cherishing evil thoughts against the wife of his bosom-for three years has my head been pillowed upon a breast which was swelling with bitterness against me-three years of frank, confiding tenderness on my part-of coldness, suspicion, deception on his. And yet he can accuse me of falsehood and a love of the world. Who taught me that love of the world? who bade me dress, and act, and talk like my companions? Shame! shame on such base distrust! I will not bow my proud and stainless nature before the being who can thus cherish vile suspicions of me, because forsooth in obliging his sovereign will I learned to love my tasks." Alice possessed that quiet kind of temper which often serves to conceal powerful passions and great obstinacy of purpose. She felt herself unjustly condemned, and every evil emotion in her nature was aroused. A milder method of reproof would have awakened contrition for her indiscretions, and a submission to her husband's wishes, for well as she loved pleasure, she certainly loved her husband more. But it was now too late, and it was with no other feeling than sullen anger that she beheld on the following morning his name among the list of passengers for London.

Two years had passed away, and Frankfort, the unhappy victim of a fanciful theory of human perfectibility, returned to his native land. With a feeling of hope that he was almost ashamed to indulge, he hurried to the house of his agent, and eagerly asked for letters. One was put into his hands, directed to him in the handwriting of his forsaken wife. Visions of reunion, and of future happiness purchased by a probation of suffering, floated through his mind as he broke the seal. But the paper dropped from his grasp-it contained the order upon his banker for her annuity. Not a single word accompanied it except the date-which seemed to show him that her determination had been taken as rapidly as his own, for it was almost two years since the gift had been returned. In answer to his hurried inquiries, he learned that Mrs. Frankfort had left the house very soon after his departure for England, and that the key together with his plate and Alice's jewels were all in the hands of his agent. In almost frantic haste he flew to the long deserted house, but in vain did he explore the dust lined chambers of that stately mansion. No other trace of Alice remained than the richly furnished apartments where she had so often presided in the pride of youthful beauty.

"You deserve your present suffering," said Ormesby, as he listened to Frankfort's tale of distrust and stern rebuke, and late remorse; "was there no pity in your heart for the young, fair creature, who had left her native woodlands for the love of the poor and friendless scholar, and who would have borne the blasts of adversity for your sake, with less danger than she met the sunshine of prosperity. Go—seek her through the world, and when you have found her, bow yourself in humble penitence before her whom you deserted in her hour of danger, but hope not for a return of the confidence which might have blessed your wedded life."

Conscience-stricken and despairing, Frankfort listened with unwonted meekness to his friend's rebuke. The thought of what Alice must have suffered thus thrown penniless upon a selfish world, subdued his stern nature. She had repelled his suspicions of her sordidness by refusing to accept of one cent from his overflowing stores, and a vision of his delicate and lovely wife stemming the waves of want and misery was ever present to his mental sight. Lonely and sad he set out upon his pilgrimage of love. Every means that could be invented for the discovery of a lost friend were tried, but in vain; and, at length, Frankfort resolved to travel from place to place, visiting every city and hamlet in the land, until he found the object of his search, or at least beheld her grave.

But his health was now enfeebled, and his progress was necessarily slow. Months, aye years passed in the fruitless search, and daily his quest seemed to

become more hopeless. It was late in the afternoon of an autumnal day, that he drew his bridle rein before a small inn, in a little village far remote from the busy world. The passing bell-that sound so unfamiliar to the residents of a great city—that sound which falls with such melancholy import on the ear of the villager, who knows it tolls for a departed friend-was echoing through the hamlet; and as he counted the rapid strokes which told the age of the deceased, he sighed. "Twenty-six!" murmured he, "dead at twenty-six! and doubtless friends stand weeping around the early grave as if death were not a haven of rest and a refuge from misfortune." Leaving his horse at the inn, he strolled onward towards the humble burial ground, directed by the sound of the mournful bell, but ere he reached it, he was met by a group of children bearing flowers in their hands and weeping bitterly as they hurried towards a cottage by the roadside. With a feeling of compassionate tenderness that in earlier days had been a stranger to his bosom, Frankfort addressed himself to the eldest of the little group, and asked the cause of such excessive grief. " It is our dear schoolmistress," sobbed the child, as she ran forward, "she died yesterday, and we are bringing flowers to strew over her grave."

Impelled by a feeling for which he could not account, Frankfort followed the footsteps of his young guidea, and found himself entering along with them into the house of mourning. In the centre of the narrow apartment, surrounded by a group of weeping children stood a coffin. The grey headed sexton approached and lifting the lid, was about to cover for ever the face of the pale clay, when his arm was arrested by an iron grasp, and Frankfort, gasping for breath, and pale as her who lay shrouded before him, was bending over the dead. One glance sufficed to tell her whole history. His wife—his injured and proud-hearted Alice, lay before him. His repentance came too late. Her bitter and unforgiving sense of wrong had gone with her to the grave!

Do you ask what became of Frankfort, my young reader? It is scarcely a year since he was called to his long account, and many a rich legacy to various beneficent institutions has emblazoned the name of him whose life was embittered by the want of that "charity" which "suffereth long and is kind."—Fretful, querulous, and suspicious, his infirmities of temper increased with his decrepitude, and he sunk into the grave of second childhood, unpitted and un-

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE SEA.EAGLE'S FALL.

BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

An eagle on his towering wing Hung o'er the summer sea; And ne'er did airy, feathered king Look prouder there than he.

He spied the finny tribes below,
Amid the limpid brine;
And felt it now was time to know
Whereon he was to dine.

He saw a noble, shining fish
So near the surface swim,
He felt at once a hungry wish
To make a feast of him.

Then straight he took his downward course:
A sudden plunge he gave,
And pouncing, seized with murderous force,
His tempter in the wave.

He struck his talons firm and deep Within the slippery prize, In hope his ruffian grasp to keep, And high and dry to rise.

But ah! it was a fatal stoop
As ever monarch made:
And for that rash, that cruel swoop,
He soon and dearly paid.

The fish had too much gravity
To yield to this attack,
His feet the cagle could not free
From off the scaly back.

He'd seized on one too strong and great;
His mastery now was gone;
And on, by that prepondering weight,
And downward he was drawn.

Nor found he here the element
Where he could move with grace;
And flap! and dash! his pinions went,
In ocean's wrinkled face.

They could not bring his talons out, His forfeit life to save; And planted thus, he writhed about Upon his gaping grave.

He raised his head and gave a shrick
To bid adieu to light:
The water bubbled in his beak—
He sank from human sight.

The children of the sea came round
The foreigner to view;
To see an airy monarch drowned
To them was something new.

Some gave a quick, astonished look, And darted swift away; While some his parting plumage shook, And nibbled him for prey.

O! who that saw that bird at noon, So high and proudly soar, Could think how awkwardly, how soon He'd fall to rise no more?

Though glory, majesty, and pride Were his an hour ago, Deprived of all, that eagle died For stooping once too low!

Now, have you ever known, or heard Of biped from his sphere Descending, like that silly bird, Digitize To catch (se) so dear?

#### THE CAUGHT, UNCAUGHT.

#### TALE.

#### BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

Miss Emily Twist was the daughter of a highly respectable decayed gentleman, who dwelt in the county of Kerry, in the southwestern part of Ireland; and none was more beautiful and bright, and gentle than she, among all the maids of Kerry. Mr. William Fitzhugh was an undecayed gentleman, whose unincumbered estate was within a few miles of the residence of Mr. Twist, on the Dublin road; and of all the men in Kerry, none was uglier than he. He was of middle age, and not eminently gifted in an intellectual view; while his corporeal structure exhibited sundry departures from the ordinary model, which rendered his appearance more peculiar than fascinating. His forehead was low, his face long, his head big, his body little, his hair "auburn" of the reddest kind, while his left eye, being bleared, by no means neutralized other defects. Love, it is said, is governed by contrasts; as Sheridan Knowles hath it:

"In joining contrasts lieth love's delight,
Complexion, stature, nature, mateth it,
Not with their kinds, but with their opposites.
Hence hands of snow in palms of russet lie;
The form of Hercules affects the sylph's;
And breasts that case the lion's fear proof heart,
Find their loved lodge in arms where tremors dwell."

The rhythm of the second and third lines, by the bye, is better than their grammar; but that being neither here nor there, I proceed to say, that Mr. Fitzhugh was doubtless under this peculiar influence, when he fell desperately in love with Miss Emily Twist, and proposed to her father for her hand. I should have thought better of Mr. Twist's ideality of character, and his paternal tenderness, had he turned a deaf ear to the application of the enamoured swain, hesitatingly communicated 'midst interrupting sighs. But then the embarrassed condition of his fortunes must be taken into consideration, and Mr. Fitzhugh's well laden coffers; Mr. Twist's gnawing anxiety to maintain his position as a gentleman, and Mr. Fitzhugh's ability to allay it. Did I communicate the fact that Mr. Twist commanded his daughter to permit Mr. Fitzhugh's attentions, without first presenting these mitigating facts, my fair reader would doubtless curl her lip, and exclaim, in lofty indignation, "Brute!" but now she will doubtless modify the anathema into "unfortunate!" But so it was that Mr. Twist was swaved by pride, and the sweet Emily was desired most authoritatively, to consider Mr. Fitzhugh as the accepted candidate for her hand; and admit him to those little significant familiarities, which lovers delight to indulge in. The poor girl, who had rather have been burnt at the stake than to be thus more inhumanly sacrificed, submitted, notwithstanding, to her father's will; and the delighted Mr. Fitzhugh, whose unbounded love made his tongue cleave to the roof of his mouth when in Emily's presence, yet who could not exist away from her, sat, hour by hour, day after day, opposite to her, staring into her face with that interesting bleared eye of his, with his mouth listlessly wide

open, and never uttering a word, but only now and then "sighing like a furnace."

To arrive at the "hang" of our tale in the most expeditious way, we will leave Mr. Fitzhugh in one of these sentimental attitudes, and cast a glance at the domain of "Elmsgrove," as Mrs. Blannerhasset chose to designate the estate, whose less romantic and less euphonious previous appellative was "Ballaseedy." It had long been in the possession of the Blannerhassetts, and matters stood with the members of the family, at the commencement of our tale, thus. The dead and gone John Blannerhassett, Esq., having been too profuse in his youth, found himself as years gathered on his head, rather straightened in means; and casting his eyes about decided that the thousands of the brisk widow of a tallow chandler in the town of Tralee, to which his estate was near, would materially assist him in getting on in the world; so he proposed to her, and she, glad to commute her wealth for elevation in society, answered "yes," without hesitation, and they were made man and wife. But to keep a sheriff out of his house, the unfortunate Mr. Blannerhassett took a wild cat in: who so worried him with her temper, her obstinacy, and her tongue, that he at last laid violent hands on himself, and put an end to his mortal career, as many others have done from the same diabolical cause; leaving one child, a son, who had not quite attained his majority, and who, in the settlement of the estate, became a ward in chancery.

This son, as fine a fellow within and without as one would wish to see, and who, his ambitious mother doubted not, with his wealth and his personal attractions, could easily mate with a countess, was out upon a hunt, at the time when Mr. Fitzhugh was in the very fever of his love for Emily Twist. The direction of the chase took young Blannerhasset near to Mr. Twist's mansion, of whose hospitalities, as he had some acquaintance with him, he partook before his return. He had often seen Emily, but was never so struck with her beauty as now; and I hasten to say, in order to keep up with the anticipations of my reader, that his admiration grew stronger with every moment, and an hour's conversation developed it into an ardent attachment. He took his leave, eagerly accepting Mr. Twist's entreaties that he might see him soon again; and the second day thence saw him on his panting steed at his entertainer's door. Mr. Fitzhugh was at Mr. Twist's, as usual, but wholly disregarding him, young Blannerhassett played the intensely agreeable to Miss Emily, whose charms sunk deeper and deeper into his heart. A storm came on towards night, and he was thus forced to remain until the morrow. A half dozen storms detained him in the same way in the course of the ensuing month, and sometimes, something or other detained him when there was no storm at all.

Innumerable little twinges of jealousy finally assailed Mr. Fitzhugh, who ventured to suggest to Emily that the relation she stood in to him, would hardly authorize the very significant intimacy which

she was encouraging with young Blannerhasset. But his expostulations were altogether unheeded. She smiled upon him very sweetly while he was uttering his rebuke, and listened to him very attentively; but a moment after she smiled a thousand times more sweetly on Blannerhassett, who happened to enter the room just then, and away she went with him for a walk, without so much as bidding Mr. Fitzhugh good bye." This sent Mr. Fitzhugh to her father to obtain his coadjuvancy in the dilemma; which Mr. Twist promised to render, but which, on reflection, he did not render; so that the young people carried on"—to Mr. Fitzhugh's infinite rage—worse than ever.

Mr. Fitzhugh's brain finally became almost topsy turvy with the whirlwind of conflicting passions. The slight upon him had no effect to diminish his affection, but rather swelled it to broader bounds; and the reflection, which forced itself upon him, that be was in danger of losing the precious treasure of his heart, was insupportable. What should he do! He resolved to insist upon his rights with Emily, and to prevent any possibility of further stolen interviews with his audacious and presuming rival. when they were in the house, he remained within, when they went out he followed, when they walked, he walked, when they sat down, he sat down. Blannerhassett gave him sundry hints that a different course of conduct would be vastly more agreeable, which were wholly lost upon the pertinacious Fitzhugh. But a signal termination was put to this sagacious plan of action; for one pleasant afternoon, at love's sweet hour of twilight, when Blannerhasset and Emily had seated themselves by a window, and Fitzhugh's ungainly visage was thrust, as usual, between them, the youth, exasperated beyond patience, quietly applied one hand to the nape of the interloper's neck, and the other to his nasal protuberance; then, raising him from his chair, he turned the said protuberance doorward, and when poor Fitzhugh came to a full comprehension of the extraordinary action, he found himself in the street, with a distinct remembrance of the turning of a lock to exclude him. In this extremity, he thought it decidedly wisest to go home, and mourn over his misfortune there. Had he read a great deal of poetry, he would undoubtedly have torn his hair, and meditated suicide; but as it was, he never dreamed of such refinements of wo. He resolved, however, on revenge, and as the most summary method to achieve it, feigned business at Tralee, for which place he started the very next morning; but turned aside as he approached it, and checked his horse before the stately seat of the Blannerhassetts at Elmsgrove, or, as in aforetime, Ballaseedy, and was ushered into the presence of Mistress Blannerhassett, to whom he gave warning that her son must be looked after, as he was becoming fast entangled with the daughter of Mr. Twist.

Mrs. Blannerhassett received his communication with a wild stare of horror at the thought! What! her son, for whom she had resolved that no less than a countess, in her own right, should serve, to marry the daughter of a Twist! Horror soon became absorbed in rage; and in the tempest of her fury, she strided from side to side across the room, whirling a chair here and another there, thundering out volumes of terrible words, cursing the whole race of Twists, whose necks she would gladly have twisted, anathematizing her son for his want of ambition, tossing

her arms franticly about, and darting fire from ber eyes, until Mr. Fitzhugh wondered that the dead and gone Mr. John Blannerhassett had not made way with himself much sooner than he did, and turned pale with fear lest his own bodily sanity should be infringed upon by the wrathful woman. He sat, however, in silence, until the clouds began to break away, the thunder to be less fearfully audible, and the lightning to play less fiercely; when she thanked him for his kind interference, and expressed her resolve that her son should undertake an immediate journey to the continent; so Mr. Fitzhugh rode back agam, all radiant with joy.

When Blannerhassett reached his home, in the afternoon of the same day, his reception by his mother was more warm than delightful. The scene of the morning was enacted over again, and its finale was a command to make ready to accompany his tutor on an immediate tour to the continent. nerhassett did not attempt to beseech, for he well knew that any effort of the kind would be unavailing: but something he did do, at once; and that was secretly to despatch a confidential servant with all practicable speed to Emily, bearing a letter, whose contents were of very particular import. After the receipt of her reply, he seemed as calm and contented as though he was not to be compelled to tear himself from his love; and as if no such thing had been hinted at as a tour to the continent.

The day following these events, Mr. Fitzhigh ventured, for the first time since his significant ejection from her presence, to pay a visit to Emily. Contrary to his anticipations, she received him very graciously, and even inquired of him if he knew that Mr. Blannerhassett was about to make the tour of the continent. She exhibited no emotion at the thought of his absence, but appeared, on the contrary, never more lovely. "I was deceived," thought Fitzhugh, "she does not love him; she has been flirting with him merely to excite my jealousy—oh what a load is off my mind!"

"How affectionately she bade me farewell," he said to himself, as he was on his way home, at evening; "how plainly she repents of the pain she has given me, and means, by her kindness, to atone for it. Dear Emily—I forgive thee!"

He could not sleep that night, so full was he of ecstatic dreams; and rose at early dawn to walk abroad, and give vent to his new-born joy. As he stood in the shadow of a tree, against which he was leaning, near the wall that skirted the road side, the noise of wheels, rapidly approaching, aroused him from his reverie. It was a Tralee postchaise and four, dashing along towards Dublin, at a rapid rare, the horses in full gallop. As it whirled by him—be could not be mistaken!—he saw within it, no less than young Blannerhassett and his adored Emity, seated side by side! Oh misery! crack went the whip, away sprung the beasts with a fresh impulse, and in a moment, all was hidden from his sight!

He remained, for some minutes, as stupified as though it had been a real Bengal tiger that had bounded by him, instead of a postchaise. The blood retreated to his heart, the drops stood on his brow, his knees tottered, and he might have fallen to the ground had it not been for the friendly support of the tree against which he leaned. With all his intellectual stolidity, he knew enough to perceive that he had just witnessed the strongest possible symptoms of an

elopement; and felt that he had been most egregiously gulled. To have all his fond anticipations, hissing hot as they were, turned thus suddenly to ice, was a reverse almost too tremendous to support. But the vehicle was still dashing on—the certainty of despair was becoming more and more inevitable; and should he resign himself tamely to grief? No—thought he; and deriving strength from resolution, he hastened to the house, ordered his fleetest horse to be saddled, and was soon on his back, flying along to Ballaseedy.

One of the Louis' of France, when beaten at chess, was accustomed to demolish the board over the head of the unfortunate courtier who happened to be his antagonist. Mr. Fitzhugh could not escape some trembling of apprehension, lest the irascible Mrs. Blannerhassett should expend her wrath upon him for being the messenger of so unwelcome tidings; but love sustained him, and he was ushered into her presence.

"Well, Mr. Fitzhugh, you have come to inform me how my plan works, no doubt—how that Miss Emily is pining away at the thought of her loss, and shedding tube of tears. It's all very well—I'll teach the vixen to wheedle my son from his duty—that I will!"

"You're sadly mistaken, madam," replied Fitzhugh; "I came to inform you, that I fear your son and Miss Emily are now on their way to Dublin, as fast as a chaise and four can carry them. I saw them myself at sunrise, as they rattled past my house."

As the unfortunate wights of ancient time were turned to stone when they looked upon the snakehaired head of the Gorgon, so Mr. Fitzhugh was almost petrified at the double distilled fury that displayed itself on Mrs. Blannerhassett's countenance at his unexpected announcement. She smothered, however, all further exhibition of the volcano within, for she well knew that action, and that immediate and decisive, was necessary. Her carriage was got out, her best steeds attached, Mr. Fitzhugh was prevailed on to accompany her messenger to Dublin, and in less than an hour, with letters to the proper authorities there, they were in full pursuit, hope was that the fugitives might be detained by mischances on the road, and that their own superior facilities of conveyance would more than retrieve the distance between them and the pursued,

Arrived in Dublin, officers were employed to ferret out the pair, had they secreted themselves any where in the city; who soon reported that a gentleman and lady, fully answering to the description, had taken passage for Liverpool in the packet of the previous day. This rendered the prospect of success decidedly dubious, but the guards in chancery were nevertheless despatched after them, to make an effort for Blannerhassett's arrest before they had consummated their purpose-since it was evident that Gretna Green was the object of their longings. The guards were ordered in obedience to Mrs. Blannerhassett's desires, to seize the young man and fetch him back with them, leaving the girl to find her way home as best she could. Indeed they would, at any rate, have had no authority over her. So off they went-only a day behind their victims; while Mr. Fitzhugh remained in Dublin to await the result.

We pass now to Blannerhassett and Emily. Full of love, and of determination to do any thing rather than be separated, they had indeed fled to Gretna

Green, that they might be made one for ever, too tightly bound for hard heatted mothers or courts of chancery to separate them. As their arrangements had been of hasty completion, they were of the simplest character; and, without employing wiles of any sort, to mislead those who might be sent in pursuit, they trusted for success only to the chance that their departure would rest undiscovered by the parties interested to prevent it, until it would be too late to interfere. All went well as far as Dublin; where they made a confidant of Emily's brother, then a resident there, and prevailing on him to accompany them, were borne across the channel. At Liverpool they took the specdiest conveyance for the north.

Behold them now on an afternoon, at an inn, within a single stage of the border. Emily is in a chamber above stairs with her brother, and Blannerhassett stands at the street door, congratulating himself on the probable success of his flight, and the prospect, that, on the morrow, his adored Emily will be made his own for ever. At once, as he turns his gaze along the village street, he sees in the distance several horsemen approaching at full speed, tramping the dust into clouds around them. He instantly, and with a sinking of the heart, appreciates their errand. Slipping a crown into the hand of Boots, who is exercising his vocation in the entry, he takes from him his frock and hat, and daubing his face with streaks of blacking, plies the brush with vigour upon a dirty The clatter sounds nearer and nearer, and soon the horsemen are at the door. They are indeed the pursuing guards in chancery! Blannerhassett has not had time to warn Emily of their coming, and having descried her at the window as they rode up, they dash, with an exultant shout by Boots, and hurrying up the stairs, burst into the chamber! Poor Emily! she feels that all is discovered; and, with a heart-rending shrick, she rises from her seat, and flinging herself into her brother's arms, faints upon his bosom. "Here is our man!" cry the guards. "Come, my fine fellow, the jig's up-you must go back with us; and as for Miss here, she may get back as she can. Ah ha! ah! ha! we have been a little too quick for you, hey! Come! no palaver!we're off at once; and will be a good twenty miles on the way back, before nightfall!"

Young Twist saw in a moment, with delight, that he was mistaken for Blannerhassett; and, eager to hasten them away, before Emily should recover, he laid her on the bed, and, as though submissive to fate, signified to the guards that he was ready to accompany them. Even he did not recognise his friend in his disguise, as he passed by him scrubbing away at a shoe, disdaining to intermit his toil to gratify any curiosity about the strangers. The guards rallied Boots upon so unusual a degree of diligence, to which he made no reply; and nothing but their per fect satisfaction that the veritable Blannerhassett was in their clutches, prevented them from suspicion, and that further survey of the assiduous Boots, which would infallibly have resulted in his detection. He trembled as it was; and scarcely dared congratulate himself, that fortune without his concurrence would invent and carry out so admirable a plot for his security. The guards lingered some time. A postchaise had to be got ready, in which to convey their charge; they stopped to sip a little beer too, and it was a good half hour before they were fairly on the start. The reputed Blannerhassett with one of the guards,

was seated in the chaise, while the remainder were on horseback behind it. When all was ready, the guards gave a grand hurrah, at their success, and the cortege moved on at a rapid rate. Blannerhassett watched it until it disappeared in the distance, and then, disrobing himself of the frock, he flew up to Emily, who, now recovered through the good offices of the landlady, was sobbing and weeping under her supposed misfortunes, as though her very heart was breaking. She could scarce believe her eyes, when they testified that Blannerhassett stood before her; but a few words explained all; they gave a loose to joy again; and to render security doubly secure, they proceeded on their way that very night. The little town whose name is sacred in the chronicles of Hymen, was reached-the celebrated Blacksmith, cupid's notorious priest, called to officiate, and Emily was clasped in the arms of a husband!

Once more to Dublin, to cast a glance at Fitzhugh, who is awaiting the return of the guards. The few days of their absence, during which he was suffering all the tortures of anxiety, scarce hoping that they would be successful, reduced his already attenuated body until it was but one degree removed from a shadow. The shock of the communication that Blannerhassett had really been arrested, one stage before the termination of his journey, and was then in the city, was almost too severe for his debilitated

nerves, but surviving it, he resolved to gratify a feeling of triumph, by looking in upon his humiliated rival. Accordingly, he was ushered to the apartmen in which he was confined, and when the door was opened, was greeted by an extended hand and a very benignant smile from Mr. Frederic Twist!

It is hardly necessary to enter into further details. The reader can well imagine the consternation of the guards at the discovery of their mistake, the chopfallen retreat of Mr. Fitzhugh to his home, and the effervescing rage of Mrs. Blannerhassett. It was not many months before the young and happy husband, attaining his majority, was put in possession of his patrimonial estates; and introduced his beloved wise to the station she was so well fitted to adorn.

Note. The circumstances of the above tale, except in so far as they have to do with Mr. Fitzhingh, who is the only interpolated character, are strictly true. My informant, an Irish lady, formerly resident in Tralee, well remembers the rejoicings upon the marriage of the happy pair, whom fortune had so romantically united. As it is not probable that the parties will ever get a glimpse of this tale, for, notwithstanding the unexampled circulation of the Lady's Book, I opine no copies are taken at Tralee, I have reduced to employ even the veritable names of both places and parties.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### SKETCH OF MADAME FELLER.

BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

Some there are
By their good works exalted, lofty minds,
And meditative authors of delight,
And happiness, which to the end of time
Will live, and spread, and flourish.—Wordsworth.

It has been said that the most noble spectacle earth could present, was a good man struggling with adversity. Is there not one more noble?—more angellike?—a delicate, pure-minded woman, forgetting herself, and struggling in the depths of poverty, misery, and obscurity, to promote the happiness of others?

The lady, whose name we have placed at the head of this article, has lately been visiting several of the principal cities in our republic, on an errand of mercy. The strong interest she has excited in the hearts of all who have enjoyed the privilege of her acquaintance, has induced us to prepare a short sketch of her character and mission, for the gratification and instruction of our numerous readers. What woman's heart can be indifferent to the beautiful example of one of their own sex, thus devoted to doing good?

Madame Henrietta Feller is a native of Switzer-land. Her family was among the best in Lausanne, and she was educated in all the refinements thought necessary to form the mind and manners of the lady. She was naturally of a cheerful temperament, and, like most young ladies, considered the amusements and enjoyments of this life, as permanent sources of happiness. Her prospects, indeed, seemed to promise as fair a portion of earthly felicity as usually falls to the lot of the most favoured. She married a

man who was highly esteemed, one of the magistrates of the city; they had an "elegant sufficiency," and were calculated to adorn the gay and elegant society which was proud to receive them. And heaven had blessed them with one pure source of domestic happiness—a daughter, on whom they lavished their warm affections, and garnered up their hopes.

Madame Feller had been educated in the Protestant faith, and thought herself a Christian, though she had never made personal piety a subject of much thought. But, like most mothers, she was faithful to teach her child whatever of truth and goodness she herself knew. She told her little daughter early of God, her heavenly Father, who lived far, far away in the distant heaven, above the sun and the stars, where no human eye could see his glory. The child seemed to seize the idea of God, as though it were the life and light of her young soul. She did not like her mother, feel that he was far away-she thought him near, wanted to see him, and was continually urging her mother to tell her about him. One day, when Madame Feller had taken her child to the balcony on the top of the house, the little creature looked around on the broad and open scene before her, then raising her eyes to the sky, she appeared to feel herself nearer heaven, and the first words she said were-" Now, mother, show me God!"

It could not be, but that these conversations of the child should awaken the mother's heart to the subject of religion. An event was soon to occur, which would stamp the impression with the sacred seal of the Holy Spirit. The child was to die! Yes, the only child, the darling daughter of Madame Feller was suddenly called to the bosom of the Father she had so much wished to see. And though scarcely passed the age of infancy, her death was a lesson of deep import-she was so happy, so triumphant, for she assured her mother that an angel stood by her bed, and smiled on her, and promised to take care of her. Could the mother wish to hold her child back from heaven; she did so wish, and it opened her eyes to the selfishness of her own heart. She saw that she had made an idol of the gift, and neglected to love and reverence the Giver. From that time Madame Feller devoted her heart and soul to do the will of God. The death of her husband, which took place a few years after, and which was also that of a Christian, left her alone in the world, but not lonely; every creature of God had a claim on her deep Christian sympathies. The good she lovedthe evil she pitied. Her strong and ardent mind could not be satisfied with that passive Christianity, in which most of our sex are content to pass their lives. She wanted to work in the cause of her Sa-She felt that labourers were needed in his vineyard, and determined to devote herself as a missionary. The question was, where should she begin? She had friends, M. Olivier and wife, who had gone out to Canada as missionaries to the French Canadians, and had begun their work by opening a school at Montreal. After much consideration and many prayers, Madame Feller resolved to go to Canada, join her friends, and become a teacher in their school. She reached Montreal in 1835. She found the state of the poor people in Canada much more distressing than she had anticipated. We will not here enter into any consideration of the causes which have operated to keep the French colonists in Canada from participating in the improvements which, during the last half century, have been so rapidly going on throughout civilized Europe, as well as independent America. But whether it were owing to the agency of the British government, the influence of the Catholic priesthood, or to the faults of the colonists themselves, certain it is, that they were in a most wretched condition. A recent writer thus graphically describes them: "We could hardly find in any heathen country a more degraded race. Without the common necessaries of life, without instruction, ignorant of the Bible, and of the love of God to man, they have long lived in the most stupid indifference and insensibility, and died with scarcely a hope or a thought of eternal life."

Such was the character of the people whom Madame Feller wished to serve. But it is a work of great difficulty to begin improvements. The very benefits conferred often awaken distrust, even dislike in the hearts of those who receive them, towards their benefactors. The blind cannot know the true value of sight; and a partial restoration usually perplexes the mind, by showing "men as trees walking."

It is not strange that the poor Canadians distrusted their disinterested benefactors, and persecuted the Protestant missionaries. Partly from the opposition he met with, and partly from ill health, M. Olivier and wife were compelled to leave Montreal soon

after Madame Feller joined them. But she remained, strong in the faith and hope of doing good. She had brought with her from Switzerland funds sufficient, as she supposed, to support her for life, intending that all her benevolent exertions should be at her own expense. The money was placed in the hands of a gentleman in Montreal, who was considered good and safe. But he failed in business, and so completely, that Madame Feller lost her all. She was soon after driven, by persecution, from Montreal, and took shelter at St. Johns. Here she tried to get up a school, but having no funds, could do nothing. She had written to her friends in Switzerland of her destitute condition, but before help arrived was reduced to great extremity. In one of her letters to her friends, she remarks-" No one, perhaps, ever had a greater fear of being poor than myself. I had seen so many instances where dependence upon man was painful, that that condition was the one I most dreaded. And then I had always found it much pleasanter to give than to receive. When I left our beautiful Switzerland, the Lord had subdued my heart; I no longer shrunk at the prospect of poverty, if it were to be encountered in the service of Jesus." Still her utterly forlorn condition at St. Johns weighed heavily on her heart. She remarks, that it was the only time, since her arrival in Canada, that she has felt despondency. She was sitting, at the close of a day, passed in utter loneliness and the privations which those who are destitute of means must suffer-the bitterness of her lot-a stranger, poor, despised, persecuted-homeless and friendless, came like a wave of desolation over her soul. She looked from her solitary window on the people passing along the streets, each, she thought, was hastening towards home, while she had no home: she remarked a little child among the passers by-that child, she thought, is going to its mother, while I have none to come to me with the smile of love, and call me by that en-

to her last refuge.

But this cloud of darkness did not long oppress her. Brighter visions arose—as she expresses it—God spoke to her, (the feeling of his presence was doubtless most clear to her) and said—"Did I not tell thee of all these things? and didst thou not promise to endure and not to faint while my love sustained thee? I am with thee now."

dearing name. Should I die, no one would regret

me, not a tear would be shed; I should be laid in

my grave, with the remark that a poor mendicant,

or worse, a wretched impostor had gone unmourned

From that time she doubted no more, but determined to go onward. Means of support from her friends soon reached her, and she again began to teach all the pupils she could obtain, adults as well as children to read the Bible. That was her mission. The necessity for her labours may be somewhat understood from the fact that there then was not more than one in twenty of the French colonists in Canada who could read; and scarcely a copy of the Bible was to be found among the Catholic population.

Madame Feller had obtained considerable influence at St. Johns. So conciliating was her manners, so pure and peaceful her life, so devoted was her heart and soul to the cause of doing good to the wretched, and teaching the ignorant, that many who regarded her as a heretic, could not but admire her zeal, and bless her charity. But when the first rebellion in Lower Canada broke out, the blind fury of those who

felt oppression, but were not qualified to discriminate between their friends and foes, was, at St. Johns, turned against Madame Feller and her adherents. She was driven, by violent outrages from the country, and with about sixty adherents, took shelter in our Republic. She was received at Champlain, where she fled, with great kindness; though her sufferings during her flight were severe, and even during the winter she passed in our country, she and her poor followers had to endure many privations. But order was restored, in some measure, in the provinces, and the British authorities invited Madame Feller to return, promised her protection for the future, and urged her to appear against those who had injured her, and they should be punished.

Now was manifested the blessed Christian spirits which had so truly guided the conduct of this noble-hearted woman.

She accepted, with gratitude, the offer of returning to her labours, but she steadfastly refused to witness against those who had injured her.

"I came to Canada," said she, "to do good to all, as far as I have the ability—to those who injure and persecute as well as to those who love and aid me. What these poor people did, was done in ignorance; I pity and forgive them, and only want the opportunity of doing them favours."

Her resolution soon became known, and the true Christian spirit of her conduct subdued her enemies. From that time she was comparatively unmolested; her school increased; her influence augmented, and her character was respected even by those who still opposed her mission.

In the autumn of 1836, she removed to Grand Ségne, a settlement about twenty miles from Montreal. Here she opened a school, and soon had over twenty pupils. Her evenings were devoted to teaching those adults who could be persuaded to come and receive lessons, and hear the Gospel read. The winter proved a severe one, but these poor children, having found the pleasantness of Madame Feller's teaching, would not be discouraged. In one of her letters\* to a friend in New York, she says:

"Last week the weather was so bad, that even the men did not venture to leave the house; you can have no idea of its severity. Well, not one of the children stayed from the school. Their parents were not willing to let them go, but they begged and cried so much that they obtained permission. They were obliged to break their way through the snow; the smallest were up to their necks; the boys went on before to protect the girls. Some of them came quite a distance, and had their ears, cheeks, and hands considerably frozen; but made no complaint whatever, so happy were they to be at school. Some of them have made remarkable progress, being able to read fluently at the end of three months. They delight me by their intelligence and their earnestness to learn the things of God-oh, my dear sister, pray for my poor children in Canada, that their hearts may be open to receive Jesus!"

The summer of 1837 was a season of scarcity, and much distress among the poor people of Canada. Madame Feller, though in much destitution, living

on the vegetables of her garden, and a little milk, for which she was obliged to pay very dear, resolved to do something for their relief. She says:

"I must also tell you that I am surrounded by the poor-some of the families, who have embraced the Gospel, are so straitened, that they often have not the absolute necessaries of life. One family, where there are eight children, and will soon be the ninth, is so destitute, that it is not rare that they pass days without food. Five of these children attend my school, and you may imagine what I suffer when I see them exhausted and feeble from hunger. poor people have land, but had no means to purchase seed wheat, or potatoes to plant or sow. It seemed to me, that for the glory of God I ought to aid them in their temporal affairs; not by giving them, but by making an advance for them. I have therefore obligated myself for the sum of \$50, and if, as I expect with confidence in our good God, he blesses their fields, I am not concerned but that they will be able to pay me after harvest, for they are now sowing more than they will need for their own consumption. I do not think I have deceived myself in judging that this was my duty."-And it was to obtain this fifty dollars that she wrote to her friends; truly it was the charity of a wise as well as liberal heart, and speaks volumes for her good sense as well as true philanthropy.

In July of this year, Madame Feller was visited by Rev. Mr. Gilman, "a man full of zeal and devotedness." He was a native of Scotland, but then settled as pastor of a Baptist church in Montreal. He found Madame F. with her school of more than twenty children, in a barn, open to the rain and winds. She herself was living in a small garret. With the spirit of a Christian hero, Mr. Gilman resolved that a house for the mission should be prepared. He returned to Montreal, and in four days obtained one hundred dollars for the work. He then in conjunction with Rev. Mr. Roussy, a clergyman from Switzerland who had come to the aid of Madame Feller's mission, visited Champlain, Plattsburg, and other places, pleading the cause of the poor Canadiana. The response was warm and cheering. Sufficient funds were obtained to warrant the commencement of the undertaking. Madame Feller, who accompanied them to Plattsburg, thus writes to her friends in New-York:

"I return joyfully to my post; my whole heart is with my Canadians, and I am impatient to find myself again in the midst of my old and young children. Relying upon the Lord for the means of "finishing our tower," we are about to commence building. The plan is to have a spacious schoolroom, in which we can also hold our meetings, and a kitchen on the first floor-the second floor for lodging rooms for the family composing the mission. Is it expecting too much from you, in the present hard times, to ask you to beg for us? I stretch out my hands towards you, and in the name of Jesus, I beseech you to advocate the cause of my poor and miserable, and yet my dear people. Plead their cause; it is for them I ask a house, not for myself. I had one at home in Switzerland; here in Canada a garret is more than sufficient for me. We need a house that shall belong to the Lord, where my poor Canadians, of every age, may come and be taught the knowledge of God."

Could such earnest faith and love be exerted in vain! no, the prayers of Madame Feller have been

<sup>\*</sup> These and other extracts from the private letters of Madame Feller, have been made without her knowledge or consent. Her simple statement of facts was intended only for her friends, but we thought there could be no better method of making her mission, in its true character, known to the public, than to give her own graphic and touching descriptions.

answered-those who took up with her the burden of the mission in Canada have been blessed. True, there have been delays, and what might, to souls less warm in love to God and man, have been discouragements. But all have been surmounted. The Mission-House at Grand Segne, on a much larger scale than was at first projected, will, it is calculated, be completed during this month, (September,) and consecrated to the Lord. The late visit of Madame Feller to the Atlantic cities was for the purpose of collecting the funds necessary to complete the payments for the building. This sum, about \$1800, she had obtained, or nearly so, when she left Boston, her last place of sojourn.

She laboured under one disadvantage—the inability to speak our language-but she was favoured with having the Rev. Mr. Kirke for her interpreter, and all who have had the privilege of listening to his fervid and soul-stirring eloquence in the cause of his Divine Master, will not need be told how effectually he plead the cause of the poor and long neglected people whom she so devotedly loved and desired to serve. But though the Mission-house will be finished and paid for, still, aid for other objects will be needed. Funds for the school are wanted. There are now about eighty pupils under instruction, but many of these cannot attend during the winter, for want of shoes and clothing. It is, also, the wish of the teachers-there are two besides Madame Feller-Rev. Messrs. Roussy and Cellier-to establish a normal department in order to qualify native instructors, for the French Canadian population. Now, scarcely one can be found, fitted for the duties of teaching a primary or common school.

The great aim, therefore, of those engaged in this benevolent enterprise, is to make every person capable of reading the Holy Scriptures, and placing a copy of the Bible in the possession of every family.

Can any true Christian object to this? Surely no enlightened Catholic will oppose it. They are bound, if they act consistently, to encourage the instruction of their people.

In the June number of the "Catholic's Friend," a paper devoted to the interests of the Romish church. the Editor, remarking on the "Vigil of Pentecost," says:

44 From the number of lessons and prayers, required by the church to be read, and offered by her children, it is evidently her intention that this should be especially observed as a day of instruction, as well as of humiliation, fasting, and prayer.

"The 1st Lesson is, Genesis xxii. c .- the 2d Lesson, Exodus xiv. c. 24 v.-3d Lesson, Deuteronomy xxxi. c. 22 v.—4th Lesson, Isaiah iv. c.—5th Lesson, Baruch iii. c. 9 v .- 6th Lesson, Ezekiel xxxvii. c.

"The regular Lesson for the Mass of the day is from Acts xix. c. 1 to 8 v.—and the Gospel, John xiv. c. 15 v. For the numerous prayers, &c., we must refer our readers to the Missal.

"All this Scripture is prescribed by the church, to be read by the faithful all over the world-and vet forsooth-if we were to believe what is frequently said of us, Catholics are not allowed to read the Bible !"

In the preface to the "Ursuline Manual," a collection of Prayers and Lessons prepared for the young by a prelate of the Catholic church in Ireland. and approved by Bishop England, of Charleston, S. of our country: we pick up our ideas and notions in C., it is declared that, "Solid information and the common conversation, as in schools.

improvement of their minds are the next things (after religion) to be kept in view by the young. They should always recollect that, after the pleasures derived from virtues, those to be found in the pursuit of knowledge are the purest and most worthy."

Holding these principles, all enlightened Catholics must approve the efforts of Madame Feller, and bid her God speed. As the Catholics in Maryland, under Lord Baltimore, were the first sect in America which granted religious freedom to all denominations of Christians, we hope the Catholic ladies of that rich state will be among the first to come forward and assist those who are labouring to give instruction to the poor of all sects-Catholics and Protestants-in Canada. It is calculated that seventy five dollars per year, will support a pupil in the normal department-including board, clothing and tuition. A few ladies, in each city or large town, uniting together might, without inconvenience, guarantee the sum requisite for one scholar; and thus the required number, about ten, would be provided for. What a glorious opportunity here is of doing good!

> " For now is the blest and gracious hour, To plant in the wastes a heavenly flower."

And to no purer or more zealous hands could the cultivation of the blessed flowers of knowledge, virtue, and piety be committed. The character of Madame Feller has been tried in the crucible of adversity, till the dross of worldliness seems to have been wholly refined away. She lives for others, and in this devotion of her heart and soul to the cause of benevolence, her powers of mind have acquired such strength, comprehensiveness, and discretion as few of either sex ever attain. Then she has

> " A faith all made of love and light. Child-like, and therefore full of might."

Nothing discourages, nothing disturbs her. To her God she commits herself and her cares with the same trust and love as an infant feels in the arms of its mother.

A writer in a new periodical\* remarks--- Never have we beheld a purely human face. The face of the soul is not extant in flesh." We wish the writer could look on the countenance of Madame Feller. There is a benign goodness, an expression of deep but serene thought on her large placid brow, and beaming from her still lustrous eyes, which shows more than "glimpses of spiritual glory." The "celes tial lineaments" of "virtue and genius," are indeed there. No one can look on her, and hear the music of her soft voice, while pleading for her " dear children," the poor in Canada, without the wish to aid We consider her one of the most interesting and remarkable women of the age, and commend her mission to the prayers and charities of all who bear the Christian name, and particularly to our American ladies.

The Dial.

BRED to think, as well as to speak by rote, we furnish our minds as we furnish our houses-with the fancies of others, and according to the mode and age

#### MEMORIES

#### BY J. N. MCJILTON.

I.

QUICE falls the stroke—the wires of time
Tremble a moment, and a year
Drops into the unfathom'd clime,
Where deeds of ages—all appear.
Like spectres on the plains of fate,
The varied actions of mankind,
In wild assemblage congregate—
Dark shadows on the waste of mind,
In the deep vortex of the past,
The deeds of centuries are cast.

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What feelings rush upon the heart,
What thoughts run thro' the mind, as one
Stands on the stroke that claims a part
Of coming year, and year agone?
What mem'ries of the past begin,
Like rivers running to the sea?
Rivers of time—they empty in
The ocean of eternity.
From eras of the past they sweep,
Down to the o'erwhelming deep.

III.

In thought, the paths of old we tread,
That ancient prince and prophet trod;
And commune with the distant dead,
That held communion once with God,
And soar up to those regions bright,
The ever glorious regions, where
Almighty Wiedom, throned in light,
'Mid mansious limitless and fair,
The ways of angel throngs to scan,
And measure years to finite man.

IV.

We sit with Adam in the shade
Of spotless Eden; and we see
The Godhead's matchless pow'r displayed,
In every plant, and shrub, and tree.
The birds of heaven, before the fall,
That warbled forth melodious songs;
The fawning beast, the insect—all
The myriads of the countless throngs
That sport around the happy place,
Enchant us with their winning grace.

v.

The guileful serpent we behold,
That won the woman's trusting heart:
And wonder, as we see unfold
The history of that hellish art,
That blighted Eden's blissful bowers—
Her hopes in desolation laid,
And trampled down the lovely flowers,
That God's immortal hand had made,
The burning sod is covered o'er
With wrecks of all that bloomed before.

VI.

The change that passed o'er earth, we mourn,
And birds and flowers were not alone,
When of their bloom and brilliance shorn,
Proud man, unrivalled on his throne
Of princely intellect, has quailed
Beneath the grim and ghastly frown
Of the stern monster, that assailed
And hurled his lofty honours down.
The tyrant sin hath dealt the blow,
That laid the prince of nature low.

VII.

The long last grave of priest and king,
Who lived in ages far agone;
In mind before us, fresh we bring,
And think o'er deeds, the dead had done;
Temple and pyramid, that stood,
Amid the desert—on the plain,
And works that were beyond the flood,
All in their places spring again.
The king's design and artist's skill,
Are gazed on and admired still.

VIII

And obelisk and column tall,
Yet bathe their summits in the beams,
From day's fierce urn of fire that fall;
Anew the brazen pillar gleams
To tell the glorious triumphs o'er,
That warring hands in blood have won,
And Memnon's marble speaks once more
His pleasure to the rising sun,
Again the faithful Delphian stands,
Attentive to the priest's commands.

IX.

On Babylon and Thebes we gaze,
In all their splendour and their bloom;
And how we start in wild amaze,
When memory recals the doom
That Time has writ for theirs and them,
Time—who covers with his rust,
The sceptre and the diadem,
And gives the great to death and dust.
The jewelled crown, the vaunting brow,
Beneath the sod are sleeping now.

X.

The good, the vile, the great, the poor,
Alike have trod the tracks of Time;
And they are gone! the earth no more,
May see nor know them till the chime
Of resurrection trumps shall break
Upon the quickening spirit's sleep,
In startling echoes, and awake
The buried millions from the deep;
The grasp of death, the shroud, the pall,
In dust and darkness, equal all.

XI.

And all must die—the weak, the strong, Must pass from this bright world away; Though wealth and fame to some belong, They cannot save them from decay. Of youth—the light and lovely form, Of age—the intellectual head, In years gone by, the hideous worm, That waits within the tomb have fied. And years to come, that worm shall be Sole owner of the cemetry.

XII.

Tis wise to muse upon the tomb,
For all its depths will cover o'er;
The high born head must hail its doom,
The meaner dead can do no more.
The beggar like the king shall sleep,
Unharmed upon his couch of dust,
And none may break their slumber deep,
Or snatch them from Oblivion's rust.
Tis wise to muse upon the tomb—
Wiser to be prepared for doom.

#### THE VOICES OF MY HOME.

#### BY CATHARINE H. WATERMAN.

THE voices of my home
I hear them not—they are not in mine ear,
Why do they fail to come?
Those low toned voices, exquisitely dear.

Why are they silent now!
The flute-like music of mine earlier days;
The sunlight of my brow
Is sadly darken'd, since I heard their lays.

They whisper'd thro' my dreams,
They've peopled with glad songs, my midnight hours,
Like the soft swell of streams,
That leaves sweet schoes, on their banks of flowers.

I've call'd them round me all,
My mother's hallow'd accents gently mild,
Proud manhood's tone—the small
Low lisping music of a prattling child.

I've question'd them in sleep, I've ask'd of the old homestead, if they loved My memory still to keep, In the old play place, where in youth I roved. If still they strive to bring Mine own familiar face before their eyes, If still they loved to cling, With the same fervour to those household ties.

And when the shadows fell
Of dreamy twilight slowly round the hearth,
If in their voices' swell,
They miss one echo in their joyous mirth.

Mine own is silent there,
Mine own, that used to raise the evening song,
Or breathe the vesper prayer,
Mine own is silent in that kindred throng.

They've ceased to whisper round
The exile's couch, with mocking melody,
Now, no remember'd sound
Steals thro' my midnight dreams, sweet tones from thee.

The voices of my home,
I hear them not—they are not in mine ear,
Why do they fail to come?
Those low toned voices, exquisitely dear.

Written for the Lady's Book.

TO R. P \* \* \* \*.

### BY E. N. GAMBLE.

STRIKE those rich chords once more, sweeter than life,
Or youthful hope, they thrill my listening soul,
'Till I, subdued by the harmonious strife,
To joy or grief, am swayed by thy controul.
Thou leadest me at will, where sorrow flings
Her deep'ning shadows round, or where despair
Sighs to the wind, or love's bright angel sings
A song of peace, or melancholy rare,
Or wars alarums hurst upon the haunted air.

To me, the wonders of the world of sound
Were as a fountain of delight unknown,
But thou didst wake to joy the region round,
Unsealed the treasure, touched the heart of stone,
I bless thee for the power, musician rare!

To hear and feel what listening crowds admire; Melodious thoughts hang round thee, and the air Is vocal with applause thou dost inspire, As thy quick fingers press the answering wire.

Thine be the praise, oh, blithe and gentle spirit!
Whose echoes shall all meaner triumphs shame;
And thine the fadeless wreath, which they inherit,
Whose names are written on the scroll of fame.
There is no power on earth, like that, which lies
In those resistless tones; thou art, to me,
Invested with romance, and those dark eyes,
Are with me every where, and thoughts of thee,
Come o'er my heart like bursts of tenderest molody.

# BUTTERFLIES.

THE chrysallis of butterflies are naked, that is, they are not covered with cocoons, but are attached to trees by the tip, and hang suspended from them. The antennæ are club-shaped, or thickest toward the tip. The butterfly is furnished with four wings, six legs, a proboscis, and it sucks honey as its chief aliment. It has been found by many naturalists, that, even before the caterpillar changes into the chrysalis, the perfect butterfly may be seen within it. This is proved, by putting a full-grown caterpillar into boiling water, and taking it out soon after; when, on drawing off the skin, a perfect butterfly is found folded up within it. But even after the insect has been freed from its prison, it has not wholly attained its full perfection, for, besides being very weak, its wings are folded together in such a manner as to resemble wet paper. But in a short space of time, they expand to their full extent and size. This, however, can be accounted for. The wings are composed of fine membranes, between which are veins, similar to those in the leaves of plants. Those are hollow tubes, having a communication at the edge of the wings, with the body. The young butterfly forces a quantity of air into them, which expands them immediately, and obliterates the folds of the soft and wet wings. The soft down which covers the wings of these insects, and which appears like the finest dust, is found to consist of scales or feathers, of different forms. The number of these scales on the wings of the larger butterflies, must amount to millions, since a naturalist discovered on the wings of a silk-worm moth, more than four hundred thousand.



# TO THE PRAIRIE I'LL FLY NOT.

IN ANSWER TO "OH! FLY TO THE PRAIRIE."

WRITTEN AND COMPOSED FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

W. D. BRINCKLÉ, M. D.





Tho' bisons, like clouds, overshadow the place, And wild spotted coursers invite to the chase, To the prairie I'll fly not, at least, not with thee, So away to your wild sports, and think not of me. What, fly to the prairie? I could not live there, With the Indian and panther, and bison, and bear; Then cease to torment me, I'll not give my hand, To one, whose abode 's in so savage a land.

#### III.

Besides, at the crack of a rifle I feel

A horror and dread, that I cannot conceal;

Then tarry no longer, my home ne'er will be
In a wigwam or tent, on the prairie with thee.
I love not your prairie, tho' rich be its hue,
I love not the life of a rover—nor you;
Then mount—mount your courser, again let me say,
To the prairie I'll fly not, so bound—bound away.

#### FAIRMOUNT.

SEE PLATE.

#### BY MISS CATHERINE L. BROOKE.

I've gaz'd on many a beauteous scene, In distant climes, where sunny skies Smile on the vales of living green, And torrents roll, and mountains rise: But not in lands more warm and bright, 'Mid valleys rich, and heights sublime, Does the eye rest with deep delight On mingling beauties such as thine. Whether, when morning's golden ray, Clothes thee in splendour, life, and light, Or on thy gushing fountains play The cold moonboam, or sweet twilight; Or bosom of thy glassy lake, Calmly looks back the starry heaven, Or thy stemm'd waters brightly break In foam, and roar as downward driven, Thou'rt lovely still. The ravish'd eve. Seeks thy rich landscape, whose repose,

Speaks to the spirit, soothingly, While the soft zephyr gently blows; Or turns to rest, in thoughtful gaze, On towers of strength, guilt's lonely cell, While stretching far, in the dim haze, The crowded city lies; -- where dwell Vice clothed in pomp, and suff'ring worth, The dark of soul-the pure in heart-All that deform this glorious earth, Or hope, or joy, to life impart, Are struggling-living-dying there; And the heart sick'ning with the view, Gladly returns to Nature fair, Smiling 'neath skies of deepest blue, And holy breathings calm the soul, As thought extatic mounts above, To Him, whose power hath form'd the whole, The God of Nature, Life, and love.

# EDITORS' TABLE.

DR. Atken held that all moral virtue was to be resolved into the preference of the social principle to the selfish—disintensetadness appeared to him the first of human qualities. In this noblest of qualities, may not our sex justly claim the preeminence? The generous Ledyard, who travelled extensively, looked on the world with a discriminating eye, and saw mankind in almost every varied form of society and government, gives his testimony to woman's disinterestedness in the following words:

" I have always remarked that women, in all countries, are civil, obliging, tender, and humane; and that they do not hesitate like men to perform a generous action. Not haughty, not arrogant, not supercilious; they are full of courtesy and fond of society; are in general more virtuous than man, and perform more good actions than he. To a woman, whether civilized or savage, I never addressed myself in the language of decency and friendship, without receiving a decent and friendly answer. In wandering over the barren plains of inhospitable Denmark, through honest Sweden, and frozen Lapland, rude and churlish Finland, unprincipled Russia, and the wide spread regions of the wandering Tartar; if hungry, dry, cold, wet, sick, the women have ever been friendly to me, and uniformly so; and to add to this virtue, so worthy the appellation of benevolence (or disinterestedness) these actions have been performed in so free, and so kind a manner, that if I was thirsty, I drank the sweetest draught, and if I was hungry I ate the coarsest morsel with a double relish."

This universal prevalence of the benevolent or disinterested feeling in our sex could not exist, if there were not, in the constitution of woman's nature a higher degree of moral qualities than man possesses. Hence it is that she is qualified, even when deficient in what the schools call learning, to be his teacher and model. God formed her with peculiar beauty of porson to attract, and endowed her with exalted moral perfections to win man to the love and practice of virtue. The Rev. Mr. Kirke, in'a most eloquent sermon, preached before a Maternal Society in London, saye, "Just as far as we get

away from paganism and all its degradation of the female sex; just as far as we get away from the foolish and romantic ideas of woman that prevailed in the days of chivalry—we shall come to the clear and glorious light of Christianity, and woman will be what God intended she should be in his hand—the renovator of the human race."

Woman's disinterestedness, and her beneficent desire to diffuse happiness, by the conscientious application of her powers, give her a versatility of character, which is admirably suited to the discharge of those varied duties in which she was designed to engage. The pliancy of spirit, which, without diminishing its strength or quenching its ardout, adapts itself to every diversity of condition, is a prominent trait in her character. Under the vicissitudes of joy and sorrow—of sickness and health—poverty and abundance—neglect and attention, this principle of her nature reveals itself as a sustaining power. Without its activity how comfortless would be her condition even in an enlightened life.

"To the eye of the moralist," says a popular writer, "the character of woman, uniting such due proportions of the virtues, assumes a beauty and symmetry of the highest order of excellence. If the energy of her sensibilities, sometimes invest it with the excess of weakness, the seeming defect is compensated by the noble virtues to which they give rise. The force of her feeling imparts an earnestness to her actions; and impelled as she is by the principle of love and benevolence, her many failings lean to virtue's side. These are errors of the head-not of the heart. Let her mind be elevated by intelligence, and the frequency would be diminished. When man shall be just to her nature, then will he have less cause to censure; for woman will have fewer faults to deserve censure. Her moral taste, refined and elevated by the perceptions of her intellect, will then present her to his view as a manifestation of a superior nature; a copy worthy of its original; worthy of his confidence, companionship, and love."

We add-worthy, too, of his imitation. Let it never be forgotten, by those who call themselves Christians, that the

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moral virtues of both sexes, as prescribed by the Saviour, are the same. That sex which excels in goodness must be superior in the moral scale. We hold that as the world improves in its knowledge of the dignity of virtue, as truth and justice and disinterested benevolence come to be appreciated as the highest attributes of the human character, the estimate of woman's excellence will increase, and she will, in sober reality, be considered as

"Heaven's last, best gift to man."

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

A change seems coming over our correspondents—they write prose. We have had a larger number of articles of this kind for the last few weeks; and there is a small, though scarcely perceptible diminution in our number of poems received. But we regret to say, there is not much improvement in the quality of these communications. Of those examined we can accept only the following:

Visions of Astronomy.
To my Mother,
The Two Trees.
Lines on a Coral Honeysuckle.
Female Education.

The list of articles rejected is much longer; but we presume the writers will prefer to know the fate of their applications as soon as possible. We decline the following:

The Orphan—This story is too romantic, not in incident only, but in language. The writer has shown considerable talent, and need not be discouraged.

Cornelia Preydam-A Honeymoon Sketch-Very soft.

My Birthday-Pretty good, but not worth publishing.

The Widow-Dull.

Immortality of Love—We have little fault to find with this poem—the measure and harmony are well preserved, the sentiment is beautiful; but it wants the spirit-stirring power, it wants life. The writer must feel as well as observe.

Memory-Not carefully written.

The Graduating Class of 1840—A very good song for the occasion, but not suited to the "Lady's Book."

Lines on the Death of Miss Eliza B. Hampton-We give the first stauza and the best.

"She is gone to the world of spirits bright,
A world all spotless and pure,
She's gone from a world of death and of night
Passing away at the morning's first light,
And leaving her friends to deplore:
Like a fleeting cloud on an April day,
She has passed away—she has passed away!"

Elegiac poetry is the favourite kind among our poetasters, as we judge by the number of reams sent us. It is an amiable feeling which seeks to embalm the memory of the dead, and we are always pained to reject such articles. But we could not, unless making our "Book" an obituary record merely, insert all, were they good; and justice compels us to say, that generally speaking, these death recording poems are the most ordinary we recoive. Here is a specimen:

#### " To the Memory of A. T. S.

"Loud swells on high the vast trisagion—
The heavenly choir one voice numbers more:
The angel throng greet hand in hand their sister,
Just now escaped the net of life through which
Erewhile so brightly glimpsed her soul, anon
Flashing despair to ties terrestrial."

In a different measure, but not much superior in merit, we have three other poems, viz.

To the Memory of C. S. G.

On the Douth of a Friend.
The Last Look

We would say as a friend, to the authors of these rejected articles, that they have not done justice to their own talents. Marks of haste are too visible. Always remember to

"Take time for thinking, never write in haste,
And value not yourself for writing fast;
A rapid poem with such fury writ,
Shows want of judgment, not abounding wit.

Whate'er you write of pleasant or sublime, Always let sense accompany your rhyme.

#### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Scotland and the Scotch; or, the Western Circuit. By Catharine Sinclair.

Who does not love Scotland?—the country of romance and song, the land of enthusiasm and bold deeds, the mountain retreat of liberty and piety!—William Wallace and Robert Bruce, Montrose and Argyle are the cherished herces of every school girl; and every woman's heart beats quicker at the thought of the wrongs and sufferings of Mary Stuart.

And then the lyre of Burns has made "old Scotia" hallowed ground, her "banks and bracs," her "heathery hills," and "hawthorn shades," are among the sweetest visions that fancy brings before the mind's eye. This too, is the place where the genius of the "Great Magician" burns with the brightest lustre; and never does the muse of Shakspeare attain a loftier flight than when she spreads her wings over the blue heights of Caledonia! But Scotland is to many a country of the past—we dream of the days when the bold Gaels gathered at the sight of the fiery cross—

"And the land rose up at the sign of war"-

or we sympathise with the royal adventurer, who led his devoted followers to the last battle field for the Stuarts, and we love the loyal peasant who sheltered the princely fugitive, in his rude shed.

But the Scotland of to-day is, in a great measure, unknown to us. Farhionable tourists and sight-seers do not often venture north of Edinburgh, and the wild scenery of the Highlands, with its majestic rocks, romantic waterfalls, deep glens, and storied caverns, is unknown to us, except in the pages of the novelist or the traditions of olden time. The traveller into these northern regions needs some guide book to point out the localties of interest and the roads which lead through the most picturesque scenery. The book before us is intended to supply this want, and in a good measure it does so.

It might truly be called "Sketches of the Highlands at the present Time; or, Letters to a Scotch Cousin. It abounds in anecdotes and traditions, and we often discover a vein of happy illustration and lively description which reminds us strongly of our countryman, the inimitable Washington Irving, of whose productions Americans may justly be proud. The description of the unfinished houses of Scottish proprietors forcibly brings to our memory, Diedrich Knickerbocker's New England Farmer. Indeed, we have ever discovered a great similarity between the Scotch and Yankee characters, and Miss Sinclair unintentionally confirms us in our belief. Her invective against pianos will be echoed from every village in our country. She says, "I called some time since at a farm house, built like all its cotemporaries on a scale in proportion to the rent. There the young "ladies" had left their milk pails to practise the Swiss "Ranz des Vaches," and played "Corn Riggs" instead of cutting them; but it was an amusing mixture to see a piano forte standing at one end and a pile of carrots at the other." Our author says, again alluding to the taste for larger houses than purses-" From the moment any Scotch proprietor lays the foundation of a new house, he may consider himself a bankrupt, because he never leaves himself a sufficient income to inhabit it; and he never seems able to stop, while a stone remains in the quarry. It is a national mania to overdo both our private and public buildings, for, as Burns says, 'Tis pride lays Scotland low,' and many a vacant unfurnished drawing-room-many a cold, wide, illlighted staircase, and many a comfortless dining-room, that never saw a dinner, bears witness against the founder that he calculated two and two would make five. We fear this is the sort of arithmetic by which the fortunes of many of our speculating merchants have been estimated of late. We are amused with the following specimen of an English traveller, who complained "that he had gone up our hills merely to run them down again," adding a gratuitous remark that Blenheim was a much larger house than Inversey, and that the Duke of Devonshire had considerably finer trees than any here. We yielded both these points with exemplary candour, and he then looked round the shady path, remarking, that it was a relief any where to lose sight of the sea as he was perfectly tired of looking at it! But when asked if this landscape was completely to his mind, he replied with characteristic humour, "The grass is perhaps rather too green."

Those who delight in the beautiful creations of the pen of Scott, and who linger with as much delight as ourselves over the pages of the "Heart of Mid Lothian," will be interested in the castle of Inverary, the residence of the Great Duke of Argyle. Miss Sinclair says, "Great as the great duke was, however, in his own day, he is indebted for most of his modern celebrity to Jeannie Deans," and

"'Argyle, the nation's thunder born to wield, And shake alike the senate and the field,'

owes his immortality to his fictitious character, as patron of a poor country girl. Such is the fame giving power of genius."

Nearly a whole chapter is devoted to the discussion of the propriety of a church establishment—a topic which seems to us totally out of place here, and which the author has not made sufficiently interesting to atone for its inappropriateness.

But though there is, occasionally, a little prosing, the work is really very entertaining, full of original anecdote, and vivid description. If it be not destined to immortality, a fate seldom gained by the sketch-writer, it will, at least, make the name of Catharino Sinclair popular, for her fertile mind has here furnished scenes to gratify as well as enlighten her readers.

# Scenes from real Life. By Lucy Hooper. New York: James P. Gifting.

This is an American tale, and told with the earnestness which the purpose of doing good imparts to a warm-hearted sensitive writer. It is not a test of the author's powers; she was only trying her strength. She will do better. But this little book will make her favourably known. We shall be happy to meet her again.

The Dial, is the title of a new (a real novelty in many respects.) inagazine lately published in Boston. It professes to be devoted to "Literature, Philosophy, and Religion;" but its main purpose is to set forth, advocate, and advance those peculiar notions of the German philosophers, characterized as "transcendentalism."

This first number has many specimens of beautiful sentiment and eloquent appeal. Some of the papers, particularly the "Religion of Beauty," and "Channing's Translation of Jouffroy" are finely and vigorously written.—The poetry also is good—but "Orphic Sayings" are beyond sphere. We have read nothing that can compare with these in profundity and grandiloquence. What the meaning of many of these "Sayings" are, we have not the presumption even to guess. Their author alone can understand the mystery, or, at least, those for whom he writes—for those who submerge old landmarks and lay waste the labours of centuries. We give one of these opals of wisdom, taken at random, as a specimen.

"That which is visible is dead; the apparent is the corpse real; and undergoes sepultures and resurrections. The soul dies out of organ—the tombs cannot confine her; she cludes the grasp of decay; she huilds and unseals the sepulches. Her bodies are ficeting, historical. Whatsoever she sees when awake is death; when asleep a dream."

There, what do you say to that rhapsody? Is it not grand and shadowy as Ossian ghoets? with as little of reason or common sense as they had of substance?

The Dial is edited, we understand, by Rev. R. W. Emersea and Miss Murgarot Fuller; the gentleman's great telents are well known, and highly appreciated by his friends, and the lady is said to possess a fine genius and cultivated taste. The work is handsomely got up.

The Quiet Husband, by Miss Ellen Pickering, author of Nan Darrell, The Fright, &c. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Miss Pickering is taking a high stand among the novel writers of the day, and her most successful effort is the Quiet Husband. The characters are well drawn and surtained. The denouement was to us a little unexpected, but the interest is greatly heightened.

The Monthly Miscellany of Religion and Letters, is the title of a very excellent magazine which is published at \$3 per annum, by W. Crosby & Co., Boston.

Cousin Geoffrey: Edited by Theodore Hook. Philadelphia. Lea & Blanchard.

Differing from the usual class of novels where a glace at the Dramatis Personæ, at once tells you the character of the various personages, who the hero will marry, &c. We defy any person to read the first volume of this sore, and tell what will be the character of the second. The revolution in the plot is almost as sudden as in Fielding's Tom Jones.

Huddy's Military Magazine seems to be growing in favor. It is a very beautiful work, and conducted with great shifty. Huddy and Duval publishers, 7 Bank Alley, Philadelphis. Sper annum.

The New York Mirror continues its time-honoured course. It could not be in better hands than those of General Morris.

### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

The plate in this number is a view of our own Fair Mount Water Works—and is it not superb? the splendour of the scene is enhanced by the beauty of the engraving. The September number will contain "Happy as a King," from a picture by Collins a very celebrated English painter.

We still furnish Scott's Novels and the Lady's Bo conyear for Ten Dollars; or Lady Blessington, Miss Landocter Humphrey's Clock, by Boz; or the Pick Wick Papers and Lady's Book, one year, for \$5.

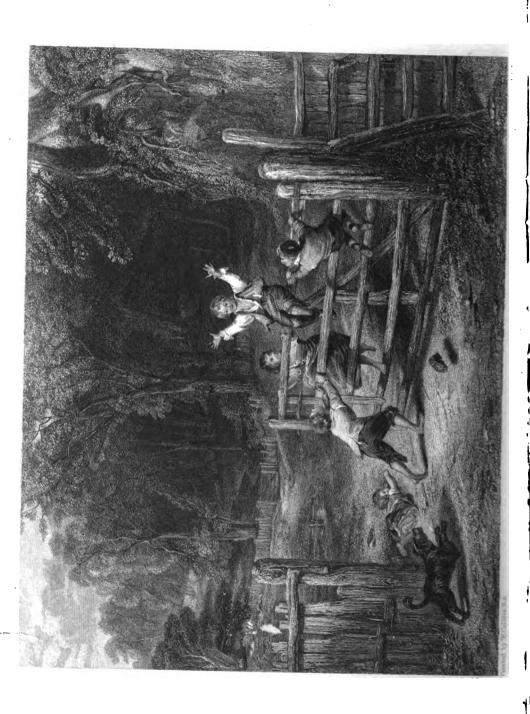
We would like it noticed, that in addition to the sterength ving in each number, more superb than in any other ition, we also give a Plate of Fashions richly coloured. • elster, of course, is intended for the ladies, and is very expensive. There is not a magazine in Europe or America, that gives so many and such beautiful embellishments, while, in most case, the price of subscription is double. As for contributors, look at the cover of any one number. There will be found names that would be an honour to any publication.

"Mr. Smith" is travelling rapidly over the country. This gentleman will have made the tour of the United States and Canada, in less time than it has ever been accomplished by any other person.

IF For Description of Fashion Plate-See Cover.

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# GODEY'S

# L A D Y'S B O O K.

OCTOBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book

# "HAPPY AS: A KING."

[SEE ENGRAVING.]

No recollections of the past, however pleasing, Come unalloyed with sadness. To remember Our joys departed is more melancholy Than to recall the evils we have suffered. Moments and scenes once wholly beatific Are veil'd by time in dim and sombre shadows, And, like the faded portraits of dead friends, Display the image only to remind us That all which was reality has left us.

And yet the mind, (perhaps unwisely,) still Loves to revisit—loves to pause and ponder On hours of past felicity, embittered In the remembrance by the sad conviction That they are past forever! This perverseness Of human intellect inclines me oft To wander, in imagination, where My happiest moments pass'd. That rural shade, The dusky avenues of those wide woods On whose green limits stood my earliest home; That, very garden-fence, constructed rudely Of unhewn timber, and the gate that swung, Most unmelodiously, on stubborn hinges;-These are associations that return As sad memorials of the only days Of perfect happiness to me allotted. There, with the loved companions of my childhood, Sheltered from summer suns beneath the branches Of those broad oaks, in every one of which I now could recognize an old old acquaintance, And find familiar twists in every bough;-There have I sported for "uncounted hours;" And never since has aught this earth afforded Produced such triumph and such satisfaction As when our noisy company was mounted On that old gate; -myself pre-eminent Upon the topmost rail. It has been written That once a country youth deemed riding gates A kingly pastime; and I thought so too. And still I doubt if royalty enjoys A bliss more perfect than the rustic boy's ed by Francis?

#### THE PRISONER.

#### A SERTCH.

#### BY MRS. EMMA C. EMBURY.

"He, that being often reproved, hardeneth his neck, shall suddenly be destroyed, and that without remedy."- Prov. xxix 1. THE following sketch might doubtless have been made more effective had I allowed my fancy to dictate improvements and additions, but as my aim has been simply to exhibit one of the many phases of human nature as it actually exists, I have confined myself strictly to the truth. The incidents in the life of the felon occurred exactly as I have narrated them, and to one who reads with a thoughtful spirit, the tale may not be without its uses.

In the course of a pleasant journey to the west, during the past summer, we were delayed a few hours at Auburn, and it was suggested by some of our party that we should visit the lion of the place, the State Prison. I had never been within the walls of a prison since I was a very little girl, and, strange to say, my recollections of "durance vile" were pleasurable ones. The old State Prison then stood in the very heart of the straggling and unpicturesque village of Greenwich, since swallowed up by the expanding jaws of the city of New York, to which it now forms a suburb. My father was physician to the establishment, and this, together with the fact that the keeper's children were my schoolfellows, afforded me ready access to the prison. I remember well the cross visage of the porter as he used to crawl out of his little lodge with the enormous key which was to open the ponderous gate for a merry child. Directly within this gate was a paved court, as clean as a drawing-room, and always full of sunshine. On the right hand of the court, a high picket fence separated it from the working-ground, or vard, as it was called; while on the left, a similar barrier shut off a garden, which, to my inexperienced eye, seemed a perfect paradise. It was a great privilege to be allowed admission into the garden, and I recollect how carefully I used to draw my dress around me, and tread on tiptoe between the beds of blooming flowers, lest I should mar their beauty.

When I visited the workshops, which I frequently did with my young companions, every thing wore to me an appearance of contented industry, for I saw but little difference between the labourer in the prison and the workman in the factory, except that the felon was best provided with clothes and food. Their tables were spread with every attention to cleanliness and comfort; their huge bits of boiled beef and wholesome rye bread looked to me then even inviting, and upon the whole, the punishment of imprisonment did not seem so very terrible. The servants of the house, the cooks and waiters, the gardeners and sempstresses, all were felons, and as they travelled to and fro with cheerful faces, to my view seemed quite regardless of the wall which arose between them and the rest of the world. No child, as young as I then was, can be made to comprehend fully the philosophy of crime and its consequences. We cared very little about the justice which condemned these people to We could not read the characters punishment. which guilt had stamped upon their seared brows, and our sympathy, ever excited by the melancholy

look or dejected mien of a convict, often displayed itself in the shape of a paper of tobacco-a great luxury—or a bit of gingerbread secretly conveyed to some object of our pity.

With these recollections thronging around my mind, I felt some curiosity to learn what would be my present impressions from a visit to such a place, and we accordingly set off to behold Auburn Prison. We arrived there a few minutes before twelve o'clock, and the only thing that struck me as we passed rapidly through a few of the wards, was the suilen. ferocious expression of countenance which every one wore. As we proceeded through the cooperage, I felt my blood chill as we approached a deformed negro, who, with a sharp axe in his hand, was bused in preparing staves. As our party passed by, he raised his creoked body, and glared after each with a makenity and savageness that seemed almost demoniacal.

But we had scarcely time to notice any thing when we were summoned into the court, to see the convicts go to dinner. At that time there were only eight women in the prison, and those we did not see, but never shall I forget the appearance of those wretched felons. Six hundred men of all ages, from the scarcely-bearded boy to the hoary-headed sinner of threescore, their arms folded on their breasts, their faces turned towards their jailer, marched in single file and with locked steps across that immense square, the solemn tramp of their heavy feet alone breaking the breathless silence of the place. I shuddered as I looked and listened, for it required but little effort of imagination to fancy it a triumphal procession in honour of the great Principle of Evil. It was indeed a fearful testimony to the degradation of human nature. Here were men of stalwart courage-of herculean strength-of consummate artifice-men of blood even-and yet all were subjected, like so many helpless children, to the bidding of one feeble being whom they could have crushed like a worm in their It was a terrible picture of the effects of sin, for it exhibited the utter crushing of the intellectual and physical nature—the total prostration beneath brute force of the body made in God's image and the soul which is the breath of his nostrils.

When all were seated at table, the sight was even more painful. The privilege of speech-a blessing so common as scarcely to be valued-is denied to those guilty men; a stillness like that to which the Trappists condemn themselves for their souls' sake, reigns ever in that place, and when I beheld them silently devouring their coarse food with a fierce and ravenous appetite, I almost fancied that the old fable of the "Loup Garoux," was realized in our own times, and that the evil one had converted those wretched beings into wolf-men. Not one face did I see which bore the impress of penitence or resignation. Stold ferocity, leering impudence, bitter malignity, watchful revenge, or dark hatred, might be read in every countenance. I felt-my very heart grow sick as I looked on this vast assemblage of the outcasts of society, and

I gladly hurried from the close and stifling atmosphere of that gloomy room, into the blessed light and breath of heaven.

As we returned to the hotel the conversation naturally reverted to the scene we had just witnessed, and we had quite a discussion as to the propriety of such visits, as well as their probable effects upon the prison-Man rarely becomes utterly debased by one act of criminality. The guilt which he is condemned to expiate in confinement, may not have deprived him of all sense of shame, but by being thus subjected to the gaze of impertinent curiosity he loses the little self-respect which he has retained in the midst of crime, and is thus deprived of an incentive, stronger than all others in an unregenerate heart, to return to a virtuous course of life. The biting jest, the keen sarcasm, the witless triumph of many who come to behold the consequences of error, can excite no other feeling than that of impotent rage in the breast of him who was not "strong to resist temptation;" and in most cases will only stimulate him to become an Ismael of the world's great wilderness, turning his hand against every man, even as every man's hand is against him.

As an illustration of the untameable spirit of pride which may exist in the breast of a convict, one of our party related the following story. I will endeavour to give it in his own words, though I can do little justice to the graphic style of the speaker.

" My duties as physician to the New York State Prison, brought me into daily contact with many of its inmates for several years, and I could narrate innumerable instances of the pride and even nobleness of sentiment which may often be found in the midst of crime. The fanciful philosopher of olden times, who suggested the fantastic idea that the body of man was inhabited by two natures, one evil, the other good, and that the crimes and virtues of every one were in proportion to the advantage gained by the two principles which were constantly struggling within him, might there have found most plausible reasons for his theory. I remember one example of perseverance and indomitable resolution which if exercised in the cause of virtue would have made their possessor a hero.

" Early in the spring of 18-, a young man named Bradshaw, was sentenced to prison for horse-stealing. I happened to be in the keeper's room when he was brought in to be registered, and I was immediately struck with his appearance. He was just twenty-two years of age, with a ruddy complexion, embrowned by toil, a clear blue eye, and a robust figure; presenting, in short, one of the finest specimens of the American farmer that had ever met my notice. I was particularly attracted by the evidences of vigorous health which were apparent in his whole person, and could almost have envied him as I contrasted my feebler frame with his muscular form. Feeling some curiosity respecting one who was certainly no hardened sinner, I endeavoured to enter into conversation with him, but was immediately repulsed by his sullen manner. Contrary to the practice of condemned felons, who are generally quite ready to enter into details of the conspiracy which doomed them to become innocent inmates of a prison, Bradshaw refused to give any account of himself, and stood perfectly silent except when obliged to reply to the necessary questions of the keeper. His conduct might have been the effect of a consciousness of guilt, or of a sense of injured innocence, but which it really was, would have puzzled the acuteness of a German philosopher to discover.

"He had been but a short time in prison when for some act of insubordination he was sentenced to wear a block and chain on his leg-a punishment usually inflicted for first offences, and which also involved the necessity of dining in Hall Eight, as it was called, on bread and water. He wore his badge of disgrace one day, but on the following morning as he passed through the yard on his way to dinner, he took up an axe and split the block in two pieces. This conduct was, of course, reported to the chief authorities of the prison, and his block was exchanged for a fifty-six pound weight. It was impossible for him to remove this clog to his steps, he was compelled to drag his weight of punishment until his sullen and vindictive temper was aroused almost to frenzy. He determined on some signal act of revenge which should satisfy his angry feelings, and, as he was at that time employed in the weaver's shop, he soon found means to effect his object. Watching his opportunity, he secreted himself behind the door while his companions, together with the keeper, passed out to the hall appropriated to their meals. No sooner did he find himself alone, than, seizing a knife, he cut through every boom in the shop. Now, if you recollect that the boom is the frame upon which the finished web is rolled, and that, by cutting it through, every piece is divided into bits of about half a yard in length, you will understand the extent of the damage effected by Bradshaw. Several hundred yards of cloth were utterly destroyed, and, far from attempting to conceal his agency in the mischief, he boldly avowed his determination to continue such a course of conduct as long as he was detained in prison. He was immediately sent to the cells, where, confined in a small, dimly-lighted apartment, without employment, and with no other food than bread and water, he continued for five months. During all this time his manner was still the same. He never attempted to exchange a word with those who brought his supply of daily sustenance, his bible was thrown unheeded on the floor, and he seemed totally regardless of his lonely and wearisome condition.

"If there be a punishment which exceeds the powers of human endurance, methinks it is solitary confinement. Shut up in a darksome cell, cut off from all intercourse with his fellow beings, forbidden the exercise of industry-that only sure source of contentment—the physical privations of the criminal are the least of his sufferings. The constrained idleness to which he is condemned leaves free scope to the workings of the uncontrollable mind. He quaffs the cup of wormwood and gall which memory presents to his polluted lips, until the fountains of tenderness, which sprang up within his heart while he yet lay on his mother's bosom, become like the waters of Marah, diffusing unmingled bitterness. He writhes beneath the scorpion stings of remorse until, like the penitents of darker ages, he becomes callous to the scourge. The narrow limits of his cell are peopled with images of horror. His waking hours are as dream-like as those of deep midnight, for the incubus of a guilty conscience sits heavy on his breast and he is either maddened by its horrors or familiarized to its reproaches. Yes! Solitary imprisonment is indeed a fearful doom. Either reason sinks beneath its tortures or else the demons which lie in

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wait for the tempted, gather around the wretched victim and make him their own for ever. He either becomes mad or doubly hardened in his sin. Rarely do men, when undergoing this punishment, resort to the Bible, which is the sole companion of their solitude, or if they do seek its pages, they are ingenious in discovering threats rather than promises—denunciations of vengeance instead of proffers of pardon—the face of an angry God and not the benign countenance of a forgiving Father. I remember one man who after he was released from the cells, transcribed from memory the whole of the terrible 109th Psalm, which embodies so many fearful curses, and when he left the prison he sent it to the keeper, as the last evidence of his malice. But to return to my story.

"After Bradshaw's punishment had continued for so many months, without affording any hope of his amendment, it was finally decided that he should be sent to Algerine Hall, and made to work. This Hall, to which so fanciful a name had probably been given, because it was appropriated to men who seemed as far out of the pale of humanity as the cruel corsairs of Africa, was divided into a number of small rooms, each well-lighted but destitute of any other furniture than a straw pallet and a work bench. In these apartments were confined those desperate characters who could not, with prudence, be allowed to associate with more politic or penitent offenders. this Hall, then, Bradshaw was transferred, and being provided with proper implements, was employed in closing the seams of coarse shoes. It might have been supposed that the hope of once more enjoying the light and air of heaven, and the prospect of cheating the weary hours by active employment, would have elicited from him some involuntary expression of satisfaction. But no!-he still wore his sullen look, still displayed his wonted haughty demeanour. His hair and beard had grown to an enormous length, and gave a frightful wildness to his appearance, but when shaved and dressed anew in his prison garb, his countenance was the same as when I first beheld him. The ruddy hue of his cheek had not paled beneath the scanty regimen, nor had the fire of his eye been quenched in the darkness of his cell. He was still one of nature's nobility, and, but for his moody brow, might have afforded a study for a painter.

" During some weeks, Bradshaw remained quiet in his new quarters, punctually performing all his allotted tasks, but still retaining his vindictive feelings. had excited much interest among all those connected with the prison, and numberless attempts had been made to soften his obduracy. I had talked with him several times, and endeavoured to reason with him respecting the folly of thus setting at defiance the power of one of the most effective systems of police that was ever adopted for the government of criminals. I tried to convince him of the futility of his belief that he could weary out the patience of his jailers. I appealed to his kindly feelings and sought to make him sensible of the propriety of submitting with patience to a merited punishment, which, was at most but temporary. The clergyman, too, who was wont to address their consciences every Sabbath, and who had more than once been called to give ghostly comfort to the soul of a dying convict, strove earnestly and affectionately to awaken a proper spirit in the misguided young man. It seemed as if the pride of · Lucifer, son of the morning,' was embodied in his

form, and nothing could influence him either to pentence or submission.

"During his confinement in Algerine Hall, the Inspectors of the prison paid one of their stated visits, and, as their duty required, not only examined all the apartments but inquired into the condition of cach inmate. Conducted by the deputy-keeper, a warm hearted, generous tempered Irishman, whose good humour and kindness to the prisoners, made him a universal favourite, they entered the room appropriated to Bradshaw. The occupants of Algerine Hall were always manacled and hand-cuffed, but the weight of the irons having worn the flesh off Bradshaw's wrists, it had been found necessary to remove them, and his arms were consequently free. Seizing, and concealing behind him, the heavy clamp which he used in his present employment, he placed himself upright against the wall, apparently awaiting the usual examination. As the keeper approached and stooped to strike his manacles with a key—a common method of testing whether the file had secretly been at work upon them-a slight movement on the part of Bradshaw excited the suspicion of one of the gentlemen. who stepping forward grasped his arm, and took possession of his dangerous weapon.

"What did you mean to do with that instrument?" asked an inspector.

"I meant to kill that rascal," growled Bradshaw, pointing, as he spoke, to the deputy keeper.

"Such an evidence of his determination to seek revenge, was not to be overlooked. His work was again taken from him; he was left once more in solutude, and condemned to his bread and water diet. But it was deemed necessary to punish him with a degree of severity beyond any thing he had yet experienced, and it was agreed to deprive him of his allowance of water, until he should give some proof of submission. I was not informed of this mode of treatment until he had been nearly three days without drink. It was the latter part of September, and the weather was unusually close and sultry, so you may imagine the severity of the privation. I immediately remonstrated against such ill-advised discipline, and declared my belief that it would cause the destruction of his health if such measures were persisted in. It was therefore agreed that water should be given him, but he had been so long deprived of it, that it was necessary to administer it with the utmost caution, lest, like the traveller in the burning desert, he should madly drink and die. Accompanied by a keeper bearing a pail of water, I therefore entered his cell, to see that no more than the proper quantity was given him. Never shall I forget his appearance. His lips were parched with fever; his tongue lay dry and blackened, within his burning mouth; he panted like a bird, and it was with difficulty he could utter an articulate sound.

"I expected to see him spring at the water with almost irresistible eagerness, and we were prepared to oppose force to the violence which we anticipated, but with his usual sullenness, he only glared at us, as we approached, though his eyes sparkled at the sight of the pure element for which he had pined. A small tin cup, holding perhaps half a pint, was given him, which he swallowed with almost convulsive eagerness, and then, handing back the cup, asked in a gruff voice, "won't you give me some more?" I explained to him the necessity of abstinence, and while I remained with him, bathing his wrists and temples,

and sparingly administering drink, I endeavoured to soften his stony nature, by solemnly assuring him, that his obstinacy would cause his death. Observing that he regarded me with some curiosity, as if he did not exactly comprehend how his insubordination could tend to destroy life, I tried to make him understand the probable effect which want of exercise, and such entire prohibition of animal food, must have upon his robust frame.

"'You will become scrofulous, Bradshaw,' said I;
'your constitution has been of iron strength, or it
would have failed long since; you are digging your
grave with your own fingers, and though your progress seems slow, your task will be finished before
you are aware of it.'

"The next time I heard of Bradshaw, which was not until some weeks after my interview with him, he had taken his work bench, and with it broken out every window pane in his room. On this occasion he narrowly escaped death, for one of the sentries observing him engaged in the work of destruction, levelled his musket, and fired directly in the window, the ball passing within an inch of Bradshaw's head. For this offence he was allowed to remain exposed to the weather, which had free ingress through the broken casement, and during eight weeks, from November to January, he suffered from the severity of the cold, which in a northeast room was so intense as to chill one to the very heart. At length his window was closed against the weather, but the heavy planks with which his casement and the little wicket of his door were battened up, left him in total darkness. He was now rendered quite harmless, and in the gloom and loneliness of his cell, nothing of life seemed left him, save only the breath he drew from the noisome atmosphere which surrounded him.

end one morning I was in the prison hospital, busily engaged with my professional duties, when my attention was withdrawn for a moment, by the entrance of a new patient, who supported between two men, feebly moved into the apartment. As he was laid on a bed,

I approached him, and, to my astonishment, recognised in the miserable figure before me, the features of Bradshaw. When I had last beheld him, his skin was pure and healthful as an infant's, but now he was covered with a loathsome eruption; his limbs were frightfully swollen, and his whole appearance was that of some wretched Lezarus.

"'Oh, Doctor! can't you save me?' was his first question, uttered in a voice so feeble, that its accents could scarcely reach my ear.

"'Alas, no! Bradshaw,' was my reply; 'human aid cannot avail you now; you have cast away the precious boon of life, and it is not to be regained.'

"I examined him with great care, however, faintly hoping to discover some favourable symptom, but my first impressions were correct; his iron frame had long resisted the attacks of disease, but at last it had been overcome, and his prostration was as sudden as it was complete.

"Is there no hope?' he asked, as I paused in my

"'None! none, my poor fellow! your days—your very hours are numbered; let the little time which is left you, be employed in making your peace with that God whose laws you have broken, no less by despising the existence which he gave, than by the crime which first led to all this misery.'

"Tears of bitter anguish rolled down the disfigured face of the once hardened felon, and his whole frame shook with convulsed emotion. He had persevered in his obstinate resistance to the authorities of the prison during thirteen months of uninterrupted punishment. Neither menaces nor entreaties, lenity nor harshness, had been able to subdue his sullen and vindictive pride, and he was now brought out from his solitary cell, to fill a convict's grave.

"His doom was not long delayed. Hurabled, and at the eleventh hour, penitent, he survived his entrance into the hospital only three days. Death had conquered the unconquerable!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### LOVE'S RECORD.

INSCRIBED TO MISS --- ON THE EVE OF HER MARRIAGE.

#### BY MISS WOODBRIDGE.

SAY, dearest, what is that, which Love
Is writing on thy brow?
It may be that 'tis 'bridal glovs,'
Or 'ring,' or 'marriago vow;'
It may be all, or none of these,
But ah! it dims thy smile,
While gentle as a summer breeze,
Thy voice is heard the while.

Oh! would that Love were tracing there,
This heart's fond wish so free,
Now upward borne on wing of prayer,
But upward borne, for thee:

And when at Love's pure altar-shrine,
Thy trustful pledge is given,
Then shall it fall on thee and thine,
Like gentle dew from heaven.

But thou art sad—thy words are few,
And thoughtful is thine eye,
Yet now a radiant smile I view,
Sure, joy is hov'ring nigh.
And now I read that record bright,
Upon thy brow so fair;
'Tis ' Happiness too deep for words!'
Which Love hath written there.

## THE HIGHEST OCCUPATION OF GENIUS.

To diffuse useful information, to further intellectual refinement, sure forcrunner of moral improvement, to hasten the coming of that bright day, when the dawn of general knowledge shall chase away the lazy, lin-

gering mists, even from the base of the great social pyramid;—this is indeed a high calling, in which the most splendid talents and consummate virtue may well press onward, eager to bear a part.

#### MEMOIRS OF A FLY.

BY MISS H. I., JONES.

I was born in a city, in one of the most showy houses, in one of the most fashionable streets. I think I must have been several hours old. before I became conscious of more than confused murmurs in my ear, and a chilly sensation about my limbs. Time, however, did its best with me, insomuch that in half a day from the moment I first broke the shell of nonexistence. I was as capable of comparing, observing, and indging, as any old fly in the room. I think more capable on the whole than I am now, for I am nearly or quite three weeks old, and the torpor of age has not only crept over three of my legs and one wing. but has a little shattered my thinking powers. However, my memory is still vivid, and as I have enjoyed a long life and seen a good deal of men and things, I am anxious that my experience should be of use to the world.

The first event of any consequence in my life was a terrific blow, which stunned and threw me down, down, I knew not whither. This blow, however, proved the precursor of good fortune to me, for it threw me directly in the way of a sunbeam; the warmth of which restored new life to my chilled frame, and imparted a delightfully clear perception of my own existence and surrounding objects.

The room in which I found myself, and on the carpet of which I was snugly reposing, contained three persons. An elegant looking woman of thirty or forty and two children. The elder of the children was a girl, tall, pale, thin; what we flies should call lath.y. The younger, a roystering lad of three or four years. The boy was just then quiet, being occupied in pulling the "Shakspeare gallery" to pieces, and strewing the relies of the delicate engravings over the floor. The young lady of fourteen leaned listlessly against the chair of her mother, who was busily employed in putting a riband into tasteful bows, for a straw hat which lay in her lap.

"There! Sarah—do you think you shall like it done in this way?"

Sarah made no reply, but raised her heavy blue eyes languidly to her mother's face.

"Why do you not speak? can't you tell whether you like it or not?" repeated Mrs. Fling, impatiently.

Sarah started a little, a very little—and then, looking, if possible, more languid and indifferent than before, she said:

"You know, mother, I never liked it put on so."

"Well, then, how, in the name of patience, do you want it put on? You know all I desire about it is to have you suited—I don't care what way it is trimmed—tell me what way you wish to have the riband put on."

Sarah hesitated, looked at the bonnet, then at her mother; and not daring longer to delay, at last pointed to a part of the crown, designating it as the spot on which she wished a bow of the riband to be placed.

"I shall not trim it in that way," said her mother, decidedly. "It looks so vulgar—just as Susan has got hers done. Think of some other way."

"Mother, I don't care how it is put on. I don't

like that riband. You know I never like blue." And she sunk into a chair,

"Sarah, what colour, of all the hues in the rainbow, do you like? I asked you if you would have this, and you said you would. Now I have gone and given five-and-sixpence a yard for this particular shade, thinking it would please you, and here it is, useless. Do you like any thing? You don't like flowers; you don't like to read. You don't like to ride on horseback; you don't like to walk. You don't like sunshine nor rain, nor cold weather nor hot. You wont write a letter; you don't care what you are dressed in. I never saw nor heard of such apathy in a young person." The mother paused, it was a very warm day, and she was heated with vexation.

"Mother, I don't care what coloured riband you put on, I dare say it will look well enough."

"Yes, you do care, Sarah, and you will look as dismal as doomsday, if you have this trimming on, little as you profess to care about it. Any thing in the world, but people looking so forlorn, where I am. I will go down into —— street, and try to get a handsome pink riband, though I am fatigued almost to death, with walking. I really believe I have walked six miles this morning."

"Why don't you take a carriage?" asked Sarah, as she leaned back in her easy chair, and placed her feet upon another chair.

"Because I cannot afford it, child. I shall have to throw aside the whole of that blue riband, which cost me full three dollars: so I must economize by walking. Don't, Sarah, put your feet up, in that horridly vulgar way."

The lady departed on her round of shopping, and her lessons of economy and maternal devotion sunk deeply into my heart. The young girl rang the bell, told Mary to take out Henry, and shut the window, and bid the servants be still, and not be racketting up and down stairs. She then composed herself to a like procedure on my part, I did not awake till Mrs. Fling re-entered and threw up the window.

"Oh, how can you have this window shut, Sarah? I am so warm, and so fatigued! I was obliged to go all the way to Smith's, before I could find any thing that suited me. And this cost me four shillings a yard. I would get it for you, my love, because the shade is new; just imported; and the pearling you see, is a little wider than has been worn before. By the way, I saw Mrs. — with just such a riband on her hat, and she you know is fashion personified. Now do tell me if you like this colour?"

Sarah's lifeless orbs perused the pink riband, but "gave no sign." Her mother looked pale and exhausted, and too much vexed to speak. As she rested, however, from her labours of love, or whatever they may be thought, she urged the question again, until the damsel was obliged to reply, which she did in the manner following:

"Mother, I like the riband very well, only you know I wore pink all last summer, and all winter;

and Sarah Armstrong said she knew me by my bonnet trimming, that's all.—Mother, I wish somebody would mend my under clothes. I wish I had some new ones."

"Sarah, I cannot get you any new underclothes this year.—You must have Mary darn your old stockings so they will do—she can do it at night after she gets the children to sleep."

" She says she sha'n't work after nine o'clock."

"Well, I don't know how we shall manage. You must bring your clothes to-morrow to me, and I will see if I can repair them."

"They are all patched over now."

"Well, well, we must patch, and we must be economical—I patch my clothes. And if you expect to have that new white brocade to wear to your ball, you can't expect every thing else. And do, Sarah, speak pleasantly to the kitchen people. Manners go a great way with that sort of persons."

Mary's head appeared at the door.

"Henry's asleep, Mrs. Fling; and I come to tell you, you may look out for another girl. I ca'n't stay, nor sha'n't stay, where I am called a servant, and my friends wish to come in at the front door too—so I must leave in a fortnight."

"Who called you a servant, Mary?" asked Mrs. Fling.

"Sarah did, or the same thing—and Rebecca, nor I can't put up with it, no longer—though I hate to keep changing. Besides that, I'm used to living where I've enough to eat and drink. So I can't stay, that's the upshot." And Mary's head retreated.

"How could you, Sarah, call her a servant? you know their foolish feelings about such things."—Sarah had sunk into a reverie.

The stillness of the room was broken by Mary's re-appearance.

"There's a poor man below, Mrs. Fling, wants to know if you've got any old clothes or an old hat you'll give him. He's had his leg broke, and he's got a dreadful bad cough—"

" I will go down and see him, Mary."

How little we can judge of character by one hour's attention! I flew across the room, and perched lovingly on Mrs. Fling's high crowned cap, as she departed on her charitable mission.

The old man was seated as we entered the kitchen, and leaning on a staff. He rose and bowed, and then coughed a little. But the moment I heard the cough I knew as well as if I had been a doctor instead of a fly, that he was near his journey's end, and that old clothes, were they ever so old, would last him to his grave.

"Where did you come from and where are you going?" inquired Mrs. Fling.

The old man told her in a hollow and weak voice. His story was shortly told, but it was affecting. His only daughter lived in Montreal. All the rest, wife, sons, kindred, were gone; and he longed to have his dying eyes closed by other than "stranger hands."

Mrs. Fling made many minute inquiries about his former situation in life, his means of living, past, present and future. Also, touching his daughter's present condition; in short, she inquired about every thing which could, or could not possibly bear on the question of her charity. I began to flutter my wings impatiently, for I longed to see the trembling palm of the old mendicant lined with good substantial silver, and his old hat, too much tattered, to shelter

him from the piercing sun-rays, supplanted with a good broad-rimmed straw one. But Mrs. Fling had not quite finished How much the warmest enthusiasm and openest charity needs and profits by the cool suggestions of prudence!

"Why don't your town take care of you?"

The old man's pale face flushed. He did not wish to be a pauper. He had saved enough, and more than enough to take him to Canada, but he had been taken sick in Springfield, and spent more than half of it, and now, with a little assistance from the kind hearted, and by walking instead of riding, he thought he should get there.

Mrs. Fling now informed her petitioner, that she never gave any thing to beggars. She made it a rule; as there was so much imposition. She belonged to the F. G. M. S. C. Society; in which was a committee to see that charity was extended only to those who were able and willing to help themselves, and to clothe children for Sunday schools. She then turned to go up into the parlour. At the door we met Mary, and stopped an instant. She, as she had given Mrs. Fling warning, was apparently divested of all fear of her wrath; for she walked straight up to the old man, and putting a half dollar into his hand, said abruptly,

"Here, take this.—I'm poor, but my heart a'n't as hard as the nether millstone, and I hope you'll live to get to your daughter. I've got a father myself, if he's living yet, poor old man—"

Mrs. Fling shut the kitchen door, and walked hastily up stairs and I rode on her cap bow.

Half an hour after Sarah rose to ascend to her chamber; I was curious to observe whether she intended to go to sleep again, so I accompanied her. She looked out at the window and then in at the looking glass, and finally seated herself in a meditative position in a large stuffed chair. Presently a low, but cheerful voice was heard, humming a tune. Then a tap at the door.

"Come in," said Sarah, with more animation than I had seen her face express before. The door opened, and a tall, finely formed mulatto woman presented herself, bearing a basket of nicely ironed garments. Evidently she was the family laundress, though I had not seen her in my visit to the kitchen. Her face had a gayety, and benevolent sprightliness about it which was really cheering to look at, especially after contemplating Sarah's slip-slop expression so long. Apparently it affected Sarah in a similar manner, for when the clothes were all nicely laid in the drawers the plaited ruffles uppermost and the elaborately trimmed and ruffled dresses folded neatly into the wardrobe, she smiled approvingly, and said, as if making a tremendous effort,

"Tell me, Susan, how happens it that you are always so happy? you look as if nothing ever troubled you.—Oh! I wish I were as happy as you!"

The child of self-indulgence sighed as she spoke, and the child of labour smiled. It was a smile of scorn, but mixed with good natured pity.

"And so you think, Miss Sarah, that I never have had any trouble in my life? I am fifty years old last month, and I wouldn't live my life over again," she clasped her hands together tightly, "no—not for all the silver dollars you could crowd into this room!"

Her bright face had lost its gay expression, and her look became sombre and severe. Early recollections chased each other over her swarthy face, like billows, each darker and heavier than the last. At length she seated herself by Sarah, and fixing her eyes on hers, said with a sad tone,

"May be it would do you good, Miss Sarah, to hear how a little of my life has passed. "Twill teach you a lesson to look deeper than the outside skin of things."

"Oh do! I like to hear real stories of all things," said Sarah, eagerly, and her face really looked quite

bright.

"Well then—I've got a half hour to spend—I can tell you a little. In the first place, my father was a runaway slave. And he brought me with him to Massachusetts. I saw my mother die—but I wont talk of that. I have worked hard all day, many's the time to get enough to buy meal to make watergruel for my father while he was sick. And he died too. Well, by and by I was married and had a family of children. One of my children had fits, and my hosband had bad habits—and, once in a drunken scrape he hurt the child so that she died. Then my hosband died. And I had bad health, and finally I married old Fagin. He was sixty year old, and I was thirty two."

"Why, Susan, how could you?"

"Well, I thought it might be better to be an old man's pet, than a young man's slave.' But I was an old man's slave. We came to Boston to live. It was the hard winter—you don't remember it, but there's many that does. Many a one died of freezing and starving that winter. Fagin hired a room in atten-footer: there was two rooms in it. We lived in one, and two old women in the other. My two girls was both put out, but the people they lived with went away out of Boston, and I hadn't any body to look to for help when we got very poor."

"Why didn't you go out washing, Susan?" asked Sarah.

e Bless your soul and body, Miss Sarah, do you suppose I wouldn't have gone, if I could have got work? Many's the time I've been out all the morning long, trying and looking for a hand's turn, of any sort to do; any thing that would give me an honest minepence—and then come back frozen all but to death, and crawled into bed to keep from being quite frozen. But this was after we had parted with every thing in the house, that we could sell, to get victuals. I had to send Fagin to sell last of all my sheets and pillow-beers, and my best table cloth, that I had spun and wove with my own hands, before I was married to my first husband.

"Well—we lived and that was all. Fagin used to bring home at night a stick of wood, that he split up in a dozen pieces, and light fire enough to boil our tea-kettle with. Sometimes we would have a little meal, and sometimes we didn't."

"Why, Susan—why didn't you tell somebody, and get assistance? why didn't you tell the people in the other tenement what you suffered?"

"Well, it is hard telling folks you are starving and freezing, at the time—though it don't seem now as if I could go through with't again as I did then. The two women in the other room—I did go in there one morning. There was some ladies come to my door to ask for them and I showed 'em in. They was 'visiters of the poor.' Well, when we got into the room, the white woman, (for the other was a coloured woman, and they was both past sixty years o'd) was a sitting by the chimney—there was a bas-

ket half full of snow and shavings, by the fireplace, but the poor creature hadn't life enough to kindle it. She died that day. The coloured woman was dead, then. Froze stiff."

There was a pause. Sarah looked extremely shocked. Susan was busy with the past, and her features worked convulsively. After some time Sarah said.

"But couldn't your husband get any employment, Susan?"

She asked the question again. Susan did not reply, but her face became more gloomy, and her eyes dark and brilliant as they always were, now lighted with an intense, and for the moment, a baleful expression, which effectually silenced the young girl.—At length the shadow passed from her brow, and tossing her hand across her eyes as if to brush away the memory of something, she said, with a sort of smile,

"There's a great many things happen in one's life, that can't be told. I've had my share of that kind of trouble. But it's no use telling it to you. You couldn't sense it." Sarah's curiosity and interest were thoroughly excited.

"Oh, do tell me, Susan! I shall understand you and feel for you too." She had touched a chord in the woman's breast, which thrilled as it had not done for long years. Her eyes moistened; she took the

young girl's hand in her own hard one-

"Thank you for that word. Nobody has felt for me. And now, though it's a blessed feeling that you do, I can't tell you about it, only this. All our furniture, my furniture, that I had worked for, and bought with the sweat of my own brow-all my clothes but one barely decent gown-my cloak, my shawl went. Well, where did they go? Fagin took them to sell for victuals, to keep life in us, he said. By and by, no matter how, I heard where all my things was. I went there myself to see. It was a cold day; and I had nothing but my husband's coat throwed over my gown to keep out the cold. He was in bed asleep. When I got there, it was a tenfooter. There was two of 'em; coloured women. They had a good fire. They was eating a good warm cake, on my table; they was drinking a cup of tea out of my tea cups. They had my gowns on, and they set in my chairs. There was where my things had gone to."

"Oh, Susan! What did you do?"

"We all do what we should'nt, child, some times: and in them days, my temper was strong. 'Twould'nt do any good to tell you about it. I hope God will forgive me for thinking the wrong thoughts I dithen, and do now," added she, looking up meekly to heaven, every trace of strong passion having passed from her face.

"I told you these things, Miss Sarah, partly to relieve myself, I'm free to say; for it's long since I have spoke about my own experience in life, and it's better not, only sometimes the river swells over its banks, you know, and then it don't make much difference who it drowns with it. But mostly, I had some hopes that it would be some use to you. You think you are unhappy, and so I believe you are, child, though God knows it is from nothing but having too many comforts and blessings. But I would'n change my feelings with yours, hard as I have to work, for I am contented. You musn't be hurt," she added, laying her hard kindly on the shoulder of

the now tearful girl, "you must take me as I mean. I want you to go out of your own steady run-round of comforts and blessings, and look after them, that hasn't where to lay their head at night, nor wherewith to wet their lips in the morning, and learn to be thankful for what Providence has given to you, and give of it to the needy."

As Susan spoke, she took up her huge basket and left the room. Sarah remained in reflection and tears. What resolutions she might have formed, of imparting of her goods to the poor, or of thankfully enjoy-

ing the blessings she had, I know not, for Mrs. Fling soon after came in, with "such a love of a Parisian hat! and such splendid flowers!" that, being rather weary of millinery, I flew down stairs and lighted on the top of Susan's bonnet, as she was leaving the house. I was thoroughly tired of fashionable life, and desired to see it in some of its more agreeable phases. I made flying visits, the results of which I may or may not communicate. As I write, I am warned by the paralysis of my left wing, not to attempt too much at my advanced age.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE FALL OF PRIDE.

BY J. N. MCJILTON, ESQ.

IT was a brilliant company that assembled at the mansion of Mr. Roger Douglass on a beautiful night in December of eighteen hundred and four. The survivors of that scene of festivity, no doubt remember with melancholy pleasure, the meeting place of their youth, and the moments of real delight they passed at different times within its hospitable walls. Their companions were those whose brows are now whitened with the cares of years, or who sweetly slumber where sepulchral shadows spread their gloom. Let them turn over the pages of the past, and think once more upon lights that glittered in front of that stately mansion—the constant rattle of carriages which for a time hurried along in almost unbroken procession—the bustle of postillions, handing out the visiters and servants directing them through blazing halls and dazzling antechambers to the drawing room and splendid saloon. Let them call to mind the startling scene that presented itself before them, when introduced to the congregated beauty and manly excellence that crowded the high halls of pleasure on that happy night. It was the bright season of youth and ardent hope, and although gray hairs may blush at the recollection of many of the follies of earlier years, yet to that hour of glitterance and show a thought may be given with exceeding interest-perhaps its history and connexion with other circumstances, may afford a moment's profitable reflection, as it will teach us, how the gilded efforts of life go down to the gloom of death, and the glories that hang around the wealthiest habitation fade amid the darkness of the grave.

Cards of invitation were in circulation for weeks, and many a bosom had thrilled in anxious anticipation of the delight to be experienced in common with the giddy throng. Scarcely had the hour arrived, over which Fashion had assumed control, and dedicated to the interests of etiquette and elegant visits, than carriage after carriage lumbered up to the street entrance, and visiter after visiter was hurried through the crowds at the door, and on the marble steps to the denser crowd within. Half the fashionable ladies in the American metropolis of politeness, had passed the shining stairway-hurried through the antechambers and were seated in expectation of happier hours to come, or whirling their shining skirts of richest silk and satin amid the delightful jostle of the laughing groups. Card still followed card, announcing the gifted and the gay, and each new name was passed

with smiles of approbation, or pleasant jest, as former associations retold the joys of other festal scenes.

"Softly falls the foot of time, That only trends on flowers,"

The earlier moments of mirth and festivity swept rapidly away. Groups were gathering in different parts of the saloon, and all were more or less absorbed in conversation, or making arrangements for future enjoyment, when the names of the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter, their cousin, were announced. A murmur of applause went through the multitude, and the countenances of the gentlemen seemed to brighten with animation, as though they anticipated a rich treat in the addition she was to make to the company. But, some of the ladies regarded the fair visitant with different feelings, whether from jealousy of her personal charms, or other considerations, let the sequel show.

The curl of scorn turned upon a few fair lips, and Miss Helen Hartly, indignant at the idea of being in the same company with Miss Walter, turned to her sister Arabella who was too deeply engaged in conversation with a party of gentlemen to hear or attend to any thing else, and called out in a very sarcastic tone, "Bell, did you hear that?"

"Hear what?" inquired Miss Arabella, rather pettishly, a little piqued, no doubt, at being interrupted.

"Why Harriet Walter is announced."

"Harriet Walter," exclaimed Miss Arabella, with a soft oath, which fashionable ladies may sometimes swear, but which would be very rude in one celebrated for that modesty which is always becoming, and is the brightest ornament to the female character.

"Yes, Harriet Walter," returned Miss Helen, emphasising the name, "and I've half a notion to leave the saloon this instant; Miss Walter is no society for me, she was never raised to any thing, and when her father died his estate was insolvent—so she must be poor enough. And what impudence indeed for her to come here, knowing, as she must, that Mrs. Douglass' card was only sent in compliment to the Miss Warrens."

"Poor creature," said Arabella, "I pity her; but what a figure she will cut here?—so tall—so clumsy—I know she will mortify us all. Helen, suppose we go home, just to show Mrs. Douglass and her friends that we are a little above such associations,"

"Indeed, Bell, it would serve her right; but then

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we should lose so much fun, and Mr. Greencase is here, you know we don't meet him often."

"Well, any how the ugly thing can't harm us much, though it is rather degrading.

"We'll bear it, Bell, as long as we can, but we shall take the trouble to let Mrs. Douglass know what we think of her."

This conversation was conducted in an elevated tone, and heard by a number of attentive listeners, some of whom had never seen Miss Walter, and supposing what they had heard to be the truth, they readily enough imagined what an appearance the character they had heard described would make in such a company. But how were they disappointed when the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter were presented in person. All eyes were turned upon the one interesting object, and instead of beholding a frightful form, with a clumsy gait, stumble into their midst, they gazed with admiration upon one of the most graceful figures they had ever seen, and the ease with which she glided to her seat which was shown her in a distant part of the saloon, won applause from nearly every one present.

The attention the representations of the Miss Hartlys had attracted for her was not likely to subside, until all the parties were satisfied of her movements and her merits as a lady; and while she is becoming the centre of attraction for a large party in the saloon, moving with lady-like freedom, and wearing a smile of enchanting sweetness, we will leave her for a moment and inquire who she is, and what may be the " head and front of her offending," in the eyes of the Miss Hartlys.

The story may be soon told. She was the only daughter of a gentleman, once of fortune, but who, by his kindness to others, had been reduced in circustances. He had educated his child when in affluence, with the utmost care, and spared neither pains nor expense to prepare her to move in the highest circles of society. She was yet young when her best friend and only protector was taken from her by death; and although by her talents she might have earned herself a comfortable livelihood in many ways, and still moved in respectable society, her uncle, Mr. Warren, at the earnest solicitation of his amiable daughters, took her home to his house, and adopting her as his child, made her their constant companion. And so highly was she respected in Mr. Warren's family, that she was not only treated in all respects like the rest of the family, but she was taught to look forward to an equal share with Mr. Warren's children in his ample fortune. It was her supposed poverty at which the young ladies sneered, and it may be as before hinted, that they were in a degree jealous Poverty, however, was of her superior charms. sufficient in the estimation of the proud, to have excluded her from all respectable society.

But let us return to the party, where we shall find her, after an hour's absence, the admired of all admirers, not only attracting new acquaintances with the beauty of her person, but making lasting friends by the superior enchantments of her mental excellencies. The Miss Hartlys beheld with disappointment and mortification that the "poor girl," as they styled her, was gaining the affections and friendship of all around her, and what was worse than all, their brother George, whom they thought until that hour to be a gentleman of the highest character, paid her marked attention. This was insupportable, and they vowed and kept it faithfully, that they would not speak another word to him during the evening, for condescending to such mean society.

It will be useless to detail the petty evidences of hatred which these young ladies continued to exhibit, we will therefore pass them over and hasten to the most important scene they enacted on this interesting occasion.

In the course of the evening, the two young ladies whose rage seemed to increase with every mark of respect they saw shown to Miss Walter, determined to break up a little coterie which had gathered around her, and in the midst of which she sat like happiness personified, shedding the lustre of her charms and the treasures of her mind upon the smiling group. Failing in several repeated efforts, they at length proposed a cotillion. The proposition met with the hearty and unanimous approval of the company, and the pairs were soon upon the floor and ready for action. Miss Helen Hartly, who had engaged herself, as she thought, for the evening, to one of the most splendid gentlemen in the company, kept her seat, waiting in increasing agitation for him to approach and lead ber into the circle; but he came not; and she was left alone until an elderly gentleman advanced and politely offered to conduct her to the floor. In her confusion she scarcely knew how to act, and remained in her position, until the old gentleman, not at all dashed by her hesitation, though the eyes of every one were upon them, took her by the hand and led her to the circle. Here she stood a moment, in the deepest mortification; and when the signal was made for the dance to begin; aroused from her reverie she raised her eyes, and the first object she beheld was Miss Walter preparing to lead off the cotillion with the gentleman, whose attention she had vainly fancied was due to herself alone. The rage that fired her bosom at the sight was insupportable, and turning to her sister, whose station was between her and the object of her resentment, she said in an angry tone, "Bell, can we stoop so low?"

"Shall we?" said Arabella to the partner at her

"As you please, Miss Hartly, I wait your pleasure," was his reply.

"Then conduct us to our carriage," exclaimed Helen, and with an air, which bespoke the utmost contempt, the sisters whirled past the innocent object of their persecuting spirit, and rushed from the saloon.

The company well understood the whole affair, and duly appreciated the motive that induced the ladies to exhibit such malevolence towards one, whose only sin perhaps was that she was greatly their superior. The consternation occasioned by the sudden departure of the Miss Hartlys soon subsided, and the dance passed off in tolerable style. Miss Walter stung to the soul by the unexpected insult that had been offered her, declined a further appearance on the floor, and spent the remainder of the evening in the midst of a few companions who preferred her society before mingling in the dance or joining with the crowd in their glee. George Hartly, chagrined at the behaviour of his sisters, remained near Miss Walter and her cousins, and did every thing his gentlemanly feelings dictated, to remove the impression it had made.

It was a late hour when the company separated, and Mr. Hartly who had obtained permission to accompany Mr. Warren's carriage, attended the ladies

home and repeated to them over and over again the assurances of his high regard, and begged them to overlook the indiscretion of his sisters, as he was satisfied that after reflection they would be anxious to make every amends.

The next day notes of explanation, necessary upon such occasions, passed between the Miss Harrlys and Mrs. Roger Douglass. After numerous warm expressions incident to all such matters, the requisite apologies were exchanged and the misunderstanding settled in due form. Like all affairs of the sort, the scene in the saloon of Mrs. Roger Douglass, was, for a season, the moving topic of the fashionable circle, and not until it had passed through all the different stages of the tempest it had created, was it permitted to slumber.

No communication for good or for evil, ever passed between the Hartlys and Warrens, and although George Hartly continued to be a constant visiter at Mr. Warren's, and his father often called to see his old friend, yet not the slightest intimation of friendly feelings was ever made by any of the ladies.

Months passed away, and the affair, like all others of its kind, was made an item in the annals of fashionable history, to be referred to whenever similar circumstances should bring it into memory.

One evening, about six months after the party given by Mrs. Douglass, Mr. Hartly entered the parlour, where his daughters were enjoying themselves with a few friends, and in his usual tone of good humour exclaimed, "Girls, I've a notion of giving you a splendid party, what say you?"

"What say we?" asked Arabella, her eyes flashing in delight, "why, we say that we accept the proposal

with the utmost pleasure, Mr. Hartly."

"Say Pa, if you please, Bell," said Helen, "and say that his dutiful daughters will agree to any arrangements their dear Pa may please to make."

"I've only one condition, girls, and you may command my purse to any extent you please, comply, and the expense is no consideration."

"Helen you are in too great a hurry about your conditions," said Arabella. "Conditions are always tyrannical and oppressive, but name yours Pa, any you please, we'll comply."

"Well, all I require is that you invite precisely the same company you met at the house of Mrs.

Douglass."

"Why Pa," exclaimed both the ladies at once.

"For no other reason that I can give you now, than that the lady and her friends may feel assured that you bear them no ill will."

"That is just what we should rejoice to do, were the whole matter left with ourselves, and so the condition is complied with."

"Then to work, and show the folks that you are ladies of taste."

"Never fear us, Pa, we'll please you, if spending your money will afford you pleasure."

Mr. Hartly bade the ladies good speed, and left the company in an excellent humour. His manners excited suspicion that he had some object in view which he wished to conceal; but the girls were not to be discouraged by any trifling consideration, from the performance of what was likely to afford them so much pleasure; the preliminaries were therefore soon arranged, the purse-strings having been committed to their keeping, they made the best possible use of their privilege, and afforded the old gentleman con-

vincing proof that they had some idea of magnificence in the preparation necessary to be made for a splendid entertainment.

The evening came, and with it came the guests, young and old—all that had been invited. The young ladies had the pleasure of hearing before their own door, the rumbling of carriages and the music of happy voices—voices of anxious friends, ready to mingle in the anticipated pleasures. Nothing occurred to mar the joy of the occasion—all was glee and gladness, and delightful bustle. No one took more interest in the frolic, or appeared to be more gratified than Mr. Hartly himself, he was the life of the whole company, and his voice was every where heard above all others, mingling in the joke and laugh.

" Pa's the youngest gentleman in the company this evening," said Arabella.

"He's forgotten how old he is," said Helen.

"If so lively now what must he have been when young?" said Mrs. Douglass.

"I'm always young," returned the old gentleman, "always young when happy. There are deeds of youth that cling to us throughout life, and the remembrance of them often constitutes the happiness of age; there is one scene in my early life that I shall keep in bright memorial till death, and I have through the agency of my daughter assembled this company to tell it once more, and be more than happy, by adding to its interest."

"All for love," exclaimed Arabella, with a knowing glance.

"Now for his courtship!" cried Helen.

"Go on with the story," called a dozen voices, and silence prevailed. Mr. Hartly commenced:

"In the early part of my life," said he, "I knew a young man, who learned the profession of a tailor; on the day that he was free from his master, he was told that business was dull and that he must seek work elsewhere. This was sad news, as he had neither means nor friends, and was compelled to earn his own livelihood. After traversing the whole city, in search of employment, and obtaining none, he concluded that as business was so very slack at the south, where he had served his apprenticeship, he would get all the means he could together, and proceed to some of the northern cities, where he hoped to obtain work, and support himself with credit. He accordingly took passage in a brig for New York, the price of which, together with the fare, amounted to ten dollars, just the amount he was able to gather, and which he had safely stored away in a pocketbook and placed in his vest pocket. The passengers were all strangers to the young man, and being somewhat diffident, he did not succeed in making the acquaintance of any, until about the fifth day of the voyage when they were far out at sea; while the rest of the passengers were seated near the side of the vessel enjoying the evening breeze, he came as near them as his bashfulness would permit, and leaned on the railing, to watch the spray as it dashed up like pearls from the sea, and to listen to the conversation of the company. It happened that the child of a poor woman, on board, about whom no one cared but its mother, while bouncing about the deck in his mischief, went head foremost through one of the holes at the side of the brig, and would have plunged into the water, and been lost for ever, but for the timely efforts of the young fellow, who reached over the railing and caught the child by the ancle. It was

with difficulty that he regained his balance, being obliged to lean considerably over the side of the brig. and the weight of the child struggling to be relieved from its perilous situation, had well nigh been the cause of the loss of both, so that he made a narrow escape for his life. In the effort to save the child, his pocket-book fell into the sea, and he was left without a dollar in the world-without a friend of whose help he could avail himself. In the honesty of his heart, he went to the captain, and frankly communicated his condition, and begged that he would not think hardly of him, if he could not pay his passage immediately, but that he would certainly settle it as soon as he could obtain as much money. The captain became enraged, and abused him in a very unfeeling manner, declaring the tale about the loss of his money, to be a gross fabrication, and he swore, loud enough to be heard by all on board, that having been imposed on in that way often before, he was prepared to serve such impostors according to their deserts, and that he would turn half a day's sail out of his way to put him on shore at the nearest point of land. One of the passengers—a youth of about the same age of the young man-having witnessed the whole affair, and seeing the pocket-book when it fell, was prepared to give testimony in favour of the unfortunate; he advanced towards the captain, and stated, that he thought he was rather severe in his threats, that the truth had been told him, and there was no doubt but that he would get his pay at some future time. "Do you dictate to me, sir?" said the captain, whose wrath had been greatly increased by the appeal. "I've met these characters before to-day, and I am determined to make an example of that fellow-he goes ashore at the nearest

"To expostulate was in vain, and, the friend who had so kindly come to his assistance, taking out his purse, turned to the young man, and presented it to him, together with his card, saying,

"'Take this and use it; if you are ever able to repay me, it will be well, if not, it will be no great matter.'

"It will be needless for me to enter into a detail of the matter, suffice it for me to say that the young man hesitated to receive the purse, in consideration of the gloomy prospect that seemed to be before him, but was finally prevailed upon to accept it. After their arrival in New York, the two young men became intimate friends. The one who lost his money, assisted by the other, soon procured employment, discharged his obligation, and was successful in the accumulation of wealth."

Here the old gentleman dashed a tear from his eye, and rising from his seat, walked towards the window. The company waited with breathless interest for the sequel of the story. Returning to his place, Mr. Hartly continued, "The two friends at length separated, one of them leaving New York, settled in a distant part of America, and a long interval elapsed—But Bell!" he exclaimed, springing from his seat, where are the Miss Warrens and Miss Walter? I do not see them here!"

"They were not invited, Pa," replied Arabella.

"But my dear," said he, affectionately, "did I not make it an express condition that all who were at the party given by Mrs. Douglass, should be here?"

"Yes; but Pa," said Helen, with a toss of her

head which gave meaning to the words, "Yes; but Pa, you know, we ladies have our preserences."

"And so have we gentlemen," replied Mr. Hartly, " and I am here to teach you a lesson, in a way that I hope will impress it upon your minds for ever. Know then, my dear girls, and you ladies and gentlemenall of you-that I was the young man of whom I have spoken, and that the father of Miss Walter, the young lady that my daughters treated with so much indifference before you all, was the man to whom I was so much indebted; and perhaps to his influence and friendship I am indebted for my present independence." The manner in which the old gentleman concluded his story made a deep impression upon every one present, and while he sat a few moments, overcome by the feelings that agitated him, the most respectful silence, was maintained, until Arabella wrought to sincere repentance for the error she had committed, burst into tears, and throwing her arms around her father's neck, begged a thousand pardons, and promised to make all the amends in her power, Helen joined her in promises of restitution, and the succeeding scenes may better be imagined than described.

After the excitement of feeling had in a degree subsided, Mr. Hartly cried out, "Let me finish my story! I am most happy to-night, that I have made amends for the error of my children. Shortly after the event, I perceived that my son George," and here great wonder was expressed that he was not present, "I perceived that my son George was attached to the young lady, I mean Miss Walter, and I not only secont'd his suit, but prompted him to keep the mater secret until its consummation should reveal it. He has done so, and if the young rogue has performed his duty, I have a third daughter by this time."

The last word had scarcely passed his lips, when a rustling of silks was heard—then approaching footsteps—then three ladies and three gentlemen entered the apartment, Mr. George Hartly presented his bride and their amiable cousins, and the gentlemen accompanying them. Old Mr. Warren entered soon after, and of the pleasant—the most exquisite bustle that ensued, I have nothing to say.

Now, the best of the story is, that it is strictly true, as related, and the gentleman we have called Mr. Hartly, relates it frequently, ardently hoping that it may be of benefit to many young ladies, who, like his daughters, have the best dispositions in the world, but for want of proper reflection are most tyrannical in their tastes, as they are indomitable in their pride.

For the Lady's Book.

## FORGIVENESS.

How beautifully falls
From human lips that blessed word—forgive!
Forgiveness—'tis the attribute of gods—
The sound which openeth heaven—renews again
On earth lost Eden's faded bloom, and flings
Hope's haleyon halo o'er the waste of life.
Thrice happy he whose heart hath been so schooled
In the meck lessons of humility,
That he can give it utterance: it imparts
Celestial grandeur to the human soul,
And maketh man an angel.—H.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN.

BY T. S. ARTHUR,

AUTHOR OF "TIRED OF HOUSEKEEPING," ETC.

#### SCENE FIRST.

"Dear little fellow!" said Mrs. Carter, as her only child, a bright boy of about three summers, came up to where his mother was sitting upon the sofa with her friend Mrs. Jones, and putting up his smiling mouth, asked for a kiss.

"He is a sweet boy, Mrs. Jones," continued Mrs. Carter; "I sometimes think that it is not my own blind love that governs me in my impressions, but

that he is really unlike other children."

"He is a fine boy," said Mrs. Jones, coldly. "You ought to see my Angeline, sometimes. O, she is a dear creature! I am always discovering something new and interesting in her. Yesterday, while I was reading, she came up to me, and after standing along side of me for some time, without my taking any notice of her I was so interested in my book, she took hold of the volume and jerked it out of my hand; then placing her arms akimbo, she looked me steadily in the face for a minute without smiling, and said, "Ma, do you know me!" I almost screamed with delight; and catching up the little rogue in my arms, covered her with kisses?"

" My Willie, sometimes-" began Mrs. Carter.

"You should have seen Angeline this morning," broke in Mrs. Jones. "We were all seated at the breakfast table, and father, I always call my husband father, asked Angeline if she didn't want some tea, 'No, pa,' said the little minx, 'I'm afraid of my nerres.' It's not good to laugh at children, I know, but I thought I should have dicd."

" Willie ... "

"Angelina a'n't like most children I see—sulky and disagreeable to strangers. When any one comes in, she always goes right up, and asks, so cunningly. What is your name?" and then she climbs up into his or her lap, and talks to them all the while. Every body who comes to the house loves her, she is so fond and interesting."

" The other day Willie-"

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed out Mrs. Jones, as something crossed her mind. "You ought to have heard Angeline tell her dream this morning. What did you dream last night, Anne? asked her father, when we were all seated at the breakfast table. 'I dreamed, father, that we were all sailing in a steamboat down in the bay, when a great whale, just like a man, came up out of the water, and reached out his arm to catch me. But didn't I scream!" 'Was that what made you cry out in the night so? said her father. 'Yes, sir,' she said. 'And how did you get off, Anna?' asked her father. 'O, I waked up, and then I was off? Ha! ha! wa'n't that a cute answer for a child six years old to make, Mrs. Carter?"

"Come here, Willie dear," said Mrs. Carter, "and tell this lady the name of the big ship,"

Little Willie pressed up to the side of his mother's visiter, and looking up into her face, was just about speaking, when Mrs. Jones, without noticing the child, said—

"Ever since Angelina could toddle about, she has been the cutest thing you ever saw. She walked

when nine months old, and could speak plain at fifteen months. We always have to help her first at the table, for she has no notion of being slighted. The other day we had company, and one of the ladies brought her daughter with her, a hoyden of twelve years old, coarse and vulgar in her manners. It so happened that this girl got Angeline's place at the tea table. Before I had time to correct the mistake, and have her removed from Angeline's place, who wont eat at all if kept out of it, she went right up to her and taking hold of her arm, gave it a slight pull, and with a grave authoritative countenance, and without speaking a word, motioned with her head for her to leave the chair. The whole company were convulsed with laughter, at Angeline's mock-heroic air."

Little Willie had stood looking into Mrs. Jones' face, waiting for her to get done speaking, so that he could do as his mother had directed him, and now as there was a brief pause, he seemed to think that it was time for him to begin.

"The Penn—" but Willie could get no further. His mother's visiter was too intent upon Angeline's perfections to think of him.

"You ought to hear Angeline respond to the minister on Sundays. She does it as gravely as a deacon."

- "The Pennsylva—" but Willie was again cut short, for Mrs. Jones, who felt somewhat annoyed with the child, slight as had been his trespass upon her, gently pushed him away, while she leaned over towards Mrs. Carter, and continued to vex that lady's ear with unprofitable accounts of Angeline's perfections.
- "You must bring Angeline to see me the next time you come," said Mrs. Carter, as she shook Mrs. Jones' hand at the door, her amiable politeness prompting her, in parting, to send her friend away in the best possible humour with herself.

"I will certainly do so," said Mrs. Jones, in a tone and with a manner that indicated her consciousness that in doing as requested, she would greatly delight her friend,

## SCENE SECOND.

MRS. CARTER and Mrs. Jones had been friends from childhood. They had grown up in the same neighbourhood, and had attended the same school toge-The difference in their characters was, that Mrs. Jones was selfish in all her feelings, while Mrs. Carter cultivated a feeling of good will and kindness towards others. The one could not separate any thing, even her most intimate friendship, from the consideration of a selfish delight; while the other, always endeavoured to make every one feel pleased and comfortable, and in that effort found a high degree of internal satisfaction. To a great extent, Mrs. Carter suffered herself to be blinded to the ruling fault of her friend's character; her friendship being more in the form of a personal perference, than in that of an appreciation of good quality, the only true ground upon which to build up friendly relations. After their marriage, it so happened that they were thrown into

each other's neighbourhood, and their friendship was in consequence continued.

It so happened, in the course of human events, that Mr. Carter passed into the other world, and left his wife and one sweet little boy, now nearly four years old, alone in the world, and with little upon which to depend long for a comfortable maintenance. Scarcely a year had passed, when the widowed mother found herself upon the threshold of the world of spirits; then came back upon her heart, with accumulated tenderness, the yearnings of a mother's love. Her Willie was but five years old-how could she leave him to the cold hearted charity of strangers? Reluctantly did she at last make up her mind to commit him to the care of her friend, who was in constant attendance upon her. But it was a hard For, although blinded, to a great extent, through personal attachment, to Mrs. Jones' particular fault, yet she instinctively shrunk from the transfer of her dear child to her peculiar care.

The little boy had climbed upon the bed, and was laying his head upon his mother's dying pillow, and was twining his small arms about her neck, when Mrs. Jones attempted to prevent him, and said—

"Come away, Willie—come!—you must not disturb your mother."

"Don't take him away, Anne," said Mrs. Carter, in a feeble voice; and the child shrunk closer within the arm that had welcomed his approach. For some time the mother lay, with her only loved one, drawn tight in her dying embrace. Her eyes were closed, and Mrs. Jones could not see her face which was turned away, and pressed close against that of her little boy. For nearly half an hour she lay thus, as if in sleep, and her child moved not, for there was an instinctive fear about his heart, and he felt that where he had retreated he could lie for ever. But now the dying mother turned her face towards her friend. How that pale face had changed! How visibly had death set his mark upon it! Mrs. Jones started at the sight.

"Anna!" said the dying woman, rising up in bed with the last energy of excited affection—"Anna, will you be a mother to my poor child? Can I commit him into your hands, and die in peace?"

" Mary, he shall be to me as my own child," said Mrs. Jones, earnestly and sincerely, her whole heart melted down by the mournful scene.

"Willie," said his mother, to the weeping child, placing his little hand in that of her friend—"love her, and obey her as your mother." And even while the dying injunction quivered upon her lip, she fell back upon her pillow, and passed away.

#### SCENE THIRD.

ONE year after the last scene transpired, a little fellow in coarse clothes, with a pale face, subdued and sad in its expression, and bearing the marks of a sweet disposition, was seated upon the floor of Mrs. Jones' kitchen with a knife board before him, upon which he was rubbing a set of knives, with patient industry. Along the side of the board, upon the floor, were scattered a few grains of the brick dust with which the child was rubbing the knives. A little girl, with a pert, selfish face, came in while the boy was thus engaged, and seeing the brick dust scattered over the side of the knife board, said in an angry voice,

"Just see how you are wasting the brick dust and

dirtying the floor, Bill! I'll tell my mother so I will I never saw such a careless fellow."

"I don't care if you do," said the little boy, in an offended tone.

"You don't care, ha? Well, I'll just go and tell my mother, you see if I don't? Don't care! upon my word."

As the little girl was hurrying away to make her complaint, Willie, for it was he, called after her, and said he was only in fun; but it was of no use. Angeline proceeded straight to the parlour, and finding her mother there, made her allegation as follows:

"O mother! mother! Bill has scattered the brick dust all over the kitchen floor; and when I told him if he didn't mind, I'd tell you, he said he didn't care for you, so he did."

"He don't care for me, ha?" said Mrs. Jones, angrily, and proceeding at once towards the kitchen. "Don't care for me? We'll see about that. I wish I had never touched that troublesome fellow. The alms-house is the place for him."

By the time Mrs. Jones had uttered thus much, she was down in the kitchen, and seizing the frightened child by the arm, she drew him to his feet, and commenced boxing his head backwards and forwards, exclaiming all the while "Don't care for me, ha!—Don't care for me! I'll see if I can't make you care, you little reprobate."

After Mis. Jones had exhausted her fury upon Willie, she hastily retreated to the parlour, without having once thought it necessary to see if the brick dust were scattered all over the floor, or to ask the cook if the boy had made the unpardonable allusion to herself.

Not altogether satisfied with herself, for no person who gets into a passion ever feels comfortable for a time afterwards, but too much in the love of self to acknowledge, or even to see that she had been wrong, she allowed herself to make this little circumstance the cause for confirming more and more her dislike towards Willie, in whom she could perceive no shadow of any thing good. When her husband came home to dinner, in the presence of Angeline, she began to let out something of her indignation against the poor child, who had endured much, and had found the world a hard one to live in, with no mother to love him and care for him.

" I don't see much of him, Anne," said Mr. Jones, "but what little I do see of him impresses me in his favour. I am afraid you listen too much to what Angeline says."

"Indeed, indeed father, Bill-"

"Stop, Angeline," said her father, who was neither so weak nor indulgent towards her as her mother. "In the first place, you must call him William whea you speak to me. That's his name. He calls you Angeline, does he not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well, then, I should be ashamed if I were you, to be outdone by him in politeness."

" But father, he is-"

"How can you talk so, my dear?" exclaimed Mrs. Jones, breaking in upon Angeline.

"He is what, Angeline?"

"Why he is not on an equality with me."

"And how do you make that out, pray?"

"Why father, he is not as as as "

" As what?"

"Why why why ? [e

- "Come, take time. I want to know from you in what you are better than William."
  - "Why, Mr. Jones, how can you talk so?"
- "Suffer me, my dear, to proceed, if you please," said the husband, in a decided manner.
- "Are you ready to answer, Angeline?" he continued, after a brief pause.
- "Why he don't dress as well. He ha'n't got no father and mother—he a'n't rich."
  - " How did you get your better clothes?"
  - "Why you gave them to me."
- "Very well, then if there is any merit about it, it is in me for giving—surely not in you for receiving them. William once had a father and mother, but they died. Suppose your father and mother were to die, and we are as likely to die as any one, would you be any worse than you are now? Or if I were to lose all my money, which may happen very soon, would you be any better?"

Angeline had a glimpse of the truth, and so had her mother, and both were silent. But although they saw it through the thoughts which Mr. Jones had presented, they did not feel it nor love it.

" Suppose, Anne, we call up William, and Agnes, the cook, and have their statement about the matter?"

"Nonsense, Mr. Jones! Why will you make it a matter of so much importance?"

"It may seem a matter of little consequence to you, Anna, but you must remember that it is something involving a good deal when we think of that poor orphan boy, whom I fear we are not acting towards as we would like other people to act towards one of our children. We must be just, Anna, in little things as well as in great things."

Without further hesitation, Mr. Jones rung the bell, and when Agnes made her appearance, requested her to bring up Willie. In a minute or two after, the child came in, led by Agnes, and trembling from head to foot.

"I want you tell me truly, Agnes, what passed between Angeline and William, that caused his punishment. I want the simple truth."

"Why you see, sir," said Agnes, "Willie was rubbing the knives, an' spilt a trifle or so of brick dust, along side o' the knife board, which I s'pose he couldn't well help, when Angeline came down and said to him—' Jest see how you are wasting the brick dust and dirtying the floor, Bill! I'll tell my mother, so I will. I never saw such a careless fellow?' Then Willie he got mad, and said he didn't care if she did tell. But when she run off to tell, he called after her and said he was in fun. But she would not listen to him. Before Mrs. Jones came down, he said he was sorry for what he had said, and knew he would get a whipping."

"That will do, Agnes," said Mr. Jones, kindly.
"Take William down. But, stop a moment, William," he said, "come here."

The poor little fellow went slowly and timidly up, looking him earnestly in the face, as if endeavouring to see whether he was going to punish him further. Mr. Jones felt the mute expression, and taking him by the hand said, in a kind voice—

"William, it was wrong to speak as you did about Mrs. Jones, who gives you a home."

The little fellow held up his head at the sound of Mr. Jones' voice, speaking to him calmly and rationally, and simply replied,

"I was sorry as soon as I had said it."

- "You can go now, William, and you must never again, no matter what is said, speak wrongly about Mrs. Jones."
- "Indeed, indeed sir, I never will," said the child, bursting into tears. Then going to Mrs. Jones, he looked up into her face, through his tears, and said: "Please—please ma'am, I'm sorry."

But she did not, in the unkindness of her feelings towards the child, even speak to him, but motioned him away with her hand, and with a sad face he stole slowly from the room.

"Angeline, you can go up stairs," said Mr. Jones, to his little girl. "I am not pleased with you."

Angeline looked towards her mother, as if she expected her to intefere, for she instinctively perceived that her father and mother took different positions in the matter.

"Do you hear me?" he said, sternly. The child instantly obeyed.

"Anna," said Mr. Jones, after Angeline had left the room. "It is cruel to expose children to the trials which are often too severe for those of mature age, and then punish them when they fall into temptation. My very heart ached for that poor child, when I perceived truly his position. Oppressed and wronged, yet reasoning and bearing up against it, and even exercising the heavenly virtue of forgiveness."

"It is very strange, Mr. Jones," replied his wife, in an angry voice, "that you can talk so. Who oppresses him, pray? You don't mean to say, that I oppress him, and wrong him?"

"Anna, you must see that he has been wronged this morning."

" Indeed, then, I don't see no such thing."

"Why, Anna, it was plain that Angeline had provoked the child to say what he ought not to have said—and equally plain that he repented at once, and upon the first question from you would have made humble acknowledgment. But you punished him without a hearing."

"It's no use for you to talk any more about this, my dear. I am tired of having the boy in the house. He is a constant source of trouble and annoyance, and I have got so that I almost hate the sight of him. I wish you would get him into the alms-house."

"He shall not stay here, Anna, depend upon that,"
"That's all I ask for. Take him away, and I
don't care how he goes, nor where he goes; and may
I never set eyes on him again."

#### SCENE FOURTH.

It so happened, in the order of things, that Mrs. Jones was sick, with a sudden and violent attack of fever, on the next morning. She awoke before day with a chill, and by the time the light dawned she was ill to an alarming degree. The physician was called, and after examining her condition, and writing a prescription, retired in silence. We need not trace the progress of the disease. The fact is all that is necessary to bring out. At the end of the ninth day, Mrs. Jones trembled between life and death. A single breath seemed sufficient to snap the thread of life. But when the fever let go its hold, there was still strength enough left to rally, and she began slowly to recover.

It was about one week from the day of dangers the turning point for life or death, that Mr. Jones e

by the side of his wife's bed, and held in his her thin, pale hand. Little Willie had not yet been removed, though the sickness of Mrs. Jones had materially altered, for the better, his condition. After sitting in silence for some time, Mr. Jones remarked, that she had made a narrow escape' from death.

"I've been thinking of that," she replied, "and it makes me tremble when I think of my children. No one can be a mother to children who are not her own."

"A motherless child should be an object of tender concern to every one. But, in the present state of society, the orphan's portion is a hard one."

As Mr. Jones uttered this sentiment, without intending to apply it to any particular instance, the fitness of it to the case of little William Carter, flashed across his mind, as it did at the same instant across the mind of his wife. Each looked at the other for an embarrassed moment. The silence was at length broken by Mrs. Jones.

"Where is William Carter?" she asked.

"I had no direct allusion to him, when I spoke Anna," said her husband.

"I am sure you had not; but no matter.—It is said in the Bible, if I am not mistaken, that words fitly spoken are like apples of gold on pictures of silver. I have felt keenly and suddenly their force, Mrs. Carter's dying request that I would be a mother to her child, has not been obeyed according to my promise. I convict myself of cruel wrong towards him."

"Anne, we are given to see our errors, not that we may afflict ourselves, but that we may renounce them. If you think you have not acted towards William as you would wish others to act towards your children, you have done wrong, and this wrong all the obligations of right call upon you to repair. It is no light duty to become as a mother to an orphan child, but it will prove a delightful duty to those who enter fully into it. It will bring with it its own rich reward."

"I will be to him all I have promised," said Mrs. Jones, with warmth.

"In the excitement of a good resolution, my dear Anna," replied Mr. Jones, "when the evil loves which prompt us to wrong actions have retired and are quiescent, we think it an easy matter to do what is right. But the time will come, in the natural order of things, when the evil, which was not extinguished, but had merely retired, will again become active, and then will be the moment of trial. You must not always expect to feel as you now do. You have suffered your love of your own children above others to become inordinate, and even to become a principle of hate towards other children."

"O no, no, dear husband, don't say hate."

"I seek not to wound you, Anna, I only desire to present truth to your mind. I remember your saying distinctly, that you hated little William, and that you wished nothing more than to have him put out of the house."

Mrs. Jones was silent. She remembered but too distinctly that she had not only said so, but had felt all that she had uttered. And as the first excitement of good desires began to subside, she felt alarmed as she thought of little Willie in connexion with her own children, and perceived that she felt a real dislike for im.

" I fear I shall have a hard trial, indeed," she said

after some moments communion with herself; "and I fear that I shall not be able to do all I wish to do."

"Perhaps I can aid you a little. Do not attempt to think about William in connexion with your own children. Look upon him simply in the  $\Gamma_{\rm gar}$  of a motherless child, and thus encourage your sympathies to go out towards him. Do not attempt to elevate him suddenly to the place your understanding tells you he ought to occupy; but begin simply by acting rightly towards him, and let feeling alone. Endeavour to do good to him, or simply to protee him from wrong; and by and by you will find the you will do cheerfully from affection what you at first did from a sense of duty. Do you understand me?"

" Perfectly."

"Are you willing to begin as I have suggested?"

" I am."

"Persevere, then, and success will be certain."

#### SCENE FIFTH.

Three years more have passed away, and now let us see if the experiment has proved successful. We will look into the parlour, where are assembled, on a pleasant evening, the family of Mr. Jones. Certainly all there seem happy, and yet among them is a fine boy, in his tenth year, who is readily recognised as William Carter. On his open countenance there is no expression of chilled or subdued feelings; nor does he seem to feel any restraint. Now he is leaning on Mrs. Jones in the most confiding manner, while he plays with the noisy babe in her lap, in whom he seems to feel as lively an interest as any of the rest; and now he is talking in a lively strain to a tall girl, who may be recognized as Angeline. Certainly he is at home; for all seem to regard him with an interest and affection that his own heart warmly reciprocates. In the course of the evening all the young folks retire to bed, and Mr. and Mrs. Jones are left alone.

"William is really getting to be a fine boy," said Mr. Jones, warmly.

"Indeed he is," was the reply of his wife. "I sometimes can hardly distinguish between the affection I bear him, and that which I feel for my own children. Is it not strange that it should be so?"

" It is not strange, as I look at the subject. Whenever we exercise the true parental actions, the true parental feelings will come in due time. If we begin by first doing right, from a sense of duty, it will not be long before we feel right. We prefer our own children, and love them above others. This is a better state of things than if there were no natural affection, as it is called-for then children would be cruelly treated by a great many parents, as there are too few parents who do not feel a dislike towards all children except their own. This natural affection thus becomes a bond of protection to children. But our children are not regarded more tenderly by the Lord, than the children of other parents, for he is the father of all, and sees and knows the qualities of all. And when we look upon them as naturally better than other children, we are wrong; and it is this feeling that leads us to be cruel to other children when they are by some circumstance thrown into our families. We are to regard the good that is in our children, and love them the more as good principles growoup in them. 300810

- "You do not mean to say, that we are not to feel an especial affection for our own children?"
- "Not by any means, for they are given to us to love and to do good to—and this constant action of concern and providence increases our love; I only mean to say, that when other children are thrown into our hands, we should endeavour to love them as our own."
- "Certainly, in doing so there is an exceeding great reward, as I can testify," said Mrs. Jones. "And what is more, besides having the warm affection of a noble minded boy, and the internal consciousness of

having acted right, I find that I have grown less selfish in my feelings, and consequently, as I now perceive, happier."

"Your conclusion is a true one. All evils cohere together, and strengthen each other in the mind. Loosen one, and remove it to the circumference of the mind, and you loosen all. And when one is willingly removed thus, others will be perceived by the mind, and in like manner put away. Thus it only requires any one to begin, in sincerity, to put away one evil, to be in the way of putting away all, and thus of becoming freed from the bondage of evil passions."

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

## PEASANT GIRL AT A WELL.

#### BY JAMES T. FIELDS.

When the ploughman whistles along the road,
And heavily swings the old barn gate;
When the team comes home with its weary load,
And the frogs chime in "it is growing late;"
Then was the time that the farmer's daughter
Sauntered alone to the orchard-well,
And carolled a song as she leaned o'er the water,
While far away echoed the deep village-bell.

\* Tis the hour he promised—the moon on the hill

Is dropping its sparkles on streamlet and rill,

But she turns to be gone—

For she watches alone,

And the evening is waning in moments so still!

But hark! through the elms by the side of the river She hears a faint rustle, and then, a low call; 'Tis his step on the sward, and a voice by its quiver Is telling of love, and acknowledging all!

### Written for the Lady's Book.

## ANECDOTE OF GENERAL GREENE.

#### BY HIS GRAND NIECE.

"Nav, Markham, say what you will, with your good heart and kind feelings to dictate for you, the time will come when the colonies will no longer submit to the caprices of the British King," exclaimed a young man of imposing presence to his younger brother as they worked together in a forge in a retired part of the now State of Rhode Island.

"But, Nat," replied his more reflective and cool companion, "while uttering your sentiments so fully and without reflection on the consequences, you seem to forget that a refusal to meet the wishes of the mother country, will involve us in the guilt of High Treason."

"Treason!" replied the other, indignantly; "I tell you that England, by the ruinous policy she pursues, nullifies our obligation to her king—if she will not respect our rights, no law, human or divine, compels us tamely to submit to her exactions—the principle of self-preservation implanted within the breast as immutably as conscience, by Him who cannot err, incites us to resistance, and the obligation to save my country and countrymen, is strong as the obligation to refrain from stealing my neighbour's goods,"

"Oh, Nat!" cried his brother, "you could always outreason, if you did not convince me."

At this last remark the two young men came together up the steps of the shop, and Markham was obliged to raise his voice to a loud key in order that Nat might hear him above the din of trip-hammer. They were joined by another, who, as they stood on the steps of the shop, came from a grist mill adjoining the forge, whose whitened coat and powdered locks gave tokens of his occupation.

"What! have you set even Markham to storming, Nat? You would do nicely for an envoy extraordinary to incite the Indians to a civil war."

"I should be an extraordinary envoy, with my straight coat, for such a purpose," replied Nat, laughing. "But, Kit, I have been talking with Mark of the injustice of Great Britain towards her colonies, and he, as usual, is preaching up moral principle. I verily believe if King George were to send here for the head of pretty Sally Seville—Markham there, would be the one to cut it off, and send it with his best compliments to his majesty; though he broke his own heart in doing it."

"Hush, Nat! you are too bad—see, you have made Mark turn pale, and shake like yonder old mill dam as the waters of the pond come thundering over it—you presume too much on his often tested good temper." As Christopher spoke, Nathaniel turned quickly to his brother, and locking his arm in Markham's apologised for wounding him. "I did but jest, of course; but had I really believed you loved pretty Sally, I would not have said it—I thought it only a flirtation. Say, do you forgive me, Markham?"

"With all my heart," said his placable brother; and they all three walked together up the hill in front of their father's house. As they reached its top, Nat looked around him to enjoy the quiet beauty of the landscape—far beyond the hills the sun just setting had thrown a gorgeous robe of crimson and gold

around the dark blue clouds which heralded his exit, rising in massive columns and various forms upon the western horizon. Before them lay the picturesque scenery of the old mill and forge-the bridge, crossing the river as it came chafing and foaming over the dam, and curling white and angry beneath the arches of the bridge-then losing its wildness and noise, the same river wound gently away at the base of the craggy hills and until it receded from view in the distance. To the right lay a large pond-in England it would have been called a lake-its bed the reservoir of a river, turning a manufactory some three quarters of a mile above-its basin now calm and unruffled, except by little waves, crimsoned with the reflected rays of the setting sun, and moving in gentle succession to the mill-flue and dam, to lose their placid character beneath the cog-wheel. At the wharf, below the forge, lay a neat little sloop, her gay pendant fluttering over the forge-on the extreme front view, at the head of a smoother slope, there was a white cottage, with its pretty vines, honeysuckle, trumpet flower, and clematis, clambering around its green lattices. An orchard lay on the banks of the river; and upon the level round meadows, beyond, some cattle were leisurely obeying the milk boy's evening "coa, coa, coa."

A road led west, to the pleasant village of Greenville, which was now looking out from the sunlight, like some fairy creation—its spires glancing, and its windows reflecting the thousand brilliant hues of the west. "How beautiful!" exclaimed Nat, as his eye roved in delight over this prospect. "This is my home—this is my country—and I glory to call it mine."

"And would you," said Markham, "mar the fair face of nature with the devastation and ruin which ever clog the steps of war?"

"No! from this would I preserve her," fervently exclaimed Nat—" ere it is too late. When our murmurs reach the British throne, they will be asswered by punishment—as we grow more restive, a standing army will be quartered among us and we shall become the slaves of a military despotism."

"But why should we be restive?" said Christopher, "George is a good king."

"Yes," said Nat, ironically; "he is so condescending as to desire that we should take his word for every thing. Were he immaculate, this might do, but he is a man, and does not even know the character of the people with whom he is dealing, neither knows he their country-he considers us but one degree removed from the Indians whose soil we occupy, and regards us rather as a means of revenue, than as a part of that people over whom it is his duty to watch with paternal care. He has never gazed in rapt astonishment upon our magnificent lakes-he has never looked upon the gigantic mountains of America, in silent astonishment—he has never paid the tribute of delighted surprise as he witnessed such a glorious sunset as this, in the western world. beautiful richness of our autumn's departing footsteps never struck home to his feelings. He never came among us to learn our habits or our character-he receives but the partial representations of those whose interest it is to deceive him. Far beyond the seas, he legislates for us in all this ignorance. Are we oppressed-he hears not our groans. Are we injured—he is not near to right us."

Christopher had listened to his brother up to this,

when playfully clapping him on the shoulder, he cried, "What a tirade about the king of England—I arrex you in the name of his majesty, as guilty of high treason,"

"Too soon," said the other, turning to him solemnly, "too soon will that charge be levelled at my countrymen."

The door of the house in front of which they had been standing, now opened, and an old gentlemaz whose gray hairs and venerable appearance bespoke him the parent of the young men, called to them, "Markham, come in with thy brothers, the evening meal tarries." They obeyed this injunction and well into the house.

While they are partaking the "evening meal," I will give my readers a brief sketch of their characters, which were as utterly different as the parts they had taken in the preceding conversation. Nathaniel, the eldest, was a young man of powerful mind; classical taste, (though his opportunities of indulging it were few compared to the facilities of 1840,) great physical courage-unbending perseverance-high ideas of honour, and a love of his country which would have graced the days of Leonidas; his mind was searching and inquisitive after knowledge, and his perception of character almost intuitive. With unblanching firmness, he combined deep rooted and ardent affections. His face was pleasing-his forehead very high, with a cast of thought. His figure was large and muscular-a little above medium height. His mouth indicated resolution—though this trait was half contradicted by the (at times) playful expression of his dark full blue eye.

Markham, his brother, was above the common height-full six feet two, with rather a stoop in the shoulders and a somewhat awkward gait, but his singularly fine face redeemed the defects of his person and the mild gentleness of his eye and mouth, impressed the spectator favourably ere a word had passed his lips. His character was calm and reflective-his feelings affectionate and tender, to a fault Ever careful of the wishes and pursuits of those around him, anxious to advance their schemes and contribute to their happiness, he made himself the idol of all who knew him-he never was known to display anger in his life. Was either of the brothers aggrieved, Markham must decide the dispute, for be was always just. Did the mother need any assistance it was to Markham she applied, and while the others escaped laughing down the hill, he remained to do her behests. The sheep would follow him all over the farm, accustomed to food and kindness at his hands. The old house dog was sure to get between his feet, under the table, though Markham had taken away the last rabbit he had caught-and the ancient tabby cat not unfrequently climbed upon his knee, retaining no grudge against him, though the robin redbreast, hung most provokingly high, was rescued by Markham, half dead from her mouth.

The younger brother, just advancing into early manhood, seemed to partake the character of both the others. He was rash, headstrong, and passionate, but these faults were tempered by great generosity of soul—warm feelings—persevering and untiring integrity—sternness of principle—candour—and simplicity of heart. He was as unsuspicious as a babe. With a horror of injustice, nearly innate, he constantly repaired the faults into which his hastiness betrayed him, by generous, and timely concession.

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He was ever careful of the comfort of his friends, and cheerfully sacrificed his own to theirs. His discrimination and judgment were great-his memory powerful, and his education good for his day. He was cheerful and open handed, as the Indians would say. He loved his brothers, and while listening to their praises, was heedless if none were bestowed upon himself; often has he borne a father's reproof, rather than betray a brother who was most in fault. He was below the common size-very erect in his deportment and of imposing presence. His head was a model for a Grecian sculptor. His nose decidedly Roman-his forehead high and receding-his eye full and clear, and well opened—the mouth classically beautiful—the chin strong and decisive, and his smile irresistibly winning. His physical strength was great though not equal to Markham's, and his fortitude under pain, truly astonishing. A groan was never wrung from him by mere suffering. He has passed away, like all that is great and good in man, and all that is lovely in woman-the grave has closed upon him-but long will his memory be green in the hearts of those who knew and loved him.

They were now all seated around the family table. It was Saturday night, and the Quaker Preacher, for such was their father, inquired of Markham the subject of their conversation while they stood before the house.

- "We were speaking of the new taxes—and Nat thought them grievous."
- "Hush thee there, then, boy! dost thou know such thoughts are trait'rous to the king, and dost thou not remember the words of Holy Writ, command us to yield "obedience to the powers that be." This was addressed to Markham, but meant for Nathaniel, who replied to it.
- "I should not hesitate, father, to resist even to blood, such a system of oppression, as will follow these arbitrary taxes."
- "Boy! thou wouldst be expelled the meeting if thou wert to carry arms," cried the old Quaker, in great trepidation.
  - "Quakers have fought," said Nat.
  - " It is against our principles."
- "Then, if an assassin were to enter that door, and attempt to stab you, he must not be resisted. You must take his blow, and I, your son, must stand by and see it—is it so?"
- and see it—is it so?"

  "No!" said the old man, "in defence of life we may resist."
- "Well, it is life for which I would contend, moral life and liberty; the vital principle of our existence as a people—the spirit of our institutions—the breath of our religion-the main-spring of our virtue.-Under the arbitrary and delegated authority of British ministers, how shall we teach our little ones the ennobling doctrine of liberty? How shall the poor man send his children to the school which shall be depressed with heavy taxes? how shall the free aspirations of pure religion ascend from a fettered soul; or the mild tenets of revelation come from the heart beating with suppressed resentment for public wrong? Look to the land of heroes-to classic Greece, and read the history of all enslaved countries. Is the song of the bard echoing along her verdant shores? No! Oppression has stilled his lyre, or taught its strings to send forth only notes of sadness. Are monuments of architecture rising from her unequalled skill and taste? No: the hand that fashioned them

has forgot its cunning, for it is labouring without the object of renown. Is poetry swelling in sweet numbers along her favourite land? No! the glad heart that poured forth the music of rhyme is broken and dispirited under the ruthless Moslem yoke. Her light faded—the land of literature is shrouded in mental gloom. Is the precedent a pleasant one, father?"

The old man was surprised into listening thus far, by his son's unwonted earnestness; but he now replied that the threatened evils were imaginary, and as his quiet silent wife had noiselessly removed the tequipage, he sat a moment to return his silent thanks for the evening meal, and then retired to rest.

The young men went also to their own room, and Markham and Christopher were addressing themselves to repose, when Nat abruptly asked Markham if he had any objection to a ramble over the hills by moonlight? "I should like to go with you, Nat, but the old gentleman does not like to have us spend the evening of the seventh day abroad; in fact, you know he has forbidden it, and we ought to obey him, brother."

"Why, Mark, sweet Sally lives close by Governor de Werd's, and while I spend an hour with Anna, you can make yourself agreeable to Miss Sally."

Markham hesitated a moment, almost persuaded by the inducement; the next, his habitual coolness and reflection recovered the ascendancy, and he told his brother, if he disobeyed his father's commands he must do it alone.

"Very well-so be it. Christopher here, has no lass to visit or he would accompany me, I trow." So saying, he arrayed himself in his best trim and calling to Markham to hold the one end of the sheet, he took the other and silently descending from the window, raced down the hill and over the bridge in the moonlight. Light and happy hopes nerved his speed: hopes that spring uncalled and swell unchecked at his buoyant period of life. Hopes that have never been crushed by the many bitter disappointments which stamp experience on man's tutored heart, and bid him look again ere he resign himself to confident expectation. As Nat rose the hill which overlooked Governor de Werd's mansion, our hero's heart beat chokingly, and he paused ere he approached the house. With a little alteration, Shakspeare's beautiful line will tell us the secret cause of Nat's hesitation. "Love makes cowards of us all," and the son of the old Quaker had early learned its engrossing power. Love was, in after years to add vigour and constancy to the soldier's character, who, emerging from the strict principles of Quakerism, was to lead his country's annies, to oppose that oppression which even now he spurned. He rests in peace, and his country does him honour.

The lady love of the young man, some incidents of whose life we record, was well qualified to fix his affections—she was the eldest daughter of Governor de Werd, and for the period of our country in which she lived, well educated. She, at the fascinating age of eighteen, was the acknowledged beauty of Rhode Island. Nat soon conquered his diffidence, (an unwonted trait in his character) and knocked at the door. It was opened by an old slave, who showed his white teeth through the gloom, as he recognised Nathaniel's well known voice. "Yes, massa! young missy home—she nebber go way when she spec you come, spen de evenin with her, walk in."

Governor de Werd and his family were still with-

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view of the moonlight on the bay. The evening passed on in varied and pleasant conversation, and we might repeat many remarks of Nat's where more was meant than met the ears of the family circle, though not misunderstood by Anna-we might tell how Nat sped in his wooing, and how he robbed Anna of a truant ringlet, which as she leaned down to pick up a ring he had carelessly dropped at her feet, strayed most provokingly over his hand-so provokingly that for the sake of reprisal, he cut it off with his pearlhandled penknife, and kept it close prisoner for the rest of its lovely life. Sadly did that same little curl dislike the quarters into which it was so unceremoniously introduced. It might as well have put to sea in a Nautilus shell, and lost no repose by the exchange, for here it lay upon that beating heart-the ebb and flow of the tide was naught to compare with this restless pillow, and in after life, the cannon balls whistled close to the spot, where it cowered, and the point of the sword swept above it, and the dagger's blade sought to find out its resting place, and once in the heat of battle, the warm blood which had so often circled around it, drenched it in its crimson tide, but the tears of blighted hope washed away the stain, and once again was the beloved ringlet restored to its place—never to be removed until that noble heart had ceased to beat, and then it was consigned with all that remained of him who had loved so truly and so well, to his grave.

out a light, enjoying the fine evening and the rich

An hour had passed away unconsciously, when a knock was heard at the door, announcing another visiter, and as it opened Nat started to see Markham enter it.

"Why what has overcome your scruples concern-

ing seventh evening, Mark?"

His brother, after saluting the little circle, turned to Nat, and said, "he hoped he would bid his friends good night, and return home with him."

"What, and lose my pleasant evening," said Nat; "no, it is not time to separate yet."

"You are not going to take Nathaniel home, but rather stay and pass the remainder of the evening with him," said Anna.

Nat turned, smiling, to her—"Oh Anna, it will take more than even your charms to detain Mark here, and your friend Sally so near us—but a truce to all this, and tell me what is the matter, Markham. Has any one robbed the henroost, or has the old tabby caught the robin, and you want me to hold her while you beat her with a barley straw."

"Oh, do come Nat-I'll tell you as we walk home."

"Well, then—good night," said he aside to Anna. "Good night, dearest! I'll see you soon again—soon," and kissing her hand, he bade the little party adieu. "Now, Markham," said he, while they were speeding homewards—"why did you spoil my evening?"

"You had not more than arrived at Governor de Werd's, Nat, ere father came up to our room in his morning gown, and asked the meaning of the noise; he had heard you as you descended from the window. We put the old gentleman off, and he went down supposing the wind must have deceived him, as there was no light in the room, and the shutters closed, he did not miss you—but in less than half an hour, he came up again, apparently not satisfied, and insisting upon a more direct answer, we were at last obliged

to tell him, and I expect the poor old man is, ere this, on the road in pursuit of you. I followed you out of the window, and came to warn you."

"Egad!" said Nat, "here is trouble in the wigwam! was father very angry?"

"Yes, very—but Nat, see—yonder he is puffing and blowing on the hill."

"Let us take a short cut through Gould's woods," said Nat, "otherwise we shall meet him."

They accordingly went into the shade of the trees until the old Quaker passed, and then walked towards home. Mark ascended the window first, for his father had locked the door and taken the key with him, and then offered to draw Nat up, but the latter only laughed, telling him not to be in too much of a hurry. The house had been recently repaired, and several bundles of shingles lay hard by—one by one, Nat disposed these around his person; beneath his vest, and within the waistband of his pantaloons, until he had completely clap-boarded his person. To be sure, its gracefulness was not much enhanced by this novel mode of arraying his figure. When he had finished, he looked up and met the wondering gaze of his brothers as they inquisitively surveyed his starched person, he had no time to speak for he saw his father on the bridge, and going to the front door, he pretended that he was trying to open it. As he expected, his efforts were in vain, and putting his back against it, he awaited the old Quaker's arrival. Up the hull he came, and into the yard, puffing and blowing, half dead with his unwonted exertion and anger-

"Thou villain"—so out of breath that his words came at long intervals and in queer contrast with his usual propriety of manner—"did thee not know—that I never allow thee to visit—seventh evening!"

Twas in vain to deny such knowledge, and Nat had to stammer out the best excuse he could think of, at the same time appearing terribly afraid of a huge cudgel his father had in his hand, and ominously held up between the pauses of his discourse as if meditating an attack upon the delinquent-but his gravity was nearly upset as he caught a glimpse of Markham as he stood behind the window shutter, staring in unqualified amazement upon his brother. seriousness was however quickly restored, by a hearty blow upon one of his shingles, which tingled to the very skin, notwithstanding its protection, " I'll teach thee to set my authority at defiance, and stand grinning there as if thee could not feel foolishness is bound up in the heart of a child, but the rod shall bring it out of him, as Proverbs hath it," said the old man, as blow upon blow fell fast: Nat jumped, and kicked, and begged, and turned, and twisted, as if he was undergoing great suffering, and, at times, as his laughter rose high, almost beyond his control, he let it have vent in a yell almost as discordant as an Indian war whoop. How long his flagellation might have continued is uncertain, had not the preacher's wife protruded her night-capped head at the window, saying in a voice in which her habitual reverence for her husband contrasted strangely with her anxiety for her child, "Thee will kill the boy, thee has been beating him till thee is all of a sweat."

"Up to thy room, and let me hear of thee out again seventh night, and this flogging is but an earnest of what thee will get, friend," said the old man; and Nat, ready to die with fun, darted through the door his father held open for him, and disregarding his mother's request that he would come in below,

he went up the stairs at two or three bounds, which taxed all his agility and great strength to make them, considering how he was trammelled in his free motions, and presented himself in disordered plight before his brothers. Poor Christopher, he stood half crying in front of the window before which Nat had been performing his strange dance. And Mark, half confounded, at a loss to know whether his brother was really hurt or not, stood behind the shutter as during the "heat of action," as Nat quaintly termed it. The moon shone in upon the faces of the young men and by its uncertain light enhanced the troubled expression of their countenances, to such a ludicrous degree, that Nat gave vent to his mirth in a shout of laughter, which was choked by Markham's dashing him, face downwards, on the bed.

- "For mercy's sake, be quiet," he exclaimed, should father come up again, your shingles will not save you."
  - 44 Shingles?" said the astonished Christopher as he

came up to the bed with a look which had nearly made Nat roar again.

"Hush! hush!" said Mark, "come Nat, and get into your bed; in good faith, you must be tired."

But the undressing was no easy task, for Nat was so convulsed with laughter, that he could not even get off his coat; Markham and Christopher were not aware of the position of his peculiar dress, and while getting off article after article of his clothing, one would find the shingles wedged into one place, and the other into another, and poor Christopher, who had not seen Nat array himself, was all in the dark about it, and dumb with astonishment. At the last, all the shingles were disposed of, and the young men retired.

This is an anecdote still related by the son of the celebrated General Nathaniel Greene, who was the hero of the *shingles*, as he was afterwards the hero of many a bloodier battle.

MRS. GEORGE A. PAYNTER.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE PEACEFUL VISTANT.

BY MRS. E. C. STEDMAN.

Not long since, in Christ's church, Boston, during the morning service, a dove flew in at one of the windows, and alighting over the pulpit, remained until the exercises were concluded.

WHENCE comest thou, fair dove?
What is thine errand to this sacred place?
Say, dost thou come as messenger of love,
From Heaven's approving face?

What tidings dost thou bring
From the high courts above, to these below—
Why hast thou rested here thy tiny wing?
To us, thy message show.

From a tumultuous world,
Hast thou a shelter sought within this ark?
And did Jehovah's banner, hero unfurled,
Thy peaceful vision mark?

No "olive branch," fair dove!
Thou bringest in thy beak, as when of yore
Thy wing above the watery waste did move,
When wrathful storms were o'er.

Yet thou an emblem art
Of purity and peace, sweet bird of heaven!
Methinks a signal to the Christian's heart—
A silent token given;

That here doth now descend
To rest within these courts, the Heavenly Dove—.
That o'er the hearts which low as suppliants bend,
Doth brood his wings of love.



Written for the Lady's Book.

## RELIGIOUS CHARACTER OF THE POETRY OF MRS. HEMANS.

BY THE LATE B. B. THATCHER.

The Works of Mrs. Hemans, with a Memoir of her Life; by her Sister. Six volumes. Edinburgh: Wm. Blackwood; 1839.

THE decease of the accomplished and gifted lady whose works, complete, we are at once grieved and rejoiced to see here for the first time collected, has occasioned the expression of a deep feeling of affectionate and admiring sorrow, such as it has been the fortune of very few who have gone before her, and will be, we fear, of as few who may succeed her in her profession, to excite. It has been more, much more, than the customary compliment which the press or the public is wont to render to mere distinction. It was not alone the acknowledgment of admiration which high intellect, however used, commands. It was no cold decree of criticism, wrung from the reason of those who could not but approve, and were willing to do no more. An affectionate, as well as an admiring sorrow, we have said-admiring and

thankful. It came from the heart. It came from the hearts of those who feel as well as think; of the good, and of the gratified; of such as have been made, and know that they have been, happier and better—and happier because better—for what she wrote. A pure, unfailing fountain, was her poetry—by the way side of the pilgrim life which belongs to us all—a stoic, indeed, must the traveller be, who could drink of its gushing waters, and be bathed with its blessed "spray-drops,"\* and yet leave, as he went again on his journey to be forgotten for ever.

Rejoiced, and grieved, we said. We grieve, not for the sealing of one of our own sources of intellectual and spiritual happiness and (we trust) improvement alone; not for ourselves even chiefly, and no

De Burial of an Emigrant's Child.

for herself at all; but that "the night hath lost a gem," a genial and a guiding flame for all who loved its silvery light, but now "no more is seen of mortal eye." It has not left the skies unmissed, indeed, and therefore we rejoice. It will be remembered as the lost Pleiad, when even the bright band which lingers still where it was, shall almost have ceased to be noticed as the living.

There is evidence to this effect of what we have said in the appearance of the volumes before us, as in every sober symptom of renewed attention to the compositions of Mrs. Hemans, and of increased appreciation of their merit, which the occasion of her departure has produced. Such a popularity—the popularity of such productions, we mean, is a matter of just congratulation. It is a recognition of the virtue which is their vital principle. It confirms anew, and with a force proportioned to the brilliancy of the reputation, the old theory of the value and interest of truth, in literature, and in poetry, as much as in religion, and in life. It proves that honesty is the best policy, in the one department as well as in the other; the honesty of the simplicity of nature;inasmuch as it goes to show that even the taste of the reading community at large, no less than the conscience of all men, may be relied on for the approval of "whatsoever things are lovely," if they be but worthily set forth. This they must be, of course, and this is enough. It is to accomplish the peculiar duty, and to attain the highest honours of the poet. This is the essence of the "divine delightfulness," (as Sydney calls it,) of his noble art. It is to make fervent the disposition to do what philosophy teaches to be desirable, and religion feels to be right. It is to entice "the ardent will" onward and further on, "as if your journey should be through a fair vineyard, at the first giving you a cluster of grapes, that full of that taste you may long to pass further." It is to fill the soul with the rapturous love of that glorious beauty of immortal goodness, whereof even Plato and Tully have said, that they who could see it would need no more; t and which to see, demands in him who leads her gently forward—as an eastern bride, betrothed, but yet unknown-no antic attitudes of studied grace-no "wreathed smiles-no opulent drapery, nor blazing ornaments, nor wreaths of words of praise; - but only to unveil.

We may be deemed enthusiastic by some; not, perhaps for this estimate of the loveliness of virtue, as it is, or of the dignity of the poet's craft as it should be; but for the application of it to the case before us. Such, however, at such hazard, must we venture to pronounce in the outset the crowning praise of Mrs. Hemans. She has made poetry, as it was meant to be, the Priestess of Religion. volumes render it evident how deeply she came to feel, in her own spirit, that it was so. Her genius was hallowed at length with the holy waters of faith, She realized with Milton, and love, and prayer. that "these abilities are of power to inbreed and cherish in a great people the seeds of virtue and public civility; to allay the perturbation of the mind, and set the affections in right tune; to celebrate in glorious and lofty hymns the throne and equipage of God's almightiness, and what he works and what he suffers to be wrought, with high providence in his church; and lastly, that whatsoever in religion is holy

and sublime, in virtue amiable or grave, whatsoever hath passion or admiration in all the changes of that which is called fortune from without, or the wily subtleties and refluxes of man's thoughts from within, all these things, with a solid and treatable smoothness, to paint out and describe," such, apparently, was the model which she set before her. It was, at all events, the theory which she more and more matured in conception, and disclosed in practice, as she wrote; and no writings can be cited more pertirently, or more plentifully, than her own, as an argument for correctness. Could it have been a mere instinct that prompted her to such a course—an intellectual instinct, more than a spiritually cultivated study-her success is still what it is. The encouragement for those who emulate her fame should be greater; for it is at least a new instance to prove, that, as an innate moral sense in the heathen hearts is "a law unto themselves," so is the sincere conscience (so to speak) of mere intellect—the innate taste—enough alone to guide it to the choice of " the sweet food of sweetlyuttered knowledge."\*

In truth, however, there is not only no reason to doubt the conscientious, well-elaborated, religious purpose of the poetry of Mrs. Hemans—alluding more particularly always to her latest-but abundance of proof that her notions of the subject were much the same with those of Milton, which we have cited. She applied the theory, indeed, in a different department of themes; to one for which her genius was best suited—not to say better suited than his. She applied it in fact to themes, where he applied it to a theme. She did in detail, what he did upon a greater scale. She wrote as a woman should, where he wrote as a man. If his leading principle was (as Haslett says) faith, hers was love ;- a Christian faith and love. Her sphere was domestic; his, epic. She dealt with the affections of individuals, and he with the attributes of the race. She was content with a " Thought" of that " Paradise" which was lost and regained for him:-her home was her Paradise. His was an ambition to be immortalized in that admiration of after days "whereof" even then

#### " All Europe rang from side to side;"

And to build, though by the labour of a life time, one grand colossal monument, whose front should be high in heaven, and its feet resting at once on the future and the past;—this was his "noble task." For this he lived, for this he fell "o'erplied."† Her ambition was to be remembered by the heart. She poured forth feelings of her own, that, like the wandering dove of old, would roam the world around, to find a shelter in one human breast. This, for her, was to make happier and to be so; and further than this, it was enough for her, in the language of her own lonely student,

To those refulgent steps, all undefiled,
Which glorious minds have piled
Through bright, self offering, earnest, child-like, love,
For mounting to thy throne!
And let my soul upborne
On wings of inner morn,
Find in illumined secrecy, the sense
Of that blest work, its own high recompense."

" If thou hast made,"—she says again,

"If thou hast made,
Like the winged seed, the breathings of thy thought,
And by the swift winds bid them be conveyed
To lands of other lays, and there become
Native as early melodics of home;—
O bless thee, O my God!"

This is a passage of the "Poet's Dying Hymn," one of the most characteristic and beautiful of her productions, though, like a multitude more, collected in the edition of her poems before us, scarcely known in this country hitherto, excepting to a few persons perhaps through the medium of some foreign magazine.\* The Scenes and Hymns of Life, with which it appeared in an Edinburgh edition of Blackwood, (in 1834) are full throughout of the same spirit. To that collection also was attached a Preface of her own, one of the existing specimens of her prose, chiefly explanatory, but explicitly so, of her scheme of enlarging the sphere of Religious Poetry, by associating with it themes more of the emotions, the affections, and even the purer imaginative enjoyments of daily life, than have been hitherto admitted within the hallowed circle. " I have sought," she continues, " to represent that spirit as penetrating the gloom of the prison and the death-bed, bearing healing on its wings,' to the agony of parting love-strengthening the heart of the way-farer for perils in the wildernessgladdening the domestic walk through field and woodland-and springing to life in the soul of childhood, along with its earliest rejoicing perceptions of natural beauty." Such is her own exposition of her poetical theory. It is for others to judge how successfully she has exemplified it in practice. In her own department, we think she has done it with greater effect than any other writer. A selection of her compositions might be made-and a most precious one it would be-so full of sketches of the experience of the heart, in all the positions and phases incident to the various domestic relations, which are worthy of the labour of such description-and so livingly and minutely true-so imbued with nature, made wise by suffering-so applicable in all things to hundreds of cases which occur every day-as to form almost a complete manual for the use of any household, exposed, as all are, as well to numberless fluctuations of fortune which cannot be foreseen, as to the changes and trials common to humanity at large. We have had occasion, and so doubtless have most of our readers, to see the character of these sketches, such as we now describe it, tested, and testified to, by the infallible judgment of those to whose circumstances and feelings they were severally applicable. wife, and the widow, alike-the woman, and the girl-the mother-the orphan-the blest and the afflicted-rejoicing and weary spirits in every mood of joy and gloom-but most of all, the host of " nameless martyrs"-

"The thousands that, uncheered by praise, Have made one offering of their days;— The meekly noble hearts,

Of whose abode
Midst her green vallies, earth retains no trace,
Save a flower springing from their burial sods,
A shade of sadness on some kindred face,
A dim and vacant place
In some sweet home—"

\* We notice that the writer speaks herself of this fine poem, as in her own opinion one of her best.

The mighty multitude of "most loved" unknown—these, all these, are they whom she has written of, and written for. Their sympathies have given shelter to her thoughts. Their tears have been her praise.

And an influence worth having is this; no noisy, acclamation at the brilliant meteor of a moment; no hollow outcry of flattered appetite and passion; no cold approval of the sluggishly judicious;—but the warm verdict, the remembrance, the love, the blessing of those whose bosoms feel the fame (if fame it is) she coveted, and richly won.

Think, then, of such an influence, wielded, as Mrs. Hemans has wielded hers, and as her works will, as long as they continue to be read; an influence so sanctified throughout by a religious spirit, a spirit of encouragement, faith, gratitude, and prayer; and holy aspiration; so stirring to all virtue that may be in its majestic eulogies of that which has been; so ennobling in its developement of the powers of doing and enduring which lie latent in every human breast.

This estimate of her poetry will not be universally adopted, we know, as a just one. By some, for various reasons, it will be considered to imply an extravagant appreciation of a subordinate claim to praise, and to the disparagement of others, such they deem to be of primary poetical importance. With. mere critics, however, we will not contend. We are among those who take for granted that a true and pure religious spirit is the first merit of poetry; and a genuine religious influence, its first title to fame. Other qualifications we do not overlook. We do not forget the necessity of sense, science, taste, talent, tact-of the knowledge of the world-of an intimacy with external nature-of fine sensibility to every source of emotion-of the power of abstraction, and of application withal-of a mind, generally as well as professionally, or particularly, informed, so as to be no less justly balanced, than richly filled:-of all the fitness, in a word, for this divine art (as in its right estate we judge it to have been well considered) which is, or ought to be, the result of all opportunities, and all faculties to make the best of them, included in the general idea of a suitable education, added to a genius for the work. This much, whatever it include, is implied when we speak of religion as the soul of poetry. Poetry it must be to begin with. There must be a body for a soul to be breathed into it, as the breath of life; and whatsoever, therefore, may be indispensable to the body of poetry, is presumed. In other words, other things being equalsensibility, talents, accomplishments, and all else that comes under the consideration, not only of style but of poetry as a mere art-that poetry we should pronounce at once the worthiest and the likeliest to live. which has in it the superadded inspiration of pure religion.

By all this we do not mean a creed. We are not sure that many of our readers, who may admire Mrs. Hemans' productions as much as we do, will agree with us in this particular. They may not know, indeed, what her creed was; these may never have bethought them, nevertheless, that they remain both thus ignorant, and thus unaware of their ignorance: and yet, when the circumstance is pointed out, they may be of opinion that it suggests a serious objection to this poetry which they ought to have thought of before. Peradventure they will presently cast about, to see if the fault is their own, or hers. They will turn over the leaves of these elegant volumes, with

the hope, if not the expectation of deciding a point, which somehow or other escaped them on the former perusals. Let them do so. It is just what we should ask of them; and we appeal to them for the result of the investigation, as the best proof of what we have said, and at the same time no inappropriate illustration of what we intend by a true and pure religious spirit. Especially let them re-examine the Forest Sanctuary;—purely a religious poem from beginning to end; the hero an apostate Catholic, and the heroine, his wife, a woman who loved him despite his recreancy, and mourned over him with a torturing

"Sorrow of affection's eye,
Fixing its meekness on the spirit's core,
Deeper, and teaching more of agony,
May pierce, than many swords;"

One of the most magnificent illustrations, by the way, of the power of a religious principle.

"The still small voice, against the might of suffering love," which man's imagination has devised, or woman's either—the most perfect, indeed the most sublimely eloquent, which we remember to have read. She, too, was not all loveliness and love, alone, but a martyr for her faith, like him;—weeping over him, yet flying with him to the ends of the earth (from the persecution of her own sect:)—watching the southern cross at sea, by his side, when yet once more

"She sang
Her own soft Ora Mater!—and the sound
Was even like love's farewell—so mournfully profound;"

and then dying in his arms, "her head against his bursting heart!" Oh! what a picture is this of mingled love and faith, all powerful both, and both triumphant to the end. Such, again, is the high office of poetry. Such is religious poetry. Yet who we ask inquires for the creed of the writer? Who can determine it from the whole of that splendid poem, all filled as it is with a spiritual enthusiasm that glows in every line? Who, from the rest of her compositions, indisputably religious? Not one, of all that have read them-and will read them now, though dust be in the heart that gave them birth-in many a proud hall, and by many a humble fireside, will read them with the bliss of bursting tears, and rise from them to thank God for the new light to see, and the fresh strength to suffer, which these have given them.

No one will infer, we hope, from these remarks, that we suppose Mrs. Hemans to have laboured to conceal her religious belief, or that she was in any degree or instance, without one. The fact is well understood to have been otherwise. She was most decided, and fervent in her faith; most conscientiously industrious also to be enlightened. Neither are we willing to be held responsible for the false and miserable doctrine that there is any incongruity between a religious system, and a religious spirit; or between both and the spirit of poetry. There is no need of disparaging belief, to promote feeling. The best of feeling, no less for poetical than for religious purpose, is founded expressly upon belief;—the more rational, distinct, and (of course) correct, the better. We should argue no more for poetry, than we should for liberality-and for much the like reasons-from the want of such a belief, or from its vagueness. The more intelligent a mind is, the more, for the most

part, it will appreciate the intelligence of other minds; and that is liberality. So, the more thoroughly principled and settled it is in its faith on particular subjects-the less stirred and perturbed it is with the agitation of distrust, dissatisfaction, anxiety, and all the train which ignorance brings in-the less can n be open, as the poetical mind essentially must be, to the free operation of all influences and impulses, from without and within, and the less ready and able for an energetic exercise of its active powers. tillian holds, even in his heathenism, that an orator must be a good man;-meaning, we suppose, a man of sincere principle, and set purpose. The poet must be so, much more. He must be so in the Christian sense. He must believe, that he may feel as he should; he must believe, and be able to give a reason for the faith that is in him, that he may be free to feel and free to think, and act, knowing why and wherefore; and still more-like the orator-that he may possess the power over other minds which nothing but settled sincerity, and the unmistakeable marks of it-can possibly impart. The world are too wise to be permanently deceived by written affectation, any more than spoken: and though deceived, they will not be moved. A chief secret of the success of Mrs. Hemans is that she has impressed her readers with a conviction-if it can be called such, which has been so much the result of sympathy rather than reflection-a conviction of her sincerity. Her earnestness, her clearness, her self-possession, her confident simplicity, her self-evident truth, but above all that indefinable countenance of genius and enthusiasm-religious, divine enthusiasm-have given her access to the heart. No such qualities could she have shown or had, but upon the foundation of a Christian conscientiousness, laborious belief. In regard to the circumstance that it cannot be determined, doctrinally from her poems-as we have incidentally mentionedit amounts to saying, simply, that while her heart, and her poetry-and the one because the other, for her poetry is but her heart in print-are deeply imbued with a true religious spirit, she has treated no subjects which required a development of articles of doctrinal belief, or an allusion to them, in express terms. Her walk has been over common groundthe ground of the affections—the little circular world of which a woman's heart is the centre; and when, venturing beyond these modest limits of her " Daily Paths," her thoughts "all wind and winged," soared upward till the "world in open air," lay far beneath,

----" the abyss of time oerswept
As birds the ocean foam"----

What sought they then—those restless pilgrims of the soul—from their far flight, by land and sea? Fair gleams allured them down to that

"bright battle-clime
Where laurel boughs make dim the Grecian streams
And reeds are whispering of heroic themes
By temples of old time:

And then by 'forests old and dim' they paused 'Where o'er the leaves dread magic seems to brood, And sometimes on the haunted solitude

Rises the pilgrim's hymn;'

And ancient halls in northern skies
'Where banners thrilled of yore, where harp strings rang,
But grass waves how o'et those who fought and sang.'

Gave refuge to the wandering swarm. And then they soared again, "Go seek," she says:

"Go seek the martyr's grave, Midst the old mountains, and the desert vast, Or through the ruined cities of the past, Follow the wise and brave!"

"Go, visit cell and shrine,
Where woman hath endured! through wrong, through scorn,
Uncheered by fame, yet silently upborne,

By promptings more divine!"

And further yet-

"Go, shoot the gulf of death!

Track the pure spirit where no chain can bind,
Where the heart's boundless love its rest may find,
Where the storm sends no breath!"

Yea-

"Higher, and yet more high!
Shake off the cumbering chain which earth would lay
On your victorious wings—mount—mount—your way
Is through eternity!"

And this was her way. It was that of the highest order of poetry, as we esteem it, fulfilling its best office and its own.

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE CONDEMNED OF LUCERNE.

BY HENRY F. HARRINGTON.

"I have supped full of horrors."

POVERTY—thou withering curse! Thou tempter of to his little farm, and the rest to fishing on the lake, the soul! Let no man boast himself to be honest, from whose waters he derived a portion of his sustenance. In this last employment he was often accompanied and assisted by Emma, and, at such times.

A famine had spread itself through the valleys of Switzerland. The rain fell not to nourish the withering grain, and the earth yielded not her increase; while fierce wars that were waged by surrounding nations, prevented assistance from abroad. The cattle died in the pastures of ravaging diseases, and men's hearts began to quail in fear of the days to come. When the chamois hunt was over, and the sun was sinking behind the ice-bound mountains-when the cottagers came out before their doors in holy custom, and blew their horns in answer to each other, that the hearts of all the people might be lifted in simultaneous thanksgiving to Almighty God, for all his mercies, a silent prayer went up from many a trusting heart, day after day, that He would bless his people, and come, in mercy, to their aid.

Jose Staubach dwelt on the shore of the beautiful lake of Lucerne, on a road not greatly frequented, that, branching off from the main road from Berne, to the town of the same name as the lake, passed through two or three little villages, and, after receiving one or two other roads from the south, rejoined again the one it had left. Jose had taken to his home a sweet and loving wife from the nearest village, not many months before the famine of which I have spoken began to steal over the land. Her widowed mother had accompanied her to her new home, upon her marriage, but had been removed from earth not long after, by sudden disease; and Emma was left to the companionship of her husband alone. He was several years older than herself, and her love was subdued by a feeling of respect, such as a considerable disparity of years might be supposed to engender, enhanced by Jose's natural sedateness of manner; but it was intense to the last degree. She cared not that she was removed from her dear companions-she cast back no longing thought upon the sports of her native village-for it was better than companions and sports, and all, to be with Jose-although none were near save be.

Jose had about his cottage a few acres of tillage land, and as many more of pasturage. He devoted some of his time to the rearing of a few cattle, a part

from whose waters he derived a portion of his sustenance. In this last employment he was often accompanied and assisted by Emma, and, at such times, they mingled their tuneful voices in some of the soulstirring melodies of their native land. These were joyful hours, and so long as fortune blessed him, Jose was supremely happy and contented. He was never daunted by toil. His brawny arm was ever ready for his daily duties, and the sinking sun was the first to witness his relinquishment of exertion, as its earliest ray had greeted its commencement. But he was disposed to cower beneath the touch of misfortune; and his heart, that had not sunk from its lofty resolve in the hour of bloodiest carnage on the battlefield, was filled with gloom when his crops withered in the parched earth, and his cattle died in his pastures. Emma's quick, and penetrating glance of love detected the incipient depression, and she strove by her endearments and by the endeavour to awake his soul to that enduring hope which looks beyond the earth and its uncertain enjoyments, to restore him to cheerfulness again. But it was in vain. He fretted more and more, grew sadder and sadder, and filled up their once pleasant hours with querulous forebodings of the future. It had been good for him had he paused here, and contented himself with venting his useless complaints.

He had been one of Switzerland's little army, when that brave and undaunted land refused to succumb to the French Directory; and when they sent their minion bands to execute their tyrannic will, called together her ready sons to do battle for their cottages, their wives, their children, and the freedom of their native hills. He was among the devoted Bernese, when attended by their wives, anxious to cheer the spirits of their husbands, and help to save their country-they resolved to stake all upon a decisive blow. and meet their outnumbering foe. He had fought with them on that memorable day-when the fight, alas! was useless-when whole ranks were mown down by the ovewhelming cavalry, and the irresistible artillery of the French-when the women, in despair, threw themselves beneath the dreadful engines of war, hoping to arrest their progress, by clinging to their wheels as they advanced. And when all this proved vain—although four thousand dead of the invading army attested the valour of the Swiss, and the mangled bodies of a hundred and fifty women, crushed by the cannon, the heroism of their wives-and Berne was surrounded, he had fought with the few who still maintained stout hearts and ready hands, and yielded with them-only when most were destroyed—at last. He had served a second time, when his countrymen were called out to oppose the base and tyrannic interference of Bonaparte, that mighty murderer-whose armies were too powerful to be resisted, and, in consequence, the patriots were dismissed to their homes-their brave general, Reding, weeping while he disbanded them. The lax morality of a soldier's life had checked the free pulsations of conscience, and the soul-destructive atheistical philosophy of the French school effectually assisted its torpefying tendencies; while the scenes of blood which his eyes had witnessed, had steeled the more tender sensibilities of his nature. He was no worthy companion for the merciful, virtuous, heaven-loving and adoring Emma; yet she loved him devotedly. Her love had become, as it were, herself-a faculty of her nature-an intrinsic ingredient of her compositiononly to be eradicated when she should lose herself in other, or pass away in annihilation.

"Something," mused Jose, "is to be done. I grow poorer day by day. Even the lake refuses to yield me its stores as it has been wont to do." From these indefinite resolves to better his condition, he passed, by an easy transition with the discontented and complaining spirit, to drop from his mind all limits to the means, and darkly to determine on the possession of the desired good—were it necessary to adopt the alternative—by fair means or by foul. Then came fearful and guilty projects before his mental vision, and instead of dismissing them with shuddering, and closing his eyes upon them for ever, as must be done when tempting suggestions assail the soul, he hugged them to him, until they lost their hideous features, and became to him as friends.

He was sitting on a bench before his door one morning, as a traveller, who had lodged over the night in his cottage-for sometimes the shades of evening overtook those journeying by, and they were fain to make use of his roof-was taking his departure. He passed the salutations of the morning with him, and wished him a pleasant journey; and as he , did so, of a sudden the thought, the child of the unholy desires he had been nursing, darted through his mind, whether he might not make this traveller instrumental in effecting his ends; whether, in plain terms, it were not good to rob him! He started indeed, from his seat, at the first suggestion, to act upon it at once-but his pride had not been schooled so far into submission, as that it could suffer him to execute the accursed and degrading thing, however sluggish he might have succeeded in rendering the protecting genius of conscience; and he slunk back, half blushing to his seat, stealing a thief-like glance about him, to see if his motion had been observed by Emma. But no-she was about her household duties within-singing like a bird in her heart's stainlessness, and dreamless of the wo to come!

Shape had now been given to Jose's schemes; and while he studiously withheld from his innocent wife the slightest whisper that should betray his purpose, for he well knew that her cheek would blanch and her hand tremble at it, and that the lightning of her reproving eye he could not meet, and still retain his

design—he nurtured the resolve to force from the fears of the next unfortunate traveller, who should fall into his power, the means to be at rest again. At rest! So reasons often the sinful heart in view of its contemplated deeds! At rest—oh, madness of hope! to weave around one's self entangling meshes, all set with pointed and piercing barbs, and think to be at rest!

It was nightfall, and Jose and Emma were sitting on the bench before their cottage. She had taken his hand, and while she held it pressed between her own, she gazed into his face, smiling, now and then, in enticement of a like return. But her sweet efforts of tenderness were vain; his eve remained fixed upon the ground, or wandered away over the line of distant mountains. At once he sprung up, and bent himself in an attitude of listening; and, as he did so, Emma heard as well as he, the clatter of a horse's hoofs upon the rough road in the distance. "It is a traveller," said Emma, "perhaps he will remain with us until morning." But Jose said nothing. He looked steadily down the road, and when a jaded beast made its appearance, hanging its head with fatigue, and scarcely maintaining a slow and laborious trot-with a well apparelled rider on his back, who also, by the drooping posture in which he rode, gave evidence that rest would be grateful—he breathed hard through his nostrils, his eye lighted up with an unaccustomed and strange brilliancy, and as he turned to salute the stranger, Emma noticed these sudden peculiarities with an undefinable dread. He hastily replied in the affirmative to the traveller's request for accommodation, and when he had disposed of the horse in his little stable, and seated himself beside his guest, while supper was preparing, sunk every few moments into deep abstractions, starting from them suddenly when addressed, in confusion and wandering of mind. When the traveller drew up to the table, to partake of the homely meal which Emma had prepared and served in ready cheerfulness, he scanned him again and again from head to foot, now and then stealing a look at Emma, to make sure that his unusual conduct was unobserved. So soon as his meal was ended, the traveller desired to be shown to his apartment for the night, and Emma preceded him to the chamber opposite her own.

Soon after, Jose and she retired. Jose had become uniformly taciturn of late, and so jealous of any remark upon his conduct by his wife, that she dared not speak now of the inconsistencies in it which had throughout all the evening alarmed her; so she sought her bed, after kneeling by the bedside, and, according to the ritual of her church, counting her beads, and invoking the protection of heaven. Jose had often cast some sneering reflections upon her religious trust, but never interrupted her; now, however, as she was kneeling, he turned to her, and with a face full of anger, uttered a strong expression of contempt. She turned pale, but did not abridge her usual habits of devotion; and, when abed, in a hopeful temper, thinking all to be only the effect of illness that would cease to have existence with the departure of its occasion, fell asleep. Not so with Jose. resolved to rob the stranger, without having shaped out any definite mode of action after the deed should be done, or having fully or adequately estimated the difficulty of appropriating whatever he might acquire, and escaping detection. To be possessed of money

once more was all he thought of; and lying perfectly still until Emma's deep and regular breathing betrayed that she slept soundly, he rose and partly dressed himself, groping about in the dark, through fear that the glow of a lamp might awaken her, and thwart his design. When prepared and armed with a caseknife, which he had secretly brought up the stairs, not with the remotest thought to use it, but in obedience to a natural feeling that there was danger in what he was about to do, he listened intently once more as he passed out of the chamber door. All was still, save Emma's regular drawn inspirations and the beating of his own heart. Assured by this, he closed the door and softly opened that of the traveller. He slept soundly; but his lamp was dimly burning on a chair by his bedside, casting an indistinct illumination over the objects in the apartment. Jose first ransacked his pormanteau and clothes, and finding no money or valuables, proceeded carefully to the bedside, and gradually thrust his hand beneath the pillow. Already it had touched a wallet when the traveller's eyes suddenly opened; and fully awaking as suddenly, he sprung from the bed, and grasped Jose by the throat. He was a strong, and, as was manifest, a daring and resolute man; and, unprepared for such a rencontre, Jose was for a moment thrown off his guard, and was forced, half choking, to the wall. But he, too, was strong and resolute; and, unclasping the hand from his throat, he grappled with the traveller, in a fierce and determined struggle. He had been compelled in his first efforts of self-defence, to let fall his knife upon the floor; and the sight and sound of the instrument imparting to the other a conviction that his life had been resolved upon, gave him a fearful energy, and a determination to execute upon Jose the death that he had so apparently intended for him. It became a terrible contest of life and death, now one, now the other prevailed—the stranger endeavouring to grasp the knife to put an end to the conflict. At length, Jose was thrown violently upon the floor within reach of the fatal instrument. He grasped it in an iron clutch, and the traveller, having vainly tried to wrench it away from him, pressed his fingers upon his throat to strangle him. The horrors of his guilty deed were now come upon !-He could not move his body-he could not relieve himself. he or his foeman must perish! Not a moment was to be spared in the revolting horror at the dreadful alternative, for the grasp became tighter and tighter upon his throat, and his consciousness wavered! In a spasm of fear to die, he acted! and plunged the knife into the breast of the other! The fight, the deed, were both consummated in a shorter period than I have been relating them-and when Emma, who had started from her bed with the first shock of alarm, and, despairingly comprehending the wo-fraught scene, had rushed to the chamber to interfere with her feeble aid-had come, with a shriek, within it, there stood Jose, in the streaming gore from the heart of his prostrate victim, pale as ashes, and shivering, and gazing with bloodshot eye-balls that seemed starting from their sockets, upon the ruin he had made, like a terrified and gaping idiot!

I pass by the horrors of that long, long night of anguish. When morning came the dead body had not been stirred. Jose had nearly completed a grave in his garden in which to thrust it, and Emma, half stupified with grief and emotion, had thrown herself

upon her bed, but not to sleep. It had not long been day light, when, in the providence of God, some officers bearing despatches of moment, requiring haste, came, on the full gallop, towards the cottage on their way to Lucerne, as the murdered man had been. Startled by the clatter of their horses' hoofs, Emma sprung up, and obeying her first impulse to prevent their entering the house, and making discovery of the awful deed that had been committed, hurried down to the door, which she succeeded in bolting before they had dismounted from their horses. Hearing the sound of the bolt, and enraged at the refusal of admission, they thumped upon the door with hearty oaths, and threatened violence if they were not permitted to enter by fair means. Jose, in the mean time, had attracted their notice; and when he let fall his shovel, and was skulking away along the shore of the lake, suspicions of some evil were excited, and two of them started in full pursuit. Jose sprung away with vigorous speed so soon as he found himself sought after, dodging and turning, but all in vain. He was already almost exhausted with the conflict within himself since his bloody deed, and fell at last into the grasp of the officers; and their companions having now obtained admission to the cottage, by bursting in a window, it was searched—and with exclamations of horror, the body of the traveller was descried. Jose was bound hand and foot; Emma, more dead than alive, was placed under the surveillance of one of their number, and, by the rest, a consultation was held as to what measures it was best to pursue. Finally, the horse, the property of Jose, and that of the stranger were brought out, Jose was bound fast upon one, Emma compelled to mount the other, and surrounded and closely watched by their captors, they were escorted to the town of Lucerne, and thrust into separate prisons.

No word of communication was permitted them before their trial. The case, from its apparently atrocious circumstances, had excited intense interest, and the conduct of Emma, in attempting to prevent the entrance of the soldiers into the cottage, wearing a most suspicious aspect, the decision of a jury had been forestalled by public opinion, which demanded the condemnation of both. The struggle in Emma's bosom was intense-almost sapping the founts of life. Conscious of her own innocence, she dared not attempt to exculpate herself, knowing that all guilt removed from her own shoulders, must rest with tenfold weight upon those of Jose. His own lips had told her, in the course of the night of the murder, that he had not, in the slightest degree, meditated the fearful deed, and not until his own life was in imminent peril, he had taken that of his adversary. She believed him; she knew that it must be so; and her heart yearned the more towards him, when she thought of the gnawings of conscience which his unwilling act must have occasioned. So, although her woman's nature, it was hoped, would melt away, and she would be brought to reveal every thing, and ghostly fathers were sent, one after another, to her dungeon prison, to wheedle her into confession-though all the terrors of her church were thundered against her-the condemnations of eternity were arrayed, and every means put in requisition to extort the desired informationthe image of her husband was ever before her eyes, and she would smile in her sufferings upon her questioners, never answering a word. "I am his wife,"

thought she, "and if he is to die, covered with ignominy, he shall have a sharer in his agonies and his shame!" The priests, at last, astounded at the evidences she exhibited of tenderness of nature, and yet obstinacy of silence, abandoned her to herself.

How in sad contrast with the self-devotion of the innocent wife was the selfishness of the guilty husband! Although not a word was vouchsafed to him as to his wife, yet he must have known that she was accused. A word from him might have lifted from her the suspicion and condemnation under which she was labouring, but he had not the magnanimity to speak it. I will tell you why. It is a curious requisition of the law in Lucerne, that no malefactor condemned to death shall be brought to the fatal guillotine, until he has made confession of his guilt. Had Jose, therefore, exculpated Emma, it had been to bring his own head at once to the block; while by silence, he thought to drag out existence. Emma was not culpable, therefore had nothing to confess; so he could have no fears for her; and, filled with that insanity to live which sometimes seizes the perilled soul-though life should be preserved amid infamy and degradation—the solitude of a dungeon or even torture and suffering-he was willing that the innocent Emma should thus endure, rather than to speak the word that should free her!

The trial came, and the place of the court was thronged to overflowing. The execrations of a mob followed the unhappy pair, as, in separate vehicles, they were conveyed to it. Emma's sweet and melancholy countenance excited pity and tears, though she did not weep, save when she first looked upon Jose, and saw how fearfully he had pined away, and what a ghastly look he wore-and many began to invent excuses for her in their hearts, although they could not resist in their judgments the conviction of her guilt. The result may be supposed. The officers were heard in evidence, and both were condemned to death, when confession of their guilt should have been made. Oh, why did not Jose speak then—then, when his words would have carried conviction-then when every ear was ready to catch at even a whisper that might free the sweet woman by his side? The craven could not! Once, indeed, when he had looked upon her, and the thought of the accursed act-worse perhaps, than the bloodshed of which he had been guilty-he was committing in suffering that loving and innocent wife to be made thus a victim for him, came full upon him, he essayed to speak-but self struggled with his utterance—the words stuck in his throat-he desisted-he was silent!

They were conducted back to their several dungeons, and a week passed away. Emma could endure no longer. At times, her brain had whirled round and round, shapes flitted before her eyes, and she felt that she stood upon the verge of madness! Should it come upon her, she might, in its paroxysms betray her secret, and, rather than do that, she resolved, in a spirit that was no less madness, prompted though it might be by love, to confess herself to have been the guilty one, and so escape further wo on earth, and perhaps set Jose free. She did so-incoherently, as one of her nature might be supposed to do, when declaring a false tale of self-condemnation, and that for murder-but yet sufficient to satisfy the scruples of justice, and procure the appointment of a day for her own execution, though it did not avail to exculpate Jose.

It was the night previous to that fatal day, and the solemn realities of the mysterious future, when time to her should be no more and eternity unver A٤ itself to her view, were pressing on her soul. hour after hour went by, she began to search the depths of herself with the agonizing scrutiny which the spirit that halts upon the verge of the grave must ever employ. All was serene save this last falsehood. this confession, that had procured her death. Could she pass from earth with the lie upon her soul Priests came to shrive her, should she show symptoms of penitence and throw herself on the pardoning mercy of her God, and to them she opened all her heart. It was a melting tale of human affections, and human frailty, clear, plausible, and convincing to them, for they were men of tender hearts and me judgments-their business had been with the wicked and the dying, and they knew to distinguish between the heartlessness of callous impenitence and false hood, and the outgushing fervour of a stricken spirit. They hastened to present her case to the ears of the high officers of justice; but with an inconsistency with the spirit of their law, which required confession that the blood of the innocent might never be shed they adhered to the first confession and rejected the last; confirming the decree of death. The hour came. Emma's heart was calm-her eye bright with heavenly hope. She moved in the procession of death, drinking in with eager ears the consolations of the monks, who accompanied her, feeling that she had removed the last millstone from her soul, and

There is one other requisition of the criminal code of Lucerne, more peculiar and affecting, though not perhaps, so momentous in its consequences as the confession I have spoken of. It is, that the last condemned and unconfessing prisoner, shall stand upon the scaffold by the one first executed after his condemnation, to catch the head as it falls from beneath the axe, and carry it in his hands to the place of burial!

left it free to soar, when it should be separated from

its fleshly tenement.

Jose was brought from his dungeon; he well knew for what dreadful ordeal. With his hands bound behind his back, he was guided by an officer on either side to a place in a procession composed of soldiers, officials, and monks, that soon began to move along the crowded streets to the place of execution. From the moment that he was brought into the open air, he did not raise his head, nor cast one glance about him. It was only by the stoppage of his progress that he knew himself to be by the scaffold, upon which he was to act an appalling part. The officers conducted him to the steps, assisted him to ascend, and then unbound his hands. "Stand ready," said one, "when I give you warning, to catch the falling head!"

Still he did not lift his eyes, for he had resolved to spare himself much of the horror of the scene by excluding it from sight. What he was to do was terrible enough of itself, and, weakened by imprisonment and remorse, he feared for his power to accomplish it.

The last solemn service of the Catholic church was ended; and Jose felt that the victim was preparing for the fatal stroke. After an interval of appalling silence, the word was given to him to turn and perform his office. Mechanically he obeyed, as the

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sufferer was kneeling for the last effort, and involuntarily he lifted his eyes. "Jose!" "Emma!" burst from one and the other in gasping tones. "Farewell, Jose," said Emma, calmly, "repent, repent, and we shall meet again in heaven!" The executioner adjusted her head immediately—the axe fell, and she was no more! Jose stood without motion, from the moment that he had uttered her name, for he felt to his soul in life-sapping horror, that he was now a two-fold murderer! An officer pushed him forward as the executioner was lifting his hand to disengage the axe; but instead of touching the head, he feld down with a shriek upon the scaffold, as one dead. He was lifted up—but ere they had borne him from the fatal spot, his guilty breath was gone for ever!

The above simple tale has been written to introduce to the reader and thereby impress upon the mind, the peculiar requirements of the criminal code of Lu-

cerne, which form its climax. I found them in the late work of Baron Geramb; and I am ignorant whether any other government has ever adopted any thing similar. It is at the present day a strongly agitated question whether man has the authority of the Gospel to destroy his fellow man, even in the course of justice for aggravated offences. If capital punishment is to be retained, it surely is an admirable modification of its horrors, that it should not be executed upon the condemned, as in Lucerne, until after a full confession of guilt; since the innocent have thus an opportunity to escape; and it has several times occurred in the legal history of every civilized country, that the innocent have been falsely condemned, and have paid the forfeit with their lives. One such instance creates the intensest reflection, and it is certainly better, in the words of an eminent English jurist, that ninety-nine guilty should escape, than that the hundredth, if innocent, should suffer.

## Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE "GOOD NIGHT" OF THE BIRDS.

#### BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

It was a Sabbath evening, In Spring's most glorious time, When tree, and shrub, and early flower Were in their fragrant prime, And where the cloudless sun declin'd, A glow of light serene, A blessing on the world he left, Came floating o'er the scene.

Then from the verdant hedge-row,
A gentle descant stole,
And with its tide of melody
Dissolv'd the listening soul;
The tenants of that leafy lodge,
Each in its downy nest,
Pour'd forth a fond and sweet "good-night,"
Before they sank to rest.

That tender, parting carol!
How wild it was, and deep,
And then, with soft, harmonious close
It melted into sleep;
Methought, in yonder land of praise,
Which faith delights to view,
True-hearted, peaceful worshippers,
There would be room for you.

Ye give us many a lesson
Of music, high and rare,
Sweet teachers of the lays of heaven,
Say, will ye not be there?
Ye have no sins, like ours, to purge
With penitential dew;
Oh! in the clime of perfect love,
Is there no place for you?

Written for the Lady's Book.

## A CHAPTER ON SEALS:

OR, DESULTORY REMINISCENCES OF EPISTOLARY INTERCOURSE.

"Memontos are frail things— I know it; yet I love them."—Miller.

YES! It is memory's jubilee—the time which we occupy in the examination of that blessed cabinet reposing in our sacred sanctum! To this, were long since consigned,

"Things of grief, of joy, of hope, Treasured secrets of the heart,"

the letter and the token which were "friendship's cherished pledge," and which have been "blistered o'er by many a tear," and smiled at in sweet remembrance, as emblems of the minds of many over whom swift years have fled, producing no change in their "love's young dream;" and, naught save hallowed recollection of others, of whom we can truly say—theirs is the kingdom of heaven;" for their pure spirits have been exhaled to a fairer mansion, and

the lingering perfume of whose endearing virtues has reminded us of the inspired words of Revelation—
"Thou hast a few names even in Sardis which have not defiled their garments; and they shall walk with me in white, for they are worthy."

And is it with pain or pleasure that we review these frail mementos—these precious letters with their carefully selected seals? The seals themselves are characteristic of the writers, and speak to our recollection, almost as vividly as the voices of our friends. But, alas, many hands that made these clear impressions are now cold and lifeless; and the true hearts that dictated the piquant sentiment and fond expression have ceased to vibrate! "A more than marble memory" of their virtues is engraven on our soul's tablet, and we delight to unlock the

cherished casket before us, and revolve again and again each thought connected with these tokens of regard. Let us examine them as they recur; taking up the remembrance of the living, of whom neither time nor distance can diminish our affection, with the sweet mementos of the departed, whose images come to us in our dreams, and

"Who from this green and scented earth In glorious bloom were taken, Leaving the spots of former mirth, Like blasted bowers forsaken."

And, first look at this fairy seal—its design is a sprig of balm, and its motto, "I will bring balm,"—the last word being represented by the herb itself, beautifully engraven, over which, are the three first monosyllables clearly impressed. How significant is this selection with the thoughts of the writer! She soothes us in our first grief—but for herself, she was as one "acquainted with sorrow;" friend after friend, relative after relative, had she followed to the cold, damp grave, and she points us to her own source of consolation, even to "Him who sitteth among the cherubim." As we read her letter, we know that there is "balm in Gilead;" we

"Loose our foolish hold on life—its passions and its tears"—and we feel.

"As if we would bear our love away

To a purer world, and a brighter day."

Here is another, with the motto—"Gen. xxxi. ch. 49 verse;" and, on reference to the text, we find the line thus—"The Lord watch between me and thee, when we are absent from one another." These Scripture words embody the substance of the letter to which they are attached; they breathe a mother's prayer for her absent child, that he may be preserved from danger, and conducted safely to her arms; they admonish him that "the only amaranthine flower on earth is virtue;" that there is but one "Rock of our Salvation," and they sweetly glide into a form of devout entreaty—

"Father! I pray thee not
For earthly treasure to that most beloved,
Fame, fortune, power—oh! be his spirit proved
By these or by their absence, at thy will!
But let thy peace be wedded to his lot
Guarding his inner life from touch of ill,
With its dove-pinion still!"

The fair page is blotted in many places, with the tears of holy affection—tears, that were shed in the fond and faithful assurance, that

"There is none,
In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
Of deep, strong, deathless love, like that within
A mother's heart."

The next bears the glad impression, "All's Well,"—and the contents of the letter are full of happiness; the life of the writer seemed steeped in sunshine; she trod the earth a creature of contentment and beauty, spreading joy and bliss around her. She was

"A lovely apparition sent
To be a moment's ornament;
A being breathing thoughtful breath,
A traveller 'twixt life and death."

And, all was well with her! Two days from the

time when she sent us the sweet records of the sunny hours of her young existence, she was summoned to "an inheritance with the saints in light," and sinless and pure as the holy seraphim, she winged her departure to the realms of bliss.

This beautifully engraved impression represents the head of Psyche. It is truly emblematical of the mind of its owner—a rare creature for fun and frolic is she, pursuing every varying pleasure, regardless of the passing hour. Her whole letter is a narrative of a life of constant gaiety and diversion. The goddess of pleasure is her beau ideal; and not only does her head adorn her notes, and decorate her person, in breast-pins, bracelets, and tiaras, but her pet poodle answers to the name of Psyche, and her fine horse rears her neck in response to the same beautiful appellation, as proudly as if "her saddle were a royal throne."

This letter is from a young friend, only one month a mother; one who has a heart in the right place, and willing to resign the frivolous and unsatisfying pleasures of girlhood to perform cheerfully the dutes of maternity, and to train up her little ones in "the way in which they should go." She will prove a true, proud, loving woman, and a "pattern wife," or we have no penetration into feminine character. Look now at her seal—it might have been chosen by accident, but it is purely symbolical of her new duties. The design is, a babe in its mother's arms, and the motto, "Lapped in Elysium," seems to us clearly significant of her true appreciation of maternal obligation.

Now, observe the quaintness of the selection which graces this oddly shaped epistle, having as many twists and turnings as the branches of a gnarled oak; the wax is variegated, and has received the impress of these words-" The humour of forty fancies." We believe the idea is Shaksperian, though we should never suspect our whimsical friend of having a fancy for the immortal bard of England. He had just finished his collegiate career, and "the world was all before him," but where to choose his abiding place, and whether to pursue a profession, or to become a merchant, and own an "argosy of ships," seemed likely long to be an undetermined question. "The humour of forty fancies," is perceptible in his letter; law, medicine, and divinity; civil engineering; authorship; oratory; the armyand a host of other minor occupations, are all discussed in it, with a "will o' th' wisp" irregularity. How significant was his device-how characteristic of the then feelings of the writer! Friendship, however, soon admonished him, that " unstable as water thou shalt not excel;" and we have another letter bearing a later date. Our gay friend had become Professor of Mathematics in a celebrated university, and he writes us, "I have got into serious business, by marrying a wife, and maintaining a family," adding that "not the needle to the pole is truer than myself to the paramount attentions due to my profession and cara sposa." The seal on this letter bears the impression-" And, here's my hand for my true constancy."

The next device is the only one having no percep-

tible adaptation to the contents of the letter to which it is appended, or to the character of its writer. We have preserved it, for its singularity, though at the present time, we should find it not difficult to make an application thereof, with peculiar propriety. The design is, a man in a balloon, and the sentence prefixed to it—"a wanderer beyond reason," which it strikes us, would be completely appropriate to the modern transcendentalist, who would soar into the clouds, like the man in the balloon, and seeking the infinite and illimitable, wander beyond all reason, with the same unsatisfying results.

This is from an only and elder brother—one long accustomed to look upon his sister with a fatherly regard; he is to her, as the oak is to the vine—her confident support; and he writes to her with authority and command, like one habituated to be implicitly obeyed. In the conclusion of his letter, became suddenly impressed with his apparent assumption of non-commissioned authority, and he adds—"I trust you will follow my precepts, though they may come to your gentle heart like determined and stern mandates. I am proud of you—this pride induces my commands—and both proceed from deeprooted regard." The letter calls tears to the eyes; its signed and sealed by "a truly affectionate brother," and the seal bears impres—"Iam Sir Oracle."

The brilliant colouring of the wax, and the very perfect and exact impression produced upon it by the seal of the next letter, strikes the observer somewhat imposingly, emblazoned as it is with a full coat of arms-a lion rampant in chief; three stars in base; and as many oak leaves of the field. Crest, an arm with a sabre. Motto—" Fortisque Felix." The writer of this letter is a true descendant from the Pilgrim Fathers, and the arms he bears he looks upon as a sacred badge of the antiquity of his family, which he dates as far back as the Saxon kings. They were presented to his ancestors by Richard Cœur de Lion, for their valour in the holy wars; and have by them been transmitted down to present posterity. Our friend uses them from custom, though we believe that he cherishes not a little honest pride in the review of his genealogical tree, which he traces from the Puritans, and is proud on the republican side, like Ernest Maltravers, "not of the length of a mouldering pedigree, but of some historical quarterings in his escutcheon; of some blood of scholars and heroes that rolls in his veins." He believes with truth, that

"The honours of a name 'tis just to guard;
They are a trust but lent us, which we take,
And should, in reverence to the donor's name,
With care transmit them down to other hands."

And he knows too.

"How vain are all hereditary honours, Those poor possessions from another's deeds, Unless our own just virtues form our title, And give a sanction to our fond assumptions."

"Though lost to sight, to memory dear," is the expressive sentiment that seals this precious memento of departed friendship, which we prepare to open with feelings of regret. The writer herself applied the motto to our separation by absence; but alas! how sadly do we now apply it to our eternal separa-

tion, for our friend is sleeping "the quiet sleep of death." She had wedded one whom she fondly loved—had left early friends, and her "father's hall."

"To go unto love yet untried and new,
To part from love which hath still been true."

She had left her own fair land "along the Atlantic shore," for a new home beyond the Alleghanies, to traverse the moss-grown prairies, and the shores of the cold lakes; and in a holy confidence she had lain her purest hopes, her cherished thoughts of happiness.

#### " Meek and unblenching on a mortal's breast."

She had not loved unworthily; she had pledged her faith to one who would not have been unmindful of the sacred trust. But, alas! disease assailed her—the angel of death fanned his pinions over her pure spirit, and, on the wings of a higher and holier affection than this world can offer, she was wafted homewards to her everlasting rest! "Though lost to sight," she will ever exist in memory, with the most hallowed associations. We have listened

"To her artless tones
That came upon the ear of confidence,
Rich in their own simplicity,"

and we have felt, that

"Her presence was a garden—and the air Seemed purer round us, as we stood by her; She was too bright, too lovely for the earth, And went away the purer in her morn!"

Nor would we call her back again; for well we know, that

"There's a blighting chillness comes on Even upon the noontide of our years."

Her soul has "put on immortality," and gone up on music to the throne of Grace! She is dear to our memory, and we love to linger over her sweet remembrance, even as

"Death loved to linger with so bright a prize, And wooed her out of being."

Our casket is not half exhausted of its precious contents, but whilst we have lived over long years, and many recollections in their fond examination, we have been unmindful of the lapse of time. We have far exceeded our allotted hour, as we have sought to catch the music that came sweetly o'er our senses from the deep well of memory. "Passing away! Passing away!" should be our motto, ever present to remind us, that "time and the hour run through the longest day," and to compel us to relinquish the fascinating pleasures of "day-dreaming," for more important and obligatory duties. We send our unworthy 'musings' to our Editress, impressed with the signet, "Dinna forget;" and, whilst we erect our temple to "Friendship," let the garland that twines round the altar, encircle the tablet of " Love and Hope."

ILDICA.

## THE REALLY IGNORANT.

HE that does not know those things which are of use and necessity for him to know, is but an ignorant man, whatever he may know besides.

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Written for the Lady's Book.

## SWEETHEART ABBEY.

BY O. P. Q.

"Fate sits upon these battlements and frowns,
And as the portals open to receive me,
Her voice, in sullen echoes through the courts—
Tells of a nameless deed."—Anonymous.

At the foot of the lofty mountain of Criffell, which rears its cloud-capped summit in towering majesty, and delights to survey its insulated form in the waves of the Solway, opens a beautiful and romantic vale, watered by the winding Nith. The scene is rich in all the verdant glories of nature, but richer still in those legendary associations of bygone days, that awaken the sympathy and enchain the attention of posterity, and will continue to exert this magic influence, so long as the pulses of human affection beat responsive to the records of suffering, of crime, of love, of war, and of sorrow.

On the eastern slope of the vale, are still to be seen the ruins of Caerlavroch castle, the ivy and moss-covered walls and towers of which are venerable with the glories of more than a thousand years. Not far distant, and on the opposite side of the Nith, are seen peeping through the trees, the gray ruins—the mouldering, yet still beautiful arches, columns, and walls of Sweetheart Abbey—backed by the lofty Criffel, whose mountain shadows impart solemnity and awe to these crumbling relics of monastic grandeur.

And why was this solemn pile in the days of Rome's supremacy in Scotland, named "Sweetheart Abbey?" Why do the breezes that sigh mournfully through the neighbouring groves of ancient trees, sound like the wailing voices of departed spirits?

Attend, reader, to the sad story of fair Ellen of Kirkonnell.

At an early period of the thirteenth century, the Baron Maxwell, of Kirkconnell, was one of the most powerful chieftains that dwelt in Scotland. He was a man of high mind and stern purpose—a faithful friend and bitter foe-proud in the consciousness that the unsullied honours of many generations of his princely race had descended upon him, and that it was his duty to uphold the name, fame, and valour of the Kirkconnells, with a brightness and purity that would reflect back a lustre on his ancestry, and hand down additional greatness and glory to his descendants. Two thousand men at arms followed his banner to the field; and whether in peace or war, they exhibited a devotion to their chief, which proved that they held the honours of his house dearer than life. Often had his sword been drawn against the pirates of Denmark, or to repulse a Northumbrian foray. Never had that sword been sheathed until crimsoned with the stains of victory. Within the halls of his ancient castle, there dwelt a gentle being, who formed his only solace, after returning from the fatigue and danger of the fight, or the inspiring recreation of the chase. It was his daughter-beautiful as the beam of the morning, with a mind whose noble attributes were chastened by filial affection, and all the tender endearments of the heart.

The great curse of Scotlanden those early times, was the deadly feeling of feudal animosity, which frequently raged the fiercest among neighbouring

chieftains. This feeling was transmitted by the head of every noble house, as an ill-omened legacy to he successor, and so entailed all the miseries of private war, for generations, upon his country. Feelings of hereditary hatred were thus cherished in the cradle, and could scarcely be said to have been buried even in the grave.

A feud of this character had for ages subsisted

between the Maxwells of Kirkconnell and the Maxwells of Nithisdale. Frequent were the conflicts between the rival chieftains and their clans, and often had the torrent, which rushed through the valley, been dyed with the blood of the best and bravest of those who dwelt on its borders. The head of the house of Nithisdale had been gathered to his fathers, leaving his only son to support the honours of his castle, domains, and people. Young Nithisdale had been educated under the care of Malcolm of Iona; a monk, who was renowned for learning, benevolence, and piety. The youthful chieftain had been also trained to arms, was accomplished in all the exercises of knighthood, and had frequently exhibited his prowess in the feudal conflict and the border foray. He had ever avoided a rencontre with the vassals of his house's foe, and his followers had often marked with surprise, that he seemed to be more like the silent friend than the open enemy of the Kirkconnells. The secret of his conduct, however, so strange in that semi-barbarian age, had been revealed but to one person-to Carron, his henchman, his faithful friend, and his foster brother. To him he had narrated the story of his love-to him he had confessed that from the days of childhood, he had entertained an affection for fair Ellen of Kirkconnell-and to him he had declared, (oh! thought of rapture,) that his tender emotions had met with a responsive echo in the bosom of his beautiful mistress. Their interviews had been frequent but stolen, and the wild rocks, the forest glades, and the sequestered dells of both domains, had often been silent witnesses of their vows of mutual and undying love. They were, indeed, formed for each other, for both were pure in mind, elevated in soul, and distinguished by those bright virtues which derive additional lustre from the freshness and ingenuousness of youth. How often did they lament together in tears, the feud which divided their families! How often did the sanguine spirit of love deceive their imaginations, with the golden hues of a bright and joyous future! But, alas! they little calculated on the bitter and implacable hatred of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, who deemed the destruction of the house of Nithisdale a duty he owed to his ancestors, and a tribute that he was resolved to pay to the memory of their vindictive shades. The only confidant of Ellen, was her faithful attendant Minna, between whom and the henchman Carron, a similar attachment had sprung up; and thus, they were bound in the bonds of love, to guard with care the important secret. And yet, it was in vain that they attempted

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to conceal it from Malcolm, who since the death of the old Laird of Nithisdale, had felt for his noble pupil all the affection of a father, while he preserved over him the influence of a trusted adviser and confessor. Within a few months of the period of our story, he had warned him of the consequences of such an attachment, pointed out the misery it was likely to entail upon him, and reminded him of the boast of his rival's house-" The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure." And while he gently chided Nithisdale for having concealed this, his only and his dearest secret from the revelations of the confessional, he implored him with tears in his eyes, to conquer his own passion, and to prevail upon Ellen to forget that he had ever been her lover. But it was all in vain. The love of Nithisdale and Ellen was as undving as had been the hatred of their fathers.

In an evil hour, the fatal story of their secret meetings was related by an officious vassal to Maxwell of Kirkconnell. His rage knew no bounds. He repaired to the apartments of his daughter, whom be reproached with having dishonoured her house. Ellen, stung by his remarks, and yet incapable of deceit, at once confessed and gloried in her affection. She praised the character, bravery, and virtues of her lover-condemned the unchristian malignity of the feud which had rendered the families implacable foes. and conjured her father to listen, at least, to the overtures of Nithisdale, before he sacrificed her happiness to an unholy hatred. Neither her language nor her tears had any other effect upon the Baron, except that of rendering his hate more fell and deadly. At length, Ellen declared that her hand should never be given in marriage, save to Nithisdale, that to him she was already affianced, and that he alone should receive the offering of her heart in the solemn offices of the church. But the Baron grew more furious. After another burst of passion, in which he threatened that if she did not abandon her lover, even the sacred relationship of daughter should not save her from being involved in his meditated vengeance-he gazed upon her for a few moments in silence, and then slowly retiring from the room, he exclaimed in a firm voice-" Remember! The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

Ellen contrived, through her attendant Minna, to apprise her beloved Nithisdale of the scene which had taken place. She exhorted him to send to the enraged Baron, to tell the story of their love, and enraged Baron, to tell the story of their love, and endeavour to deprecate his wrath. But Nithisdale, whose frank and manly soul ever chose the most open and honourable path, went in person to Kirkconnell, accompanied by Malcolm and Carron. He there declared his passion, dwelt upon the ancient fame of his family, condemned and abandoned the feud that divided the two houses, and in the most respectful manner, solicited the hand of fair Ellen in marriage. He promised all that could be expected from a son, a friend, and a warrior.

The Baron listened to him with a calm and icy coldness, and when he had concluded, rejected his overture with scorn. He said that he should prove unworthy of a long line of ancestry, if he did not pursue their hereditary feud to the death. "Tis for that," said he, "that I desire to live. To gratify my hatred to thy house, is the dearest wish of my soul. I tremble with delight at the thought of future vengeance. Remember thou, our boast—that the revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

Old Malcolm, the monk of Iona, conjured him by the sacred religion of the Gospel, by his peace of conscience and happiness in this world, by his duty as a father, by his love for his daughter, and by his hopes of salvation hereafter, to forego his deadly purpose. All entreaties and remonstrances were in vain!

The Baron replied—"I respect thy office, venerable father, in all things save one—my family bond of revenge. Hence! Stand thou not between a Scottish noble and his feudal foe."

At this moment, Ellen burst into the audience-chamber, and threw herself at her father's feet, tears streaming from her eyes, and her beautiful auburn hair falling wildly about her ivory neck. Alas! her presence and impassioned supplications, only adder fuel to the fire of hate that burned in her father's breast. He rose from his seat, commanded his visiters to depart, and as he left the room, exclaimed in a voice of thunder—"Remember, the revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure."

A sorrowful but affectionate embrace and renewed protestations of attachment between the lovers, marked their last sad meeting. When separated by Malcolm, Nithisdale gently drew a small tartan scarf from the neck of his mistress, saying, "Fair Ellen, I will keep this as the gage of my lady-love. I go to the Holy Wars. The sight of this dear pledge shall inspire me in the day of battle. In two years I will return it to thee, when thy lover shall have performed deeds, worthy of thy love and beauty-deeds, that with the blessing of heaven, shall soften even the wrath of thy stony-hearted father. But, if I fall by the sword of the infidel, I charge my henchman, Carron, to bring it to thee with the heart of thy devoted Nithisdale enclosed in an urn, to be placed in the tomb of his fathers."

A last, long, lingering look, and fair Ellen retired, while Nithisdale was led slowly from the castle by Malcolm and Carron.

A few days saw the gallant warrior attended by a chosen band, on his way to Palestine. More than once, during his absence, pilgrims and palmers arrived in Scotland, and filled the country with the fame of his prodigies of valour.

The Baron invited the noblest of his friends to the castle. He projected the most illustrious alliances for his daughter; but fair Ellen refused every suitor, and remained true to her plighted vows. Her constancy deepened the fell malice of her sire. He became as if possessed with the spirit of a demon. Schemes to gratify his deadly feud filled his thoughts by day, and haunted him in dreams by night. Even his dear and only daughter, who had thwarted the fondest wishes of his ambition—so potent was the spell of Satan over his soul—was not exempt from the wild and awful purpose of his fearful hate. How ardenly did he hope that Nithisdale would not fall by the sword of the Saracen, but live to become his victim!

At length the two years rolled away. Nithisdale returned. His heart beat high with hope and love and pictured joy. He reached a gorge at the entrance of the valley which still bears his name, when his little band was assailed by a host of warriors, clad in the Maxwell arms and tartan, and urged forward in the work of strife by the well known and dreadful voice of their leader, shouting; "The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow, but sure." But few escaped the massacre, Overpowered by numbers,

resistance was all but vain. As the warrior chieftain fell beneath the perfidious assault of his focs, he drew the tartan scarf from his bosom, and with his dying accents, faintly said—" Give this, with my heart, to fair Ellen of Kirkconnell.

"Thy wish shall be gratified," exclaimed the Baron, as he received the gage from one of his attendants.

So secret had been the preparations, that Ellen knew not of any unusual gathering and departure of armed men. Her bosom also beat high with hope, for she knew that the time appointed for the return of her lover, was about to expire; and she gloried in the fame of his deeds. The gray shadows of evening began to fall. As she entered the portals of the castle, after a pensive and solitary walk in the neighbouring grounds, her spirit was oppressed with heaviness. She felt a prophetic warning of approaching woe—of some sorrow, dreadful but undefined.

The heat of conflict, the shedding of blood—and that the blood of the enemy of his house—had excited the Baron to a ferocity that bordered on madness. He was drunk with gratified hate, and having enjoined secrecy upon the captains of his clan, as to the affray of the morning, he sent a message to his daughter, bidding her repair to the banquetting hall at the accustomed hour, and cheer the evening meal with her presence.

The tables were set, the banquet was prepared, the hall was lighted, the bards were present, and the Baron and his chieftains were assembled round the board. Pale and melancholy, yet beautiful in hes sorrow, fair Ellen entered, received the greeting of the numerous guests, and occupied her place of honour at the festive board.

Gloom marked the progress of the banquet. No joyous hilarity was apparent. Expectation and even dread seemed to be indicated in every countenance. The feast accomplished, the Baron rose, and his cupbearer having handed him a bowl, he prepared to pledge his guests.

"Friends," said he, "the unbending firmness and stern resolves of my house, shall never be forgotten by your chief. I pledge you in an overflowing bowl, with the sentiment of 'Destruction to the enemies of our clan!" Then assuming an air and tone of triumph, which imparted to his countenance an unearthly aspect, he proceeded.—"Behold the sacrifice I make in support of the feud of Kirkconnell. Behold the scarf," he said, waving it in his hand, given by my daughter Ellen, as a gage of love and plighted faith, to Nithisdale. It is now dyed in his blood. He fell the victim of our feud."

All present were awed into silence. Fair Ellen rose from her seat. And though the blood forsook her cheeks, she stood gazing on her father, pale and beautiful, yet fixed and firm as a marble statue. Her look and manner proved that she also possessed somewhat of the stern and unbending spirit of her ancestors.

At this moment, Malcolm, availing himself of the sacred privileges of his order, walked slowly into the hall. Sorrow, severity, resignation, and piety, marked his features.

All eyes were turned towards the venerable monk. Even the Baron paused, the scarf uplifted in his hand, and his gaze wildly bent on the motionless form of his daughter, who still stood erect and proud, her eyes fixed upon the fatal tartan.

" Baron," said the monk, in a solemn voice, " the

sin which thou hast committed this day, may not be atoned by years of penitence and prayer. Proud man, to satisfy a vain and wicked threat, the evil one hath tempted thee to do a deed that shall bring thee and thy house to shame, degradation and infamy. Even now thy heart—"

The Baron started at that word.

"Aha!" said he, with a fierce and scornful laugh.
"Thou remindest me, sir monk, that my pledge to
the dying Nithisdale is but half fulfilled. What, bo!
Within there! Dugald, Marion—hast thou obeyed
my commands? Hast thou inumed—but yes, thou
durst not disobey. Bring in, I say—bring in the
heart of my accursed foe!"

The guests shrunk back, appalled with a sickening horror, as the two attendants entered the hall, and the Baron, with a look worthy of a fiend, in a loud and dreadful voice, cried out—" Behold a triumph worthy the shades of my warlike sires. The revenge of the Kirkconnell is slow but sure!"

A fearful pause ensued.

Impressive and emphatic was the clear, sad voice of Ellen, as she exclaimed to the Baron, "Thou shalt see, cruel as thou art, that the spirit of thy daughter is worthy of the name she bears. From this moment, I leave all mortal cares—from this moment, no mortal food shall pass these lips—from this moment, I am the spouse of the dead—from this moment, my hope is changed to certainty, that in a few short hours, I shall be joined to the soul of my love, where sorrow cometh not."

She beckoned to the monk, who, as he led her from the hall, pronounced these words—"Baron, thy triumph is past. The fiend, thy evil genius, hath lex thee a prey to unavailing remorse and agony."

The Baron's paroxysm of impious pride and hellsh triumph, seemed to be indeed passing away, while reason presented the truth to his soul, in all its terrors. His guests fled affrighted from the castle, and calling to an attendant, he hastened to the solutude of his chamber.

The Baron feared to approach his daughter. Guilt lay heavy on his soul. The fiend had left him.

Neither the prayers, nor the mild exposulations of the venerable Malcolm—nor the tears and distress of Minna, could shake the calm and awful resolution of fair Ellen of Kirkconnell. When, after addressing herself to the Virgin, she desired to be left to her meditations, the strains of a wild and plaintive lament were heard in the sweetest and most melancholy notes of melody, to proceed from her chamber. She sang a Gaelic fragment, well known to the bards of the time, and which is, even to this day, chaunted in that part of Scotland. The following is a feeble translation:

"Where, oh where, is the soul of my love? He is gone to his narrow home. I hear his voice in the sighing of the winds, but alas! he cometh no more. His ghost is seen in the clouds that are lighted by the moonbeam. He flies through the forest, where his horse echoed to the chase. He gazes from the mountain over the darkly rolling sea. But alas! he cometh to me no more. His companions meet in arms, and his spirit rejoiceth in their preparations for battle. But alas! he cometh to me no more. Arise thou glorious sun, god of the morning. Look thou upon my sorrow for the last time, for thou d.dst see

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the green grass crimsoned with his blood. Alas! He cometh to me no more. But I will go to him. When thou settest in darkness, my spirit shall mingle with the mists of the mountain. I go to the dark and the narrow house. I shall sleep with the soul of my love."

Sorrow prevailed through the valley of Nithisdale, and over the whole region of Criffell.

A knell was heard to toll from the tower of a neighbouring monastery. A slow and solemn procession wound along the devious path to its walls, followed by three thousand men of the clans of Kirkconnell and Nithisdale, with their arms reversed; preceded by musicians who were accompanied by bards. A lament was sung, the voices of the bards being alternated with the wild notes of the rude instruments of Caledonia.

Two coffins and an urn were carried by "bearers," and followed—oh! mockery of death—by the Baron as chief mourner. The solemn office for the dead was read by Malcolm, the monk of Iona, and chaunted by the choir—when the mortal remains of the ill-starred lovers, were deposited in the same tomb, amid the tears and prayers of thousands.

## Requiescant in pace!

Deep and sincere was the repentance of the guilty and bereaved Baron. He endowed a monastery, called in memory of the sad tragedy "Sweetheart Abbey"—of which Malcolm of Iona was made superior. The heather bloomed upon the mountain side, when the sacred edifice was consecrated. Car-

ron and Minna were the first couple whose hands were united in the Abbey church. The following year, the heather blossomed over the Baron's grave; and for nearly four centuries, masses were said by the monks for the repose of the soul of Kirkconnell.

The urn containing the hearts of Ellen and Nithisdale, were removed to the monastery.—The monument is still shown to travellers, in which the urn is embedded, and near it—a mouldering tomb, to the memory of Maxwell of Kirkconnell, whereon may be traced several of the quaint old letters of his name, surmounted by the words—"HIC JACET."

And these relics are the most interesting features of the country to this day—if the traditions and legends be excepted, that will doubtless be handed down from father to son, anent Sweetheart Abbey—until time shall be no more.

I have thus given thee, gentle reader, "a tale of the times of old—the deeds of days of other years." Lest thou shouldst imagine the tale a fiction, I will add that should it ever prove thy fortunate lot to partake of the hospitality of the noble mansion of the Maxwells, of Nithisdale, thou wilt find the above event a record in the chronicles of their family. Thou wilt see the ruins of the Abbey and Castle—and, peradventure, a garland also, hung by some enamoured maiden on the mouldering tomb in which the hearts are enclosed. Thou wilt find songs and and romances of the country-side, that narrate the story of fair Ellen and Nithisdale—in joint memory of whom, the arms of one branch of the Maxwell family bear a bleeding heart for their crest.

Written for the Lady's Book.

HORTICULTURE.

## BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

IF the admiration of the beautiful things of Nature, has a tendency to soften and refine the character, the culture of them has a still more powerful and abiding influence. It takes the form of an affection. The seed which we have sown, the bud which we have nursed, the tree of our planting, under whose shade we sit with delight, are to us, as living and loving friends. In proportion to the care we have bestowed on them, is the warmth of our regard. They are also gentle and persuasive teachers of His goodness, who causeth the sun to shine, and the dew to distil; who forgets not the tender buried vine, amid the snows and ice of winter, but bringeth forth the root long hidden from the eye of man, into vernal splendour, or autumnal fruitage.

The lessons learned among the works of Nature, are of peculiar value in the present age. The restlessness and din of the rail-road principle, which pervades its operations, and the spirit of accumulation which threatens to corrode every generous sensibility, are modified by the sweet friendship of the quiet plants. The toil, the hurry, the speculation, the sudden reverse, which mark our own times, beyond all that have preceded them, render it peculiarly salutary for us to heed the admonition of our Saviour, and take instruction from the lilies of the field, those peaceful denizens of the bounty of heaven.

Horticulture has been pronounced by medical men salutary to health, and to cheerfulness of spirits; and it would seem that the theory might be sustained, by the placid and happy countenances of those, who use it as a relaxation from the excitements of business, or the exhaustion of study. And if he, who devotes his leisure to the culture of the works of nature, benefits himself—he who beautifies a garden for the eye of the community, is surely a public benefactor. He instils into the bosom of the man of the world, panting with the gold-fever, gentle thoughts, which do good, like a medicine. He cheers the desponding invalid, and makes the eye of the child brighten with a more intense happiness. He furnishes pure aliment for that taste which refines character and multiplies simple pleasures. To those who earn their subsistence by labouring on his grounds, he stands in the light of a benefactor. The kind of industry which he promotes is favourable to simplicity and virtue. With one of the sweetest poets of our mother-land, we may

"—Praise to the sturdy spade,
And patient plough, and shepherd's simple crook,
And let the light mechanic's tool be hail'd
With honour, which encasing by the power
Of long companionship, the labourer's hand,
Cuts off that hand, with all its world of nerves,
From a too busy commerce with the heart."

Written for the Lady's Book.

## ODE TO THE FOREST OF PINES,

## MEAR THE CHATTE-HOSPAR, OR THE ROCK WALL CREEK, CHAMBERS COUNTY, ALABAMA.

ı.

YE forest pines, ye giants tall,
The waters of the granite wall,
As sweeping onwards in their track,
Reflect your mighty shadows back,
And send their notes of melody,
Amidet your pensive shades to sigh:
But wilder notes those shades have rent,
As on the midnight blast was sent,
From hidden lair, the tiger's scream—
His eye-balls flashing in the gleam,
Which strikes and shivers to the ground,
The proudest in your forest found.

II.

Ye forest hills, ye pines of green,
How many storms your brows have seen?
What fierce contention in the skies!
When onward, onward furious flies,
The whirlwind in resistless sway
Bearing your comrades in its way!
Mourn ye for them, that prostrate lie
Doom'd by the hurricane to die?
Why sighs the breeze your boughs among
Whispering for e'er its mournful song?
Comes it from lands where tyrants reign
Where vassals wear an endless chain?

ш.

Ye forest pines, ye forest hills,
No winter's frost your verdure kills,
Ye stand forever green and bright
Like giants on a mountain's height,
Like islands in the ocean seen
Beneath the sun's congenial beam—
Or like an azure spot on high
Surrounded by a clouded sky—
The weary bird that seeks your shade
His keen pursuer may evade:
But man by man hath often fell:
Your plaintive winds now seem to tell,
"Ah! here the shriek of death was heard,
Here man no other savage fear'd,

But brother man-my mournful sigh Is but his last expiring cry."

IV

Ye forest pines, ye giants tall,
Your shadows on their children fall;
That ancient race, whose valiant men
Sent forth their shouts in every glen:
How sleep they now beneath the rod!
Their bones and relies overtrod
By those, who, in their turn must find
A house like theirs, as cold, confin'd—
The lover's sigh and pity's tear,
The shrick of terror and of fear
Are hush'd, are gone, another race
Now walks your hills, now fills their place.

₹.

Ye forest hills, ye forest hills,
A mournful sound your silence fills,
Old ocean in his calmest hour,
When sleeps his wrath and sinks his power,
Sends to the shore no softer note
Than through your pensile leaflets float;
So calm, so sweet, and yet so sad,
It seems as if some spirit had
Return'd to earth, again to tell
Its wrongs to you; or those who dwell
Beneath your shades, to point above
To regions of eternal love.

VI

Ye forest hills, ye cloud-capp'd pines,
The sun's first rays of morning shines,
With golden tints, through dews of night,
On your eternal green so bright,
His last sweet rays still linger long
To die amidst your evening song:
How sweet the sounds of praise would rise
Commingled with your pensive sighs:
Passion and malice here subdued,
Beneath your calm, sweet solitude,
The heart from earth-born joys would turn
Its duty from the skies to learn.

S. C. O.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## CORNEY NOONAN'S COURTSHIP.

BY MISS M. A. BROWNE. (ENGLAND.)

"ONCE in my life," said Corney, "and only once, I went a coorting. The rason why I never went on such an errand again, and the way I happened to fall in love, and all the ins and outs of the story, may be ye wouldn't have patience to hear." "Oh, Corney, we would like it of all things!" "Oh, Corney, tell it over to us," and "Corney, man, spake out, and it will ase your heart!" sounded on all sides. Corney Noonan, a little, thickset man, with a round jovial face, a jolly red nose, and small twinkling gray eye, did not respond to the call immediately, but sat, balancing his spoon across his forefinger, as if he were weighing the re-uest. He was only coquetting with the curiosity of his audience, for he was brimful of his

story, and quite as anxious to tell it as his neighbours could be to hear it, so at length he spoke, but hesitatingly. "But may be there's a dale in it ye might not believe, (and meself knows to my cost, its gospel true,) but it's beyant the nat'ral entirely—so may be after all, I'd better keep my own council." "Oh, Corney Noonan—how can you be so conaptious." "Oh, would you be d.sappointing us then after all, and we all listenin' as if we was waitin' to hear the grass grow?"

So Corney could hold out no longer, and thus began his story.

" It's twenty, or may be nearer thirty years, since I was a slip of a bye, living as I could betune the

farm of my uncle Tim Noonan, and the kitchen of my mother's first cousin, father Flynn. An orphant I was at that same time, as indeed I am to this day, which often brings the tears into my eyes." And Corney here evinced symptoms of strong emotion, and drew the back of his hand across his face. "Arrah, Corney, is it for a mon like you to sit with the tear in your eye like a widow's pig! Corney, ma fouchal, fill your glass again, and it'll keep up your sperrits." Corney took this piece of advice immediately, and proceeded, -- Well, as I was remarking, I lived betune my two relations, running arrants for both, feeding uncle Tim's pigs, and dusting father Flynn's books, and getting ould cast-away clothes from the farmer, and lashins of larnin' from the priest. and a pick of mate from one, and a pratec from another, just as it might happen. But I always took care to keep away from father Flynn on a fastin' day, for 'tis then he was mighty crass entirely, but every Sunday and holiday I was up and away to mass in beautiful time, and was purty sure of a dinner from him. Well, it was an onlooky day for me that I was in the chapel, and cast my two eyes for the first time on Alley Doyle. Och, but she was the purty girl, with her fair long hair settled out in long curls down her back, and her blue cloak falling about her shoulders, and her little white hands tellin' the string of blue bades that was nothing at all for colour to her eyes! She was a stranger entirely in the neighbourhood, and sure thin, I thought she was an angel of light come down amongst us, and others thought so as well as me. I am afeard far more of the boys was thinking of her, than minding father Flynn. From the first minnit I saw her, I felt I was going, and before mass was half done, I knew I was sould. I had never been in love before to speak of, and you may guess the flutteration it put me in all at wanst! When all was over, (I think I see her now!) she rose up so light and so graceful, as nobody else ever did, put her bades in her pocket, pulled the hood of her cloak over her head, and left the chapel, without spakin' a word to man, woman, or child. This would not answer me, however. I was determined to see where she went, and more being of the same mind, she had a purty dacint congregation at her heels on the road home. She did not look once behind her, but kept on straight forrit, at a pace that was quite surprisin', 'till coming to a gap in the hedge, she sprang clean over it as light as a feather, and set off with herself in arnest, running over the fields as fast as she could. It would hardly have been polite to folly her, but I am not sure we should have minded that, only she took us by surprise, and we stood dumbfoundered till she was out of sight. Most of the boys was tired, and beginning to think of the pratees at home, but for my part I could not have ate the best Dublin apple you could have put before me. One by one all dropped away, and left me; and then, seeing the coast clear, I leaped the ditch, and went the same way the colleen dhas had taken as near as I could guess. I soon found myself on a by-way, a foreen,\* that led down to Larry Toole's farm, and it struck me the darlin' was gone in there. So on I went, but having no good excuse for knocking at the door, (my uncle having hard words with Larry's father before I was born,) I went round to the end of the house, and peeped in at the windy. Sure enough there she was, just pullin' off her cloak, and

laughing like mad, and Larry Toole and the vanithee, t laughing too. Well an' good, I had found out where she lived, and the next pint was to larn who she was, and where she came from. I could not go straight in an' ax, for the rason I tould you before, but I was hiding about the place all the day, hoping perhaps she would come out, for if she did, I was resolved on spakin' to her. Well, night come on, the light was put out, and the windy was shut, and I had just to turn back as wise as I came. I was vexed entirely, partly because I had lost my Sunday dinner, and got nothing in return, but mostly troubled with the love in my heart which was getting worse every minute, and I went plunging away through the dewy grass of the fields, without much caring where I went. Och, what will I ever do at all! I'd give the world to get her!" says I aloud, heaving a great sigh. With that I heard a little chuckling laugh near me. 'You'd give the world, Corney Noonan, would you? Well, lave it all to me, and I'll get her you for less than that!' 'And who may you be,' says I, that's so ungenteel as to be listening to a gentleman talkin' to himself?' . Look an' you'll see,' says the same voice, and there, just at my hand, there stood the queerest lookin' little crachur I ever seen before or since. It was a little man about half a foot high, with a gray wizened face, and a pair of bright dark eyes, that danced and sparkled like stars on a frosty night. His hair was snow-white, and streamed down straight and long from beneath a small red cap he wore, and his coat and waistcoat were grass green. 'An' who are you, my friend,' says I, 'for I must say, without offince, I've seen a handsomer face than yours!' 'As to that, Corney,' says he, 'my face is nothing to the purpose, one way or other, if I can serve you as you wish, and you may thank the bit of basewax your aunt sewed in your jacket collar, that you don't see me in the shape of a beautiful lady, or a fine young gentleman.' And what can you do for me?' says I, for I was bothered between him and my distress, and was glad to be spakin' of her, even to an ould fairy. 'What can you do for me in this sore heart-trouble?' 'I can get you Alley Doyle,' says he, 'for that's the name of the darlin' you're breakin' your heart after, and more than that, I can give you the manes of making a lady of her, and living in clover all the rest of your days.' And what would you expect me to give you in return for all this?" says I, for my mind misgave me he would not be so civil unless he had some intention in it. ' Yourself,' says the little man, and his eyes gev out a look just like a flash of lightening. 'Arrah, then,' says I to him again, 'you may keep your money and your help to yourself. Is it to sell my precious sowl to the likes of you ye ould deceiver? Musha! what would father Flynn say to that, I wonder! I'll go bowldly forward, and get the girl for plain asking, if its my luck, and keep my sowl safe besides, and no thanks to you.' And I was turning to lave him in a mighty huff, for my blood was roused at the wick Be asy, be asy, Misther Cornalius Noonan, says the ould boy smoothly, for he saw hard words would not do with me; 'It's not your sowl I'm wanting at all, only the loan of your body, and that for no great length of time,' 'Ye're a purty boy,' says I, to expect a lase of either my sowl or my body, when it's likely I could do as well without you. However, supposin' I lended you my body, whatwould you do with it?' 'Only work for us every night, for a year and a day,' says he, ' and take my advice in all things, and you're as sure of Alley Doyle, as if she was standin' before the priest wid you this minute.' Well, what an' all could I do? My heart was burning with love, and my brain turning with trouble, and all I minded was, that if I consinted, I was to get Alley Doyle. So I agreed with him on the spot, promising to meet him the next night, and he gev me a little silver coin, with some quare words on it, to keep as a token. I wish I had it to show you. It was something like a sixpence, which was my ill luck, for I ped it away by mistake at Alick Macfarlane's weddin', for drink to the fiddler, and the thief, seeing it was a curiosity, swore I did'nt. When I got home, may be my ould aunt Katty Noonan, did'nt look as black as thunder, grumblin' all the time she was giving me some sour milk and the pratees that were left of the pigs' suppers. But I cared not a traneen for either her or them, or any thing in life but little Alley Doyle, and away I went to my bed in the barn, without answering a word, good or bad, to all she was asking of where I'd been.

" It can't clearly recollect how the next day got over. I remember a dale of scoulding about a boneen\* that I let ate up a couple of young ducks to his dinner, and the mother of a bating that I got from father Flynn, for forgetting his snuff. But all the rest seems mere buzz and botheration, 'till I found myself in Larry Toole's field, waiting for the little man to come as he had promised. It was about eleven o'clock, when I hard the same voice that spake the night before, and 'Ye're in good time, Corney,' says he, 'and I'm glad of it. Have you thought over what I was saying to you last night?" · Is it me?' says I, and what else would I be thinking of the whole of the blessed day that's over?'-'And you hav'n't altered your mind, then,' says the little chap; 'you'll sarve us every night for a year and a day, provided you're to get Alley Doyle and the goold at the end of it?' 'True for ye,' says I, · I'm not the boy to break a bargain.' · A bargain be it, then,' says the fairy, and his eyes flashed out, just as they did the night before, in a way I didn't quite like. However, I could not call back my words if I'd been ever so minded to do it, and then I thought of the blue eyes of Alley Doyle, and put fear behind me. 'And now,' says the little man, you're my bound servant Corney Noonan, and I expect as the first proof your obadience you'll step into my house and take a glass to our better acquaintance.' 'Is it yer house?' says I, 'where is it at all? and how will I ever get into it if it's any way fitting for the master? 'Be asy, Corney,' says he, 'I tell you to lave it all to me.' With that he blew upon a little whistle that hung about his neck, and up, out of the bed of rushes just by us, sprung a beautiful white doe, and came bounding towards us with the speed of light. Up jumped the little man upon her back, and 'get up behind me, Corney,' says he. 'Is it to ride that purty craythur?' says I, 'sure I'd be long sorry to burthen her that way, and my own two dacint legs to the fore.' Be asy again, I bid you. Corney,' says he, 'and do just as you are told.' So, thinking he surely knew best, I got up, and away we went, as if we were racing with the wind and like to win. By and bye we stopped at a little cabin that looked most like a heap of clay and sods, and my

mind misgave me he was deceiving me after all; 😓 he knocked at the door, which seemed to fly open of itself, and in we went. Och, my jewel! if I had the tongue of some people what a deschription I could give you of what was within side. Never belen me but it turned out to be a palace fit for the Land Lieutenant himself! There was long tables all cavered with goold plates, and dishes, and glasses; and what was better still, the hoith of good mate and drink in them; and the tables and cheers, and the very walls, was all goold too; to say nothing of the grand company that was sitting at supper, singag and laughing, and enjoying themselves with even kind of diversion. To see such grand doings was very pleasant, as you may suppose, and I believe I could have stood from that time to this, looking and listening, if I had not felt a wonderful wish to so down and join them, for though they were no quality, they didn't look proud by any manes, ax wer'n't above being happy. And indeed it was: long before the ould boy who brought me there files me out a glass of as good potheen as you'd wish to see. They must have known of my coming beforehand, for the glass they gev me was as big as that though their own were small enough. But when It taken a drink, I bethought me of Alley Doyle, and the work I was to do, and asked if I had not better set about it at once. Never mind it now, my man,' says the masther again, 'Is it set you to work the first evening you come amongst us? enough we'll have yet, and you may take your drop in pace, and get Alley Doyle into the bargain.' So thinking all was right, I sate down, and made myself so comfortable that I can't tell to this hour what I said or did, nor how I got back to Larry Toole's field where I found myself lyin' on the broad of my back, fast asleep in the morning.

"Well, night after night, the little man came for me on the white doe, and took me away with him to meet the same company, and whenever I'd ask to be set to work, he still bid me be asy, and lave it all to him. It may be will surprise you I didn't try to get to the spech of Alley Doyle, for I often enough saw her, and had found out she was a niece of Larry Toole's wife. She was down from Dublin, all the way, and was come to help her aunt to mind the house, being like myself a dissolate orphant, which only made me love her the more. But the fairy forbid I should offer to spake to her, and as he had behaved so genteel to me all along, what could I do? But at last I began to get onasy in arnest, and told him if he expected his work to be done, he must set me to it at once, or I'd quit him altogether, and manage my business myself. Well, he consinted, and instead of taking me as usual on the white doe, he only stamped three times with his foot, and immediately I felt we were sinking away into the bowels and inner ragions of the earth. I thought we would never stop short of purgatory or worse, or that at laste, we would come out on the other side of the world among the Turks or Jarmins, or other barbarians; but by and bye we stopped with a great jerk, and glad enough I was to feel the solid ground again. ' Now, Corney,' says the little man, ' what you have to do is no great matter, only you see we haven't the strength for it. Do you see that big black wheel, and the long handle?' 'Where would my eyes be if I didn't,' says I. Well, then,' says he, 'do you know what it's for? How the pack should I know,

· Bencen-a little pig.

says I, 'unless you tell me?' 'I will tell you,' says he. Sure the girls in Ireland bate the world for beauty!' (and he only spoke the truth there, well become him!) 'So we used to catch them when they were children, and here they staid, content enough, and never growing bigger, but increasing in beauty and virtue every day of the year. By and bye, however, which was only natril, they began to grow old and ugly, and we've had a great scarcity of new ones ever since father Flynn put it into the women's heads to sew lusmore into all the children's clothes. Now as we are no fonder of ngly old women in our country than you are in yours, and not having any young ones left, we got that mill put up,' says he, grinning, and it's just to grind them young again! So set to work with all your heart, Corney, and work away for the sake of the bright eyes you know of." · But where's the grist?' says I, · I'd be a quare miller to grind something out of nothing.' 'Oh, we are well provided,' says he, 'look behind you!' And there, sure enough, was a long row of little old women in gray hoods and red cloaks, all waiting ready 'till I could grind them into young ones. They did not say a word, but one of them walked up mighty stately and down with herself into the mill, and I began to turn the handle. Sowl of my body! out she came, the loveliest little craythur I ever seen, but one! Her old parchmint cheeks and lips was changed into downright velvet, her wrinkles were all dimples. Her hair fell down all so beautiful in long vallow curls, on ache side of her face, and, as she passed, she dropped me a curtsey, and gave me a smile, which would have warmed the heart of a wheelbarrow! The little man opened a side door, and bowed her out as politely as if she had been a duchess; and then another got into the mill, and two turns sent her out as good as new. Then the masther asked if I wasn't tired all out, and wouldn't stop and take something? "Tired!' said I, "is it tired of seeing them beautiful young craythurs going past me? Little do you know of Corney Noonan! By the piper, I'll not quit grinding till every sweet sowl among them is blooming like the flowers in May! But as to the drop-if you've any thing convenient, why, it would be no hindrance to me.' 'What! grind them all over in one night, Corney?' says he. that takes the shine! Sure, I reckoned you'd be many a long month about it, for we tried, and a dozen of us couldn't give the wheel more than three turns in an hour, and besides, the women screeched so we were obliged to be done with it! However here's the glass, and more power to your elbow.' Well I was fresher then than ever, and whirled away so brisk, that the owld follow roared out several times to go asy and take care of the ladies' bones. Och, botheration!' says I, 'hould your tongue, man, and lave it all to me!

"Well, I ground and ground, till there was only one old lady left, and just as she was walking up the steps of the mill I heerd the crowing of a cock. Whisk, and away! There was neither mill nor old woman, nor any thing at all but Larry Toole's field, and meself floundering up to the neck in the wet rushes. At night, however, I went again as usual, but the fairy was not there. However, he wasn't long in coming, and so, 'Corney,' says he, 'we've no further call to you. We ground out the last old woman among us, after you made off wid yerself in such a suddent haste.' 'An' whare's Alley Doyle?'

says I, for I misdoubted he was going to chate me after all, as I'd done the work before the time specified. 'Alley Doyle?' says he, 'where would she be but at home with her aunt? All you have to do is to step in bouldly in the morning and ask\* for her. But when I get her, how will I keep her?' says I; being a fatherless and motherless boy, and noways well off in the world?' You see, genteels, I did not just like to ask him straight forward for the fortin' he'd promised me, but I thought there was no harm in giving him a hint about it. 'Just go you home to your bed,' says he, ' and lay one of your brogues in the door sill, and may be when you waken in the morning there won't be a sight worth seeing there.' I had rather he had paid me out of hand, for I didn't put much trust in him, but he whipped away into the rushes, and was gone, without so much as 'by your leave,' or 'good evening to you.' So I had nothing for it but to go home, and put my brogue on the treshold of the door as he had bid me. Not a wink was near my eyes that night, and I lay wide awake watching the door, but nobody came near it. With the dawn of day, I sprung up in despair, and sazed the brogue. Queen of glory! It was so heavy I could scarcely lift it, filled to the very top with bright golden guineas. I screeched out for joy. 'Great luck to you, my jewel,' says I, 'every day in the year, and to all the fairies in an' out of Ireland, for your sake. May the lusinore bloom purple in your homes, and the glow worms shine like stars in your paths, for the good turn you've done me this blessed day!' Then dressing myself as quick as possible, and putting on my new big coat, away I set with myself as soon as breakfast was over, to Larry Toole's farm. I put the guineas in the pockets of my my cota more,† and off as hard as I could run. May be I wouldn't have called the Lord Lieutenant my uncle, going as I was to see purty Alley Doyle, and my fortin' in my two pockets, banging against me every now and then, as if it was saying, 'Remember, Corney, you're a gentleman made!' When I got to Larry Toole's farm, the door of the house stood open, and I entered on the tips of my toes, as stately as I could, and a jenteel bow I made too, looking all about for Alley, but not a sowl was in the place at all, except a hen and chickens, picking among the pratee peels, and a pig that came grunting up to me, and looked in my face as sinsible as if he would say that there was nobody at home, but I was welcome notwithstanding. I took the hint and sated myself, and when I was tired of sitting, I put my hands into my pockets amongst the goolden guineas, fingering them, and walking up and down with mighty great pleasure.

"Presently I heard a light step, and who should come in but Alley Doyle herself, looking far purtier than ever; and as soon as she seen me she asked, What did you plase to want, if you plase?"

"'Arrah, my jewel, then,' says I, quite bowld, 'is it for you to ask what a boy wants when he comes in his best so early to the house you're condescending to inhibit?' (for I thought to myself 'surely now's the time my larnin' ought to come into use.) But she time my larnin' ought to come into use.) But she time my larnin' ought to come into use.) But she it my uncle you wor wanting?' says she. 'Och, ye beautiful darlin!' says I, falling on my knees in the

† Great coattized by GOOSIC

<sup>\*</sup> To "ask" for a person, amongst the lower Irish, means to make her an offer of marriage, not to inquire for her.

middle of the hen and chickens, that run ten ways at wanst, 'och,' says I, sazin' her hand, 'it's my heart is just burning up with the tinderness I've had for you ever since the first minute I seen you!" I expected she would either screech, or smile, or blush, or at laste, faint, and was just ready to catch her in my arms, but no such thing. She tuk her hand out of mine quite quiet, and without scarce changing colour. 'Pray,' says she, 'be so good as to tell me who you are, where you come from, and what's your fortin?' 'My name's Cornalius Noonan,' says I, and my mother was own cousin to Father Flynn. I come from Ringskiddery, and as for my fortin' I resaved it this morning in bright goolden guineas, and whenever I got it, I came here immediately to lay it at your darlin feet!' Let's see it!' says she, laughing and tossing back her head, a little scornful like, seeing's believing.' 'Hould up your apron, achnishlu,' says I, 'and I'll poor the money in, and if it was the riches of the Inges, you'd get it every penny.' With that she held out her apron, curling up her lip, as if she didn't believe me, and I, turning to one side, emptied my pocket into it. Wind! where were all my goolden guineas! I had nothing left but a parcel of stones and rubbish and I was nobody but poor Corney Noonan again! When Alley saw this, she set up a laugh that made the house ring again. A mighty fine fortin' ye have brought, and a purty arrant you've come upon!' says she. If I did not think you were an omadhaun born, I would call in the gossoons, and give you a warning you'd be like to remember while you live!'

"" Oh, Alley, Alley!" said I, sorrowfully, for I was nigh druv to despair, can you really be so cruel? I thought it was honest money, and if it had been I'd have made you welcome to every shilling. Och, then, bitter bad luck to the schaming ould blackguard that gev it me. Oh, Alley, Alley Doyle, have pity on me.' But there was not a pitiful inch about her. "We're much obleest to you, Mr. Noonan, says she, dropping a curtsey, but would rather be excused, and indeed, now I recollect, I'm to be married next week but one, to Paddy Byrne, of Inch-a-garron.' Och, the murdering desateful ould villin of a fairy!" says I, the me ever come near him, and I'll make an example of him!"

"I never dist come near the fairy, and I never went a coorting again!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

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#### THE STARS.

BY W. GILMORE SIMMS,

AUTHOR OF "ATALANTIS," "SOUTHERN PASSAGES AND PICTURES," "THE YEMASSEE," ETC.

THE night has settled down. A dewy hush Rests on the forest, save when fitful gusts Vex the tall pines with murmurs. Spring is here With breath all incense and with cheeks all bloom, And voice of many minstrels. Balmy airs Creep gently to my bosom, and beguile Each feeling into calm.—Let me go forth And gaze upon the stars ;-the uncounted stars, Holding high watch in heaven: still high, still bright, Though the storm gathers round the sacred hill And shakes the cottage roof-tree. There they shine, In well-remember'd youth. They bear me back, With strange persuasiveness, to the old time And happy hours of boyhood. There 's no change In all their virgin glory. Clouds that roll, And congregate in the azure deeps of heaven, In wild debate and darkness, pass away, Leaving them bright in the same beauty still, Defying, in the progress of the years, All change, and rising ever from the night, In soft and dewy splendour, as at first, When, golden foot-prints of the ETERNAL steps, They paved the walks of heaven, and grew to eyes Beckoning the feet of man. Ah! would his eyes Behold them, with meet yearning to pursue The holy heights they counsel! Would his soul Claim kindred with the happy forms that now, Walk by their blessed guidance-walk in heaven, In paths of the GOOD SHEPHERD! Then were earth Deserving of their beauty. Then were man Already following, step by step, their points, To the ONE PRESENCE ;-at each onward step Leaving new lights that cheer his brother on, In a like progress. Happily they shine, As in his hours of music and of youth, When every breath of the fresh coming breeze, And every darting vision of the cloud, Gleam of the day and glimmer of the night, Brought to the craving spirit harmony;

And blessed each fond assurance of the hope With sweetest confirmation .- Still they shine, And dear the story of their early prime-And his-the conscious worshipper may read In their enduring presence. Happiest tales Of innocence and joy, events and hours, That never more return. These they record, Renew, and hallow, with their own pure rays, When blight of age is on the frame-when grief Weighs the vexed heart to carth-when all beside, The father, and the mother, and the friend, Speak in decaying syllables-dread proof Of worse decay !- and that sad chronicler, Feeble and failing in excess of years, Old memory tottering from his mossy cell, Stops with the imperfect legend on his lips, And drowses into sleep. No change like this Falls on their golden eyed veracity. Takes from the silvery truths that line their lips, Or stales their lovely aspects. Well they know The years they never feel; see, without dread, The storm that rises, and the bolt that fulls. The age that chills, the apathy that chokes, The death that withers all that blooms below. Yet smile they on as ever, sweetly bright, Serene in their security from all The change that troubles man. Yet, hill and tree Change with the season, with the altered heart, And weak and withering muscle. Ancient groves That sheltered me in childhood, have given place To gaudy gardens; and the solemn oaks, That heard the first prayers of my youthful heart For greatness and a life beyond their own, Lo! in their stead, a maiden's slender hand Tutors green vines, and purple buds, and flow'rs, As frail as her own fancies. At each step, I miss some old companion of my walks, Memorial of the happy hours of youth. Whose presence had brought back a thousand joys, And images that took the shape of joys—
The loveliest manquers, and all innocent—
That vanish'd with the rest.—Brooks that stole away
To greenest margins, and beguiled the ears,
Down-trickling ceaseless, with low murmuring song,
Have left their arid channels to the sun,
Who, when the guardian forest was withdrawn,
Rifled their virgin sources.

Not with these. Ah! not with things that know and feel decay Beek we the sweet memorials of our youth-The youth that seems immortal-youth that blooms With hues and hopes of heaven-proud youth that burns, With aspirations for eternal life, Perpetual triumph, and the ambitious thirst, For other worlds and waters of domain. In tokens of the soul-that craving thirst That earth supplies not-in the undying things That man can never change, beyond his change, Seek we the sweet memorials of our youth; That season when the fancy is a god; Hope an assurance-love an instinct-Truth The generous friend, that, ever by our side, Hath still the sweetest story for the ear, And wins us on our way. Ah, stars, ye bring This happy season back; and in my heart, Stand up the old divinities anow! I hear their well known voices, see their even Shining once more in mine, and straight forget. That I have wept their loss in many tears, Mix'd with reproaches; bitter, sad regrets, Self-chidings, and the memory of wrongs, Endured, inflicted, suffered, and avenged!

As I behold ye now, ye bring me back, The treasures of my boyhood. All returns, That I had long forgotten. Scarce a scene, Of childish prank or merriment, but comes With all the freshness of the infant time. Back to my recollection.—The old school, The noisy rabble, the tumultuous cries :-The green, remember'd in the wintry day, Por the encounter of the flying ball ;-The marble play, the hoop, the top, the kite; And-when the ambition prompted higher games-The battle-array and conflict-friends and foes, Mixed in the wild melee, with shouts of might Triumphant o'er the clamours of retreat !-These, in their regular seasons, with their deeds, Their incidents of happiness or pain, In the revival of old memories. Your lovely lights restore: nor these alone! The chroniclers of riper years ve grew, And loftier thoughts and fancies; and my heart Then took ye for sweet counsellors, and loved To wander in your evening lights, and dream Of other eyes that watched ye from afar At the same hour-and other hearts that gushed In a sweet yearning sympathy with mine! And as the years flew by-as I became Warier, yet more devoted-fix'd and strong-Growing in the affections and the thoughts When growth had ceased in stature—then, when life, Wing'd with impetuous passions, darted by, And voices grew into a spell that hung Through the dim hours of night, about the heart Making it tremble strangely; -- when dark eyes Were stars that had a power over us, As fated, dimly, at nativity:-And older men were monitors too dull For passionate youth; and reason and all excellence, (Falling in bonied sentences from lips, That, if they vied with coral, must have won;) Were to be gather'd from one source alone. Whose thought and word were inspiration, life, That we had barter'd life itself to win!-How sweet was then your language! What fond strains Of promise ye pour'd forth, in sounds that made The impatient soul leap upwards into flight, The skies stoop down and yield to every wish, While earth, embraced by heaven, instinct with love, And blessing, had forgot all fears of death!

The brightness of your age in every change, Mocks that which palsies man. Dim centuries That saw your fresh beginnings with delight, Are swallowed in the ocean-flood of years, Or crowd with ruin the gray sands of Time, Who still with appetite and thirst unslaked, Active, but unappeased—voracious still, Must swallow what remains. Sweet images, Whose memories woke our song—whose forms abide—The heart's ideal standard of delight—Are gone to people those dim realms of shade, Where rules the past—that sovereign, single-eyed, Whose back is on the sun!

Ah I when all these-The joys we have recorded, and the forms Whose very names were blessings-forms of youth, Of childhood, and the hours we know not twice, Which won us first and carried us away To strange conceits of coming happiness-But to be thought on as delusions all Vet such delusions as we still must love!-When these have parted from us-when the sky Has lost the charm of its etherial blue. And the nights lose their freshpess; and the trees. No longer have a welcome shade for love, And the moon wanes into a paler bright, And all the poetry that stirr'd the leaves, And all the perfume that was on the flow'rs, Music upon the winds, wings in the cloud, The carpetted vallies wealth of green-the dew That morning flings on the enamell'd moss-The hill-side, the acclivity, the grove-Sweeter that solitude is sleeping there !-Are gone, as the last hope of misery:-

When the one dream of thy deluded life Hath left thee, to awaken-not to see The golden morning but the heavy night; When sight itself is weariness, and hone No longer gathers from the barren path One flow'r of promise !- when disease is nigh, And all thy bones are racking, and thy thought Is of dry, nauseous, ineffectual drugs, Which thou wilt painfully swallow, but in vain;-And not a hand is nigh to quench thy thirst With one poor cup of water ;- and thine eve Strains for the closing heavens, and the sweet sky Which thou art losing-and dread images, Meetly successive, of the sable pall, And melancholy carriage, crowd around, And make thee shudder with a stifling fear;--When thou hast bid adieu to earthly things, Fought through the long, worst struggle with thyself, Of resignation to that sovereign will, Thou may'st no longer baffle or delude-And offer'd up thy prayer of penitence, Doubtful of its acceptance, yet prepared As well as thy condition will admit For the last change in thy unhappy life! -Bid them throw wide thy casement, and look forth, And take thy last look of the placid sky, And all the heavenly watchers which have seen Thy fair beginning, and thy rising youth, And thy tall manhood. They will bear thee back With all the current of thy better thoughts To the pure practice of thy innocent childhood;-Repentant, then, of errors, evil deeds, Imaginings of darkness-thou wilt weep Over thy recollections, and thy tears, The purest tribute of thy contrite heart, Will be as a sweet prayer sent up to heaven!

# IN GRIEF COMPANIONSHIP IS SWEET.

SELECTED FROM "THE POET," BY W. J. WALTER.

COMPOSED BY SIGNOR A. L. RIBAS,

AND RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED BY HIM TO THE LADIES OF PHILADELPHIA.





## For the Lady's Book.

#### MY SISTER.

#### FROM A PASTOR'S JOURNAL.

Eighteen years ago I was left in a strange land with no relation but a little sister, about three years of age. My mother had emigrated from England with a second husband, and the heat of the first American summer, together with the fatigues of a long voyage, proved too much for her feeble frame to endure. We kneeled beside her death bed, the one eleven, the other three years old and received her parting blessing, and heard her last prayer, the warm pressure of that soft hand, and the sweet tones of that gentle voice have never been forgotten in the stormiest hour of life. Dying, she bade me love my sister, and if ever a dying admonition was obeyed, that was in the fullest sense. She was my idol-the lily predominated in her complexion, but the rose was permitted to blush permanently upon her fair cheek, and in moments of excitement it asserted its right, and suffused her face and neck with its crimson. She was my only treasure, but when I looked into her light blue eyes, and run my fingers through the flaxen curls which waved upon her shoulders, I was happy. About a year we lived under the same roof, it became the pride of my heart to protect her, I once rose from a bed of sickness and fastened like a tiger upon the Amazonian sister of my hostess who had presumed to undertake the work of her correction for some trifling offence, and her slightest expressed wish would

bring me to her side, in the wildest hour of my playfulness. One day she was rather melancholy, her nurse set forward her little rocking-chair, there she sat for an hour, singing a hymn, with the chorus,

> "I will praise him, I will praise him, Where shall I thy praise begin?"

I left her awhile, but was soon called to "run for the doctor, as little Maria had the croup." I ran, be: Dr. Mowry was absent. I returned again and again, but still he came not; the disease baffled all the skill of her attendants. Once she exclaimed, " Poor R \*\*! don't cry, you will see me again in heaven." Wildly I rushed again for the physician, this time he had returned, and was on his way in another direction to the house. There I arrived just in time to hear the expression fall from his lips, "it is all over!" walked forward, and my only sister was lying cold upon the bosom of her affectionate nurse. did I more fervently pray for death. I would then cheerfully have followed, but I was wrong. God always does what is best, but I would not have my firm faith that I shall meet her and know her m heaven, weakened, for all the joys of earth. ven, Christ will be the centre of attraction, but a thousand happy spirits, who bask in his beams, will hold sweet intercourse with each other.

## THE SHATTERED TREE.

BY JOSEPH R. CHANDLER.

IT is nearly ten years since, in the pride of our heart, we purchased two Linden trees, and with our own hand set them out in front of our office. They grew, the one slowly, with small promise, and the other rapidly, with evidence of unusual vigour, sending out its branches in a broad circumference, and enriching the neighbourhood with its palmy beauty, and making the air redolent with the sweets of its summer blossoms; it was a goodly tree to look upon, and made its lean and half leafless neighbour look doubly deso-Poor little thing! its scrawny branches were poorly served with leaves, and its trunk was long, thin, and consumptive; it seemed as if the earth had forgotten its richness at its roots, and the air refused its wholesome influence to its leaves; it was a sad contrast to its flourishing brother, the pride at once of the neighbourhood and of its owner.

That thrifty tree had this year, in consequence of a liberal bestowal of richer earth and some kindly care among its limbs, sent forth a body of foliage that made it marvellous among the arborial beauties of our street. The storms and winds of the last month had only increased its foliage, and apparently strengthened its limbs; and yesterday we stood at our window admiring the gorgeous exhibition of leaves and the rich promise of those buds whose lovely blossoms scent the air with their sweetness. The light wind bent the branches gracefully, and turned up the leaves so as to mingle the various shades of green in playful beauty. It was a lovely sight, and

we felt a pride of heart at our ownership, though we wished that its stunted neighbour had been like to it in size and beauty. A strong puff of wind caused the tree to bow before us as if sensible of and reciprocating our feelings. It was a graceful stoop, and we were about to express our admiration of its new elegance, when, to our deep mortification, we we saw that it would not recover—the reclining of its head was its last—its lowly bend was to have no repentance—and the whole mass of limbs and foliage fell before us upon the pavement, leaving the trunk branchless, leafless, and scathed. The despised, unthrifty tree, stands firm, and not without comeliness.

The worms had struck at the wood of the tree just where the limbs branch off from the trunk; and, concealed beneath its bark, they luxuriated upon its life sap until the very objects of its pride, and that which made it attractive, became the occasion of its fall. How full of subjects for profitable contemplation are all these things; and were it our cue to moralize, we might find food for the inclination in the untoward event of which we speak.

Our friends advise us to have another tree placed instead of the trunk that now stands solitary before our door; but we say no—let us see what that will produce—let us see what of vitality is left. Something may yet come of it; the roots are vigorous and well supplied with earth. "There is hope of a tree if there be root, though the tender branches thereof, decay and the stock wax old in the ground."

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### TEARS FOR THE DEAD.

INSCRIBED TO ONE DECRASED.

BY LEWIS J. CIST.

DEPARTED one! upon thy bier
No flowers of vain regret we strew;
But joy thou canst no longer, here,
Sorrow, and care, and anguish know:
Oh! not for thee should tears be shed,
To dim the pinion pure and bright,
Of the redeemed spirit, spread
Rejoicing, for its upward flight.

Yet tears were shed, when thou did'st die, And loving hearts were bathed in woe, And dimm'd was many a manly eye, When thy fair form was stricken low; If love devoted might retain Its idol ever by its side.—
Redeem from death those dear.—Oh! then, Belov'd one. thou hadst never died!

If tears availed to wake the dead,—
If grief might call the lost-loved back,—
For thee were tears unnumber'd shed,
Our cries were wafted on thy track:
Yet no! in sorrow for our loss,
Should we forget thy glorious gain?
Oh! what might tempt thy steps to cross
Again life's dark and toilsome main?

Should tears be shed for thee?—who now,
In you far heaven of glory bright,
Art bathing thy colestial brow,
In floods of pure and wavy light;—
With the angelic host enroll'd,
And sharing in their blest employ,
Who tune their harps of shining gold
To 'everlasting sougs of joy!—

In that blest world no tears can dim
The glory of the ransom'd soul;
But joyous song of seraphim
Through all-undying ages roll;
Then should we mourn that thou art gone
From world like ours where tears abound,
To know the brightness of that dawn,
Where never dark'ning cloud is found.

No! loved one, no!—upon thy bier
No tears of vain regret be shed;
We joy thou art no longer here,
With life's dark snares encompassed;—
That with the loved of God on high,
Thou dwellest in eternal day,
Where "tears are wiped from every eye,
And grief and sighing flee away!"

#### EDITORS' TABLE.

"But here the needle plies its busy task."

THE art of sewing was the first invention of human skill; and doubtless the first manufacture of Tubal-cain was that of needles. The art has nover been lost; wherever man and woman are found, savage or civilized, sewing, in some manner, is practised. In truth, so universal is this practice, that it seems an instinct rather than an art, and a distinguishing characteristic of the human race from every other species of animated nature.

It must be obvious that an art, so long and constantly practised, has had a powerful effect on the character as well as comfort of mankind; and had we time for the investigation, it might easily be shown that the refinement of society is mainly dependent upon the perfection to which needlework is adwanced, and the estimation in which it is held, and, consequently, that woman, to whom this branch of industry is almost entirely conceded, wields over the destinies of nations a weapon, in the "polished shaft," more powerful than the sword of the conqueror. Such a dissertation is foreign from our purpose, however; but our readers will easily, without our prompting, refer the improvement of manners to different eras in the art of sewing, from that of necessity to the needlework of convenience, of elegance, of luxury. Then comes the crowning grace, when the work of fair fingers is made subservient to the luxury of doing good.

One of the chief graces of charity, fostered by the needle, is the "Ladies' Fair." What wonderful improvements there must be in human society before these Fairs can be held! Think of the difference between the ignorant, degraded wife of the savage, working in her lonely miserable hut, the mocasins for her master, and the intelligent, accomplished, and respected ladies of New England, invited by the men to assist as equals and friends, in contributing, by the aid of their fair

fingers, to the completion of one of the most sacred memorials of national gratitude! The "Bunker Hill Monument Ladies" Fair"-to be holden in Boston,\* during the second week in September will be one of the most splendid spectacles of female industry and ingenuity ever seen. In our next number we shall be able to give a better description than we can at present, of the aim and arrangements (though the latter are now nearly made) of this grand Fair.—We shall then know its results also; so we will defer the subject, which we introduce here chiefly to remark, that as our time is devoted to the business of the Fair, our readers will be mainly indebted to the excellent taste and untiring industry of the publisher, who is also one of the editors, for the good things which they may discover in the Lady's Book of this month. Mrs. Sigourney, though absent on a visit to England, still furnishes her regular contributions.

We have not leisure this month to examine all our correspondents' favours. Next month we will endeavour to give a longer "file."—But we do wish our young poets would write a legible hand. This poring over cramp characters, written with blue ink on blue paper, is a trial of patience which we hope Job never had to endure.

\* We write this August 19th, being obliged, in consequence of the large edition of the Lady's Book, and the distance to which the circulation extends, to prepare each number a month or more in advance of the time it is issued.—S. J. H.

Erratum.—In an article, 'Sketch of Madame Feller'—which appeared in our last number, is a mistake which requires correction, as it may mislead those who wish to send contributions to the school. The place where the mission is established is Grand Ligns not Grand Segns. See pages 136 and 7.

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#### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Rill joining rill, and running ever, In time will form a stately river; Not so the little rills of song, Each independent steals along, And cannot, spite of all endeavour, Swell to a mighty stream! no, never.

P. PINDAR.

#### Poems: by Rev. John Pierpont.

Right glad are we to announce that a volume, from the pen of this gifted writer may soon be expected. It is, we understand, in press—but one of the leaves having, fortunately for our readers, fallen in our way, we cannot resist the opportunity of placing it in our "Book." It is a gem, where thought, fancy, and feeling, like the changing rays of the diumond, flash a new light, as it were, on every stanza. But, judge for yourself, reader.

# AN OCTOBER SUNDAY MORNING, AT CAMBRIDGE, MASS. It had rained in the night; but the morning's birth

Was as calm and as still as even;
The heralds of day were awake in their mirth,
For the sun, in his glory, was coming to earth,
And the mists had gone to heaven.
The winds were asleep; so soft was the weather,
Since the storm had spent its might,
Not an angel of morning had lifted a feather,
Or whispered a word, for hours together,

Or breathed a "farewell!" to night.

The fields were green, and the world was clean;
The young smokes curled in air,
And the clear toned bell danced merrily to tall

The student's hour of prayer.
The elm's yellow leaf, that the frost had dyed,
Caught the yellower sun as he came in pride
Down the church's spire and the chapel's side-

As learning's pale and dark-robed throng Moved on to morning's prayer and soug, One of the train, who walked alone, One, to the rest but little known, Whose way of worship was his own, Moved tardily, till, by degrees, He stopped among the glittering trees, [77]

'Till the rest in the hall had assembled:—
For the diamond drops of the mist hung there,
All meltingly strung on the stiff, straight hair
Of the shrubbery larch. The sun's flash came
And wrapped the bush, all at once, in flame;
Yet its glorious locks never trembled.

Not Horeb's bush to Moses' eye
Was fuller of the Deity.

The worshipper gazed; 't was a glorious sight!
As the pageant blazed in its rainbow light,
He was bowing his heart adoringly.
From the bush, that in silence and purity burned,
To commune with the spirit that filled it he learned,
And from earth I saw that his eyes were turned,
And lifted to heaven imploringly.

Godolphin By E. L. Bulwer, Bart. M. P. M. A. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a new and revised edition of a tale well known to our readers. The following is Bulwer's notice:—"This novel ranks in the class of my earliest compositions, and has, in addition to its other defects, those that might naturally result from the youth of the author. A few passages in the former edition, which appeared to me blemishes, have been omitted in the present; and some corrections and additions made, tending, let me hope, to improve the details of the narrative, and to render more minute the delineation of the characters."

London, April 17, 1840.

The Futalist. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We are somewhat puzzled what to say of this book. So many bad actions have to be done to accomplish the author's aim and moral, that we almost regret that so much valuable

writing has been wasted, when, with a better aim, the author might have made a very superior book. It is well written and very interesting, and the moral good. From what we now see we are satisfied that the future writings of this author will command attention.

The Fireside Friend, or Female Student: Being advice to young Ludies on the important subject of Education, with an Appendix, on Moral and Religious Education, from the French of Madame de Saussure, by Mrs. Phelps. late Vice Principal of Troy Female Seminary. March, Capen, Lyoa & Webb, Boston. Carry & Hart, Philadelphia.

The call for successive editions of this very useful and well-written work, and the fact of its having been reprinted and extensively circulated in England and Scotland, cannot but prove flattering to the talented authoress, and well calculated to stimulate her active efforts in the cause of education, whose interests she has so importantly served. We trust that, in so sense of the word, have her excrtions been unrewarded.

Rambles about the Country: by Mrs. E. F. Ellet. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

These sketches of rambles, in various parts of the Unios, are prepared for the juvenile series of THE SCHOOL LIBEARY. They are touched off in that eary and graphic manner, so characteristic of Mrs. Ellet's pen, and which, on more than one occasion, has charmed the readers of the Lady's Bock. Though the present sketches are designed for the school-room they will be found of a character to interest all classes of readers. In an age so marked by the mania for foreign travel, they will serve to inculcate a truth too little attended to—that people should not be ambitious of witnessing the grand and the beautiful of foreign lands, till they are more familiar with the interesting and splendid scenery to be found at home.

The Pleasures of Taste, and other Stories; selected from the writings of Miss Jane Taylor, with a Sketch of her Life by Mrs. Sarah J Hale, author of "Traits of American Life." "Ladies" Wreath, "&c. Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This is a work of practical utility and principally intended for younger readers, who will not fail to benefit greatly by its perusal. To use Mrs. Hale's own words-" Many teachers are required to educate the young: the living teacher addresses the pupil in speech and by example; the dead instruct by their writings and the record of their lives. Jane Taylor is one of the latter class; all she wrote was intended to inculcate good principles and right feelings." The memorials of such a woman could not fail to gratify a useful curiosity, and Mrs. Hale has collected them into a sketch of this admirable writer, which is clear and satisfactory. One of the last letters written by Miss Taylor, is to an orphan boy, whose mother had been her friend; it speaks highly for the soundness of her judgment and the goodness of her heart, and cannot be too frequently inculcated upon the attention of the young. It will be found at p. 13.

The Juvenile Budget opened: Being Selections from the writings of Dr. John Aikin, with a Sketch of his Life, also by Mrs. Hale. Marsh. Capen, Lyon & Webb, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

There have been few books of the kind more justly po pular, thau the "Evenings at Home." Mrs. Hale, persuaded that " it is an advantage to the young, to know the character of their teachers, and among them oftentimes the most efficient are those who write expressly for children," has separated from that work the papers belonging to Dr. Aiken, and has added a sketch of his life, with a view to bring him familiarly as a friend before the minds of his readers. In the present, as in the instance just cited, Mrs. Hale has executed her task with fidelity and conciseness. Both these works belong to that excellent publication "The School Library," to which we have before had occasion to allude in terms of merited praise. To clothe the various subjects of literature and science in a popular and attractive garb, and in this manner to entice the youthful reader to more recondite works; to keep economy always in view, and yet to hold out sufficient inducements to employ the pen of some of the most eminent of our literati, male and female, is an undertaking

which cannot fail of being duly appreciated, and of fully accomplishing the important object it has in view. L. A. G.

Master Humphrey's Clock. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

We hope it may never run down. Every number increases in interest. Boz has again got among the show folks, and well be handles them. We are anxious to see when Mr. Swiveller closes up the "only avenue left to the Strand."

Friendship's Offering. Marshall, Williams & Butler, Philadelphia.

This first of the Annuals, edited by that excellent poetess, Miss C H. Waterman, is already on our table. In contains ten Engravings, several very good, particularly the Novice by Dodson, which is a masterpiece. The Midshipman we cannot praise. Cushman has done credit to that beautiful painting, the "Indian Hater," by Russell Smith. The wounded Dove, by Dodson, is also beautiful. The reading matter is excellent, but why need we say that, when we have mentioned that it is edited by Miss Waterman. The book is very well printed, and is handsomely done up in embossed covers.

Resume des Vouages, Decouvretes, et Conquetes des Portugais, en Afrique et en Asie. au xvme et xvime siecles; par Mme H. Dujarday, 2 vols. 8vo. Paris, 1839.

We learn that Madame Dujardy, the authoress of the above manuel of the Voyages, Discoveries, and Conquests of the Portuguese, in Africa and Asia, in the 15th and 16th centuries, is the Lady Superior of a religious house of education in Pensacola, Florida. She is represented as one of the most philanthropic matrons in this country. She is a native of France, but has located herself permanently in Pensacola. whore she superintends the education of young ladies. Her volume contains a well drawn sketch of a series of the most remarkable enterprises that ever stimulated the energies of man, which are condensed into a rapid yet satisfactory narrative. The volumes are inscribed to the "People of the U. States," in an English dedication, which we transcribe. " I dedicate the fruits of several years' study to the nation most ready to welcome the stranger, to the people who first showed the example of liberty of conscience and opinion. Their commerce extends over the globe, their ships are seen on every sea, their flag, though every where now a symbol of union and peace, is yet associated with the warlike reminiscence of an independence gained at the sword's point, in the victorious struggles of a nation in its very cradle, against the most powerful maritime force of Europe; and it is to them, of all others, that we should offer a history of those intrepid seamen, who, despising danger, and trampling upon the terrors of an unknown ocean, were the first to widen the narrow limits of navigation, and probably awakened the genius of the great man, to whom the world owes the discovery of the New Continent. The success of Columbus was followed by the brilliant exploits of Vasco da Gama, Alphonso d' Albuquerque, and Juan da Castro; for it is the nature of noble and daring spirits to excite the emulation of contemporary and kindred minds. It is deeply to be regretted that the reader is often saddened and shocked at the many instances of cruelty and despotism that occur in the history of these heroes of the Indies. But he must recollect, that he not unfrequently finds beside them bright traits of courage, honour, and self-devoting zeal. Their vices were of the time, their virtues emoble human nature in all ages."

Border Beagles: by the author of Richard Hurdis. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

There is not a page of this book that does not contain an adventure or an incident. The author says in the outset that he does not mean to bore his reader with love scenes, and he does not. The love making is understood. Tom Horsey is a character we have never before met in a book, but we knew Tom, at least we knew a person so very like him, that we think he must have sat for the portrait. There is an originanality and a freshness about the characters that is pleasant.

Rawlins for instance, so carefully on the look out for professions for his children, and they not yet born We object to all mysterious dwarfs, we don't believe in them, but the one in this book acts a very conspicuous part and acts it well too. The adventure in Cane Castle with the freebooters, who are taken for a company of nomedians by Horsey, is not to be surpassed in any modern novel. It is the most mirth provoking scene that lives in our remembrance. The joint stock company of travelling comedians, some few years since, would have taken like wild fire. Our friend, General Morris, is mentioned in the book.

Indian Wars in the United States: from the Discovery to the present Time, from the best authorities, by William V. Moore. R. W. Pomeroy, Philadelphia, 1840.

This book is by far the most elegantly got up of any of its class which we have ever seen. It has no less than fifty-three engravings, designed by Croome and engraved by Minot; and the binding is really quite gorgeous.

The plan of the work is to give a general history of the great Indian wars, by which as well as by purchase, the vast territory which now constitutes the Republic of the United States, was acquired. The style is clear and lucid; and the story is told in that straight forward, undiscursive manner, which best suits a reader who is intent upon the main subject. It is judiciously divided into chapters, each of which gives the history of a single Indian war, complete in itself. The rambling, roundabout, prolix style in which the subject has generally been traited in books, renders a work of the masterly character of the one before us, quite a desideratum to the historical as well as the general reader.

Rambles in the Footsteps of Don Quizote: by the late H. D. Inglis, author of "Spain," "New Gil Blas," &c. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

This volume is a remarkable illustration of that extraordinary faculty of the mind, the power of association. We have here an instance of a mind early imbued with the spirit of Cervantes, which at an after period, broods over its recollections of that great man and the immortal creation of his genius, till the recollections become a reality, and assume "a local habitation and a name." Sir Thomas More, in his "Utopia," and Dean Swift, in his "Gulliver's Travels," were the creators of a new scene, in which ideal existences were embodied forth, and made to assume all the reality of truth. But they were purely the efforts of a creative imagination. The present work is the effort of an active imagination, not drawing solely upon its own resources, but relying upon the aid of association, and working out of the materials afforded by that power of the mind, a work not less captivating than the great original upon the reminiscences of which it is built up. In following the footsteps of the Knight and his Squire, he has become one of the party; he is identified with the group, and an actor in the scenes which are a second time made to start into life beneath the wand of a powerful magician.

No votary of romance, no lover of genuine humour, but will read and re-read this charming little volume, of which we do not hesitate to say, that it creates an epoch of its own.

Will not some of our publishers put forth an edition of the Gil Blas, by Mr. Inglis.

Adventures of Harry Lorrecquer.—We understand that Carey & Hart are about to reprint this charming work. Having read an English copy, we can safely say that for adventure, incident, wit, pathos, and sentiment, there is no book—and we do not even except Boz—and the reader of both works will agree with us—that can surpass the inimitable Harry Lorrecquer. If successful, and we cannot for a moment doubt it, it will be followed up by "Charles O'Malley, the Irish Drog-on," by the same author. Two books, the perusal of which would operate upon the valetudinarian with the same charm as the perusal of Walter Scott does upon the rheamatism of our friend Waldie.

#### NOTICES TO CORRESPONDENTS.

The poetry in September number, "To R. P." by E. N. Gamble, should be Miss E. N. Gamble.

The author of "The Two Emilys" has one important quality of writing—ease. His tale wants finish. Revised and retouched by him, it might pass.

We would beg leave to suggest to a "Passenger from Baffalo," whether the object of his communication is not of too local a character for a general periodical. Would not the Baffalo papers be a more suitable place for his queries, and for the attainment of the laudable object in view.

That the author of "Lines by Amicus" possesses powers of description, his opening lines will prove.

"The lulling chime of waters, and the gleam Of silvery stars bespangling the stream, Rippling from darkness to the trembling play, And holy streaming of the moon's soft ray; The dreamy music of the cricket's song Thrilling the clustering foliage among; The hush'd low rustlings of the shadowy trees As sway their branchlets to the sleepy breeze, Fragrant with odours from the clover hay And dewy wild flowers—."

#### But poetry, as Pope says,

"Where pure description holds the place of sense," cannot but prove very unprofitable both to the author and his readers.

#### DESCRIPTION OF FASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Muslin morning dress, made high in the neck.— The corrage is a surplice shape, with bishop sleeves. Apron of plaid silk, trimmed with black lace. Muslin morning cap, trimmed with flowers. The tout ensemble of this dress is remarkable for its simplicity and beauty.

Fig. 2.—Striped changeable silk corsage, plain, and folds down the front, and confined with bands and buttons. Bishop sleeves, parted at the top, with buttons and bands to correspond with the other parts of the dress. Satin bonnet, either pink or white, trimmed with yellow or red flowers as may best suit the complexion, (our plates are coloured in both ways.) Muslin shawl, trimmed with lace and lined with silk.

Fig. 3.—Dress of pou de soie, plain corsage. Trimmed from the shoulder to the waist, down the front, and around the bottom of the skirt, with a bias fold edged with lace. Bishop sleeves, with three puffs at the top. Silk bonnet trimmed with flowers. This dress is the greatest novelty of the season.

Our number for November will contain the Fashionable Cloaks for the season—that for December, several specimens of the latest fashions for Ball Dresses.

As the theatres in the principal cities of the Union have opened for the winter season, and as parties will soon commence, we give a description of a variety of head dresses and other ornaments, suitable for places of amusement, evening parties and ball rooms.

Some head dresses are formed by a pearl or gold bandeau, which crosses the forehead, and two large Italian pins which traverse the tresses of hair, arranged in bows almost on the nape of the neck, and crossing in such a manner as nearly to touch the ears. Several of these head dresses have the front hair arranged in soft bands, but ringlets are more in favour.

Turbans.—Those of plain velvets, either white or black, and fringed with gold, are remarkably elegant, and are placed very far back upon the head. Some are made without a foundation, so as to suffer the tresses in which the hind hair is arranged to pass through; others, instead of a velvet foundation, have one formed of gold net or beads; these last are peculiarly elegant. The turbans composed of English point laces, with very small foundations, and ornamented with two points drooping on the sides, and retained as high as the temples by jewelled arescents, are very beautiful. Others

have the ends falling at each side, and retained near the temples by two half wreaths of roses, without leaves.

Small Bonnets.—Those formed only of trio lace lappets and two sprigs of velvet flowers, are much in request for the theatre; these are considered as an elegant coffuse for a young married lady. They are adopted also in ball dress by those who do not dance.

Hair.—The front hair in bands, with or without the ends braided, and turned up again, or in long full ringlets. The back hair is still worn dressed as low as possible at the back of the neck, in braids, chignons, and rouleaux. Lappets are frequently intermixed with the flowers. Peronnières are very fashionable.

Torques have lost nothing of their vogue. They are composed of velvet, and encircled with folds of velvet forming an aureole; a large sprig of flowers composed of jewels, is placed on one side, and droops over the other, in the style of a bird of paradise. Some are made with the sprig composed of gold flowers instead of jewels.

#### A WASHINGTON ANECDOTE.

For full three months he had been working With vigour at his violin, S.ill o'er the eternal lesson perking, Resolv'd Apollo's smiles to win. At length, this embryo Paganini feels Sufficient courage, and his plan reveals:—

"I trust, Miss Anna, I've some progress made, Indeed I have the hope, and very soon, Before your door, while shines the conscious moos, To greet you with a serenade."

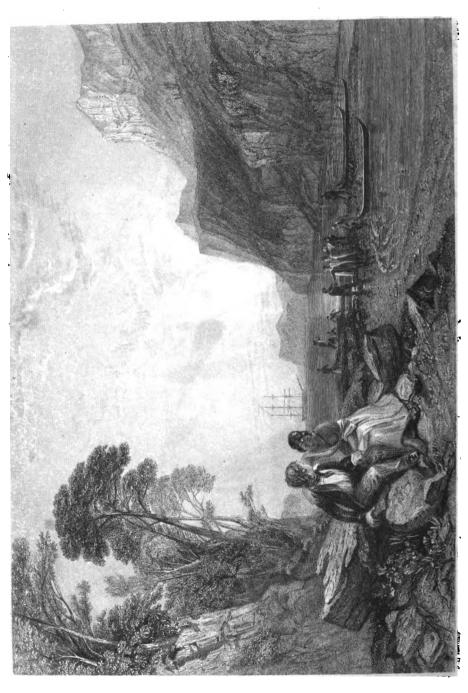
The lady of the laughing eye,
With air demure, and look so sly,
Thus to the tweful artist made reply:
"Nay, nay, good sir, ne'er dream of such a caper,
Talk not of fiddling and such stuff;
Our door already has one scraper,
And one, sir, at a time, is quite enough!" w. 1. w.

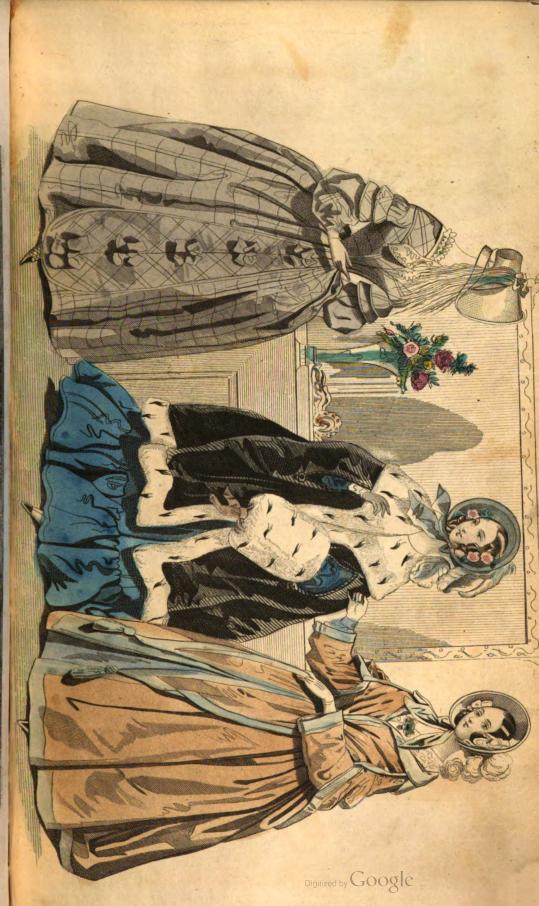
Another in want of a name. A new work has been started at the west, called "The Western Lady's Book." It is presumed that the contents of the work must be very poor, as the publishers have not invention enough for a name; but must steal one ready made. It will meet the fate, we presume, of its quondam namesake, the Southern Lady's Book. Ours is The Lady's Book intended for the North, South, East, and West. Nothing can be more indicative of the popularity of our work than these frequent attempts to rob us of our name, and the host of rogues who infest the country, procuring sabscribers, unauthorised by the publisher. Not a number of the Book is published that we do not have occasion to mention one or two new names.

We may soon expect to be favoured with some of Mrs. Sigourney's impressions of foreign scenery and manners. We need scarcely mention to our readers that the Lady's Book will be the vehicle to convey them to her countrywomen.

Since publishing the Lady's Book we never have had a daty so unpleasant as that which we are now about to perform. It is beyond a doubt that the whole of our southern mail, containing the August number of the Lady's Book, was lost in the unfortunate steamboat North Carolina. We ask our subscribers to sympathise with us as it will be impossible to duplicate the number; but we will endeavour to give the best things in that number, before the volume closes. Duplicates of the Engraving of the Pilgrim and the Fashion Plate will be sent to all those who give us notice-postage free-in the succeeding number of the Book. We have no doubt on such an occasion as this, the various Post Masters, who have always been extremely kind, will frank or write letters containing said notice. It will be seen, upon reference to the cover, that sor scoundrel who is soliciting subscribers for a neighbouring publication, has made use of the calamity to spread a report that the Lady's Book had been discontinued. We know him and will find a way to fequite him.







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### GODEY'S

## L A D Y'S B O O K.

NOVEMBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

## THE INDIAN MAID'S FAREWELL.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

An yes! she cried, with aching heart,
The fondest ones are doom'd to part!
The hour I long have view'd with fear,
The dreaded moment now is here;
Yet do I thank the pitying powers,
Who make this precious moment ours;
That here, beneath this conscious shade,
Where our first vows of love were made,
After each pledge of fondness past,
"Tis given to bid farewell at last.
For such sweet boon, she gently said,
How grateful is thy Indian maid!

And must yon broad, broad waters sever, Wide as they roll, our hearts for ever? Ah no! the farewell we are taking, With tearful eye and bosom aching, Is but the passing gloom that shrouds The glorious sun; the parting clouds Before his splendour melt away, And add fresh lustre to the day; So the fond hope to meet again Shall turn to joy the present pain, And bless once more, she smiling said, The bosom of thy Indian maid.

Ah no! this sweet, sequester'd spot,
Shall never, never be forgot.
The feelings of this hour shall rise,
The scene shall live before mine eyes,
E'en as the warm reality,
That here I touch, that here I see;
Again this arm shall rest on thine,
Again thy hand be clasp'd in mine;
Those eyes shall look on me as now,
Those lips breathe forth the self-same vow.
And yet, the vision fair, she said,
Comes but to cheat thy Indian maid!

And yet, how pleasing! though it may Cheat but one moment, and away!
Yet, ah! what feelings will o'ercast
The spirit, when it fades at last.
When flies the vision bright and fair,
And cold reality is there;

When of thy voice the magic flies, And on my ear its music dies, And harshly on my waking dream Breaks the wild sea bird's startling scream. It breaks the heart! she faltering said;— She feels it kere—thy Indian maid!

And when I see thy parting sail
Spread forth to catch the fav'ring gale,
That hears thee from my native strand
To that unknown and far-off land;
Then will I climb you rocky steep
That widely overlook the deep;
This scarf—thy keepsake—still to you
Shall fondly wave a last adicu;
Forget not then:—these eyes shall strain
To catch the farewell waved again.
Tears fell—with faltering voice she said,
Forget not then thy Indian maid!

This moss-grown seat, this quiet spot Shall never, never be forgot! In hours when tender thoughts of thee Come sadly o'er the memory, I'll hie me hither, and renew Fond moments that too swiftly flew. Yes, here I'll wake to life again These mingled hours of joy and pain; And feeling all that now I feel, In sighs my bursting heart reveal. Such hours so passed, she sadly said, Alone can cheer thy Indian maid!

But see! below, in yonder bay
Thy messmates beckon thee away;
See my impatient brethren, too,
Push from the shore their light canoe.
They tell us 'tis the hour to part:
If eel it here—this sinking heart
Is conscious that its gentlest stay,
Its only prop is torn away;
My spirit fuils—one moment more
Support me, and the trial's o'er.
One last embrace,—nor chide, she said,
The weakness of thy Indian maid!

#### vol. xxi.—17

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE BEAUTY TRANSFORMED.

BY MRS. CAROLINE LEE HENTZ.

"CATHERINE," said young Meredith to his sister, as she was hastily passing him, on the way to the drawing-room, "stop a moment, and let me speak with you." Catherine paused reluctantly, for she was eager to welcome her expected guest. " I have invited a friend here, to-night, to whom I wish you to be particularly attentive. "Ah!" said Catherine: " is he very handsome, and rich, and fashionable? For he must be either one or all, to make it it an object for me to be particularly attentive to him." " As to his beauty, I leave you to decide-men are no judges of each other's beauty-I know not the extent of his wealth-but one thing I do know, I am under obligations to him I never can repay." Catherine looked inquiringly, and Meredith proceeded:-"You remember my journey over the mountains last summer, the upsetting of the carriage, my broken leg, my being detained so long in a log cabin, sick, and as some thought, dying. Well, surely you recollect, Catherine, the young man, my fellow traveller, who though a stranger, lingered there with me, till I was in a state of comparative ease, and watched over me like a guardian angel-I do believe, under heaven, I owe my life to his tenderness and care-what was my delight to meet him, unexpectedly, a few hours since in the streets! I insisted upon his coming home with me, immediately, but this his engagements would not permit. He promised, however, to devote the evening to me, and I trust you will not forget the high claims he has upon your gratitude and consideration." "To be sure I will not," answered Catherine, "I will be as polite as possible, for I feel under infinite obligations to him, but as to entertaining him, I fear it will be out of my power. I never know what to say to these very good pattern people. I am sorry he happened to come to-night, as we expect so much company. It is really unfortunate," said she, to herself, in a low voice, as she hurried into the parlour, to greet, as she supposed, far more attractive and distinguished guests, than her brother's grave and quiet nurse. She knew she ought to be very grateful to him, but she imagined he must be a very dull companion, for Frank had been comparatively dull since his acquaintance with him, and always quoted Mr. Clifton, when he wished to support any argument in favour of morality, virtue, and religion. She was tired of his name, for he was Frank's oracle, and her oracles were among the gay and fashionable of the land.

Frank and Catherine Meredith had neither father nor mother. An aunt, the widowed sister of Mrs. Meredith, was at the head of the household establishment, and the delegated guardian of Catherine's youth. Frank had been educated abroad, while Catherine was placed in one of the most fashionable boarding schools in the country. When the brother and sister met, after a separation of many years, in the home of their youth, they were as strangers to each other. Each vainly sought to read in the other's face and person, the image impressed on their juvenile memory. The shy, and somewhat awkward, boy, had become the self-possessed and elegant young

man-the slender, pale, and stooping little girl, the graceful, well-proportioned, and blooming young woman. They both appeared appropriate representatives of the beings whose names they bore, and well fitted to adorn the station they were destined to fill. and Mrs. Meredith were both devotees of wealth and fashion. They had dedicated their children at the same altar, but being called away by sudden disease, they could only bequeath to them their wealth and their example. Mrs. Milner, their maternal aunt, stood in a mother's place to Catherine, and believing like her mother, that beauty, dress, and manners made up all that is really desirable and lovely in woman, she resolved that Catherine should be a model of perfection in these three grand essentials. Nature had furnished her with the first, wealth with the second, and education the third. Frank was proud of his sister, Mrs. Milner was proud of her nieceshe was flattered, caressed, and imitated. Is it strange that she should be vain? Frank left his sister with regret to take the mountain journey mentioned above, and when he returned again after his hair breadth escape and protracted absence, she seemed more than ever endeared to his affections. But whether from the consciousness of having escaped great danger from sickness, or the companionship of Clifton, he was unaccountably changed, or, as Catherine declared, unaccountably dull. She loved her brother, and felt bound by every moral obligation to his friend, but he was the last person she wished to see. She felt an internal conviction she should dislike him, and that he would dislike her, and that his presence would be a restraint on her gaiety and amusements. On this occasion she was dressed with unusual splendour. Mrs. Milner, who always presided over the decorations of her toilet, with as much gravity as a chief magistrate over the destinies of a nation, declared that nothing was wanting to complete the elegance of her attire, very judiciously adding, she had never seen her look half so beautiful, and that with such a face, and such a dress, she might make a conquest of any heart she chose. Catherine entered the room with a cheek flushed with the consciousness of beauty. and an eye that sought in the glances of others, the admiration, she doubted not, was her spontaneous tribute. She was soon surrounded by a circle of flatterers, who so completely engrossed her attention, she entirely forgot her brother and his dreaded friend, and her spirits elated by vanity effervesced in the loud and frequent laugh. "Who is that gentleman with your brother?" said one of her companions, as an accidental opening in the group revealed him, standing directly opposite, with a young man in black by his side, both apparently waiting for an opportunity to approach her. The unmeaning laugh died on her There was something in the stranger's aspect that rebuked her frivolity, and shamed her into silence. "Can that be Mr. Clifton?" thought she. "How different from what I imagined he would be!" The next moment her brother pressed forward alone, and drawing her arm through his, whispered in her ear, " For mercy's sake, Catherine, leave those grinning idiots, and try to appear like a sensible girl, the rest of the evening. I never was so mortified in my life, that Clifton should see you for the first time to such disadvantage. He is so very peculiar, so different from every other person, and I am so desirous that you should please him." The heart of the vain and flattered Catherine rose rebellious at this speech. Frank had never spoken so harshly to her before. She determined to show her resentment by disregarding his injunctions, and when she received Mr. Clifton's bow of introduction, her countenance expressed as plain as words could speak it, "admire me as I am, for I will not change to please you or any individual in the universe." Two moments after, she would have bartered all the incense she had been so eagerly accepting, for the power to recall that haughty and ungracious look, so ungratefully bestowed, yet so mildly received. "Frank is to blame for all," said she to herself, trying to soothe her self-anger, by throwing the whole burthen on him, " he always described him as a kind of hum-drum, prosing being. When I asked him if he were handsome, he answered me evasively, as if he were just not ugly. Men were no judges of each other's beauty! As to wealth and fashion he knew nothing about it!-as if any one could be so graceful, who had not been educated in refinement and in the most elegant society! And then to crown the whole, for Frank to make me so angry at the very moment, when I ought to have been most amiable! Oh! that I had been more on my guard!"

Poor Frank was, as he had said, deeply mortified and disappointed. He was a great believer in first impressions. He loved and venerated Clifton more than any other human being. He knew there was much in Catherine's character, entirely uncongenial to his own, but he relied on her beauty and attractive manners to disarm his judgment, at first sight, and after that, he hoped miracles from the influence he was sure Clifton would obtain over her mind. Never could he have beheld her under circumstances more to her disadvantage, and Frank who had been looking forward to the moment when he should introduce his sister to his friend, as an era in his existence, felt, as if he could never forgive her the disappointment she had caused. There was an embarrassing pause after the introduction. Frank when alone with Clifton, could talk with him for hours, unrestrainedly, but the fashionable atmosphere he now breathed chilled the expression of his natural feelings, and he knew Clifton would be disgusted with what was artificial. It was strange he had never been sensible before of his sister's entire want of simplicity of character. He forgot that he had always seen her surrounded by beings as artificial as herself, and that now every look and action was seen through the medium in which he fancied his friend beheld them. Catherine was not suffered long to remain passiveshe was solicited for music-"Are you fond of music, sir?" said she, addressing Clifton, for the first time. "Extremely so," was his reply. The tone of his voice was singularly pleasing. There was no laboured accent to give effect to his words. "Now, I shall charm him," thought Catherine, "in spite of all his gravity and reserve, for no voice can compare with mine in compass, or brilliancy, and my execution When she was seated is declared to be unrivalled." at the piano, Frank bent over her, under the pretence of arranging the music, and whispered in her ear, " Play some of those fine marches, but do not sing

any of those foolish songs, you are accustomed to do. Not to-night, for my sake." Catherine commenced a slow and beautiful march, not for his sake, but for the sake of the handsome, and cold-looking stranger, whose admiration she resolved to win. She glanced her eye carelessly towards him, as she concluded, and she thought his countenance was lighted up with pleasure, but she was vexed to see that he was looking down, and she feared the soft expression she had thrown into her face, while playing, had been lost upon him. "Oh, sing this song, Miss Meredith," "and this," reiterated many voices, "the instrument is nothing without your singing." "I cannot sing to-night," said she, "I am hoarse-I have a bad cold." "Are you afraid of singing profane songs before the young parson?" said one, who passed for a wit, in a low voice, behind her. "Ridiculous!" exclaimed Catharine, "there is no young parson here." "Indeed! I thought the gentleman in black was one-and you have looked so grave and solemn since his entrance, I imagined he had told you it was a sin to smile, and perhaps to sing."

He turned as he spoke to one of those vain, voluptuous, and unmeaning songs, to which fashion sometimes sets its almost omnipotent seal. She had not the moral courage to refuse, and urged by her dread of ridicule, and desire to show her independence, she began in one of the sweetest and most melodious voices in the world, strains which made Frank groan in spirit, and wish the piano in the bottom of the sea. Intoxicated with the applause she received, she forgot her scruples, and continued to sing and play-her aunt nodding and smiling at her, as she went waving about the room, courting compliments for Catherine, that she might repeat them to her, when the company had gone. When Catherine rose from the instrument her brother and Mr. Clifton had disappeared. She looked in vain among the groups of faces for that dark and serious eye, whose expression was a mystery to her understanding. With mortified feelings she retired to her chamber, after the company had dispersed, and placing the lights so as to shine with full resplendence on a mirror, she took a long and deliberate survey of herself, before she divested herself of her glittering ornaments. She compared herself in imagination with all the bright forms which had recently beamed on her gaze, and she could not but exult in her own preeminence. "I feared I had grown ugly," said she, turning her beautiful profile towards the glass, after gazing on the full reflection of her features, "he looked so cold and distant upon me. If I have not appeared handsome to him, tonight, I can never hope to charm him, for this dress is superb, and this bandeau of pearl, contrasts so finely with my dark hair." She unbound her long shining hair, and as it hung in luxuriance around her, the thought flashed into her mind, that Clifton might be an admirer of simplicity, and she resolved to steal upon his senses the next time they met, in all thesweetness of undecorated maiden loveliness. would wear pure, virgin white, her hair should fall in natural waves on her neck, she would look all that was gentle and modest. It never entered into the heart of Catherine, that man could be enslaved by any other charm than beauty, or that beauty, all radiant as hers, could fail to captivate the being exposed to its influence. She had never dreamed that an eye less bright might possess a holier charm, or a form less fair inspire a deeper emotion. She had neve

been taught to think that there might be something enshrined within, an indwelling beauty, an immortal principle, capable of giving grace and lustre to features unattractive in themselves. From a child, every instruction she had received seemed to have for the ultimate object, external attraction. She was excluded from the sun and air, those "chartered libertines," lest they should add a deeper shade to the roses and lilies of nature-her hands were kept imprisoned in gloves, to preserve their snowy tints, she was not permitted to read or study by candle-light, lest she should dim the starry brightness of her eyes, or to take long walks, lest her feet should become enlarged by too much exercise. "Katy, my dear, don't run, it will make your complexion red-Katy, my love, don't eat too much, it will make your complexion coarse." A thousand such admonitions as these were associated with the memory of her mother, and never had her aunt suffered them to be forgotten for want of reiteration. Mrs. Milner even exceeded her in the minuteness of her instructions. She compelled her to wear a linen mask, during the long summer nights to enhance the delicacy of her skin, and to put on a deep bonnet, in her own room, whenever she sat by an open window. Thus brought up from infancy in the worse than Egyptian bondage of fashion, poor Catherine had no conception of the unfettered joys of nature. When at school, she was confined within the walls of a city, and obliged to submit to the iron rules of an ultra-fashionable instructress. To do her justice, she was a docile pupil, and graduated with all the honours of the institution.

Frank Meredith had accompanied Clifton to his own room, and sat with him long after midnight. It seemed that Clifton possessed the master-key to his soul, for it was only when he was alone with him, that he suffered his thoughts to flow out unchecked, and expressed the desires and hopes that were struggling into existence within his bosom. "Clifton," said he, " I have not lived since you parted from me; I have been dragging on a joyless being, incapable of feeling sympathy, or imparting delight. Catherine calls me dull and stupid, and so I am, but she knows not how vain and valueless all my former pursuits now appear to me-she knows not with what loathing I turn from the false pleasures she so eagerly "I know not," repeated Clifton, in a reproachful voice, " are you convinced yourself that they are incapable of satisfying the vast desires of an immortal mind, are you conscious of the fire of eternity burning within you, and can you sit down in silence, and see your own and only sister endeavouring to quench what is unquenchable, to destroy what is indestructible, without warning or rebuke? Frank, I did hope better things of you." "I know I have been wrong," answered Frank, ingenuously, "but I want your moral courage. A thousand times have I been on the point of declaring to her all that has been passing in my heart; the reflections that were awakened on my sick bed, the influence of your example and conversation, but I have always been interrupted by some vanity in the shape of dress, or my good aunt, or some fashionable dangler-I never could find the favourable moment-and though I can feel, deeply, keenly feel, I cannot find language to give utterance to my thoughts. Catherine would call me crazy if I should tell her what is passing within me, when she deems me merely listless and unoccured. To tell the truth, I have not dared to contend

with the unhallowed influences around her, while I become more and more angry to see her yielding to their power. Yet, believe me, Clifton, she is not so vain and foolish as she forced you to think her this Nature intended her for something better than a mere belle." "Your sister is beautiful," said Clifton, "beautiful and young, and greatly to be pitied. I could have wept to see her adorned like a victim to be sacrificed on the altar of a godless world-I thought of my own sister-as fair, and oh! how much more levely, whom three months since I consigned to the dust, and I asked myself, what hope or consolation would be my portion now, if the bloom of her youth had been wasted in scenes like these. died in her sixteenth spring-she died in my arms, with the smile of rapture on her pallid lips, and anticipated glory, gleaming from her closing eye." Clifton paused and looked upward with a heavenly expression, then turning towards Frank with an earnest and fervent manner. "Do you love your sister?" "Better than any thing in this world, except yourself." "And with this love, then, glowing in your heart, and believing as you do, in the existence of that eternal world, of which she has scarcely been allowed to dream, convinced of her accountability to God, for all the gifts he has bestowed, an accountability which has never been impressed on her conscience, what would be your reflections if you saw her struck down by the angel of death, even as my sweet and blooming Jane, conscious that you had never even whispered in her ear- This is not all, my sisterbright, but shadowy scene-eternity's beyond!""-"Clifton," said Frank, impetuously, "you have saved my life—I know I should have died on the mountains, when that burning fever was drying up my veins, if you had not watched over me with more than woman's tenderness. But this is not half the debt. You roused my mind from its long and deadly lethargy, and it has ever since been heaving and struggling for that glorious liberty of the children of God, you taught me to pant after. But I am not yet free-I am too weak to help others break their Do this for me, and I will bless you. Come bonds. and remain with us, and be our Mentor and our guide. Catherine is scarcely more a devotee of the world than I was, when first you knew me. Be not afraid of coming in contact with vice and folly-we must sometimes handle the dross of earth, to extract its gold. You will not be contaminated, and we shall be purified." "It pains me, my friend," replied Clifton, "that you should ascribe a power to me that belongs to God alone. If I have been instrumental in his hands of exciting in you, a thirst for hving waters, give thanks to Him from whom those living waters flow-I am but a fellow pilgrim with you, through the wilderness of life, and having, like you, drank deep of the feverish streams of pleasure, and found them unsatisfying, I have been directed to a pure and purifying fountain, and I could but ask you to taste and live.' Clifton could not be persuaded to make the house

Clifion could not be persuaded to make the house of his friend his home, but he consented to remain near him, for a time, and to visit him, as often as he could be assured of finding him at liberty to act as a rational being. He promised too, to converse with Catherine, as a rational and immortal being, and to persevere in the task, though he might meet with displeasure, and disgust from her. It was a novel task, indeed, to be imposed on a young and handsome

man, to tell a flattered beauty of her faults instead of offering incense to her vanity, but the rays of Catherine's beauty fell as coldly on Clifton's eye, as the sunbeams reflected from a sheet of polar ice-as he had told her brother he looked upon her with the sincerest pity for her own sake, and with sentiments more tender for his, for his soul clave unto Frank's, even as Jonathan's unto David, " with a love passing the love of woman." It was a love that stretched far beyond the limits of time, and followed its object through the unwasting ages of eternity. Catherine adopted the plan of elegant simplicity she had previously arranged, and appeared without any ornament but a single white rose, wreathed in her dark locks. But with all her practised graces, and determination to be admired, she found it impossible to preserve with Clifton those artificial manners for which she had been so much applauded. His graceful gravity checked the affected laugh, which so often rung without merriment. Whenever she met his mild, serious, yet deeply penetrating eye, she forgot to add a languishing softness, or sparkling brilliancy to her own. Absorbed in the contemplation of his singular and to her mysterious character, she, for almost the first time in her life, forgot herself, and looked and moved as nature prompted. As she listened to his conversation so superior in intellect to what she was accustomed to hear, she felt ashamed that, instead of cultivating her powers of reason and expression, she had aimed at nothing higher than brilliant nonsense. One evening she walked in the garden with Clifton and her brother, for it was sunset, and Mrs. Milner thought at that hour, she might venture in the air with impunity. Clifton was an enthusiast, when speaking of the beauties of nature, and he never spoke of a tree or flower, without leading the thoughts to the divine mysteries of creation, and endeavouring to raise them to their great and glorious Author. Catherine was a skilful botanist, but here was a lore in which she was altogether unlearned. When she accompanied them in their walk, she thought to herself. " Now shall I have an opportunity of shining," but when Clifton began to speak of the beauties to which she directed his gaze, he soared so far beyond the limits of her capacities, she felt as if she were left grovelling behind. Frank gathered a beautiful rose, and gave his sister as they passed the bush, on which it was blossoming. She took it with a smile, and was about to place it in her bosom-"Oh, my God!" she passionately exclaimed, suddenly dropping the flower. A thorn had pierced her finger, and the blood stained its snowy surface. Clifton started and a flush passed over his face. He turned towards her but not to sympathize in so trivial an accident: " Miss Meredith," said he, " forgive me, if I speak with a plainness you are not wont to hear. It is inexpressibly painful to me, to hear the most holy and august name in the universe uttered irreverently. Even in prayer, I cannot breathe it, without melting with tenderness or trembling with awe." Catherine turned pale at the solemnity of the rebuke, then reddened with anger, shame and astonishment, till, at length, unable to control her excited feelings, tears she could not hide gushed from her eyes. "I did not mean to wound," said he, "forgive me, I ask once again, if I have spoken too harshly. But believe me, I address you as a friend, less flattering, perhaps, than many who bear that name, but more sincere. Angels rejoice when the lips of beauty unite with them in strains of adoration and praise of

the source of uncreated glory, but angels weep, if beatified beings can weep, when youth and beauty live regardless of the high, the undeniable claims of their Maker on their soul." There was an earnestness, a tenderness in his voice and manner, that disarmed her resentment, but as her anger died away, her tears flowed more freely-" You are very, very solemn, Mr. Clifton," said she, "I spoke thoughtlessly; I know, I am too apt to do so, but I little dreamed I was giving you pain." Frank felt for the distress of his sister, though he was delighted at her unexpected sensibility. He drew her arm through his, and leading her towards the summer-house, entreated Clifton to take advantage of the present calm and uninterrupted moment and converse with them both as if he were addressing a brother or a sister. "A sister," repeated Clifton, the words touched the chords of memory, " Miss Meredith, shall I speak to you of a sister, who was unutterably dear to my affections? who, one year since, was blooming in health as you now are, but who now sleeps in death? You say I am very solemn, and I now choose a solemn theme, but to me it is a delightful one, a glorious one."-Catherine shuddered. Death was associated in her mind with images of darkness and horror, for she thought only of the body returning to dust, consigned to corruption and the worm, not of the soul ascending to the God who gave it. It was an awful subject to her, yet she felt a curiosity, restrained by fear, to know how his young sister had met the conqueror's coming. "Glorious!" exclaimed she, "oh! it must be terrible!" " Death had no terrors for her," replied he, " though he came to her in the spring time of her youth. She welcomed him as a messenger from God, whom she loved as a reconciled Father, and laid her head on his cold bosom as gently as if she were reclining on a pillow of down. Do you ask me what it was that made her dying hour a scene of such holy tranquillity? It was faith in him who had died to redeem her, who had himself passed through the portals of the tomb, and left behind him a long track of glory. 'I know that my redeemer liveth,' were the last words she uttered, and had you seen the seraphic expression of her eye and the smile that lingered on her lips even after the spirit had departed, you would have felt with me, the reality, the beauty, the grandeur of religion." Catherine listened and wondered. The rays of the crimsoned west were reflected on the face of Clifton, through the parting boughs that shaded the window of the summer-house. Its usually pale hue was lighted up with a fervent glow, and his eyes beamed as she thought with more than earthly fire. And yet he was speaking of death, a subject, the mere mention of which never failed to blanch the roses of her cheek and freeze her blood with horror. "Religion," thought she, "what is religion? Does it consist in such a life as mine? In dressing, shining, practising to be admired, in living but for flattery and display, in a life of idleness and dissipation?" Thus Catherine's awakened conscience interrogated her when she retired to the solitude of her chamber, and a still, small voice within gave back the faithful negative. Lost in her new reflections she did not notice the entrance of a servant, who came loaded with band-boxes, sent by the milliner and mantua-maker, containing articles for which she had been impatiently waiting. Mrs. Milner, who always followed these arrivals, and who never moved without a bustle, roused her from her reverie. "Why

Catherine, my love," said she, " what is the matter, that you seem so indifferent about these beautiful dresses! You have been crying-spoiling your eyes and complexion-I know it by the red circle round them-what can be the matter? You have been moping these two or three days-ever since that Chifton has been here, and a most disagreeable young man he is, I am sure." "Disagreeable, aunt," repeated Catherine, with some warmth. "Yes, exceedingly so," replied Mrs. Milner, "he has not said a civil thing to you yet. It was kind in him to take care of Frank, when he was sick, and that is the only reason I tolerate him. I can't bear people who look as if they thought themselves so much better than other folks. He does not take any more notice of you than if you were his grandmother. I hope it is not that which makes you low spirited." "No, indeed," said Catherine, her vanity which had slumbered for a little while, piqued at the remark, " I do not care for his attention, but I am sure he is polite and He has been speaking to me of his sister, a beautiful young girl, who died a short time since, and it was impossible not to be affected by the manner in which he described her death," "I do not see the use of his talking to you about these things," answered Mrs. Milner with some asperity, "it only serves to damp one's spirits, and does no good to any one-I always avoid them myself," "But aunt," said Catherine, "shall we not be obliged to think of them sometimes? If we must die ourselves-" "Nonsense," interrupted Mrs. Milner. "I will not hear. you talk in that gloomy strain. We ought to enjoy ourselves as much as possible in this world, and not trouble ourselves about leaving it till the time comes. Look at this superb dress. There is not another pattern in town-you must wear it to morrow evening at Mrs. R.'s for there is to be a splendid party there." She unfolded the robe, richly ornamented with lace and novel decorations before Catherine, whose eyes began to sparkle, as they were wont to do, in the contemplation of her finery, long and early acquired habits of vanity and love of admiration, triumphing over the better feelings that were beginning to struggle in her heart. That night her thoughts were strange and confused. She tried in vain to sleepat one moment the deep-toned voice of Clifton seemed ringing in her ears, rebuking her profane levity, at another, the shrouded form of his once blooming sister, rose pale and cold before her shuddering gaze, then the glittering image of herself in her new attire. the centre of an admiring crowd came dazzlingly over the shadows of the tomb. Over all there brooded one overwhelming idea, which once admitted, she could not shut out, that though she had lived an atheist's life, there was indeed a God from whose presence and whose power she could not flee. The breathing silence of the night, its sweeping shadows, through which the stars were gleaming like the myriad eyes of omniscience, the lonely voice of the wind sighing through the trees, deepened the awe that oppressed her soul. Mrs. Milner rebuked her in the morning for her pale complexion, and insisted upon treating her as an invalid, and confining her to her room. By this means she hoped to keep her from the society of Clifton, whose influence she dreaded more than she was willing to acknowledge. She thought her, however, sufficiently recovered in the evening, to attend the party at Mrs. R.'s for which splendid preparations had been long making. Ca-

therine did not devote as much time as she was wont to do, in decorating her person, but her aunt supplied the deficiency, by over zeal on her part. She twisted and untwisted her hair, curled and uncurled it, waved and braided it, till Catherine declared her head ached and she would rather go as she was, than be tortured any longer. She was beginning to think there was an interior to her head, which had been left to shameful neglect and poverty, while costly gems, and time, than gems more precious, had been constantly lavished on the exterior. Catherine received that evening a lesson she little expected, and it was not the less salutary. After playing and singing for the gratification of the company, and being complimented and admired as usual she began to be weary. She felt a void unfelt before. She looked on the young men who surrounded her, and thought how they sunk into insignificance, even in personal comparison with Clifton, to say nothing of his long intellect, his pure and spiritual conversation. thing that was said to her sounded silly and vapid. She wanted to be alone, and taking advantage of a moment, when a new singer was engaging general attention, she retired into the piazza, where the beauty of the night had already attracted many of the guests. She stood a moment in the shade without being perceived, quite near a young gentleman and lady who were engaged in earnest conversation. She had no intention of acting the part of a listener, but hearing her own name, she involuntarily held her breath that she might not lose the accompanying words. gentleman was one of her professed admirers, the young lady one of her warmest professing friends. "You have been saying all these fine things before to Catherine Meredith," said the young lady, " you are the professed worshipper of her beauty. attempt to lay offerings at a meaner shrine?" " Catherine Meredith," repeated he, emphatically, " why it is the fashion to admire her, and her vanity is so excessive and so exacting, it is impossible for a young man to be in her presence, without being forced to pay tribute to it. And then her vain, foolish aunt, taxing every one's admiration for Catherine, and compelling them to declare her a super-angelic being!" "But surely you think her handsome?" asked the young girl, in a delighted voice, "I never thought her so myself, but feared to confess it, lest I should be accused of envy." "Yes, rather handsome," was the reply, " but nothing to excite interest. She reminds me of Moore's description of that beauty unchangeably bright which annihilates love, with its own dazzling excess—oh! no—I flatter her, it is true, for it amuses me, but neither she, nor fifty thousand such as she, could ever touch my heart." Here something was added in a lower voice, something probably meant for her exclusive ear, and they passed on into the moonlight, leaving Catherine first petrified with astonishment, and then glowing with indignation. "Are these," thought she, "the friends in whose sincerity I have confided, to whose professions I have lent a charmed and willing ear?" Bitter was the pang to find herself an object of ridicule and contempt, where she believed she was almost worshipped. Unused to self-controul, and too proud to suffer her feelings to be visible to those who would triumph in her mortification, she complained of a violent headache to her aunt, and induced her to return home. The same young man pressed forward to assist her into the carriage, with that devoted admiring air he

always assumed, but Catherine giving him an inexplicable look, coldly declined the offered civility, to the great astonishment and displeasure of her aunt. "You are very strange to-night, Catherine," said Mrs. - was a great favourite Milner. "I thought Mr. of yours." "I hate him, I detest him," cried she, "I never wish to hear his name mentioned in my presence." Her long repressed feelings here burst forth, and throwing herself back in the carriage, she wept the bitterest tears she had ever shed in her life. Wounded pride, mortified vanity, envy, jealousy, and anger, raged like a whirlwind in her bosom. was long before she would explain to her aunt the cause of her mysterious agitation, and when she did so, the violence of Mrs. Milner's indignation swept away Catherine's in its stronger current. exhausted herself in giving vent to her anger and retired to her room in a state bordering on hysterics. As Catherine crossed the gallery that led to her chamber, the servant who lighted her, begged her to stop and speak to a little girl, who seemed in great distress about her mother, and had been there once before, during their absence. She had just made an appeal in her behalf to Mrs. Milner, but in vain-she was too much engrossed with her own imagined wrongs. Catherine was precisely in that state of mind when she was rejoiced to be carried away from herself. She turned to the child, and bade her make known her wants. The little girl came forward, trembling and weeping, and in a few simple words declared her errand. Her mother was poor, very poor, who lived in a little alley not far distant. She supported herself by her daily labour, and two or three little children, whom she left at home during the day, and to whom she returned at night, with the wages she had earned. This night she had returned very ill, and laid down in her bed, without speaking. The eldest of the little girls, whose name was Nelly, ran over to beg one of the servants of Mrs. Milner to come to her mother's assistance, for she was afraid she was going to die." "There was a good gentleman here," said Nelly who told me he would send her a doctor, but I am afraid to be left with mother, and brother, and sister are littleer than I." Catherine thought there was but one good gentleman in the world, and that was Clifton. The tears of the little girl affected her surprisingly. " It is but a few steps," said she, "and the moon is shining brightly, I will go with you mayself, and see what can be done for your mother." Then telling Nelly to lead the way, she bade the astonished waiting-maid follow, and set out, for the first time in her life, for the abode of poverty, sickness, and perhaps of death. With nothing but a light scarf thrown over her splendid dress, she glided through the alternate shadows and moonbeams, by the side of the misirable child, like one of those bright genii, described in oriental tales. She was hardly conscious of the impulse that led her on. She was greatly excited, and having read one lesson of the world's vanity, she felt a feverish desire to peruse another, in a far different scene. It was not till she reached the door of the low wretched dwelling, she was sensible of the extraordinary situation in which she had placed herself. Nelly softly lifted the latch, and held the door for Catherine to pass in, with that courtesy which nature sometimes teaches the humblest of its children. Catherine paused upon the threshold, for she felt that she was treading on holy ground. A voice, too, reached her ear whose

tones breathed of the tranquillity of heaven. A single lamp, placed on a low table near the bed, dimly lighted up the apartment, and revealed to the appalled view of Catherine, the livid countenance of the apparently dying woman. She lay extended on a straw pallet, rigid and motionless, with no symptoms of life about her, but an occasional wild rolling of the eyes, which were of a livid black, and contrasted fearfully with her ashy complexion. Two little pale, terrified looking children, crouched near the foot of the bed, and kneeling by its side, was a figure which Catherine thought she would have recognised in the most distant isle of the ocean. It was Clifton, who, like his divine Master, made it his business to go about, binding up the wounds of sorrow and sin, and soothing the evils of suffering humanity. He had sent a physician, who had but just left the cabin, but he came himself, to see if he could not minister comfort and give counsel to the soul of the invalid. He found her in that condition, when it is impossible for man to tell what is passing between the spirit and the mighty God into whose presence it is about to appear, and kneeling down, he commended her to Him, in whose sight the dweller of the mud-walled cottage and the inmate of the palace are equal. Catherine held her breath, as that solemn, fervent, thrilling prayer rose like incense above the couch of death. He was not aware of her presence. He remembered only the presence of the omnipotent Jehovah, and the poor sufferer, for whom he was interceding, and by this simple, yet sublime act of faith and devotion he transformed that miserable apartment into a scene of grandeur and of glory. When Clifton rose from his knees, Nelly who had stood in mute awe by the side of Catherine, approached her mother, and took hold of the hand, which was no longer conscious of her touch. Catherine followed, trembling and bewildered, and encountered the wondering gaze of Clifton, who turned round at the footsteps of the child. The lamp flashed up at this moment, and reflected its rays full on Catherine's glittering figure, so strangely contrasting with the poverty and gloom of the place. The dying woman seemed to be roused by the gleam, and opening her eyes once more, fixed them upon Catherine with such a wild, unearthly glare, she could scarcely repress the scream of terror that rose to her lips. Clifton drew near Catherine. "You had better return," said he, " you cannot relieve her, for she is beyond all human aid. Take these poor orphans with you, and give them shelter for the night. Let your attendant remain here. I will see you safely home, and then return, and keep watch with her while life lasts." "Can I do nothing to assist you?" asked Catherine, ashamed of her helplessness and her fears. "There is nothing to be done," replied he, "but I rejoice that you have been led here for your own sake. This scene needs no comments. It is awful but chastening." Here a deep groan from the bed, made Catherine start and shudder, and Clifton pitying her agitation, took her hand and drew her gently away. The children sobbed and clung to the bedside of their mother, refusing to leave her, and Clifton thinking it kinder to indulge their feelings than to force them, suffered them to remain behind. When they came into the open air and saw the pure and blessed moon shining above, Catherine felt as if she were emerging into more celestial regions than she had ever inhabited before. A sixth sense seemed to have been imported to her, whereby the glory of God was revealed to her soul. The heavens no longer appeared to her a mere expanse of starry blue, made to gratify man's nightly vision, or to exercise the genius of the astronomer, but a tablet on which was impressed in burning and eternal characters, the wisdom, the power, the infinity of the creating uncreated hand. The shadows of death were left rolling behind, forming a dark back ground for these living splendours. The consciousness that she had something existing within her, destined to live when the moon, and the stars, and the heavens themselves were no more, swelled in her bosom, and oppressed while it exalted her. When Clifton parted with her at her own door, he simply said, " May God bless you, Miss Meredith." The words were few, but every thing that was kind and feeling was expressed in the deep and heartfelt sincerity of the tones. Catherine could not sleep, through the long watches of the night. How much had she learned during the past hours of the treachery, the falsehood, the vanity of the world. She reflected with shame and remorse on the stormy passions that had been excited in her breast. They had all subsided in the chill, still atmosphere of death. The beauty which she had lived to adorn and display seemed now worthless in her eyes, doomed as it was to turn to dust and ashes, while the deathless principle which had been slumbering under the influence of such fatal opiates, now awakened and rose upon the ruins of demolished vanity and pride, with supernatural energy.

The woman died a few hours after Catherine left her. Her first thought when she heard the intelligence was for the destitute orphans. She knew they had a friend in Clifton, but she wanted to aid him in this labour of love. Her only difficulty was in breaking the matter to her aunt, and in gaining her consent and co-operation. Frank unfortunately was absent, who would have assisted her in this extremity, and though with some misgivings, she entered upon her explanation. Mrs. Milner was aghast with horror, when she learned that Catherine herself had breathed infected air, had stood by the bed of death, and perhaps exposed herself and the family to some loathsome disease. She called for camphor, lavender, and cologne, and insisted upon Catherine's bathing herself in the odorous waters, as many times as the proud leper was commanded to wash in the waves of Jordan. The children—she would not hear of them. might bring distemper with them, there was an orphan asylum in which they could be placed. She was going to make immediate preparations to leave the town, and visit some watering place, where they would be secure from contagion. Baffled in her benevolent wishes, Catherine entreated Clifton to find a home for the orphans, on the condition that she should be allowed to defray all expenses connected with the charge. This Clifton did not resist, for he knew it would flow back in blessings on herself.

A pious and respectable widow consented to receive them, and Catherine never forgot her protegés. Mrs. Milner's alarm did not subside, and another motive unavowed, induced her to hasten her departure, her anxiety to remove Catherine from the influence of Clifton. Her anger too, at the occurrence which took place at the party, accelerated her movements. Catherine saw with dismay the arrangements for their speedy removal from the society of one, whom she now regarded as her best counsellor, and truest friend. Frank openly resisted the plan, but finding it in vain

to alter his aunt's determination, he urged Clifton to accompany them, with all the eloquence of which he was master. "I cannot go with you," replied he; here Mrs. Milner breathed freely, "but I will endesvour to follow," here her brow again clouded, while Catherine's brightened as if a sunbeam flashed over They were to commence their journey early in the morning-Clifton lingered till a late hour in the evening. He spoke to Catherine with all the freedom and tenderness of a brother, and at her own request sketched the outline of his sainted sister's character and life, for Catherine resolved in her heart, she would make them the model of her own. She no longer thought it a gloomy theme-she could even hear him speak of death without shuddering, for she began to perceive beyond its shadows, the dawn of an eternal day. "Thank God!" exclaimed Mrs. Milner, as the carriage rolled away from the door, and the last glimpse of Clifton's figure was excluded from their view. "For what?" asked Frank, abruptly. "For being relieved of the company of that young man. He has changed you and Catherine into perfect mopes, and me too, almost-I really have not felt well since he came among us." Catherine either could not or would not speak. She sat veiled in a corner of the carriage, and turned not at the voice of her aunt-not so Frank-he could not hear Clifton lightly named. "Aunt," said he, warmly, "there is more real worth in one joint of Clitton's little finger, than in all the young men you ever knew in your whole existence. He is truth to his heart's core. He would sacrifice his life for his enemymore he could not do for a friend. Mopes! I never knew one hour of real happiness till I knew him, nor Catherine either, I am confident, though she may not be bold enough to declare it." "Well, Frank," replied she, angrily, " I will not say more now as you are so warm, but I never wish to see him again as long as I live." "Perhaps not, my dear aunt, but when you come to die, you may wish in vain for such a friend as Clifton." Mrs. Milner looked as if she thought that hour was far distant; but in such an hour as we think not, "the Son of Man cometh." She awoke that night with a violent pain in her head, and a burning thirst, accompanied by indescribable and alarming sensations. She had fled precipitately from disease, but it pursued her, like a strong man armed, and she now lay powerless in its grasp. As a traveller she was deprived of the comforts of home, and was compelled to employ as a physician a stranger, in whose skill she had no confidence. Catherine was terrified. She had never seen her aunt sick in her life. She had lived as if she expected immortality on earth. It was a melancholy thing to see her prostrated so suddenly on a sick bed. She insisted upon going home immediately. She would be well as soon as she returned, she was sure, but the moment she lifted her head from the pillow, her brain reeled and her limbs refused their office. In a few hours she was raving in delirium, and the physician declared her life in the utmost danger. Messengers were dispatched for her medical friends, but before they arrived, she was on the verge of eternity, and no human hand could hold her back from the awful abyss in which she was about to plunge. It was a fearful thing to hear her raving about fashion and fine dresses, and Catherine's beauty, thus weaving of vanity a winding sheet for her soul, the grave-clothes which it must wear into the presence of a holy God.

•• Oh!" exclaimed Catherine, as she hung in agony over her bed, "oh, that Clifton were here that he might breathe one such prayer over her as I heard him breathe over that poor, dying woman." "My sister," said Frank, "let us kneel together, and pray that Clifton's God may be ours. The voice of prayer cannot reach her ear, but it will be heard by Him. whose mercy is equal to his power." It was a touching sight to see that brother and sister kneeling by the dying bed of her, who had never instilled into their young hearts one principle of religion, who had dedicated them to the God of this world, totally regardless of another, and who had never lifted one prayer for herself or them, but had risen up and laid down like the beasts that perish, to eat, to drink, to sleep, and then to die.

Mrs. Milner died. No ray of reason broke in on her departing soul—no consolation remained for her weeping friends. The last words she uttered rung in Catherine's ear, long after her body was mouldering in the grave. "Take it back," said she, after having given directions for a new dress in the latest style, "take it back, it is old-fashioned, and stiff. It does not fit me. The chamber is narrow, and the robe must be tight. The folds must lay close and smooth, and take care the dust does not soil it. It looks wondrous white." White indeed was the last robe she wore, and the folds once laid, they never moved again.

To avoid details too minute for the limits of a story like this, we will pass over the interval of a year, and introduce Catharine Meredith once more to our readers in her own home, which was to be her home no longer. Owing to the boundless extravagance of Mrs. Milner, who proved so faithless a guardian to the trust imposed, Catharine's fortune was completely exhausted, and Frank found when he had cancelled every debt, he had scarcely enough left for a support. The splendid house of their father was given up, and they were about to remove to a small cottage in the country, where Frank intended to prepare himself for the ministry, and Catherine to engage in the instruction of youth. Catherine sat alone in the spacious apartment, which had been so often thronged with gay and flattering guests. She was dressed in simple mourning, and her hair parted on her brow, without ringlets or ornaments. Her cheek was pale, and her eye more thoughtful than in her days of vanity, but "that peace which passeth all understanding" now beamed from her countenance, and pervaded her heart. True she felt some natural regrets at leaving the home of her childhood, where every object was endeared to her juvenile memory. She sat down to the piano, and touched the keys for the last time. She began a hymn that Clifton had taught her, but overcome by her feelings, she paused, and leaning her face on the instrument, tears fell thick and fast upon the keys, which had so many times responded to her flying fingers. The door opened, but she did not raise her head. She thought she knew her brother's footsteps. Some one sat down by her side, but still she moved not, for assured of Frank's affectionate sympathy, she was not ashamed of her emotion. Her hand was gently taken, and she withdrew it not, believing it the same fraternal hand which had always soothed her sorrows, and wiped away her tears. "Catherine," said a voice, as kind and tender, but far different from Frank's.-It was Clifton, the brother of her adoption, and from

this moment, the destiny of Catherine was changed. She was told that she was loved by one whom she revered as the best and holiest of created beings, as her guide to heaven, her counsellor and consoler on earth. Catharine, in the true humility of her heart, believed herself unworthy of his love, but she doubted not his sincerity, and she lifted up her heart in gratitude to heaven for having provided her with a friend so dear. Clifton had not stood aloof from them, during the year which had flown by. Many a time previous to this hour, his heart had yearned to pour forth the tenderness that filled it to overflowing, but he feared the change in Catherine's character might be rather the result of feeling than principle, and that she might relapse again into her former habits of self-indulgence and folly. Now however, when he saw her continuing in the narrow path of duty with undeviating steps, unmoved by the ridicule of her former associates, preparing herself for a life of exertion and self-denial, with more than resignation, with energy and cheerfulness; he felt that he could take her by the hand, and bind her to his heart with inindissoluble ties-ties which death could not sever, and eternity would more closely unite.

"Did you know that Catherine Meredith was married this morning to that methodistical young man?" asked one of Catherine's former associates of another. "I always thought it would be a match, for the poor girl almost run crazy after him." "Well, I wish her joy," answered the other, "I am sure no one envies her. They say he is very poor and exceedingly penurious. I know well enough she will get tired of her conventicle life-such a proud, vain flirt as she used to be, is not changed so soon. It is all hypocrisy. She put on religion, as she would put on a new dress, to catch her husband, and she will put it off as readily, when it suits her convenience." " And what do you think," observed the first speaker, " of her handsome brother Frank? They say he is going to turn a preacher since he has lost his property. Poor Mrs. Milner little thought when she died, of such a downfall to her hopes. I believe she thought Catherine might have married any prince in Europe. She was an excellent woman after allgave such elegant parties; -she was a great loss to society." So the heartless world spoke of the future prospects of those who had withdrawn from its unhallowed influence. Let us follow Catherine for one moment to her new home, and see whether she is wedded to penury and avarice. The last light of day, that softened yet glowing light, which allows the eye to dwell undazzled on the loveliness of nature, was lingering on the landscape. The richness and maturity of latent summer mellowed the tints, but no trace of autumnal decay yet marked the magnificent garniture of the fields and bowers. The bridal travellers were ascending a gradual slope, from which the prospect every moment expanded into deeper loveliness, when Catherine's eye was attracted by a white monsion, gleaming through overshadowing trees, in classic beauty and simplicity, situated remote from the road, and surrounded by an expanse of living green. "Whose beautiful dwelling-place is that?" said Catherine. "Let us pause a moment on the brow of this hill, that we may observe more leisurely this enchanting view." Clifton ordered the carriage to stop, and Catherine gazed with delighted eye around her. "The owner of that mansion, my beloved Catherine," said Clifton, while he followed with his own

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her beaming glances, "is a most blessed and happy man. Heaven has endowed him with wealth, and also inspired him with a desire to make the gift subservient to his Creator's glory. His heart overflows with love to his fellow men, yet he felt alone in the world, for, in common with other men, he was called to weep over the graves of his kindred. He sighed for a bosom on which he could repose his cares and his trust. He sought it not among the daughters of fashion, and yet he found it. He is now in possession of a wife most lovely to his sight, but far more lovely to his soul;—a meek, devoted, Christian wife, who

having loved him for himself alone, unconscious of his wealth, now comes to share it, and help him to distribute it among the children of sorrow and of want." Catherine threw herself into her hustand's arms and wept, but they were tears of gratitude and joy; not for the affluence that was again to be her portion, but that she was the wife of Clifton—deemed worthy to be his handmaid and partner on earth, and destined, she humbly believed, to be his companion hereafter in that world, "where there shall be no more marrying or giving in marriage, but where all shall be like the angels of God in heaven."

Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE CHIEFTAIN'S DAUGHTER.

#### BY GEORGE P. MORRIS.

"Every part of the brief but glorious life of Pocahontas is calculated to produce a thrill of admiration, and to reflect the highest honour on her name. The most memorable event of her life is thus recorded: After a long consultation among the Indians, the fate of Captain Smith, who was the leader of the first colony in Virginia, was decided. The conclave resumed their silent gravity—two huge stones were placed near the water's edge. Smith was lashed to them, and his head was lad upon them, as a preparation for beating out his brains with war-clubs. Powhattan raised the fatal instrument, and the saver multitude, with their blood-stained weapons stood near their king, silently waiting the prisoner's last moment. But Smith was not destined thus to perish. Pocahontas, the belowed daughter of the king, rushed forward, fell upon her kere, and with tears and entreaties prayed that the victim might be spared. The royal savege rejected her suit and commanded her to leave Smith to his fate. Grown frantic at the failure of her supplications, Pocahontas three her arms about Smith and lads her head upon his, her raven hair fulling around his neck and shoulders, declaring she would perish with or save him. The holians gasped for breath, fearing that Powhattan would slay his child for taking such a deep interest in the fate of one he considered his decadiest floe. But human nature is the same every where: the war club dropped from the monarch's hand—his bow relaxed—his heart softened, and, as he raised his brave daughter to his bosom, and kissed her forehead, he revered his here, and directed Smith to be set at liberty! Whether the regard of this glorious glif for Smith ever reached the feeling of love a not known. No favour was ever expected in return. 'I ask nothing of Captain Smith,' said she, in an interview she afterwards had with him in England, 'in recompense for whatever I have done, but the boon of living in his memory.'"—Ekstehs of Firginia.

I.

Upon the barren sand
A single captive stood,
Around him came, with bow and brand,
The red-men of the wood.
Like him of old, his doom he hears,
Rock-bound on ocean's rim:—
The chieftain's daughter knelt in tears,
And breathed a prayer for him.

II.

Above his head in air,

The savage war-club swung;

The frantic girl, in wild despair,

Her arms about him flung.

Then shook the warriors of the shade,

Like leaves on aspen-limb,

Subdued by that heroic maid

Who breathed a prayer for him.

#### III.

"Unbind him!" gasped the chief,
"It is your king's decree!"

He kissed away her tears of grief,
And set the captive free.

Tis ever thus, when, in life's storm,
Hope's star to man grows dim,
An angel kneels in woman's form,
And breathes a prayer formhim.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE GODFATHER.

#### BY MEETA.

\*\* WILL you be godfather to my little girl, Ernest?" said Mrs. Fairfield to a tall youth who was leaning against a glass door, with his gaze bent upon the scene without, towards the close of a summer's afternoon.

No answer was returned, and the youth still stood unheeding the words which were addressed to him.

"Why, what is the matter with him?" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing and glancing round to a young lady who sat near her, dressed, as if for a walk.

The young lady spoke not, but smiled and shrugged her shoulders with an air that said plainly as words would do, "I cannot pretend to account for his strange moods."

"Ernest," again repeated Mrs. Fairfield, but in a louder tone, "do you not hear me? what is the matter with you?"

"Did you speak to me, ma'am?" said the youth, turning hastily round, and approaching her, while a shade of bright colour passed across his handsome pale face. "Were you speaking to me, Mrs. Fair-field?"

"Speaking to you! certainly I was! here have Caroline and I been begging you for the last half hour to be godfather to my little Alice, and you have not deigned even to listen to us. Pray, what visions have been charming your 'rapt soul' that you could not hear us?"

"None at all, I assure you," replied he, with an attempt at carelessness. "I am scarcely conscious of having had a single idea, of having thought at all."

"Not thought at all!" said Mrs. Fairfield, laughing. "I know boys are always thoughtless creatures, but I believe you to be an exception to the rule. If you were a little older, Ernest, I should have said, five minutes ago, that you were in love."

"I wonder what boys have to do with love?" was the muttered reply, with a curl of the lip and a frown. "Can you tell me, little Elsie?" stooping down and caressing the child, who sat on a cushion at her mother's feet.

"Not so much as they have to do with ideas and thoughts, certainly," said Mrs. Fairfield; "but you have not answered my question yet, Ernest. Caroline is very much surprised at my having permitted the child to attain the age of three years, without having been christened, and insists upon its being done, immediately. Now, I want sponsors for her; and as my child is not to be a Catholic, Caroline cannot offer her services. I mean, therefore, as I always do, when I want a kindness done me, to call on your family: and, if your good aunt and yourself, Ernest, will undertake the office, I shall feel perfectly satisfied."

"Certainly, my dear madam. It will give me great pleasure, if you deem me worthy of the trust, and I am sure I can answer for my aunt."

"Thank you, Ernest. I knew you would do any thing to oblige me," replied Mrs. Fairfield, in an altered and subdued tone, looking mournfully down in the face of her little child, who now sat on her knee. "It is not for us to pretend to scan the future, but I often feel as if the time would come, when my little

darling may want a father's or a brother's protection God grant that they may be raised up to her!" and she clasped her infant to her bosom, while her tears fell fast and thick on its innocent head.

"She shall never feel the want of either, while I live," said Ernest, bending over them with emotion, overcome by this unusual burst of feeling, in one generally so gay and cheerful; then lifting the child from her mother's lap, he was, in a few minutes playing with her on the lawn, leaving Mrs. Fairfield with her young friend, to recover her wonted serenity.

The shades of evening were now beginning to fall, and after a few minutes of cheerful conversation, Miss Lardner reminded her cousin that it was time to be moving homewards, and bidding Mrs. Fairfield good bye, they were soon on their way to Mauriceville, the residence of Ernest's father.

Mr. St. Maurice, the father of Ernest, was the son of a French gentleman, who had fled his country to escape political persecution, bringing with him, a motherless son, and the scanty wreck of a once ample fortune. With that readiness and quickness of adaptation to circumstances, so remarkable in the French character, he soon settled himself in business in Philadelphia; and in a few years became one of the most opulent among that class of merchants, of which Philadelphia may be so justly proud, a class which yields to none in intelligence, refinement, and the polished courtesies of life, and which gave to Philadelphia a benefactor of unparalleled magnificence, and the youth of the United States a brilliant beacon to lead them by the paths of steady industry, to wealth and respectability.

Our exile married again, a few years after he came His wife, however, lived but a short to America. time, leaving an infant daughter, and before Mr. St. Maurice had reached that time of life to feel a retirement from its active duties a relief, he was himself cut off, by one of those fearful pestilences, which, at that period, so often desolated our fair city. His last wishes enjoined upon his son, the completion of some commercial speculations in which he was then engaged, and which Philip St. Maurice, though of retired literary habits, felt himself bound to fulfil. A short period, however, sufficed to effect his father's plans, and with a considerable increase to the already large fortune left him by his father, he retired to a handsome country seat, with his beautiful young wife, and his sister, who was too fondly attached to him, to leave him.

Years flew by in the calm peacefulness of domestic life, unruffled, but by one source of unhappiness, the loss of several children, who died in the first hours of their existence. Always of a fragile constitution, Mrs. St. Maurice withered under these repeated misfortunes, and eighteen years previous to the opening of our story, she expired in giving life to Ernest, Mr. St. Maurice, who nearly sunk beneath this blow, now retired more closely within himself and leaving the care of his boy to his sister, who had never married, he gave himself up to his lonely habits, with renewed devotion.

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A neglected orphan like Ernest could not have fallen into better hands, and religiously did Miss St. Maurice endeavour to act by him, as she believed his lost parent would have done. Affection was not wanting for the task, for she had cast upon him all the concentrated affections of her own warm heart, and Ernest repaid her with the love and duty of a son.

Caroline Lardner was the daughter of Mrs. St. Maurice's sister. Mrs. Lardner had been left eighteen months previous to the opening of our story, a destitute widow, by a spendthrift husband, and having applied to Mr. St. Maurice, from whom she had received frequent benefits, she and her daughter were invited by him to reside at Mauriceville. now been there more than a twelvemonth, and Mauriceville was no longer the seat of calm domestic tranquillity.

Mrs. Lardner was an irritable, extravagant, disappointed woman. Foiled in the objects of her worldly ambition; a dependent widow, neglected by those who formerly made her world, and who cast her aside when she could no longer minister to their pursuits; living in the country, which she detested, and with Miss St. Maurice, whom she both disliked and feared; is it to be wondered at, that she was unhappy herself, and the source of unhappiness to those around her.

Miss St. Maurice exerted all the forbearance she was mistress of, to endure patiently the vexation and discomforts inflicted upon her by this accession to their family; but she often breathed a sigh of regret to the days when time had glided by, with unheeded footsteps, when there were no fretful tempers to conciliate, or spoiled beauties to endure.

After bidding Mrs. Fairfield adieu, Ernest and his cousin turned into a green lane, which led by a short turn to Mauriceville.

"Will you take my arm, Caroline?" said Ernest, gently, approaching Miss Lardner, and offering his support.

"No, I thank you," was the pettish reply. "It is quite too warm, and the sight of your cloth coat gives me a fever, such weather as this."

"You did not think it too warm to accept of my support, Caroline, when we left home," returned he reproachfully, " and you must be fatigued now."

" No, I am not at all tired, and it was not so warm

when we left home as it is now." "It was much warmer, for see, the sun has now quite set, and the dew is beginning to fall."

"Ernest, when will you leave college?" asked Miss Lardner, sharply. " I shall really be very glad when you do; you have such school-boy habits of close reasoning, there is no talking with you, unless one weighs their words in a diamond scale."

"You can hardly ask for information on a subject upon which I am sure you are as well informed as I am myself," he replied. "But this, I suppose, is a part of the system you have lately pursued towards me; I can only say, Caroline," he continued, "that I wish the year which must elapse before I do leave college, might be five, and that I was, in truth, the insensible, senseless child you appear to think me."

"Bless the boy! what is the matter with him!" exclaimed Miss Lardner, in feigned astonishment. "Have you been treading on a worm, and has it turned?"

"The boy has feeling, Caroline," was the reply, in a tone of smothered anguish, and the moisture which

gathered heavily upon his long lashes, proved its sincerity; " and as you say, even a worm will turn."

Miss Lardner looked at him steadily for a moment; then descending from the more elevated path she had taken, to one by his side, she gently laid her arm within his. The moisture thickened on those dark lashes, and they were nearly closed to prevent its escape.

For some time the pair walked on in silence. At length Miss Lardner commenced speaking of the friend they had left, as if they had but just parted from her.

" Mrs. Fairfield was not in her usual spirits this evening, Ernest; has any thing occurred to distress

"Nothing new that I am aware of," replied Ernest. "But is it unnatural for her to be in low spirits, separated as she is, from a husband to whom she is fondly attached, and with embarrassments of a pecuniary nature, too, to struggle against."

"Why, she is not suffering for want of money, poor woman, surely," said Miss Lardner inquiringly.

"No, my father would prevent any thing of that sort, but her husband has been obliged to go to the East Indies, in consequence of the total ruin in which his affairs were involved, and by his advice, Fairfield, whose parents were my father's earliest friends, was induced to leave his wife and infant, at the cottage which my father offered him, with his good offices in their behalf, while he should remain absent. Poor Fairfield! he was almost broken-hearted by the ruin which fell upon those he loved, and left the country more than a year since in miserable health. I own, I should not be surprised, if he never returned."

The cousins had now reached a gate which led to a path across the fields, by which the house might be gained in a shorter time than by taking the road.

"Will you go home through the fields, Caroline?" asked Ernest.

"No, I believe not. It is early yet, and I prefer going by the road, that is, if you have no objections, my dear cousin?" with a tone and look, that drove every remaining shade of gloom from Ernest's brow.

"Objections!" he cried; and they pursued their walk.

Caroline Lardner was not only, according to Miss St. Maurice's phrase, a spoiled beauty, but she was a perverted one. With naturally a good disposition, education had made her heartless and selfish. Brought up by a weak, silly mother, who thought only of ensuring the mere accomplishments taught at a fashionable boarding-school, and the manners inculcated in her own drawing-room, is it to be wondered at, that her daughter felt for none but herself, and that a heart and mind so uncultivated, should be overrun with weeds.

Caroline Lardner was, at nineteen, an accomplished coquette, and when at her father's death, she was obliged to accept with her mother, Mr. St. Maurice's offer of a home and a support, she murmured at the bounty which, in saving her from poverty, buried her in the country, far from the scenes of gayety in which she had heretofore alone existed.

She found, however, on reaching Mauriceville, an unexpected source of occupation. In her cousin Ernest, she discovered a fit subject upon whom to exercise her peculiar talent. She had not seen Ernest for several years, and believed him a mere boy. To her surprise, she found him a tall, manly youth, full of romance and enthusiasm, prepared by his sensibility and ardent nature, to fall a ready victim to her fascinations. Her whole artillery of charms was consequently brought into play, and a little time found Ernest deeply and fervently attached to her.

At first, the feelings of her cousin were made the mere pastime of her idle moments, without a thought beyond the present hour. But from various reasons, their intimacy assumed a more serious character than she had then anticipated. Caroline had had numerous adorers; -had flirted with many who confessed themselves her slaves; but she had, she well knew, never inspired such an attachment; one so full of deep, passionate devotion as that now entertained for her by her young cousin, and she involuntarily yielded to the charm which it afforded. At times too, there were glimmerings of pure and natural feelings not wholly deadened within her, which pleaded for him, and whispered to her of the wrong she was doing one who did not deserve evil at her hands. These however were few and far between, and would no doubt in time have worn off entirely, but for one other strongly influencing sentiment. Ernest would be very rich, and young as she was, Caroline had weighed understandingly the advantages that wealth, such as his, would bring her; and thus influenced, she yielded an implied consent to his prayer for permission to address her when he should leave college.

This understanding was vague, and to Ernest, unsatisfactory, while to Caroline, it was all she desired. A year or two at her command, with Ernest as a resource, (let what might happen,) were advantages she fully understood. Should she, meanwhile, decide in favour of another, there was nothing positive to show that this had been more than a mere idle flirtation, and thus artfully fenced about with precautions, she pursued her course, tampering with the feelings, and sporting with the happiness of one whose virtues and whose excellence she knew not how to value.

This afternoon's walk was but a counterpart of many that had passed before. Alternately chiding and flattering him, she would play upon his morbidly sensitive feelings, with an ingenuity that was almost incredible. When she beheld him gay and happy, indulging in the natural buoyancy of his youthful feelings and romantic disposition, she would taunt him—call him boy, and laugh at his romance! and then, when like the Matadore, she had shaken aloft her scarlet mantle till her victim was almost frenzied, she would cast it aside, and with playful smiles and winning words, lull the tempest she had raised. The poor boy was enthralled, and like the sapling which he resembled, he bent before the storm which he was unable to resist.

"What an illumination," exclaimed Miss Lardner, as they entered the avenue leading to the house, after a protracted walk. It was now quite dark, and lights were glancing rapidly all over the house.

"What can be the matter?" exclaimed Ernest, in an anxious tone. A few steps more brought them in sight of a gig which Ernest recognised as that of the principal physician of the neighbouring village.

"Some one is ill," cried he, dropping the arm which rested in his, and in alarm, he ran rapidly across the lawn to the house.

He was met at the entrance by a servant, who informed him that his father had been suddenly seized with a fit, but that Doctor Melville, who had reached Mauriceville almost immediately, had relieved him and thought him likely to do well.

Ernest sought his aunt, who gave him every consolation in her power, and after stealing for a moment to the bedside of his father, to take one look at his pale face, he retired to the solitude of his own apartment.

Six anxious weeks elapsed and found Mr. St. Maurice still confined to his bed, a helpless invalid. His mind did not appear to have been completely aroused since his attack. He lay in a sort of stupor, apparently unconscious of all around him, scarcely noticing his son, or his sister, who were constant watchers at his bedside.

One morning, the family with the exception of Mrs. Lardner, who was indisposed, were sitting round the breakfast table, when the servant, whose task it was to ride into the village post-office, for the letters and papers, returned and delivered the bundle to Miss St. Maurice.

"Here is a very imposing looking letter for your mother, Caroline," she said, sorting them out, "and post marked New Orleans too."

"From my uncle, mam' I suppose. Shall I take it to mamma?"

"If you wish, my dear;" and she darted off with the letter.

In a few moments a servant entered the room with a message from Mrs. Lardner, begging to see Miss St. Maurice in her chamber for a few moments.

Ernest left alone, retired to a window with his newspaper; but it must be acknowledged that his mind was running more upon the probable contents of the New Orleans letter, than the printed page before him.

In a short time Miss St. Maurice returned to the room, and busied herself with the arrangement of the breakfast things. "Er.est," sa d she, after some moments of silence; "your aunt has received a very important letter this morning."

" Indeed!" was the simple reply.

"It is from her brother," continued Miss St. Maurice. "His health has become infirm, and having relented towards her, he writes for her and her daughter to come to him by the earliest opportunity, to reside henceforward with him. He is wealthy, and your aunt and cousin will feel the removal advantageous in every respect."

No answer was returned by the listener, and his face was screened by the paper which he held in his hand.

"You will miss the society of your cousin very much, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, as she prepared to leave the room; "but we have anxious duties to fulfil—sources of sorrow here to contend with, that must supersede all other regrets."

The door closed—the paper fell, and discovered a countenance upon which butter anguish was deeply imprinted. The first of those stumming blows, which time hardens the man to endure, had fallen upon his young heart.

The morning passed away, and evening found Ernest again at the bedside of his father. His countenance was troubled, and paler even than that of the sick man over whom he bent. He had spoken with Caroline, and her ill-dissembled joy and exultation left her no room for sympa hy with his passionate expressions of sorrow. To feel that he had been the mere toy, the plaything of the moment, was an ag-

gravation that his feelings could ill bear, and he experienced, in all its intensity, that feeling so common to youth in its early disappointments, as if existence and the future contained not a single bright spot for hope to dwell upon.

It was by her manner alone, however, that he was thus pained. She spoke of their approaching separation as a mere temporary thing-of their meeting again under happier auspices, and used all the hollow common-places of affection and sympathy, to cover her real sentiments, and persuade him that she considered her impending departure as severing no tie which bound them to each other. There was a profusion of words, protestations, and even tears, but no pledge upon which the deluded youth could anchor or repose in security. A promise to correspond with him was the only consoling result of this painful interview, where so much had been implied-so little sincerely felt.

Mrs. Lardner expatiated profusely upon her sorrow at poor dear Mrs. St. Maurice's sad situation. and regretted very much the necessity which obliged her to leave Miss St. Maurice under such distressing circumstances. But her excellent brother was ill, and needed her attentions, and she could not delay her departure.

Miss St. Maurice was too well pleased with her decision to call in question its necessity, but she could well have spared the tirades relative to that good brother, who a few months before was an unfeeling brute for not answering the repeated applications made to him, by her, for assistance.

All those who have been in the habit of observing, as they pass through life, must have remarked that in the quiet tenor of domestic existence, any occurrence of unusual importance is almost always followed by a series of stirring events, verifying the vulgar adage, that " it never rains but it pours."

In less than a month after the departure of Mrs. Lardner and her daughter, for New Orleans, Mr. St. Maurice breathed his last. The same week brought intelligence of the death of Mr. Fairfield, and six months more found his broken-hearted widow haid peacefully in her grave.

It was a gloomy November morning, about two years after the above events had occurred. Miss St. Maurice sat on one side of the fire place, in which crackled a fine hickory fire, while Ernest occupied the opposite corner, seated in a large easy chair, with a book in his hand, but with his attention fixed upon a little girl who was playing in a distant corner of the room.

What is the matter, Ernest?" asked Miss St. Mau-" Is little Alice in mischief?"

"No," replied he, sighing, "I was only watching her graceful movements, and wondering what her future destiny would be?"

"Her destiny!" exclaimed Miss St. Maurice, in a tone of surprise. " It cannot be involved in greater obscurity than that of any other person, surely. She has no kindred, it is true, poor orphan, to lean upon, but she will never want a friend while I live. Her future interests and welfare shall be my care; I will be father, mother-every thing to her!"

" No, no, my dear aunt, I cannot permit that. Elsie belongs to me. She was bequeathed to me by her mother, and I feel that she is a sacred trust. shall never forget," he continued, dropping his voice and speaking with emotion, " the evening on which

she begged me to be godfather to her little girl. Surely her feelings then were prophetic; and when I assured her that I would stand to her in the place of father and brother, though I did not expect to see her fears so soon realised, I was sincere in my promise.

No, no, dear aunt, Elsie is mine."

"Very well, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, smiling through her tears, "we will not quarrel about her. I am but too happy to hear you speak as you But remember, I, too, an her godparent, and that young gentlemen are not the most proper persons to bring up little girls. Besides, you will marry one of these days, in which case, it would be most fitting she should remain with me."

"It is idle, aunt," replied Ernest, gravely, " to regulate ourselves by events which may never occur. I should not pretend to interfere with you in the bringing up and education of Alice, but I must urge my claim to stand in the place of a father to her, and to consider myself in part responsible for her welfare. I have constituted myself her guardian, and when I

am of age, the law shall make me so."

Mr. St. Maurice died without a will, and his large property had, of course, descended to his son. Miss St. Maurice was, by her inheritance, wealthy, and had no expectations or selfish views, relative to the disposal of her brother's property. But Mrs. Lardner, who no doubt expected to be handsomely remembered by her brother-in-law, in the distribution of his property, was evidently greatly disappointed, as they had never heard from her since the event was communicated to her, and Caroline's marriage to a wealthy French gentleman, which took place within the year after their departure from Mauriceville was first seen by them in the newspapers.

Ernest was at college when this intelligence reached him, and the effect was, to bring upon him a severe illness, which shattered his health dreadfully. The shock was doubly severe to him, as he had continued in constant correspondence with his cousin since their separation, and a few weeks before the announcement of her marriage reached him, he had received a letter of unusual tenderness from her, urging a visit from him so soon as he should graduate. This was a blow from which he could not easily recover, and it was long ere he exhibited even the semblance of cheerfulness.

The Mauriceville estate was extensive, containing many hundred acres, bordering upon one of our beautiful rivers. More of the land was appropriated to ornamental and pleasure grounds than is usually the case among our money-making people. But Mr. St. Maurice had not inherited his father's enterprising disposition, and the energies which his parent exerted in achieving a fortune, were by the son spent in the simpler pleasure of adorning and improving the spot, which contained within its limits, all that he prized on The rarest trees and most beautiful exotics were to be found in his grounds and hot-houses, and wherever nature had created a beauty, art had lent its helping hand to increase its effect.

Miss St. Maurice and Ernest cherished every object created or fostered by their lost relative's care. Nor did they ever for a moment think of removing from a spot so consecrated to his memory, for both, alike, preferred the retirement of a country life, to the bustle and gaiety of the town.

Miss St. Maurice urged upon her nephew the nocessity of studying some profession, fearing the influence of a solitary life upon a mind which inherited much of his father's shy, retiring disposition. Ernest, however, was deaf to her arguments. " She need not fear," he said, " that his mind would rust itself away; he meant not to pin himself to any set of ideas or prejudices, in the study of a profession. He would travel a year or two, and perhaps he would go to Europe for a short time. Meanwhile," continued he, laughing, "I will remain at home, help you to train your flowers, and teach little Elsie her a B c. Come, Elsie," said he, reaching out his arms to the little girl, "will you not go with Ernest to look at the pretty little dogs?" The child slid from her station on Miss St. Maurice's knee, and in a few minutes, they were in the stable together, admiring a fine litter of puppies, with almost equal satisfaction.

Time flew rapidly on, and the day for Ernest's coming of age, soon arrived. True to his word, his first act as a man, was to become legally the guardian

of Alice.

Miss St. Maurice, who disapproved of the retired and comparatively inactive life he was leading, pressed him urgently to leave home, and travel—to go into society and see a little of the world. He endeavoured to follow her advice, and went now and then to town, where he was caressed by his father's old friends, and flattered by the society in which he mingled, for his large fortune, family, and distinguished personal appearance, made him a star of no small magnitude in the fashionable world, where the idle and the interested alike tried to minister to his vanity.

But Ernest was not a vain man. He had received a blow in early youth, that had cast a shadow upon his spirits, and which had made him, thenceforward undervalue himself, in all that concerned the other sex. He believed his heart withered, and incapable of ever feeling again.

Miss St. Maurice's wishes had great influence with her nephew, and for the following three or four years, he travelled at intervals through the United States and the Canadas, visiting every thing worthy of note, and storing his mind with that knowledge which he never could have acquired in his own library—the lore of nature's universal book.

Every spring and autumn, the long contemplated voyage to Europe was discussed, and every season it was deferred until the next should arrive.

Meanwhile the education of Alice progressed steadily. An excellent governess was provided, who, under the eye of Miss St. Maurice, instructed her in the ornamental, as well as the more solid accomplishments of a judiciously planned education.

Ernest was very proud and fond of his little goddaughter; and when, after an absence of several months, he returned home, her innocent delight made him feel it almost a compensation for his long absence from home and its comforts.

He assisted, when at home, in Alice's education, so far as he was permitted to do so. He taught her to ride and to play chess—to know the good points of a horse,—to become acquainted with the history of the canine race, and of his own dogs in particular, and there was even some talk of a fowling piece and percussion caps.

The village of R—— from which Mauriceville was distant about two miles, afforded a pleasant little ecciety. Dr. Melville had a large and intelligent family of young people, and there were several families equally agreeable, who formed a cheerful circle.

The nearest neighbour to Mauriceville was Mrs. Wellmore, the widow of a naval officer, who resided in the cottage formerly occupied by Mrs. Fairfield. She had two children, a son, a midshipman in the navy, and a daughter, a year or two older than Alice. Emily Wellmore was Alice's chief friend and playfellow. And Mrs. Wellmore, who had formerly been known to Miss St. Maurice, gladly availed herself of the advantages opened to her daughter, by her intimacy at Mauriceville, advantages which her retired life, and straitened circumstances could not have afforded her.

One fine spring morning, when Alice was about thirteen years old, St. Maurice, his aunt, and Alice, were still lingering round the breakfast table, Alice preparing seed for her birds, and St. Maurice reading the newspapers, when a sudden exclamation from him aroused the attention of his aunt.

"What is the matter, Ernest?" said she, alarmed at the agitated expression of his countenance.

He pointed to a paragraph in the paper, handed it to her, and exclaiming, "dreadful!" left the room.

Miss St. Maurice seized the paper, and read the article pointed out to her. It contained an account of a duel, in which Mr. Solmes, the husband of Caroline Lardner, had been killed, the quarrel originating the duel, having arisen from a dispute relative to an opera box.

Miss St. Maurice sighed deeply, but her thoughts were at home; not with those who were strangers to her blood and affections,

"What is the matter, dear godmother?" said Alice, drawing close to Miss St. Maurice's side. "Has any thing happened to Ernest?"

"No, my dear, Ernest has suddenly seen the death of his cousin's husband in the newspaper, and it has shocked him, for he died a violent death! Do not speak of it before him, my love." Then taking up the paper she left the room.

In the evening, when Alice was going to bed, Hetty, an old coloured woman, who had spent her whole life in the service of the family, attended Alice, as was her wont, to assist in undressing and putting her to bed. As soon as the door was closed, she commenced her regular seige of talking, a habit which, ever since Alice's days of infancy, had proved a sort of mental rocking-chair to her. An admirable substitute, at all events, as it invariably put her to sleep.

"John tells me, Miss Alice," she said, " that Mr. Solmes, Miss Caroline Lardner's husband, is dead,—is it true?"

"Yes, Hetty, my godfather saw it in the newspaper this morning. It was a very great shock to him. What a pity it is that some one did not write to him, to prevent such an accident. Did you know Mr. Solmes, Hetty?"

"No, Miss. I never seed Miss Caroline after she went to Noo Orleens. She got married there, and much of a surprise it was to me too. I never expected Miss Caroline would settle there."

"Why, where did you expect her to live, Hetty?" asked Alice.

" At Mauriceville, to be sure, Miss."

At Mauriceville! explain Hetty, I do not understand you."

"Why, it's plain enough, Miss Alice, and I was not the only one who seed it, and thought so."

"Saw what Hetty?"OOgle

"Why that Mr. Ernest loved Miss Caroline dearly, and wanted to marry her, though he was but a boy, and that Miss Caroline had a great notion to have him, and made him believe jist what she pleased!"

"What an idea, Hetty?"

"No idea, at all, Miss Alice, but jist the solemn truth. We was all afeard in the kitchen, that she would wait till her Ernest was a man, and marry him: but then the letter cum that tuck the old lady off to Noo Orleens, and I suppose Miss Caroline thought it was better to take a husband that was ready growed up, than to wait for Mr. Ernest."

"But Hetty, how do you know that all this is true? How could you tell that my godfather was in love?"

"How could I know! why, haven't I been in love myself, Miss Alice? And can't people that have

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"Have you indeed been in love, Hetty? Oh! do tell me all about it? Who was your lover? Did you like him very much? He was handsome, of course! But did he go on his knees to you, and did he write long love letters to you every day?"

"No, Miss. He had no larnin, and did not know how to write, and he was too stiff from hard work to take to his knees, even if there was any sense in sich doin. But he gave me many a lift with my work, and many a lovin word and look, that makes me know, ever since, when people are fallin in love."

"What a notion," said Alice, as she drew the bed clothes around her, and nestled her little head in the pillow, "what a notion in Hetty, to call that love. I must get Sir Charles Grandison, to-morrow, and read her some of those fine speeches in it. I dare say her lover never called her 'best of women,' or 'excellent Miss Hetty.'" Then, as Hetty's gossip passed through her mind, she exclaimed, between sleeping and waking: "How could that Miss Caroline marry any body else, if my godfather was in love with her?"

In a few days, St. Maurice informed his aunt that he should no longer delay his voyage to Europe. And Miss St. Maurice encouraged him in his determination. Immediate preparations were made, and in a fortnight he had sailed.

A year or eighteen months were fixed upon for his stay. "I shall be a good correspondent," said he, "and the time of my absence will soon glide away. So dry up your tears, Elsie, and promise not to forget me."

Two years nevertheless passed by, and St. Maurice was still wandering in distant lands. A letter now arrived saying, that he had met with a young cousin of his father; in the home of their forefathers', who was preparing to come to America. Affairs of importance would prevent his setting out immediately, and Ernest had agreed to wait for him, that they might cross the Atlantic together.

"Do not think I have forgotten my home," he wrote; "or that its ties are weakened. Far from it. I feel a yearning towards it, that would, even now, make me fly to you, if I had not promised Delville to wait for him. Though I have been much a wanderer, I feel that the jostling crowd is not for me! I am growing quite an old man, and mean to settle quietly down for the remainder of my life. Bear then, with this renewed delay, and be assured that this shall be my last voluntary absence. My only consolation in this distant land, is, that many months

cannot elapse before I shall again see you and my dear little Elsie."

Many months did elapse, however; and more than three years had passed away, since Ernest left America. At length, a letter came, announcing the vessel they should sail in, and after a few weeks of anxety and impatience, she was moored at the wharf me Ernest's native city. Miss St. Maurice sent a servant to town, with a letter for him, as soon as she heard that the vessel was at the capes, and waited, with as much calmness as she could command, the moment which should restore her beloved nephew to her arms. For Alice, she could occupy herself with nothing, and tired of wandering idly about the house, she walked over to the cottage to communicate the news to her friends.

It must not be supposed that years had flown by, leaving Alice the mere child that St. Maurice seemed to consider her. She was now nearly seventeen. A beautiful and graceful girl, gentle and playful in her manners, quick and impetuous in her feelings, and with the most gratefully affectionate disposition in the world. She loved Miss St. Maurice with almost passionate devotion, and her godfather, with a little of her early Grandisonian studies, she called "the best of men."

Alice was acquainted with her own early history, and was tremblingly alive to the debt of gratitude she owed her kind friends. The memory of her parents—their sad and early fate—her own coming and youthful days at Mauriceville—all of which was related to her with minute fidelity by Hetty—were to her romantic fancy, subjects of engrossing interest.

Her christening, was one of Hetty's favourite and most vividly painted pictures. "It was a sorrowfal sight," she would say, "Miss Alice, to see your mamma, with her mournful white face, and Miss Gertrude, and Master Ernest, all dressed in the deepest of mourning, for the old gentleman, standing in the solemn church, where we had all stood so lately, to bury the dead. There were no bright faces that day, Miss Alice, but your own! Master Ernest carried you in his arms, and sadly you pulled his beautiful curly hair, to make him laugh, but you couldn't do n."

"Do you think my godather will come to-night?" was Alice's question, for the hundredth time that day, as she sat with Miss St. Maurice at the table. And she continued to repeat the question again and again as the evening wore away, running into the hall every minute to listen if there was not a carriage coming up the avenue. But it grew late, and Miss St. Maurice now believing that he would not come, sent Alice to bed, saying she would soon follow her.

The midnight hour sounded and found Miss St. Maurice still a watcher. When suddenly the sound of wheels was heard approaching, on the gravel road leading to the house—a carriage step was let hastily down, and the next moment Miss St. Maurice was in the arms of her nephew. After the first agitating moments were passed, St. Maurice presented their cousin Felix Delville to his aunt, who welcomed him with the frankness of a relation.

"St. Maurice has been very sick, during the whole passage, my dear madam," said Delville, as they stood round the fire, seeing Miss St. Maurice gazing anxiously in the pale face of her nephew. "I wanted him to rest a night in town, but he was too anxious to get home to be advised. He only wants a little rest and nursing to make him quite strong again."

"We had a very boisterous passage," said St. Maurice, "and I was very sea sick. I feel well now, however, and all I want is rest and quiet to make me strong. But where is little Elsie, my dear aunt?" continued he, "I thought she would be the first to welcome me—I hope she is not sick—your letter mentioned that you were all well, I think?"

"Yes, she is quite well; but you forget it is after midnight. I feared you would not come to-night, and sent her to bed two hours ago."

\*\* True, very true, I had forgotten the hour. Poor little thing, she must have been sleepy."

"Poor little thing, indeed!" said Miss St. Maurice, with an expression of humour, turning her head as the door sofily opened. "Come here, Alice, and let your guardian give you a scolding for disobeying orders."

Ernest turned and beheld a beautiful girl holding the door timidly in her hand. Her glossy dark brown ringlets were pushed aside from her fine forehead, her beautiful lips were slightly parted, the bright colour had flushed high on her cheeks, and her deeply fringed eyes glistened as she bent eagerly forward.

"Alice!—Is it possible?" exclaimed St. Maurice, and he approached her in extreme surprise.

Alice made one eager step forward, then pausing and covering her face with both her hands, she burst into tears.

"Why Alice," said St. Maurice, tenderly kissing her cheek, and leading her to a sofa. "Are you not glad to see me? You did not formerly greet my return with tears."

"Oh, yes," she replied, drying her eyes, but you have been solong away." Then smiling through her tears, and glancing archly towards Miss. St. Maurice, "You forget that I am to have a scolding, and that, you remember, always called forth tears."

"You will receive no more scoldings now, Alice," said Miss St. Maurice. "Your spoiling days have returned, and I may as well break my wand."

Alice shook her head wilfully, and Ernest presented Mr. Delville to her.

Miss St. Maurice did not permit the exhausted travellers to remain long up. After providing them some refreshment, she hurried them off to their chambers, saying, they would have time enough to talk on the morrow.

"St. Maurice," said Delville, as they were retiring to their apartments, "do you call that your little goddaughter? Why she is the most bewitching creature I ever beheld."

"Elsie has grown wonderfully, certainly," answered he; "but I left her quite a little girl, I assure you."

This had been an agitating night to all, but the morning found them with renovated looks and cheerful countenances, assembling round the breakfast table.

"Where is Elsie?" asked St. Maurice of his aunt.
"Endeavouring to retrieve her loss of rest last night?"

He was answered by the appearance of Alice herself, who entered by a glass door from the lawn, with her hat in her hand, and her cheeks flushed with the glow of exercise.

St. Maurice held out his hand to her as she approached. Then looking at her admiringly for a moment, and sighing deeply, he said:

"Do you know, Elsie, I am almost sorry you have sprung up into such a tall girl—such an elegant young 18 \* lady, I should say. I have lost my little playfellow, and shall miss her companionship and prattle sadly."

Alice thought it strange that a few inches in her height should make such a difference in her godfather's estimate of her. And she felt inclined to tell him that she was quite as capable of being his companion as ever. But some how or other she could not talk to him as she had formerly done, he appeared so stately, so reserved; and dropping into a chair and sighing, she exclaimed mentally, "I believe it does make a difference, for I feel it myself!"

"What is the matter, Delville, what amuses you so much?" asked St. Maurice.

"Nothing particularly. I was only smiling at your odd expressions of sorrow. Miss Fairfield, why do you not thank St. Maurice for wishing you were a dwarf?"

Alice laughed her own rich musical laugh, and Delville pursued his conversation with Miss St. Mau-

"Do not put faith in all my aunt tells you, Delville," interrupted Ernest, "she would persuade you that our country was an earthly paradise."

"I am a convert to that opinion already, my dear fellow," replied he, glancing towards Alice, " for I have seen the angels." Again St. Maurice looked attentively at Alice. "She certainly is very lovely," thought he.

It was the month of April. The spring was an early one, the air mild and delicious. Mauriceville had never been so gay since Ernest's birth. Friends far and near came to greet him on his return, and a succession of parties were given among the neighbouring families, to welcome him home. These were a source of exquisite delight to Alice, that would have surprised a town-bred belle accustomed to the "pomp and circumstance" of fashionable party-giving. But, to Alice's unhackneyed feelings, a party at Mrs. Melville's, with the supper laid in the Doctor's office, the parlour carpets up, and the village fiddler, was an event full of delightful anticipation. All was new to her, and she did not, as yet, feel it to be misery

"To dance by inches in that strait Between a sideboard and a grate."

She danced only as very young people dance, with her whole heart absorbed in the amusement, and wholly unconscious of the admiration she excited.

St. Maurice was happier now than he had been for years. His feelings were of a subdued, concentrated character, and shone not on the surface. But his calm cheerfulness and readiness to enter into the amusements of his aunt and Alice, spoke a mind and spirit at ease. He no longer confined himself moodily to his library; but joined them in their walks and drives, and, led on by Alice, and the example of Delville, he would relate to them anecdotes and events connected with his wanderings in Europe, full of interest and amusement.

Three months passed happily away, and Delville still lingered at Mauriceville, unmindful of the plans he had formed for travelling through the Union.

One day after dinner, while sitting at the table, a servant entered and handed Alice a note.

"Quite an interesting despatch, I should say," said Delville, regarding her varying countenance, upon which the slightest emotions were reflected, as in a mirror.

"Who is it from, Alice?" said Miss St. Maurice.

- " From Julia Melville, ma'm."
- " Has she any news?"
- "Yes," replied Alice, blushing deeply as she met the searching look of Delville. "She says the Constitution has arrived, and that Arthur Wellmore is expected to-morrow."
- "I am very glad to hear it. Emily Wellmore's brother," continued Miss St. Maurice, explaining to Delville. "A Lieutenant in the Navy, and an old playfellow of Elsie's."
- "How insufferably hot it is," exclaimed Delville, rising, and letting down a blind with violence. "What a climate!"

St. Maurice gazed alternately from one to the other, and a slight tinge of colour deepened in his cheek.

The following evening brought Arthur Wellmore to Mauriceville. Miss St. Maurice and Alice greeted him with warmth. And Ernest was surprised to behold in the elegant young man before him, the wild little midshipman he had parted with, only a few years before. Delville bowed stiffly as he was named, and retired to a window to watch the clouds, while St. Maurice finding himself in a short time a mere listener to the animated conversation carried on between the friends, retired from the room.

About this time, Miss St. Maurice, who usually experienced uninterrupted good health, was seized with a sudden illness, which, though its duration was but short, caused her family great alarm. One afternoon, when she had quite recovered, she sent for her nephew, to come to her room, as she desired to speak with him. Ernest accordingly repaired to her apartment, losing not a moment in complying with her request.

"I have sent for you, Ernest," said Miss St. Maurice, when he was seated, "to speak with you on a subject that has been much in my mind, ever since your return. And my late illness admonishes me of the folly of deferring such matters, until, perhaps, the opportunity is lost to do what we know to be right.

"I wish to make some arrangement of my property with regard to Alice. She will probably settle early in life, and I think it is time that some provision should be made for her, in case of such an event. I do not wish to detain from her during the best years of her life, that which will eventually be hers; nor do I wish the dear child to go a penniless bride to the man of her choice, who ever he may be. The future and its events, must, of course, guide you in your intentions towards her, but as I have few changes to look forward to, I have decided what I ought to do. Will you then ride in to the village to-morrow, and tell Scratchquill to come to me, we will then speak further on this subject."

St. Maurice, in a hurried manner, acceded to his aunt's request, and without further remark hastily left the room.

The next morning he arose early and ordered his horse, for the purpose of riding in to the village law-yer's, before the heat should become unpleasant.

While pacing up and down the piazza, waiting for his horse, Alice came bounding out of the house with her hat and parasol in her hand, prepared for a walk. She stopped when she saw him, and they mutually expressed surprise at each other's movements.

"I see you are going to ride," said Alice, as the horse was led round, then approaching him, and patting his sleek skin, "how I do envy you."

"Suppose instead of envying you accompany me," he replied, "I am only going to the village."

Alice, delighted with the proposition, ran off to put on her habit, while St. Maurice ordered her horse to be saddled, and in a few moments they were cantering along on their way to R——.

"I wonder you do not ride oftener, Alice," said St. Maurice, "you appear to enjoy it so much,"

"I would gladly do so," replied she, " if I could always be certain of finding so gallant a squire of dames as I have done this morning; but at this season, the present is the only pleasant hour to ride, and I am usually the only creature up in the house."

"Well, Alice," he answered, "you shall not have that excuse any longer. I shall after to-day, be ready to attend you every morning as long as you feel inclined to avail yourself of my services. Say nothing of the trouble," he continued, interrupting her, "it will be both a benefit and a pleasure to me."

Alice thanked him warmly, and thenceforward they continued their rides without interruption.

Alice's birthday was now only a few weeks distant, and Miss St. Maurice proposed to celebrate it by a ball, to be given in return for the many civilities shown to them by their neighbours. Alice was delighted with the proposal, and as the scene rose before her imagination, the music, the refreshments from town, and all the et ceteras of a regular ball, she exclaimed, "how delightful it would be, as the weather is so warm, to have the piazzas and shrubbenes lighted with coloured lamps, and the flowers from the green house to decorate them, I will run to Miss St. Maurice and ask her what she thinks of it." Miss St. Maurice agreed to the plan, provided Ernest should approve, and Alice, seeing her guardian from the window in the grounds below, ran down to ask his consent

- "I have come to sue for a favour, Mr. St. Maurice," she said, and she explained to him what it was. "My dear godmother consents," she continued, "provided it shall please you, and we only wait your approval."
- "Every thing you wish for or do, must please me, Alice," was the reply, "except one," he added, smiling.
- "And what is that?" looking anxiously up in his
- "It is that formal name," replied he, " so full of respect and deference, as if you thought me so very venerable. You used to call me Ernest, Alice."

Alice coloured slightly, and replied, "Ah! yes, I too, in those days, had another name. But now it is always Alice, and sometimes Miss Fairfield."—Then laughing off the serious tone her answer had taken, she continued, "Pray do I appear very venerable?"

- "Well, Elsie," returned he, smiling, " I will enter into a treaty with you."
- "No, no; no treaties for me; I have not any faith in them." Then, seeing him look grave, she continued smiling archly, "but you will let us have the lamps and the flowers, will you not, Ernest?" St. Maurice nodded assent, and she bounded off to communicate the news to her godmother. "Venerable," repeated she, as she ran up stairs. "I wonder what he would say if he knew that Emily Wellmore thinks him the most elegant man she ever saw!"

Alice was now in fine spirits. Scarcely a day elapsed, without bringing the Wellmores and Julia

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Melville, to Mauriceville, to consult and talk over her approaching fête, while St. Maurice and his aunt were amused spectators of their busy meetings.

One morning, about a week before the expected ball, Alice perceived St. Maurice, after perusing a letter which had arrived from the post office, while they were at breakfast, rise and hastily leave the room. About an hour after, she wandered into Miss St. Maurice's chamber, and was surprised to find her with an agitated countenance, and eyes swollen with weeping. Alarmed at a sight so unusual, she approached her and inquired tenderly what was the matter.

"Has any thing happened to distress you. Any misfortune to Ernest, dear godmother," in a low and anxious tone.

"No, my love, no. I cannot call it a misfortune, but it is a very vexatious circumstance; Mrs. Solmes, Ernest's cousin, is in Philadelphia, and she writes to him to say, she will pay us a visit shortly. You saw how abruptly Ernest left the room this morning, on reading her letter. She trifled most cruelly with his feelings when he was a mere youth, and now she is returning a needy, artful widow, to complete the ruin she formerly well nigh effected. I own," she continued, relapsing into tears, " I would rather see him in his grave than wedded to that woman. Ernest's feelings are of such an enduring nature, that I cannot trust, as I would in the case of any other person, to his matured judgment and penetration, for seeing through her real character, and he will be her dupe! And now, my love, leave me, for I must cool these eyes before I suffer Ernest to see me."

Alice mechanically obeyed. She reached her room, closed her door, and then throwing herself upon the sofa, buried her head in the cushions. The scales had fallen from her eyes, and she read her own heart aright. She wept bitterly as the recollection of all that Hetty had formerly told her of Mrs. Solmes, occurred to her, and shrunk with agony from a contemplation of the future. "Yes," she cried, "he loves her, and she will be his wife, and I must stay and see it all, while my own heart is breaking! Oh! that I had but known myself better? I would have struggled against this feeling, but now it is too late. It is she he loves. Upon me he looks as a mere child! his kindness and consideration for me, arises from that feeling!" and she continued to weep in uncontrolled misery.

When the family assembled for dinner, St. Maurice was not at home. Miss St. Maurice was too much absorbed by her own feelings to observe Alice, and Delville believing some vexation of a domestic nature had occurred, made no remark.

Towards evening, Alice walked over to the cottage, partly to compose her mind and partly to avoid meeting St. Maurice, for she determined to avoid his society as much as lay in her power. She staid all the evening with Emily, the carriage was sent for her, and immediately on her return, she retired to her room.

The following morning Alice sent word to St. Maurice when the hour for riding came, that she had a headache and could not accompany him, and she took an opportunity through the day to observe, that she thought riding did not agree with her as it had formerly done; and that she would leave it off. St. Maurice looked at her in surprise, but he made no remark, for as he gazed upon her downcast eye and

saddened cheek, he saw that the mind and not the body was ill at ease.

Several uncomfortable days passed, and the little party which but a short time before, had been so united, seemed completely estranged. The ball so eagerly anticipated, appeared to be forgotten, Delville was left to amuse himself, for Alice scarcely appeared but at meals; the Wellmores and Julia Melville came but seldom, and St. Maurice was always shut up in his own room.

One morning while Delville was lolling on a sofa, in the half darkened breakfast room, he heard the voice of young Wellmore at the hall door, giving particular directions to a servant to deliver a letter which he gave him, into Miss Fairfield's own hands.

"Puppy," said Delville, "what right has he to send letters to Miss Fairfield?"

When the dinner hour arrived, Delville observed that Alice appeared in better spirits than of late had been usual with her; and that she smiled almost as much as formerly.

"You should make public your newly acquired receipt for good spirits, Miss Fairfield," said he, "I think we shall all benefit by it."

"It is a secret," replied Alice, blushing and smiling, but I promise to let you all into it soon—perhaps the night of the fête."

"Too long to wait," said Delville, mentally. Then addressing himself to Miss St. Maurice, he continued, "I think I shall go to town to-morrow, as my visit there is to be made before the birth-night, the sooner I go the better.

"Do you think you will be long gone?" asked Alice.

"No, certainly not, if you wish it," replied he, pointedly.

"Oh, by no means," she replied, "we cannot do without our chief counsellor."

The next morning, when St. Maurice came down stairs, Alice had finished her breakfast and gone from the room, and in a short time after, despatching his meal, he retired to the library, where, upon the table he found a letter directed to him in Delville's hand. He opened and read it. It was an application to him as the guardian of Alice for her hand. It was filled with passionate expressions of attachment, and was dated on the evening previous.

"You must long since have observed," he said, "the state of my feelings for her, and as my friend and the guardian of Alice, I trust my suit in your hands, satisfied that in so doing, from her deference to your opinion, I shall be adding strength to my claim. Of Alice's sentiments I have been unable to judge with any certainty. Indeed, I have, at times, thought I had a rival in young Wellmore. But the period has now arrived when I can no longer feel satisfied to remain in doubt. I therefore place my hopes upon your friendly influence." He finished by saying, that he would await St. Maurice's answer in town.

St. Maurice threw the letter from him. An hour passed by, and then the bell was rung and a message sent to Alice, begging to see her for a few minutes in the library. In a short time, she entered the room, with flushed cheeks and an embarrassed air.

. "Alice," he said, leading her to a chair, "I have sent for you to speak to you on an important subject. As your guardian, I have this morning received a proposal of marriage, from Mr. Delville to you."

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Then, with a rapid utterance, he continued, "I can say nothing of Delville, but what is noble, upright, and honourable. His circumstances are good, and neither my aunt nor myself, could reasonably object to him. The decision now rests with you."

Alice sat perfectly still; her eyes were cast down, her face was rigid, and pale as marble, but she uttered not a word.

- "What answer shall I return Delville, Alice?"
- "I have given him his answer," she replied, speaking low and painfully, "I saw him this morning."
  - "May I ask what it was?" inquired St. Maurice.
  - "I have declined the honour of his hand."
- St. Maurice spoke not, but the blood rushed in a crimson torrent to his face, and, turning from her, he leaned against the mantelpiece.
- "Have I your permission to go, now?" said Alice, rising to leave the room.
- "A moment more, Alice," he said, detaining her, "and then I shall have done,"

Alice sunk again into her chair, and leaning her head upon her hand, concealed her face.

St. Maurice approached the table, and taking thence a paper, he said, "Here is a deed, Alice, which I placed here this morning to give you, and it had better be done now. It is the wish of my aunt and myself that you should be secured an independence, so that, in the event of your marrying, and your choice falling upon a poor, but deserving man, you may have the satisfaction of knowing that you possess sufficient, yourself, to render fortune on his side, less necessary. My aunt will dispose of the greater part of her property in your favour, and you know, dear Alice, I have few beside yourself, to love in the world," and he handed her the paper.

But Alice saw him not—her head was bent, and her whole frame shook with suppressed and convulsive sobs

St. Maurice, surprised and afflicted at her evident distress, bent over her, with emotion almost equalling her own.

"Alice," he said, "what is it that affects you thus? Can you not trust in me—have I no claim to your confidence?"

But Alice did not answer, and her agitation now became pitiable; no common emotion could call it forth.

"Will you not trust in me, Alice?" again asked St. Maurice. "Be assured you could have no truer friend." Then, as the idea suddenly darted through his mind, he said, in a low voice, "If Alice, you have any attachment, any entanglement, let me entreat you to confide in me, I will faithfully keep your secret, and give you my most disinterested advice."

Still Alice was silent, but she withdrew quickly the hand he had taken, and he saw that her neck, brow, and bosom were suffused with crimson.

St. Maurice arose and walked to a distant window. He was both distressed and surprised at her unaccountable manner. A few moments passed away in an awkward silence, and then a gentle fluttering near told him that Alice was at his side,

"Mr. St. Maurice," she said, in a calm, grave voice, "you have mistaken me entirely," and as her voice sank, she added, "perhaps you will never understand me. "Take this deed, I cannot—I never will accept it—I have no wish to be independent. To you, to my dear godmother, I owe every thing—home, kindred, and support. The debt of gratitude

can never be repaid—I will not increase it. I shall never leave Mauriceville—that is, unless you wish it"—and again her voice trembled. "You are the only father or brother I have ever known; and to you I must continue to owe all."

"Never leave Mauriceville!" exclaimed St. Marrice, impetuously, with an eager, glowing countenance, then you do not love Wellmore, Elsie?"

"Love Arthur Wellmore!" replied Alice, looking up in astonishment. "Do you not know that he mengaged to Julia Melville?"

For a short time Ernest paced the room with quick and hurried steps. Then approaching her, he said in a voice broken by agitation, "It is folly to atterns to conceal it longer. Alice, you must see that I love you, that you are dearer to me than all else of earth. I have struggled—hopelessly struggled against this madness, but in vain, and now I must speak, though it confirm my unhappiness past recall. You say you will never leave Mauriceville, you tell me I have been a father, a brother to you, tender as these titles are, dearest Alice, there is one still dearer, which, could you grant it, would make me blest meded. Then you would never leave Mauriceville nor me, and you would make that home a happy one which you have always adorned."

Alice replied not, and again her face was hidden from his view.

"Then you reject my offer, Alice," he cried, in a tone of deep mortification, "you despise my affection."

Alice withdrew the handkerchief from her bluehing face, and laying both her hands within his, she murmured, "Despise!—oh! no, no!"

Her head was on his bosom, her hand cla-ped in his, and St. Maurice forgot that a few minutes before he had been the most miserable of men.

Extract from a Letter of Mrs. Solmes' to Mrs. Lardner.

"Our plans have all failed. My visit to Mauriceville has been made, and I shall return by the first packet that sails. I arrived at Mauriceville on the very day appointed to celebrate the birth day of Alice Fairfield, by a ball. I had not been in the house an hour, before that horrid old Miss St. Maurice, whom I always hated, announced to me that Ernest was to be married to his ward almost immediately, and I saw her in the evening hanging on his arm and receiving the congratulations of her friends as his affianced bride, while I stood by a mere cipher, within the walls which, but for your advice, would now have claimed me as mistress-a pleasant reflection, indeed. Young Wellmore, whom we heard was engaged to Alice, is the lover of Julia Melville, whose confidant she was; and since I have returned to town, I have heard that Ernest's rich cousin, young Delville, is paying assiduous court to Miss Wellmore.

"You will readily admit, after learning the above, that Mauriceville was no longer a place for me, and I accordingly returned to town the next day."

So much for trusting to the fancied paternal character of a "godfather."

When we are in a condition to overthrow falsehood and error, we ought not to do it with vehemence, nor insultingly and with an air of contempt: but to lay open the truth, and with answers full of mildness to refute the falsehood.

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE STREAMLET'S SONG.

#### BY LEWIS T. VOIGT.

I LAY where a vine's dark folinge fell, In a clustering arch, 'mid a violet dell, And a limpid stream as it rippled along, Thus gladden'd my ear with its joyous song:

"I was born of the dew-drop, that quivering hung In the moonlit air—or the wild blossom flung From its mountain home, as the bland zephyr pass'd, And the glittering pearl from its daisy-cup cast.

'Twas pure as the tear that gems infuncy's eye,
When it weeps for another's dark misery;
'Twas the drop that the night flower sorrowing shed,
When the last ling'ring star-kiss at dawning had fled.

And my streamlet was swoll'n with the sun shower rain, That glancing with rainbow tints, moisten'd the plain, And the clear crystal drops, from the rocks sparry cell, As they dripp'd from their mossy founts, bright in me fell,

Or bounding in joy as it leaps from its caves,
The slight thread of silver the dash gayly braves,
Where the proud, tiny spring fain would mimic with me
The cataract, rushing in foam to the sea.

In my course I meandered a sunset lit plain,
And its golden dyes flung on the air back again;
Whilst the flame girdled clouds that encrimson'd the west,
Proudly imaged their hues on my sheen glowing breast.

But their bright tints had melted in twilight away, When the stars darted, trembling, their first fault'ring ray, But I stole their pure sparklings, and couch'd my blue waves On far brighter gold than old Pactolus laves.

The milky-way, nightly, in calm slumber glows
As fair on my breast, as the Alpine sun'd snows;
And the moon robing clouds on my cool bosom lie,
As tranquil at rest, as if sleeping on high.

The fire fly glints o'er my eddying whirl,
The glow-worm stars the gloom where the lily leaves curl,
As they kiss 'neath the bulrush, and low sighing reeds,
The green mantling pool, whence my current recodes.

I gleam in the dawn like the deep blushing rose; There's not a bright flower-tint but my rainbow stream knows, The emerald of trees, and the hyacinth sky, And the butterfly hues of the clouds' blazonry.

All bright things are near me—the bird dips his wings, And moistens his heak, ere his roundelay he sings; And I blend my soft murm'ring with sweet tones that fill The glad choral air, as a lyre strings thrill.

The odours of flowers float over my way,
The wild thyme, the clover, the sweet-scented hay,
Performe my glad course, as I ripple along,
To the humming of bees, and the joyous bird's song,

The oak trees, so rugged, embroid'ring my brink, Weave their dark, tangled branches in many a link, And the wild grape hangs over, and festoons my brow With a trellis-work, lovelier than mortal may throw.

Here the ring dove coos fondly amid the thick leaves, To her mate, as their nest in its shelter she weaves; And the cottage maid seeks oft at noontide my wave, Her limbs, on my breast, pure as snow drops to lave.

I mirror her rose-flush, as she blushingly shrinks, When the robe that unveils all her beauty unlinks, And my wavelets around her I wantonly curl, Like diamonds encircling the India sea's pearl.

Her teeth light my bubbles, which sparklingly sip
As they wreathe with my bead stray, her peach downy lip;
And I deck with my brilliants her dark floating hair,
And zone her snow breast with foam, dazzling as fair.

O! I float on in j-y!—and I gratefully throw My flashings of light, as the spice breezes blow, O'er the sycamore tree, that protects from the sun In the noon's thirsty hour my course as I run.

He glooms his own trunk as he shadows my stream,
'Tis but meet that I glance back the wand'ring sunbeam,
To illume his hoar trunk, as it gleams through its bark,
Like moonlight, when warring through clouds torn and dark.

The grasshopper springs, and the dragon-fly flits, His green golden wings as the harebell he quits, And their faint, dreamy chirrup, soft blends with my song, While the tasseling sedge my glad numbers prolong.

I arch with my silver the moon glist'ning stone, As dancing in froic my spray drops are thrown In a thousand bright brilliants, which shame the tiar That the haughtlest monarch of mortals may wear.

There's not a gem'd circlet clasps beauty's pale brow, Though its diamonds, 'midst regal halls, dazzlingly glow, That burns with such lustre, as tremulous plays Through my fast flashing stars, in the moon's silv'ry rays.

But when winter has gem'd, from her icicle throne, My sun-spangled frost-work, what lightnings may own My brilliance of radiance, my gorgeous bright dyes, Outrivalling the rainbows of sapphirine skies!

But my course I must speed—to the ocean I swell, I must hasten away, fare ye well! fare ye well!" And the rocks caught the sound, and the sad echo sigh'd, "Fare ye well! fare ye well!" as the stream onward hied-

The song died away, but these words on my ear, Beem'd blent in adieu, like my fountains, as clear— "Let thy every wish prove—let thy breast ever be As my wavelets transparent, as bright, and as free;

"Let thy soul, like my flood, reject all things impure, Banish aught that its whiteness would stain or obscure, Reflect the chaste beauty of earth and of sky, Till call'd, like my mist-wreaths, to mount up on high!" Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE SPANISH MOTHER.

BY H. W. HERBERT.

AUTHOR OF " THE BROTHERS," " CROMWELL," " THE CHARLE BRIDE," ETC.

It was a calm and lovely night—one of those nights peculiar to the soft clime of Europe's great peninsula—the moon rode broad and cloudless, round as a Doric targe, through the pure sky which glowed like one vast vault of sapphire; a single star was at her side, the loveliest and the brightest of the planets, the other wanderers of the night quenched by her dazzling lustre "had paled their ineffective fires," dim and unseen through her transcendant glory. The air, just agitated by the faintest breath from the sweet south, was actually burthened with the blended perfumes of ten thousand dewy flowers :- the rich faint odour of the orange groves, the delicate incense of the oriental jasmine, the simpler fragrance of the unnumbered violet beds seemed to pervade all space between the floral earth and the far heavens. Nor was there wanting melody to mate with the delicious scents that breathed on every passing breeze; for the distant tinkling of the sheep bells, heard at long intervals amid the cool, continuous plashing of a near waterfall, was almost swallowed up in the thick tremulous notes of the incessant nightingales, which poured their gushing bursts of wild and mellow song from every tufted brake and shadowy dingle. Inhaling this unequalled fragrance, and listening to these sweet sounds, though scarcely conscious that she did so, the Ladye sat in the wide oriel window of the antique hall; which opening on the verge of a steep, cliffy bank, dark with abundant verdure, commanded a wide prospect over the smiling vale of the broad Guadalquivir; with its wide tranquil reaches glimmering like beaten silver in the moonlight, and its fair gardens and bright cornfields chequered and shadowed here and there by vineyard, olive grove and corkwood; till many a league away the glorious scene was bounded by the blue arrowy peaks of a tall mountain Alone the Ladye sat, silent and sad in that proud solitude. It was a huge and stately hall of that rich gothic style, which is seen nowhere in such grand perfection as in the land where its inventors reigned so nobly and so long; and she, its tenant, was worthy of its many-memoried grandeur. A single lamp, suspended from the central groining of the roof, threw on the marble walls and tesselated pavement a ruddy light, which offered a fine contrast to the faint misty lustre of the calm moonbeams, yet sufficed not to penetrate the shadowy aisles or to reveal half the extent of the vast pillared room. Aloft, half bathed in shadow, half tinged in mellow light, waved many a bannered trophy, rustling with a strange melancholy sound, half sweet, half awful, in the small gusty currents which never were entirely still among those giant arches.-But on the walls around, many a vacant niche, and hook untenanted, many a light spot, where had hung for years targets and panoplies of proof, and weapons of all lands and ages, denuded now and empty, declared as audibly as though they had found tongue that the lord of those proud towers was abroad on some bold enterprise of arms, with all his banded vassals. The Ladye who sat there alone and still, right in the centre of the misty flood of radiance which poured in through the oriel windows, was in sooth worthy her high state, in majesty at least of form and noble bearing. Her features, proudly and keenly aquiline, showed not a line or touch of age, although the tresses, which were drawn in a broad braided sweep across her marble brow, were white and lustrous as the mountain snow; her tall and graceful figure retained the full and glorious symmetry of mature womanhood, and the intense and vivid flash of her deep Spanish eye, showed that if years had swept so lightly over her body's vigour, they had not dared assail even in the least her mind's unblemished powers. Her dress though rich was plain-a robe of sable velvet, cut accurately to the person, and relieved only by a ruff or falling collar of white lawn, a coif or bonnet of the same dark material buttoned by one great brilliant-the only ornament she wore except a rosary of large but uncut garnets, formed her whole dress; yet had she been arrayed in cloth of gold and purple, had her entire garb been luminous with costliest gems, not one whit would it all have added to her inborn and palpable nobility of birth.-One elbow, propped upon the cushioned arm of the old crimson chair wherein she sat, was raised so that the white and tapering forefinger just touched the outline of the curved chin, as she held her head erect, with the eves fixed and lips apart in attitude of intense listening; while the other hand, holding her velvet missal and her beads, had fallen down negligently by her side. It was a study for a painter-and that too for one of no mean eminence-the stately Ladve-the superb gothic hall, rich with the meanings and the memories of bygone days-the blending of contrasted lights-the half-seen outlines of the grand gothic tracery—the mellow hues—the black and massy shadows!-a wondrous picture of still life, full fraught with sentiment, with sadness, and with awe!

But now the silence, which had perhaps given its tone to the whole picture, was at once interruptedfor certain sounds, which had, as it would seem, already rivetted the Ladye's ear, sharpened by keen anxiety, now came so audibly upon the night wind, that they attracted other notice-from a tall slender watch-tower, which might be seen indistinctly in the glimmering moonlight terminating a long sweep of flanking walls, a shrill, keen bugle blast was blown by the wakeful warder; and, ere its cadences had ceased to ring among the thousand echoes of that ancient place, was answered by another blast, as keen and shrill as that which had awakened it, but inexpressibly and painfully sad in its protracted wailing notes.-The Ladye clasped her hands, and bowed her proud head on her knees, and remained still and motionless as a carved effigy of stone, while the loud bustle from the walls, the rattling of chains and pullies, as the portcullis rose and drawbridge fell, the clank of harness and the hard tramp of horses, announced the presence of a party from the host; but the quick tremulous quivering of one small foot, which peered out from the bem of her dark robe, proved the intense and anguished ecstasy with which she waited for the tidings. Voices were heard without, and hurried steps, and now the portals were thrown open, and several men, a terrified tumultuous group of menials, entered with torch and cresset half guiding half supporting an armed man, whose every step was marked with blood upon the marble floor, while his helm split in twain by a two-handed blow, and all his panoply dinted, and hacked, and gory, gave token of the fury of the conflict from which he had returned in so sad plight. The Ladye had arisen from her crouching posture ere the door opened, and with her stately person drawn to its utmost height stood waiting the result. Her eye fell on the wounded soldier, and its soul-piercing glance was dimmed upon the instant.

- "Xavier!" she said, with no tone of inquiry in her voice—"Xavier! then all is lost!"
- "All! all is lost," he faltered with a painful effort, all to our house's honour!"
- The king!" she gasped, half suffocated as it were by the intensity of her excitement, " the king!"
  - " Hath 'scaped-whole, and unwounded!"
- "All glory to St. Jago, and to God! then may Spain triumph still," and for some time she spoke not again, nor asked a question; but told her beads in silence. "Set him a chair," she said, when she turned from her task of gratitude, "set him a chair—he faints—bring wine. And now, say on—say on—tell me all Xavier!"

"Scarce ten miles hence, an hour past noon this day, in the wild pass of El Bodon, our host, ten thousand strong, was ambushed by a mere handful of the swart misbelievers—o'erwhelmed with archegayes and arrows from an invisible foe, defence was hopeless—we were cut up, disgraced, defeated, and only not annihilated; an early flight, to which his paladins compelled him, alone preserved Alphonso—of the ten thousand not ten hundred are alive —My master's band fought in the battle's van—his banner long waved foremost—when the first arrow flew we were three hundred horse—Ladye, you see me here!"

Not a muscle quivered in her frame, not a shadow crossed her brow; her lip did not tremble nor her eyelid wink, as she heard of the ruin of her house; the only token of anxiety she gave, was a small twitching motion of the fingers of one hand—that which still held the missal—playing unconsciously, and fluttering the illuminated leaves; while all the rest of the frame was rigid and hard set, as if it had been dead.

- "Our banner?" she inquired at length, raising her downcast eyes. "The Goat of the Counts of Cabra?"
- "Is on the field or taken," was the scarce audible reply.
- "And thou—Xavier—and thou, not on the field beside it!"
- A deep flush, as of shame, shot over the worn, bloodless features of the sore-wounded veteran—his left hand grappled to the dudgeon of his broad-bladed dagger. Then a sharp, painful, and forced smile lit up his curling lip.
- "What need that I should lie there, when he, who owns the banner and the name, rides steady in his stirrups?"
- "What of my son, sir—speak!" thundered the proud Ladye, "what of the Count of Cabra?"
- "Ladye," replied the veteran, "he lives with Don Alphonso!"

" Vassal, thou LIEST!"-The noble, eloquent blood rushed torrent-like, to that pure brow, which had not flushed for half a century before; and her voice sounded high and clear, as the defying challenge of some silver trumpet; and her head rose erect-high as the crest of a plumed warrior-and she flung forth her hand, as though to hurl the gauntlet-" Vassal, thou LIEST-to cover thine own infamy, thou liest!-What-his three hundred vassals dead round his father's banner !-- all dead! and he survive them !--Now, had the archangel said it-may heaven forgive me-I had cast back the lie on heaven's archangel! Slave-coward-dog-where my son's banner liesthere lies my son beside it-where brave men fell the braveliest, there fell the Count of Cabra!—Sir Seneschal, ring out the 'larum bell—call all—call all to arms! young or old! few or many! call all who follow Cabra !-Horse, horse, and spear! Horse hastily! Do on thine armour, aged Narvaez-for the last time do on thine arms for Cabra-saddle the black barb horse-for me the black barb horse, my own lord won in battle. Whether it lies in the corpse cumbered Gorge of El Bodon, or be borne by the miscreants in triumph, the Cabra's banner shall wave free before to-morrow's sunset-wave free above the obsequies of that last Count, who died in vain to save it!"

Like fire her hot words ran through every thrilling. heart of her retainers. Like fire the cry spread-the war-cry-" To horse for Cabra hastily!" The 'larum bell rung out-the armoury was ransacked-and antique casques pressed snowy, time-worn headsand disused weapons of old days were grasped by hands which trembled with their weight-and old brood mares were saddled with long uncombed manes, and rough coats-and ere the matin bell, one hundred horse were mustered. They were old men, indeed, or beardless boys-but the old men had fought and bled under three Counts of Cabra, and though their blood was cold and their hands feeble, yet did the cold blood boil and the frail hands grow strong at the high words of the Ladye-and the boys were the sons of the men of Cabra-for them there was no fear! and the old war steeds neighed at the trumpets as of yore, and pawed the earth as in the young days of their might. There was no banner raised, but the black barb was brought, and the stern Ladye mounted, and the last vassals of the house of Cabra rode forth to their last field, and its last Ladye led them.

The morning dawned upon the wild ravine and mountain road of El Bodon. Large flocks of carrion birds were wheeling to and fro above the summits of the rocky peaks which bounded it-the long howl of the wolf swelled mournfully from the dark thickets on its side-blood-red the stream rolled at its baserolled down to meet and poison the broad bright Guadalquivir-thousands of heads lay there-tombless, and ne'er to be entombed, save in the maws of the wild foresters of nature. Horses and riderspaladins and slaves-old veterans and raw recruits-Brave men and cowards-all nerveless-silentdead. Banners, and coats of carved and gilded mail, and instruments of martial music, and strong war weapons-defiled and cleft asunder, voiceless and useless! and the broad, glorious sunshine, flaunting above the wreck, and flouting the dread misery with its unfeeling mirth. Such was the scene through which the aged Ladye with her staunch veterans rode, scanning each ghastly heap with fearful scrutiny-yet in the festering corpses they had discovered no known form-in the surcoats and pennons, clogged with gore, no bearings which they owned-though many which they recognised and mourned, for scarce a noble house in Spain but there had lost a scion or a chief. The Moors had quitted, quitted triumphantlythe field of their success-the ravens and the wolves retreated before the small troop of avengers! Onward they rode-yet onward! and wilder waxed the difficult ravine; and sadder yet and yet more merciless, had been the past day's carnage. They reached the last, last point-the knoll whereon the last faint few had fought it out for vengeance-on that knoll, pitched into the summit, there stood a splintered flag staff-the banner was not there!-but at the base, and on the flanks, and round the crown of that low hillock they lay in heaps-in hundreds-the vassals of the house of Cabra !- and Moors lay there, mingled and massed among them-white caftans, and green turbans, and Damascus blades, contused with helms and hauberks, and swords of Bilbilis or of Toledo. Each with his wounds in front, and his good sword in his right hand, and his dead foeman at his feet, with a smile on his lips and a frown on his brow-

there they lay those gallant vassals. But where was he their chief-where the last Count of Cabra, and where his glorious banner?

She 'lighted down, that stern ladve, and searched through all that foul and festering heap. Its summit clustered about the flag staff, was one pile-one sold pile of misbelievers-each cloven to the teeththrough turban and steel cap, and scull! She moved them, one by one, and there, beneath them all, with the proud banner bound about his breast, and his sword, blood from point to hilt, still chained to his dead wrist, and the calm smile of triumph lighting his noble features-there lay her son-there lay the Count of Cabra!

A bright smile glanced across her lip-a bright tear sparkled in her eye—a tear of joy, not some." "I knew-I knew," she cried, "I knew the vassal LIED! Sound trumpets—sound right joyously! Give ye our banner to the winds-to the free, fearless winds !- Raise up the body of your Lord, and bear him to the long home of his fathers! Our house is fallen-fallen but not dishonoured-and I, the last of that high house, am prouder of my dead son here, than of the proudest living son in Spain-in Europe!"

#### ON THE POETICAL TALENT OF MARY, QUEEN OF SCOTS.

[From Professor Walter's new work, "The Twenty Years' Captivity of Mary Stuart."]

No care was wanting to give to the young Queen of Scots the most finished education. The quietude of the royal convent of St. Germain-en-Laye formed a contrast to the bustle and gaieties of the court, favourable at once to her studies, and to the culture of her heart. Among other accomplishments, that of Poetry was not neglected, and proofs have reached us that the natural turn of her genius was favourable to the lessons of taste instilled into her youthful mind. On the 24th of April, 1558, Mary was married to Francis, the Dauphin of France, and on the 10th of December 1560, she was a youthful widow mourning his untimely end, having shared with him a transitory reign of but seventeen months. She lamented his loss in an Eleg which does honour at once to her head and her heart.

Ah! mon triste et donx chant D'un ton fort lamentable! Je jette un œil tranchant A ma perte incomparable; Et en soupirs cuisans Passe mes meilleurs ans!

Fut-il un tel malheur De dure destinée. Ni si triste douleur De Dame Fortunée, Qui mon cœur et mon œil Voit en biere et cercueil?

Qui en mon doux printems, E fleur de ma jeunesse, Toutes les peines sens D'une extrême tristesse: Et en rien n'ai plaisir Qu'en regret et désir.

Ce que m'etoit plaisant, Or m'est peine dure; Le jour le plus luisant M'est nuit noire et obscure; Il p'est rien de si exquis Uni de moi soit requis.

#### TRANSLATION.

How sad my plaintive numbers flow From lips that vainly would repine! Around my tearful eyes I throw, And see what countless loss is mine; In midst of burning sighs and tears I pass the fairest of my years!

Did destiny's hard hand before Such store of bitter sorrows shed; Or fortune. in her anger, pour Such griefs on hapless woman's head; Who sees her very heart lie here, Her eyes' sole pride, within this bier!

In the sweet springtide of my day, When flowers of early joy are rife, I feel the withering griefs that prey Upon the closing hours of life; In nothing does my heart feel pleasure, Save in regrets that know no measure.

The fond delights of happier years Are turn'd to pain, and wound the sight; The day whose genial lustre cheers. Now wears the gloom of saddest night: Nor is there aught of good or fair That now can claim my thought or care.

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J'ai au cœur et à l'œil
Un portrait et image,
Qui figure mon deuil,
Et mon pâle visage,
Des violettes teint,
Qui est l'amoureux teint.

Pour mon mal êtranger, Je ne m'arrête en place, Mais j'en ai beau changer Ma douleur ne s'efface; Car mon pis, et mon mieux, Sont les plus deserts lieux.

Si en quelque sejour, Soit en bois, on en pré, Soit vers l'aube du jour, Ou soit sur la vépré, Sans cesse mon cœur sent, Le regret d'un absent.

Si parfois vers les cieux Viens à dresser ma vue, Le doux trait de ses yeux Je vois en une nue; Soudain je le vois en l'eau, Comme dans son tombeau.

Si je suis en repos,
Sommeillant sur ma couche,
J' oui qu'il me tient propos,
Je le sens qui me touche:
En labeur, et en requoi,
Toujours il est prés de moi.

Je ne vois autre object
Pour beau qui se presente,
A qui que soit sujet
Oncques mon cœur consente;
Et cette affection
Je la sens en perfection.

Mets, chanson, ici fin
A si triste complainte;
Dont sera le refrain:—
"Amour vrai et non feinte,
Par la separation
Il n'aura diminution!"

Deep in my heart, and in mine eye,
Thy portrait lives; this garb of woe,
Which on my widow'd limbs you spy,
And my pale features, sadly show,
The semblance of the violet blue,
Unhappy love's own kindred hue.

A prey to cares and anguish keen,
No place my steps can long detain;
Nor yet has any change of scene
The power to chase away my pain;
My worst, my happiest state of mind
In solitude alone I find.

Whether my footsteps sadly stray
Through flowery mead, or shady bower;
Whether at dawn of opening day,
Or at the closing vesper hour;
That bitterest of all human ill,
The grief of absence, haunts me still.

If to the heavens my eyes I raise,
His gentle smile will meet me there;
If on the floating clouds I gaze,
They picture forth his features fair;
If on the stream I cast my eye
In crystal hers'd he seems to lie.

When evening with her shades is near,
And when I seek my couch of rest,
In dreams his well-known voice I hear,
My hand in his is gently press'd.
In busy day, in hours of rest,
His image ever fills my breast.

However fair, however bright,
No other object charms me now,
It wakes no feeling of delight,
It cannot claim my bosom's vow.
The deep affection that I bear
To him, will have no rival there.

But hush, my song! no more complain;
The sadly-soothing lay give o'er;
The grief that knows not how to feign,
Shall still this simple burden pour:—
"Two hearts to true love fondly plighted
Can by no time be disunited!"

The next specimen of Mary's poetical talents was called forth on the following occasion. On the 21st of July, 1561, the young Queen of Scots left Paris for her native city. She was attended to Calais by a long train of the nobility of France, whence she embarked on the 25th. Mary was leaving a land endeared to her by a thousand grateful recollections; nor doubtless was her active spirit unclouded by omens of the future. She did not cease to direct her looks to the shore of France till the darkness interrupted her wistful gaze. At the dawn of day its coast was still in sight; she was upon deck before sunrise, and tradition informs us that then it was she composed the following song.

Adieu, plaisant pays de France!
O ma patrie
La plus cherie,
Qui a nourri ma jeune enfance!

Adieu, France! Adieu, mes beaux jours!
La nof qui déjoint mes amours,
N'a ici de moi que la moitié;
Une parte te reste; elle est tienne:
Je la fie a ton amitié,
Pour que de l'autre il te souvienne!

The following particulars of Mary's reception in Edinburgh, may not be found misplaced:

Nothing could equal the enthusiasm of the people when they beheld the landing of their queen; "happy was he or she that might first get sight of her."

The stern John Knox relaxes for a moment from his severity, to record that "fires of joy were set forth at night, and a company of most honest men Thou pleasant land of France, farewell!
Cherish'd with love
All lands above,
Nurse of my infancy, farewell!

Dear France, and happier days, adieu!
The sail that wafts me far from you,
Bears but my half away, the rest
Thise own, and thine alone shall be:
This of its faith the pledge and test—
To love and to remember thee!

with instruments of music, and with musicians, gave their salutations at her chamber window. The melody as she alleged, pleased her well, and she wished the same to be continued some nights after, with great diligence." Such is Knox's account of the matter; but as tastes differ, let us listen to a Frenchman's description of the scene. "When the queen landed," says the lively Brantome, "she had to go on horse-

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back, and her ladies and lords on the miserable hackneys of the country, harnessed in the wretchedest manner. At such an equipage she began to be sad, exclaiming: "These are not the handsome housings of France, nor this the pomp to which I have been accustomed: but I must have patience!" But what was worse, in the evening, at the Abbey of Edinburgh, when she was about to go to rest, there came five or six hundred raggamuffins of the city, saluting her ears with some dozens of wretched fiddles, and of those small squeaking rebecks with which this country is infested, and began singing psalms, as badly and discordantly as could be. Heh! what music! and what a method of lulling her to repose after her fatigues!"

We have also "A New Year's Gift to Queen Mary, when she first came home;" it is from the pen of Walter Scott, a contemporary poet, and from a volume of the greatest rarity.

Welcome, illustrious Lady, and our Queen,
. Welcome our lion with the flower de lyce,
Welcome our thistle with the Lorraine green;
Welcome our pleasant Princess, most of priceWelcome our gem, and joyful genetrice;
Welcome, the bell of Albion to bear:
God give thee grace against this good new year!

This good new year, we hope, with grace of God. Shall be of peace, tranquillity, and rest;
This year shall right and reason rule the rod.
Which so long season have been sore opprest.
This year firm faith shall freely be confest.
And all erroneous questions put arrear:
God give thee grace against this good new year!

This year shall there be embassies, with strife
For marriage, both from princes, dukes, and kings;
This year, within thy region all be rife
With riches, raiment, and all royal things;
This year both blytheness and abundance brings;
Navies of ships through all our seas shall peer,
Against thy Grace get a gude man this year!

Unfortunately, few of these good wishes were destined to be realized by the youthful queen, and least of all the blessing of "a good man," as was seen in the sequel of her unhappy alliance with Lord Darnley, "the long, lank, and spoiled boy," as Elizabeth termed him, with all that ill blood which the mention of any one's marriage was sure to raise in the bosom of the Virgin Queen.

On a thousand trying occasions, Mary had evinced an energy of character which no reverses could daunt; nor did it quail before twenty long years of painful and monotonous captivity. Yet where is the heart but has its moments of despondency, and doubtless in one of these the following sonnet was penned.

Que suis-je, helas! Et de quoi sert la vie?
Je ne suis hors q'un corps privé de cœur;
Un ombre vain, un objet de malheur,
Qui n'a plus rien que de mourir en vie.
Plus ne portez, O ennemis, d'envie,
A qui n'a plus l'esprit à la grandeur.
Je me consomme d'excessive douleur;
Votre ire en bref se verra assouvie.
E vous, amis, qui m'avez tenu chère,
Souvenez vous que sans cœur, sans santé,
Je ne saurois aucun bon œuvre faire.
Souhaitez donc fin de calamité;
Et que ci-bas étant assez punie,
J'aye ma part en la joie infinie.

Alas! what am I?—What avails my life?

A wretched corse of soul bereft am I;
A shadow vain, a thing with sorrows rife,
With naught in life left for me but to die.
Foes to my greatness, let your envy rest,
The false world's greatness has no charms for me;
Consum'd by grief, by heavy ills oppress'd,
The oppressor soon shall gain the victory.
Ye friends! to whose remembrance I am dear,
No strength to aid you or your cause have I,
Cease then to shed the unavailing tear,
I have not fearld to live, nor dread to die,
Perchance the pain that I have suffer'd here,
May win me more of bliss through God's eternal year.

On the eve of her execution, Mary composed the following rhythmical prayer, the fervour and unction of which penetrate to every heart.

O Dominie Deus, Speravi in Te; O care mi Jesu, Nunc libera me. In durâ catenâ, In miserâ pœnâ, Desidero Te!

Languendo, gemendo, Et genuflectendo, Adoro, imploro Ut liberes me! O my Lord and my God,
All my hopes are in Thee;
In my need, dearest Jesu,
O succour Thou me!
'Midst fetters deep-galling,
'Midst ills deep-enthralling,
My heart yearns for Thee!

While in anguish I languish,
Thus kneeling before Thee,
I adore, I implore Thee
In my need succour me!

#### MARIA CUNITIA.

A lady of great learning and genius, was born in Silesia about the beginning of the seventeenth century, and became celebrated for her extensive knowledge in many branches of learning, particularly in mathematics and astronomy, upon which she wrote several ingenious treatises; one of which under the title of "Urania Propitia," printed in 1650, in Latin and German, she dedicated to Ferdinand III., emperor of Germany. In this work are contained astro-

nomical tables, of great care and accuracy, founded upon Kelper's hypothesis. She acquired languages with amazing facility; and understood Polish, German, French, Italian, Latin, Greek, and Hebrew. With equal care she acquired a knowledge of the sciences, history, physic, poetry, painting, music, both vocal and instrumental, were familiar to her; and yet they were no more than her amusements.

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#### For the Lady's Book.

[The following is the "composition" to which was awarded the gold medal, in the Graduating Class of Rutger's Pemale Institute in this city, at its first commencement. The Committee which awarded the prize consisted of Rev. Dr. Milnor, Hon. Theodore Frelinghuysen and Mr. Kinney of Newark. Their report was not a little complimentary. Perhaps more through the eloquence of the reader (Mr. Kinney) than from any merit of its own, it drew deeply upon the sensitilities of a very crowded audience.]

#### LAST DAY OF EVE.

IT approached the evening twilight. The mother of mankind was placed by her descendants in front of her tent, reclining on a rude couch. The western wind fanned her pale cheek and played amidst her gray locks. Near her sat her husband. Eve turned her eye upon him with a look of sadness, yet of deep affection, and as she saw his wrinkled brow, bent form, and head of snowy whiteness, seemed to call to mind other days.

Inwardly she reproached herself. "Ah, not thus was it I saw him, when first given to him by our God. Where has vanished that manly form—where is the elastic step—where the eye that beamed with brightness—where now the rich and mellow voice? Alas, how changed! And it was I, who tempted, who destroyed him—I the wife—the cherished companion—I bade him eat, and now what is he, who but for me had known neither pain, nor sorrow, nor age.

"And what remains of her on whose beauty he then gazed with unsated delight?—A trembling, wrinkled form, just sinking into the grave.

Where is now that paradise with its rich fruits—that balmy air which brought on every breath a tribute to each happy sense—those rays which warmed but never scorched? And sadder, sadder still, where now is that blissful intercourse with His, who made us rich in the happiness of living? His voice is no longer in our ears—driven from bliss—from scenes so lovely—the earth cursed—sin, sorrow, and death the inheritance of our children."

Our mother was overcome by the rush of recollections. Her eyes, long dry, found new fountains, and her aged form shook with deep emotion.

It may be that Adam had been indulging in musings not unlike to these, for he was startled as if from a reverie by the emotions of his wife. The old man placed himself beside her. She laid her head on the bosom which had so often soothed its throbbings.

"What moves thee, Eve?

"Oh, my husband, how canst thou show kindness to her who has done all this? Thou wast young and knew only happiness, and all around was formed to delight our every sense; and I, who should have strengthened thy virtue, fell, and dragged thee with me, the partner of my sin, to this depth of ruin. And after a few years of toil and anxiety, we are about to lay these worn out frames in the dust.

"But for sin we had lived in perpetual youth, and feared no change. The threatened death has worked slowly but surely, and now with us his work is nearly

done.

"The first to sin, it was meet that I should first return to dust. Had the guilt and the curse been only mine, I might endure it. But I see thee now and I compare thee with what thou wast as it seems to me but yesterday.

"A few days will lay thee low. Let our children place us side by side in the cold earth. I know not

why it is, yet it seems to me there will be comfort in our bodies dissolving together, as if there were something of consciousness in the lifeless dust.

"Little of comfort as is now left in life, yet I cannot endure the thought that I shall utterly cease to

be!

"Adam, thou hast often given me words of consolation. Is there aught can cheer me, now I am to bid thee farewell?

"Thou seest yonder sun—thou wilt again see him rise and set, he is bidding me a last adieu. Sense shall soon cease for ever, and no light shall again enter these eyes,"

The old man wiped the tears which fell on the wrinkled brow of his partner. A sudden light was on his countenance as if a new lamp had been lit up in his soul. Eve saw it, and it brought to her a gleam of hope; she gazed on his face as if death had lent new powers to her faded vision.

"First of women," said Adam, "claim no preeminence in guilt—together we sinned—together we have borne the punishment.

"But there is redemption—there is hope.

"Whilst thinking of the fearful change which betokened to my heart that its partner was about to be taken away, a heavenly light beamed on my thoughts and taught me to understand the visions which have so often visited me on my couch.

"We shall not die—there is a costly ransom provided—we must sleep under the cold earth, but we shall rise again in the freshness of that youth which we first enjoyed; and purified from all sin, we shall walk in our Eden seven times more beautiful than when we first roved amidst its fruits and flowers. And there will be the thousands who inheriting our evil natures will have found a powerful Physician. And there will be that mighty Physician whose presence shall wake ten thousand harps to melody.

"This earth too, so long, so grievously cursed for our sin, will come forth more than purified from every stain, and in more than the beauty of its pristine

youth.

"Thou wilt go a little before me to the grave; but we shall rise together with the glad shout of gratified jubilation; and with us millions on millions of our posterity ransomed from the curse."

Adam paused, his eye fell on the face of his wife a smile seemed to play in the brightness of hope on her pale lip, but the heart had ceased to beat, and that sleep had fallen on her which the trump of the archangel only shall disturb.

O hateful error, melancholy's child?
Why dost thou show to the apt thoughts of men,
The things that are not! O error soon conceived,
Thou never com'st unto a happy birth,
But kill'st the mother that engender'd thee.



#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### DOCTOR WINTER'S NOTIONS.

#### BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

#### CHAPTER I.

"Nature abounds in wits of every kind,
And for each author can a talent find."—DRYDEN-

It is but fair that our readers should know the personage who is to entertain them, so we will introduce our hero in a short description, which those who have the good fortune to know him, will easily recognise as a true likeness.

Doctor Jonathan Winter was one of those beings who appear always connected with incongruous circumstances. To begin with his cognomen-Jonathan even to Yankee ears, accustomed to quaint phrases and patriarchal names, conveys the idea of rusticity, if not clownishness; yet was Doctor Jonathan the very model of good manners, and excelled in all polite and gentlemanly accomplishments. Then his surname of Winter-doth it not, in imagination, conjure up a tall, pale, spectral looking figure, resembling the "Snow King," with a heart cold and impenetrable as a glazier?-Yet the wearer of that frigid name was no representative of frigidity. He was a middle-sized, elegantly-formed man, though a little inclined to the fulness which distinguished that "handsomest man of his own times, George the Fourth of England." Then Doctor Winter had a warm, healthy-looking cheek, and a complexion almost as pure as that of infancy; his large placid forehead showed that combination of intellect and benevolence on which a phrenologist delights to gaze; his bright blue eye was pleasant in its smile as the first breeze of spring, and his heart was bland and generous, as the dews and zephyrs of summer.

The life of Doctor Winter had also been a complete antithesis to his disposition. He was a joyous, active, volatile and voluble child; but reared beneath the rule of a solemn, stern, even severe guardian, he was hardly, till the age of ten years, permitted the free use of his limbs, much less of his tongue. Young Jonathan was then transferred to the care of a grave pedantic "haberdasher of pronouns," who forbade him to whistle a tune, and compelled him to decline "music," till the little fellow, though he loved dearly to sing, hated the name of a song. He was next sent to college, when he pined to go to sea, and then was urged to study medicine, when he longed only to study men.

Such was the sketch he gave of his early life and adventures to the two Miss Morgans, as he sat between them, turning over the books on their worktable, one pleasant winter evening.

"And yet," continued the Doctor, "though I then considered all these uncongenial circumstances as forced on me by the caprice or injudiciousness of others, yet since I have been at liberty to direct my own movements, it has rarely happened that I have realized what I expected my freedom would give me, namely, the power of regulating my own course, and choosing my own associates. I have been engaged in many an enterprise I had not meditated, and I have formed intimacies with persons I should never voluntarily have selected as friends, or even associates. Almost all my adventures have been romantic

or melancholy, and yet I am neither an enthusiast or a mone."

"You are probably fated to become a hero," sa d Miss Charlotte Morgan.

"The world has little need of heroes," replied the Doctor. "The whole population of Christendom is becoming heroic—that is, all mankind are learning their own power and importance, and they find it is a combination of individuals that must effect great enterprises, consequently, that each individual should have his share of the honours and rewards. Utility and steam are now the giants of the world, and, in this march of mind and matter, single heroes are as completely distanced as Mars would be in a race with the fiery-tailed comets."

"You must turn novel-writer," said Miss Mary Morgan.

"Meaning that that is an enterprise in which utility or steam have not yet interfered?" replied the Doctor. "Well, it may be so, but I am deficient in patience and perseverance, both very necessary, indeed more indispensable for a novel writer in these days than either talent or genius."

"These days!" reiterated Miss Charlotte; "why, I thought this was the golden era of fiction, when her reign was extended over the whole habitable globe. Is not a relish for the works of fiction now considered one of the most unerring standards of civilization, if not of christianity, and that all who do not appreciate them are barbarians, or worse—stupid and strange as the savages of New Holland?"

"I grant all this," said Doctor Winter, smiling. " I grant it seems now the popular opinion, that all learning necessary for the children of men may be discussed in novels; and true enough, the same book is often an olla podriga of knowledge, furnishing hints on cultivating cabbages and framing constitutions of government: describing a lady's eve-brow and explaining the phenomena of the universe with the same happy accuracy of style; from the same page, perhaps, furnishing criticisms on poetry and puddings, or discussions on painting and political economy. All these subjects, and thousands of others, fiction now engrosses, mingling and blending the present and past, truth and falsehood, in such an inextricable confusion, as would entirely puzzle, if not distract the fairy who assisted Gracioso to assort the mingled feathers of nine thousand nine hundred and ninety-nine birds, were she appointed to unravel."

"Am I to understand then that you entirely condemn novels?" inquired Miss Charlotte Morgan.

"By no means," answered the Doctor. "I only condemn the false ideas they engender, and I maintain that, investing them with the importance we now do, they become more and more dangerous in this respect. The old romances of giants and genius, dragons and distressed damsels, castles and cavaliers, were read for anusement, and answered the purpose for which they were designed. But we are more am-

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bitious; our novels are supposed to contain instruction. It will be best for those who feel an interest in preserving public morals to discover in what this instruction consists. We may say what we will about the historical accuracy of the events described in a novel, that the personages introduced are faithfully portrayed, &c., these are not the things which most interest and influence readers, especially if they be young. It is the exhibition of the passions, the tone of thought and feeling, and more than all, the effect which personal attractions, and the possession of wealth and rank are described as possessing over our destiny and happiness, which misleads."

"But novels teach us the manners and tone of fashionable life, and by showing the folly of these, make us wiser and better, without incurring the dangers and temptations which mixing in the real scenes might bring," said Mary.

"Ay, so I am often told," answered the Doctor;

"but many good people are not aware how much the extravagance of dress, and the exaggerated ideas of the bliss which a splendid establishment can bestow, are imbibed from the fashionable English novels, which are thrown from the presses of our Republic, in swarms, like the locusts of Egypt, over our land. Even our holy religion has put on the robe of deception, and comes forth with a smiling face, (alias title) to lure us to the heaven of fiction."

"Do you not approve of religious novels?" asked Charlotte, eagerly.

"No—not those usually palmed upon the public under that name. These are, for the most part, the work of weak minds, or eager aspirants for fame, who shelter their stupid and puerile productions under that sacred sanction of "moral," fancying they shall thus escape criticism and censure. I am half inclined to turn critic and scourge such pretenders. There are some I could lash."——

## Written for the Lady's Book.

#### THE SUN.

#### BY MRS. LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

EYE of thy Maker, which hath never slept, Since the Eternal Voice from chaos said " Let there be light !"-great monarch of the day, How shall our dark, cold strain, fit welcome speak, Fit praise?-Lo! the poor pagan, kneeling, views Thy burning chariot, to the highest sky Roll on resistless, and with awe exclaims "The god!-The god!"-And shall we blame his creed, For whom no heaven hath open'd, to reveal A better faith? Where else could he descry Such image of the Deity?-such power With goodness blending?—From the reedy grass, Wiry and sparse, that in the marshes springs, To the most tremulous and tender shoot Of the Mimosa, from the shrinking bud Nurs'd in the green-house, to the gnarl'd oak Notching a thousand winters on its trunk, All are the children of thy love, oh sun!-And by thy smile sustain'd.

Unresting orb!— Pursu'st thou, 'mid the labyrinth of suns Some pathway of thine own? Say, dost thou sweep With all thy marshall'd planets in thy train, In grand procession on, thro' boundless space, Age after age, toward some mysterious point Mark'd by His finger, who doth write thy date, Thy "mene—mene—tekel," on the walls Of the blue varfit that spans our universe?——But Thou, who rul'at the sun, the astonish'd soul Faints, as it takes Thy name. Almost it fears To be forgotten, 'mid the myriad worlds Which thou hast made.

And yet the sickliest leaf,
The feeblest efflorescence of the moss,
That drinks thy dew, reproves our unbelief.
The frail field-lily, which no florist's eye
Regards, doth win a garniture from Thee,
To kings denied. So, while to dust we how,
Needy and poor—oh! bid us learn the lore
Grav'd on the lily's leaf, as fair and clear,
As on you disk of fire—to trust in Thee.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE HORSE BLANKET.

BY N. C. BROOKS.

"Filial ingratitude!

Is't not as if this mouth should tear this hand

For lifting food to it?"

THE commandment which enjoins parental reverence may be justly regarded as the most important of the Decalogue; for obedience to parents is not merely the first social duty which devolves upon man, but the first of all duties—even before obedience to Heaven. The infant mind can comprehend the claims of parental authority, as a visible power, at an earlier period than it can recognise those of the invisible divine majesty; and in rendering homage to the requirements of the former it is prepared for submitting its faculties to the guidance of the latter—the parent

on earth is, to the dawning intellect of the child, the visible representative of the Father in heaven.

Hence the importance of the early inculcation, and the proper discharge of this duty—the first which we owe to man—the first to lead our minds by necessary gradation to the love and obedience of God. If the first impulses of the heart be right, will they not be likely to continue so? If the first duties of life be performed properly, has not the soul been strengthened in virtue to discharge those which may succeed? But alas! if the child casts aside the allegiance which

he owes to his parents—trampling alike on the better instincts of nature and the law of God, who may have hope that his after course will be in obedience to the dictates of Heaven—of virtue or of honour? If the stream be poisoned at its fount, what power shall purify its waters in their devious meanderings?

Henry Addington was a tradesman who kept a shop in one of the humbler streets of London. He was of obscure parentage, but of correct morals and good feelings. Without education and with but ordinary understanding, he had been enabled by early industry and economy to realize funds to commence shopkeeping in a small way. His strict attention to the affairs of his store, his probity, and his obliging disposition soon extended his business; and fortune ran with a current for ever deepening and widening the channel of gain, until he began to look forward to independence. In time, he actually became wealthy, but in an inauspicious moment forgot his usual prudence, and tempted by the extravagant promises of another tradesman, confided most of his funds to him to be expended in a magnificent speculation. failure of the enterprise and the dishonesty of the merchant with whom he had established the connexion nearly ruined him-in the short space of twelve months the earnings and gains of nearly a fourth of a century were gone-and he was left almost destitute, to commence the world anew, trusting to the slow yet certain additions of prudent trade to repair the ruins of deceitful speculation. A new motive was also added to insure renewed exertion, for, some time before his losses, he had taken a wife, and the wish was natural to make a prudent provision for his family. His honest and persevering endeavours were crowned with due success, and he began to recover from the blow which his affairs had received-until he had satisfied the claims that were against him, and held free of debt a stock of considerable value.

In a few years his wife died leaving one son, a child of seven years, the surviver of several children that had been the fruit of their marriage. Fletcher being thus the only natural tie that remained to the tradesman, the affection which had been bestowed upon the others seemed to be concentrated upon him; and he was accordingly nurtured with great tender, and he was inclinations were seldom thwarted, his humour was indulged and his wishes gratified, however exorbitant—in a word, he was a pet—and as is usual with pets, the spoiled child of indulgence.

Conscious of his own mental deficiencies, the father was anxious to afford his son the advantages of a good education, and therefore sent him to the most expensive schools. Fletcher mingled here with those who were from walks of life superior to that in which he moved-and in the little friendly visitations which he made to the houses of his schoolfellows, witnessed a splendour and display of living that made him look with contempt on the humble appointments of his own home. A passion for luxury and ambitious parade became in his matured life one of his strongest excitements. Although his father's simple manners, and plain dress and conversation were at times mortifying to his pride, Fletcher was not insensible to the kindness which he had experienced-he was in reality grateful for the love and benefits of which he had been the recipient. And the good old man in the innocence and fondness of his heart, in the humble estimate which he formed of his own character, was led to pardon his son's impropriety, even when he seemed to regard with mortification and disdain the plain understanding and ancient manners of the author of his existence.

Fletcher in due time was associated with his father in trade, and the prompt despatch of the former with the experience of the latter insured general success in their enterprises. But at length Fletcher determined to marry, and importuned his father to retire from business to domestic ease, and give up the affairs of the firm to his sole direction. The old man was advanced in years, and required repose, and was not unwilling to escape the cares of mercantile life, and acceded therefore to his wishes.

and acceded therefore to his wishes.

A dashing new sign with "FLETCHER ADDINGTON," in letters of gold, usurped the place of the plain white one with "ADDINGTON AND SON" upon it in black letters, and the son "ante diem" entered upon the heritage of his father. At the same time a residence was purchased near the city, combining the advantages of town and country, and the title made in the name of the son. The good old man committed all things into his hands—his stock in trade, his money, his house, his all; and was to spend the calm evening of his days in uninterrupted ease with his children, a pensioner upon the undoubted gratitude of the son to whom he had relinquished every thing.

He did not for a moment reflect that children, accustomed from earliest infancy to regard their parents as their natural protectors, never feel their dependence in receiving benefits or gifts through life; but that the case is very different when parents come to experience a dependence upon their children; and that in the tenure of some property in their own hands, they have the guaranty of love and tenderness from them in the double feeling of gratitude and of interest. In confidence and affection he bestowed all, and looked for filial piety to soothe the declining eve of one whose turn of life had been toil. love of his children, in the cessation from labour, and the companionship of a few tried old friends, he hoped to abide quietly the time of his departure, and he down at length with tranquillity on the couch of

Fletcher's wife was a fashionable woman, the daughter of a gentleman who had been rendered bankrupt by his expensive living. To her husband she brought no money; but on the contrary an ambition for display and prodigality for which his means were entirely inadequate. Proud, supercilious, and selfish-a heartless votary of fashion-it is not to be presumed that she was either calculated or disposed to make her father-in-law happy. The old man was too plain in his person and manners to please her fastidious taste; and she did not hesitate to exhibit her contempt of him and the old friends who came to see him. He was soon given to understand that he must have less company—that their dry conversation and rude jests were not to be tolerated when polite and fashionable persons were accustomed to converse. One by one his friends, who perceived their presence was unwelcome to the lady of the house, ceased to visit him, and the old man pined for converse and company. His son, no less than his wife, seemed to regard him with coldness of manner that scarcely amounted to civility; and he could not but feel that his presence was oppressive to them.

In the parties that were given at the house, and in the chance assemblages of persons, no one conversed with him-no one noticed him. In time, he was requested not to appear at table when strangers were present, but to await his meals in a private room. After this the graceless daughter began to complain, that he injured the settees and lounges by placing his feet on them-that he leaned back in his chair soiling the paper of the room with his head-and that he spat upon the carpets—that his conversation was not suitable for their visiters, and that his presence cast a gloom over them. The natural pride of his heart had been increased by his position in society, and the example and suggestions of his wife, until feeling was stifled, and the inhuman son consented to the proposal to give the father, to whom they owed every thing, the exclusive use of one room and to confine him to it at all times.

The old man lived here almost in solitude, for his children for days together did not come into his room, and he saw only the servants who came to wait upon him and serve up his food. This consisted in general of the broken meats left from the table of the family, though the supply was abundant.

A short time after transferring his property to his son, the old man perceived his error. The evident change of manner which took place in their conduct was well calculated to wound his feelings, while in the reckless expenditures at home, the waste of money abroad, and the neglect of business in the store, he foresaw the loss of all for which he had enslaved himself in life. Remonstrances were in vain—as they failed to produce a change of living and only provoked unkind replies.

Time passed on, and the room which the father used was required for a nursery, and he was removed to an old outhouse on the place, at some distance from the mansion house. This was a severe blow to the old man, for although he had no sympathy from his ungrateful son and daughter, his grand-children were a source of happiness to him; and in their smiles and infantile caresses he often forgot the heartlessness of their parents. They were frequently in his room, and were the only prop of comfort that stayed his wearied spirit. The hut in which he was placed was old and decayed, and much out of repair, but the son promised to have it made thoroughly comfortable before the cold season came on, which however was not done. The unnatural son at first called occasionally to see his father, but at length entirely discontinued his visits, and he was left to the care of servants alone. It is not to be supposed that they would not neglect him when he was so utterly abandoned by others; and accordingly the old man often suffered from hunger, and from severe cold.

Restrained by pride from going to the house from which he had been so cruelly exiled, his messages to his son were, for the most part, either never reported by the servants or disregarded by their master; while he, in the mean time, was left to solitude and suffering. The visits of his grand children during the warm season had often cheered the old man, but when the cold weather set in they ceased to come to his cold and miserable abode, and he was left solitary. With insufficient attire, but little fuel, and a few old shredded coverlets upon a bed of straw, in an old hut through whose crevices the hollow winds of winter were whistling, suffered a father whose head was blanched with the frosts of more than seventy years, while the son to whom he had given life and wealth rioted in luxury and extravagance, unmindful of his wants—regardless of his woes. He had sent messages repeatedly to his son to provide him a pair of blankets for his comfortless bed, but failing to receive them, he called on the groom at the stable to make inquiry about them. The groom told him that he had been unable to obtain money to purchase them—when the old man seeing the horses which were kept for the carriage, the course and the chase, all comfortably protected from the cold by blanketing, requested the groom to ask his son for one of their covers to keep him from freezing.

On the following morning he called upon the groom to learn the success of his application, and met a rude repulse from the servant, who, it is possible, had never reported the matter to his master at all. old man's feelings overcame him-he longed for death that he might escape further unhappiness, and no longer afford occasion to his unnatural children of impiety that could not fail to draw down the vengeance of heaven upon them. His strength for the time forsook him, and sitting down on the sill of the stable, he leaned his head against the door; and the sorrows of his heart found their way in the sobs that broke from his bosom, and the streams that coursed his pale cheeks. Blinded with tears and the streaming white hair which the wind had blown from his temples over his eyes, he did not know that any one was near him, until he felt a weight on his knees and on throwing aside the long locks that obscured his vision, saw his second grandson gazing up into his face with an expression in which love, pity, surprise, and inquiry were sweetly blended. The little innocent sought to learn the cause of his grandfather's sorrow, but the old man was unable for a time to take any further notice of his questions than to press him to his bosom and weep the more passionately. When he did ascertain the cause of his grief, the little fellow ran to the groom and insisted on his taking the blanket from the pony which belonged to him and his elder brother, and having received it, came and threw it over his grandfather's shoulders. He then besought him to go to the house, but the old man refused, and returned again to the solitude of his dreary hut.

The child went back to the house weeping; and his father, who sat by a cheerful fire, his feet resting on a cushion, supposing that he was suffering from the cold, spoke kindly to him and offered to take him in his arms; but he repulsed his caresses. Besought to tell what grieved him, he broke forth into more passionate weeping, and exclaimed, "When I am a man, I will not be wicked like you, father; when you become old and are sent to the hut to lie on a straw bed, I will not let you freeze there; I will give you a horse blanket whenever you want it, father!" After this, in his simple way, he mentioned the scene at the stable, and every word went like an arrow to the heart of the inhuman son. The latent spark of nature was enkindled-shame was excited-the vengeance and retribution of heaven shadowed forth in the prophetic words of his own child, alarmed himsorrow, penitence, stirred his bosom, and he instantly determined to recall his much neglected, much abused parent, to the home from which he had been exiled. He called in his wife and stated his fixed determination for the future—reproached her and himself for the ingratitude, the folly, the impiety of the pastthat they had disregarded the counsels, the happiness, the honour of him who had just claims upon them

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for all reverence; and in the career of folly and extravagance had wasted every thing they possessed upon those who in reality cared nothing for them.

The reverse of fortune, and the difficulties which the old man had often predicted during his course of pleasure and fashion, may, it is possible, have had some influence in awakening serious reflection and proper feelings. The father was induced to return to the mansion house, and found a place at the fireside and the table. Fletcher consulted him on the state of his affairs, and was sagacious enough to discover that the old gentleman had a much better idea of business than he had supposed some time before; he adopted many of his suggestions, and made every effort to recover himself from his difficulties, by prudence and economy. He applied to many whom he had been disposed to regard as friends in his prosperity. He found them to be friends in prosperity only. They could loan him no money, nor extend his credit if he chanced to owe them. In a word, he experienced sufficient proof of the heartlessness of fashionable friends. His merchandise was seized and sacrificed. Of all that had partaken of his hospitality-upon whom he had wasted thousandsthere was not one to lend him a pound to continue business. His house and furniture were seized, his stud of horses, and his hounds. Still, of his many summer friends, there was no one generous enough to give him funds to save the furniture that was absolutely necessary for his family-never was there a more total abandonment.

Yet plain old Henry Addington had some friends to whom he was dear, if the son had no friends. They who had been treated contumeliously by the arrogant son and daughter, came forward in time to assist the father, and through him the unworthy chil-They supplied the old man with funds to purchase such furniture as was necessary for the family, with this proviso, that it should be held in his name. The day of sale came on, and the old man resolved to bid for the plainer articles only-such as would suit the fallen fortunes of the family. The circumstances of the sale being known, it was supposed that there would be but little competition when he bid; but unexpectedly there was a stranger present who proved to be a most determined opponent. He seemed inclined to purchase every thing that was offered, except the more costly furniture, so that the old man could scarcely obtain an article without paying its full value or even more. The house and grounds were next sold, and the mysterious stranger was the purchaser. The hounds were next sold, the hunters, the carriage horses, and the coursers, but for none of these did the stranger offer a bid. They appeared to have no interest for him; but when the pony was put up, the slight little animal from which the blanket had been taken (the least able of any to spare its cover, if it might be judged from its shivering,) the stranger immediately bid for it. There was some competition for it. The eyes of the juvenile owners, as the contest was kept up, began to glisten-then moistened, and when it was at last knocked down to the stranger, and led back to the stall, those of the younger were deluged in tears. The sale closed with the day, and the family in sorrow and humiliation retired to sleep for the last time in the mansion from which their own folly had exiled them.

In the morning the little boys in paying a visit to

the pony that they might carry him the last feed which he was to have from their hands, were glad to find that the kind owner had already put a blanket upon him; and their grandfather was shortly after equally surprised and delighted to recover the title papers for the house and furniture made out in his own name, and a check for a very large amount on the bank of England—the sum total, principal and interest of the money of which his early partner had defrauded him many years before. He had returned from India very wealthy, and learning the distressed circumstances of the man he had injured, sought comake the reparation which justice and honour domanded. He shortly after paid him a visit and at the same time presented the boys with their pony.

Henry Addington was again wealthy, and sole possessor of every thing he determined to remain. He was lord of the domicil, and his children his guests. The old storehouse was obtained, and a very plain sign put over the door, containing the words "Addington & Son," and business again prospered as before. At home it did not seem to his son's wie that the old man was so often disposed to put his feet on the chairs. He certainly spat less on the carpets, and, at all events, if he did not, they were his own.

His conversation was more agreeable, and the old friends who came again to see him appeared less clownish and old fashioned. If they were even a little antique, she preferred their goodness of heart to the insincerity of the modern fashionable friends whom she had known. In a word, they were a happy family—they heartily regretting their past errors, and the old man not only forgiving them but studiously avoiding all reference to them. In a good old age Henry Addington was gathered to his fathers, leaving to his son the chief part of his wealth, and bequeathing to his grandson the residue, besides the HORSE-BLANKET, which, to the day of his death the old man had kept upon his bed; and seemed to think it contained more warmth than half a dozen ordinary blankets.

Reader, I have done; and now, when I tell you that the principal incidents in the above tale are true, will you pause and consider the duty of parental reverence. Are you a man and behold a young woman who is dear to you forgetting the love and duty which she owes to her father? Believe me when I tell you that the graceless daughter will be the faithless wife, and that she who denies reverence to the head which has been whitened in the labour and toil of life for her, will fail in her honour of you when time and change shall have obliterated the charms that attracted her early attention. Are you a maiden? Will you trust your happiness to one who disregards the first law of nature and of heaven? When the dim eyes of age look to him in vain for the tenderness of filial piety, and the feeble knees of her who gave him existence appeal in vain for support, can you flatter yourself that he will be mindful of you when the roses shall have faded from your cheek, and the graces of your person and the elasticity of your step have departed with the flight of years. Build not your hopes of happiness on a foundation of sand! In conclusion, in the words of a higher wisdom and authority I would say to all, " Honour thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long upon the earth which the Lord thy God giveth thee."

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE STRANGER.

#### BY MRS. S. J. HALE.

"Is not the scene beautiful?" said the lady.—The tear gathered in the stranger's eye as he replied—"To you it doubtless appears so—but it recalls to me thoughts of anguish, connected with a similar scene, which destroys its pleasantness."

STRANGER! the word of sadness falls
Like echo in deserted halls,
A sound of mystery, fear and gloom;
In vain the lone heart to beguile,
Bland nature wears her sweetest smile;
Like living flowers upon a tomb,
The beauty all around her spread,
But tells of lovelier beauties fled,
And breathes of solitude and doom.

Oh, could we read the thoughts that rise
While pointing to the stranger's eyes
Some dear familiar scene we love!
The smile may glow, the tear may flow,
But not like ours the joy or wo,
That thus the conscious feelings move,
The stream of sympathy will start
From fountains, gathered in his heart,
Before the desert world he rove.

# PRIDE AND LOVE

#### BY W. LANDOR.

His heart was swollen and turn'd aside

By deep, interminable pride;

That first, false passion of his breast

Rolled like a torrent o'er the rest.—The Signs of Corints.

"Who is the fair damsel that has prevailed for half an hour over the ennui of my fastidious friend, Clinton?" demanded Edward Clavering, in his usual tone of haughty indifference, as the personage to whom the question was addressed, approached him at one of the select and delightfully dull soirées of the aristocratic Mrs. Russel.

Stupidity is the first virtue of an aristocratic assembly, whether that assembly be a house of peers or a dowager's tea-party. Of this maxim, the disciplined taste of Mrs. Russel was well convinced, and her unslumbering tact was rarely at fault for the means of giving this desirable character to the entertainments that took place under her own roof. She was an amiable woman, and was never known to be implacable in her resentment, excepting towards one luckless youth, who, in a moment of forgetfulness, unwittingly insulted her by a compliment on the gaiety and brilliance of the evening he had passed. She was sensible, too; and in the house of another person would sometimes be malicious enough to exert herself to vulgarize a whole party by spreading life through a drawing-room, and rendering an evening delightful. But she never allowed such improprieties where the responsibility of the soirée rested on her-

Clavering had duly and dully gone round the whole circle, addressing a triple bow to each old dowager, a double speech to every young lady, and a simple nod to all the men, until he had talked, nodded, and bowed up the whole of his acquaintance. He then sat down by a table in the corner, and began to inspect a box of sulphurs. While his eye was on the gems, his attention did not wander for a moment from the company, and as he studied the various points of the group that possessed interest, his curiosity was chiefly piqued by the earnest conversation which Clinton was carrying on with a young lady in one corner. There was something very distinguished in her appearance; the beauty of high birth, high

thoughts, high feelings. It was clearly a first appearance. Had he discovered her first, he would have valued and have vaunted her above Iemshid's diamond; having lost that advantage by the lateness of his arrival, he made up his mind that she was not worth attention, and was on the point of withdrawing to his club when his friend came up.

"Is she a genius?" pursued Henry, with a somewhat contemptuous air, before he had given his friend time to reply.

"No," was the doubtful answer.

"Then we must 'accept a miracle instead of wit;' for never before did I see you worshipping at any other shrine."

"Why, she is agreeable, she is pretty, she is new:—
there is a triple crown would queen the commonest;
which she is far from being. Her history is interesting, her character more, her smile most of all. To
pay her what you will appreciate as the highest compliment she can receive, She is almost worthy of
your acquaintance."

"Why, she is ratherish pretty;" said Clavering, languidly raising his glass, "or at least might be, if her eyes were not yellow, her nose did not realize Dryden's ideal of Eneas's, her ceaseless smile partook less of the nature of a grin, and if she were about three and a quarter times as high as she now is. But on the whole, she will rather do."

"She has one quality, Clavering, which should protect her from your sneers; she has admirable blood in her veins."

"Blood! ah! ha! That explains the Romanesque nose. Antique blood has an invariable tendency to concrete in the centre of the face in the form of a hook."

"A curious circumstance is that; pray, how do you account for it?"

"It is one of the primary facts of nature, derived from a wide induction, the cause whereof it might be profane to inquire. But what is the name of this for Plantagenet? or are your views on her subject such as to render her name so transitory that it is not worth while to remember it?"

"Her name is Vassal. That name speaks for itself."

"And for you too. By making you merit her name, I am sure she is entitled to wear yours. Well, if you are for Vassal, I am for whist. I am going to the club; when you have embarked your goddess in her dove-drawn chariot, I suppose you will come round."

"My dear fellow, do let me present you. I will tell you why. She belongs to the old aristocracy, as I said; but she is very poor, and likely to be mortified by richer rivals. Now I am determined on that account that she shall be the most fashionable woman of the season: and I want your assistance for that purpose."

Clavering was a person of the most honourable sentiments, and that appeal touched him.

"Well! if you will, d'accord. But stop; you are not going to present me. That would be too plebeian. I shall be presented by the mistress of the house."

One month after this, when his mind was disturbed by strong perplexity, his heart torn by cureless passion, and his whole being agitated by a tempest of emotion, Edward Clavering recalled the gay and thoughtless conversation of this night, and thought how the destiny of his life had turned on the strength of his affection for the game of whist. Truly quoth the Prince of Denmark, "We know what we are, but we know not what we may be."

In a few minutes, Clavering, with Mrs. Russel on his arm, was on his way to Miss Vassal. She was modestly seated in a corner, and the path by which he approached her, lying between a centre-table and some large ottomans, was so confined that it was with considerable difficulty and delay that she was reached—a circumstance which, as he perceived, attracted her attention.

"That passage," said he, when his bow had been properly executed, "deserves to be called Al Sirat's for its narrowness; what it leads to, makes the name equally appropriate. By the by," added he, as the lady that he named withdrew, "I have just been listening to a very emphatic eulogy from Mrs. Russel; but I fear greatly that you must soon forfeit some portion of her approbation, for she considers it rather du mauvais ton, to be brilliant."

"The brilliance," replied Miss Vassal, "must, I believe, be rather 'in the optics seeing, than the object seen."

"If the optics possess any brilliance in this presence, it must be only because they are a faithful mirror."

"They must form, then, such a mirror as the magic glass in Camoens, which possessed the virtue of doubling the charms of whatever it reflected."

"You will remember," said Clavering, "that it was only on the fairest of the goddesses that its power was tried."

"And the exhibition was made," replied Miss Vassal, "by the most graceful of the gods."

"I have always admired the glory of that deity; I am sure that at this moment he would envy me." "In matters of wit," said Miss Vassal, "he was

apt to be jealous of his equals."

"Are you going to imitate his cruelty," said Edward, "by flaying me alive?"

"Nay," replied Miss Vassal, "in the old contest between the god and the mortal, it was the vanquished that was flayed."

"If Miss Vassal will be the umpire, that old trial may be perfectly renewed; for it was decided by the

judgment of all the muses,"

Clavering, who had approached Miss Vassal with the idea that a few of his extravagant compliments would turn her head, was rather baulked at finding himself in great danger of being beaten at his own weapons. To avoid that defeat he hastened to turn the conversation in another direction.

"Talking of muses," said he; "are you going to Mrs. R.'s weekly soirées this winter?"

"To some of them; are they pleasant?"

"'Some of them,' doubtless will be; but I have generally found them like Milton's nightingale, 'Most musical, most melancholy.'"

"Are you not fond of music?"

"Very; but there is too much amateur performance; a thing, which, when you are not interested in the performer, and professional persons are standing by, is rather annoying."

Miss Vassal had in her hand a white japonica,

which at this moment she held to her lip.

"What a beautiful bouquet?" exclaimed Clavering.
"Tis but a single flower," said Miss Vassal, hold-

ing it out.

"When I spoke," replied Clavering, "it was joined to a fairer. Are you an admirer of the camellia?"

"Not particularly; I do not love flowers that have no fragrance."

"No; a flower without perfume is like a man without spirit, or a woman without sentiment. Each is to each the soul to the body. How inferior is every flower to the rose!" And she took up one that was lying upon her lap. "This is the age of revolutions; but the queenship of the rose will never be disturbed."

"I shall retain many inward memorials of Miss Vassal," continued Edward, in a lower voice; "may I not possess this external representative of her. The fittest of emblems! for hereafter her memory shall be as fair and fragrant as this flower."

"And as transitory."

"Genius is a flower whose hues can never fade."
Edward placed the rose in the button-hole of his coat, and the conversation went on for some time. In the ardour of remark, some of its leaves were shaken off, and fell upon the ground. Miss Vassal looked at those which were fallen, with an air of disappointment, as if offended at the negligence.

"These leaves, Miss Vassal, are the Sybil's," said Clavering, pointing to those which adhered to the stalk, and rising to give place to another who approached; "and I shall value them the more, the

fewer there are."

Edward was quite captivated with his new acquaintance. Tired and displeased with the affectations, the common place, the essential vulgarness of feeling that belonged to the young women whom he had hitherto met, who seemed to enter the world with all the bloom rubbed off their hearts, he was delighted with the simplicity, fresh purity, delicate and genial gaiety, which marked Miss Vassal's conversation. She was very young, and though perfectly well shaped, rather beneath the middle height. Her features were very fine and noble; they might have been too striking in outline, if the softness of the skin had not shaded them into perfect beauty.

Her complexion, which was her greatest charm, had that exquisite fairness and surpassing lustre which tradition has described as the chief fascination in the beauty of Marie Antoinette. Her eye was bright to dazzling; her smile enchanting.

Clavering and Clinton left the room together. The latter proposed that they should go to the club.

"Hang the club!" exclaimed Clavering, "who could endure its vulgar racket after the silvery tones of the Vassal? its stupid glare after the mild effulgence of her smile?"

"Bravo! thy head, and heart, and speech, are all turned. But the yellow eyes, Edward, the yellow eyes, are they turned too?"

. "Bah! thine eyes are green; if thou can'st not appreciate her excellence, thy understanding is of the same hue."

The friends parted at the corner, and Clinton went off singing

Her lips were red, her looks were free, Her eyes were yellow as gold.

And Clavering walking slowly beneath the moon, thought upon the beauty of Margaret Vassal.

A gay and trifling libertine—a man who strove to reason himself into worldliness as a system—a man of deep emotions and lofty aspirations after virtue and purity; the first was Clavering's reputation-the second was the character which experience had induced upon him-the last was his genuine nature. Embittered and enraged at the heartless dispathy with which his own better emotions were chilled, his better intentions misinterpreted, his better efforts thwarted by the world, he deemed at last that goodness was the dupe of destiny, and that to wickedness of heart the issues of success and happiness were granted. He devastated his own nature that he might take vengeance on the world. No man is suddenly all Time must co-operate with effort in order to deprave the soul. Under the influence of a perverted temper and unworthy habits, Edward was rapidly sliding into cold selfishness when the brightness of Miss Vassal shone upon his spirit. Her voice echoed through the buried recesses of his heart. Her presence diffused around him an atmosphere of purity, which revived to life and to development the long crushed growth of high and kindly feelings. He reverted instantly to the holier sentiments of youth; and touched by the hand of sympathy in the errant loneliness of life, he no longer despaired of nobleness and virtue.

Next morning he called on Miss Vassal. Her conversation was characterized by the same vivid interest, the same gushness, freshness of manner, as before—the lightness of a heart unclogged by a single fear—unburthened by the weight of a single withered hope.

A volume of poetry was lying on the table, and Henry made some remark about it. It was a general feeling with him that books did not constitute a refined subject of conversation, and on common occasions he never made them the topics of discourse. At this time, however, he was wishing to go somewhat beyond the conventional reserve of society, and to discover something of the depths of his companion's character, and he knew that opinions about books form perhaps the best test of the intelligence and the spirit.

"Are you an admirer of the writings of Mrs. He-mans?" said Clavering.

"Not greatly; nor indeed of any female writer of

poetry. Poetry, in those higher kinds in which alone it is valuable, seems to me to be essentially an art—perhaps the subtlest and most severe of arts. And I doubt whether in a woman who possesses the susceptibility necessary to furnish materials for poetry, there will be found sufficient control over temperament, to direct emotion according to the forms of taste. In the works of De Stael, Hemans, and Miss Landon, the elements of creativeness are abundant and rich; but the form is not classical."

"Aye! poetry was with them a passion rather than an art."

" It seems to be the effort of Mrs. Hemans on every occasion to excite her feelings to the utmost, and then merely to express them—express them with an historical fulness and accuracy.

> To wake the soul by tender strokes of art, To raise the genius and to mend the heart,

formed no portion of her mystery."

"Wordsworth, I fancy," said Clavering, "would better represent your ideal of a poet, yet his admirers are so extravagant, and his own deviations from taste so many, that perhaps you are repelled."

"We may approve, I think, without worshipping," said Miss Vassal, "and may taste what is beautiful without extolling what is contemptible. I confess he is my greatest favourite; but that does not prevent my perceiving the utter paltriness of much that he has written. His last volume contains things more exquisitely finished than any thing perhaps since Spenser. But his language is not good."

"No: it has not about it, the classic smell of im-

mortality. Byron's words are better."

"Much; Wordsworth's diction has something of affectation—cant—modernness—of colloquial vulgarity: I use the words of course only in their nuances of meaning."

"Byron's English," said Clavering, " is perhaps the correctest of our time; even to niceties which have never passed the pens of the grammarians. He was a diligent student of the old writers, before Latin and Dr. Johnson had depraved the language; of the old divines, which he avowed—of the old poets, which he denied. Besides he lived more in the large air of the world; and abhorred and shunned that coterie influence which has injured Wordsworth so much,"

"Byron was a gentleman, too, Mr. Clavering," said Miss Vassal, with a half satyric smile; "he rejoiced, like his admirer, in an old Norman name. There are some qualities which if we are not born with them, or if we have not a natural predisposition and adaptation in reference to them, yet at least always take a tincture from our station. Language is one of them. Byron writes with the natural propriety of a high born peer. Wordsworth's words are chosen, but not elegant; recherché, but not refined. He employs the carefully selected language of a parvenu."

"What an admirable sentiment, Miss Vassal, for a republican," exclaimed Clavering, infinitely diverted, and not perceiving the irony of the speaker. "If I were to print that remark in this democratic country, I should raise a whirlwind. If a revolution breaks out, depend upon it, you who have merited the fame of Antoinette, will share her fate."

"If pride of birth be a sin, I am sure I should not walk alone to the guillotine," said she.

"Byron," resumed Clavering, "usually wrote in such heat of haste, that he did himself no sort of justice. Yet there are lines in his works which show that he was *trempé* in the antique spirit; that he knew and had mastered the witchery of *form* in composition."

"Take for example these lines from the 'Corsair,'" said Miss Vassal, fully sympathizing with his remark:

'Or my guitar, which still thou lov'st to hear, Shall soothe or lull—or, should it vex thine ear, We'll turn the tale by Ariosto told, Of fair Olympia lov'd and left of old.'

"A'nt that last couplet more Miltonic than Milton? Or, take this from Manfred:

The dead, but sceptred sovereigns, who still rule Our spirits from their urns.'

"What austere chastity of mind! what holy sternness of taste! I might say, in the old sense of the word, what awful severity of phrase!"

"Aye! Æschylus might have written it in the most silent sanctity of his inspiration. I would not be so presumptuous as to invite your attention to any passage in Lord Byron, except what are contained in one famous poem, which of course you have not read: a poem which, like the barks of Solomon, is freighted at once with gold and apes. In every other I am sure you would anticipate me.

Oh! Hesperus! thou bringest all good things, Home to the weary, to the hungry cheer. To the young bird the parent's brooding wings, The welcome stall to the o'er laboured steer.

"There is something very Homeric in the definiteness of that word steer. Pope would have used some vague generality of paraphrasis; or if compelled to employ a single expression, it would have been brute, or at nearest, oz."

"Your conversation," said Miss Vassal, in a tone of pleasant sarcasm, "has taken an encyclopedic range, as it began with Mrs. Hemans and has ended in steers. I scarcely expected to find that the aristocratic Mr. Clavering was one 'whose talk is of oxen.'"

"Madam!" said Clavering, rising to take leave; "inspired by your allusions to classic tastes and times, I led in this ox, that he might be offered at the altar of the modern Minerva."

Edward was charmed with the intelligence and fine cultivation of Miss Vassal, for he naturally formed the highest estimate of the understanding of one whose literary opinions agreed so entirely with his own. There was a tone of genuineness and of simplicity, ignorant even of temptation, in her aspect and demeanour, that seemed kindred to his holiest and most hidden aspirations. Like the prospect of the summer sea and sky opening through the morning mist, there seemed to expand within his mind a scene of delicious purity, wherein his thoughts might hide themselves from the harsh tempests of the world.

A day or two after, Edward called again, and was admitted—as it turned out, by mistake, for Miss Vassal was really engaged, and after he had entered the drawing room, a message to that effect was sent. Before it arrived, however, he had seated himself at a little table on which was an open portfolio, containing paper. The thought immediately occurred to him of writing some verses in allusion to Miss Vassal, and leaving them there anonymously. The message which was presently brought gave him time enough for his purpose; and putting in exercise a talent which he had carefully acquired as part of the education of a thoroughly furnished man, he threw off seve-

ral highly complimentary stanzas, and shutting them in the porte-feuille, left the house. The servant did not know his person, and he hoped to escape incognito.

The next afternoon, Clinton and himself happened to be walking together, when they overtook Muss Vassal and her mother. They were within a few steps of their own house, and the cavaliers begged permission to escort them home. Clinton obligingly engaged the elder lady in advance, and left Clavering with the daughter.

"A magnificent sunset, is it not Miss Vassal?"

"Very; could you not favour us with a sonnet on the occasion, Mr. Clavering?"

" I! the most prosaic of mankind?"

"Nay, I think I could offer proof to the contrary."

Clavering saw that she had detected his penmanship.

"It must be a transcendant subject, Miss Vassal, that can inspire me with verses: a subject—if a thing so dominant in charms may be called a subject—more lustrous than the sunset—rising always, setting never."

Miss Vassal blushed deeply. "I must understand you as still speaking poetically. But in plain prose, if I am indebted to you for those too flattering verses, I must beg you to accept my thanks."

"Willyou permit me to request one favour of you? It is a great liberty I take in imposing a promise upon you. I had intended that those doggerels should remain anonymous. Since I am discovered, may I beg that you will suffer no one to see them?"

"Certainly, Mr. Clavering;" replied Miss Vassal, drawing back her graceful neck; "they shall be seen by no one."

This request on the part of Edward, proceeded from sheer diffidence, and a dread that his verses might excite ridicule for their lameness, if they were read by others. But it did not display his usual refinement, as it implied a fear that the lady might be disposed to exhibit them as an offering to her vanity; and it was liable to be wholly misunderstood by her.

The following afternoon, Edward called again. Miss Vassal was sitting at the window; as he ascended the steps, he saw her rise and ring the bell. A few moments after, the servant came to the door; Miss Vassal was "not at home."

This first break in the chain of friendship—this first disturbance of his dream of confidence—startled Clavering. He immediately thought that the tenderness of his rhymes had given offence, and that his attentions were disagreeable to Miss Vassal. Still other reasons, more soothing to his vanity, might have occasioned the refusal; and as among equally plausible conclusions, every man's instinct is towards the most pleasant, he was not long in settling upon a different motive.

Soon after he again saw Mrs. Vassal and ber daughter walking, and he joined them. Miss Vassal's reserve was not to be mistaken. She took scarcely any part in the conversation, and turned ber face away from him during nearly the whole interview.

"Humph!" said Clavering to himself, as he left them; "that matter is completely settled. She dislikes me, and I will certainly never trouble her with any further attention."

His pride was deeply wounded; and in the excitement of that feeling he felt a refuge from distress. One dream of happiness was over: he was resolved not to be duped again.

There was a ball at Mrs. T.'s. When Clavering entered. Miss Vassal was standing in one of the quadrilles, with two or three persons around her. ward conversed for some time with other ladies, and then approached her carelessly. She received him with a most gracious smile, and bade him "good evening" very cordially. He bowed coldly without speaking, and having replied to one or two remarks made by those conversing with her, but addressed none to her, presently turned on his heel and moved off. What could have been the cause of the sudden change in her manner, from cold to friendly, he speculated in vain. But if it was meant to conciliate him, it wholly failed; such is the nature of pride, that this disposition on her part to renew their intercourse, kindled in him a haughtier resentment. Towards the close of the evening, after dancing with several other persons, he requested, coldly, the honor of her hand. She replied with frigid distance that she was engaged.

It is proper to explain the causes of this variable manner, which had baffled the guesses of Edward. The real cause of the first resentment of Miss Vassal, was the request which Clavering had made, that no one might see his verses. Those verses breathed unequivocally of love; and she at once suspected that the motive of his request was a wish to draw back from the position which he had there taken, and an unwillingness that others should suppose that he had felt any attachment to her. Her proud blood was roused to the utmost. The dignity of high birth would have prevented her feeling any such suspicion, if she had not been poor; the conscious inferiority of narrow circumstances, excited a jealousy of the respect of those around her. When a man indicated fears of being drawn into a connexion with her, she determined that he should at once be relieved from any such apprehensions, by having that peril placed beyond his power. That feeling occasioned her denial of herself on the occasion above spoken of.

When she came to reflect more deliberately on the subject, and when more generous and noble feelings recovered their ascendancy in her breast, and she again perused the passionate verses, she was convinced that no such design as she had too hastily imputed, existed in his mind. She was satisfied of the true cause from which it arose; and before she met him with her mother, was prepared to receive him with all her former cordiality. When, however, he presented himself on that occasion, his subdued and timorous aspect roused all the pride of power; the pleasure of punishing a lover is a temptation irresistable to woman. She persuaded herself that she hated him, and felt a strange delight in treating him contemptuously. When he had left she bitterly regretted her conduct, as both unworthy and dangerous; and she determined at their next meeting to behave with the utmost kindness. Hence her gracious manner in the ball-room. The coldness with which that was received, kindled her pride again: it was a new and deeper cause of resentment. She resolved that he should be chastised for that rude ingratitude.

Edward flattered himself that he was done with Miss Vassal; he believed he cared nothing about her, and, in fact, rather congratulated himself that the thing was ended. But there is nothing, about which it is easier to be deceived than the state of one's own feelings. Edward Clavering was thoroughly and

hopelessly in love. He did not then know what suffering soon taught him, that the heart is not the subject of the will. He thought of Miss Vassal day and night. He found no interest but in her idea. The ambiguity of her behaviour, and the doubts which he was constantly engaged in trying to compose, deepened her influence into his feelings.

A public ball was given the next week. Edward. when he came in, saw her standing in conversation with some young ladies. Her lovely countenance and beautiful figure melted his heart. He hoped that once again he might enjoy her charming smile, and he approached her. She turned her back when she saw him coming, and it was some time before he could bow to her. He requested the pleasure of dancing with her; with an air of quick resentment, and a tone of decided displeasure, she refused the request. Edward withdrew. He was deeply hurt, but he had too much true pride and dignity to play the flirt. When he was beneath the control of a woman, he scorned the cowardly refuge of concealment or denial; nay, it was a point of honor with him, to let her enjoy all the glory which that proof of her power might yield her. He stood apart on this occasion and did not dance or talk with any other lady. She, on the contrary, was plainly enacting the coquetté. She displayed unwonted animation and attention in her treatment of those who approached her.

Such are the effects of pride; and such was the manner in which two ingenious persons, who ardently loved one another, had contrived to quarrel and be miserable. Edward's coldness, founded on her supposed dislike, had roused her pride to anger, at a time when she was disposed to conciliate: her baseless anger had fixed him in immoveable alienation.

When her feelings returned to a more quiet course, in the calmness of lonely meditation, she deeply regretted the relation in which they stood. She mourned that wantonness of pride which had made her seem to hate him when her heart was full of sensibility. At the numerous parties where they met, he never approached her, except to offer a silent stately bow; during the rest of the evening he remained gloomy and dull. How she wished he would converse with her; she was sure she could remove all unkind feelings from his mind. How she wished he would invite her to dance! This he never did after his last repulse, but once, and then she was compelled to refuse. She had been obliged to sit down by a violent attack of giddiness, arising from the heat of the room. Edward, who quietly saw every movement that she made, thought that this was caused by her having no partner for the dance; and eager to save her from that mortification, stepped forward and solicited that honor. Almost deprived of consciousness for the moment by the violence of the paroxysm, she was under the necessity of declining. But afterwards she understood his motives, and appreciated the nobleness and generosity of his conduct.

Edward Clavering was one of the proudest men in Christendom. To the indulgence of that feeling he sacrificed the gratification of every other sentiment. He loved Miss Vassal passionately—madly; but he would have died sooner than have told her so. From what he saw of Miss Vassal's conduct, he thought that her affections might easily be conciliated; nay, such were his notions on the subject of women, and his confidence in his own powers, that he did not

doubt that he might win any lady. But in this case, he could not stoop to sue. In the bitterness of his mortification, he had sworn that no woman should have the opportunity of repulsing him twice. His love was of his soul; but his soul was pride.

Wrapt in the stern dogmatism of moody passion, Edward Clavering might have descended into the vale of years, unchanged in sentiment and unyielding in position. He never would have loved another; he never would have ceased to love Miss Vassal; he never would have relinquished that perverseness of feeling which forbade him to confess his admiration. Sometimes, as he sat alone, pondering on that one subject which engrossed his thoughts, he called to mind the gay and airy intercourse—the light and graceful carelessness of temper-the playful wit, the sparkling smile, the fine, unfearing confidence, which marked their earlier friendship; contrasted with his present feelings and position, the latter seemed harsh and sombre as a sepulchre. Yet, when he thought of the self-adoration which he must give up, in order to pass from one to the other, in the bitter madness of his pride, he preferred the sullen gloom of his lonely misery.

Several months past by, and no alteration occurred in the sentiments or relation of the parties. Edward at length resolved to go abroad. He had abandoned all hopes of ever wedding Miss Vassal; and as for feeling, he could be as miserable there as here. He made all his arrangements for setting out, and then called to inform Miss Vassal of his intention, and to take leave of her. It was a great while since he had paid a visit there. He found her alone.

" I have called," said he, " to say 'good bye' to you."

"Are you going out of town?"

"There is nothing in this country, now, to interest or detain me. Family ties I have none. Of friendships which I had, or might have had, some have been wearied away, others rudely severed. I sail tomorrow, to travel in Europe and Asia. I shall certainly be gone five years; if I like the mode of life, I shall stay ten."

Miss Vassal listened to him in silence. She then muttered with deep agitation and almost inarticulately, "you—going—ten years."

She then hid her face with her hands and burst into a flood of tears.

It had been a long struggle between the strong pride of man, and the passionate pride of woman. The former, sustained by the consciousness of right conduct, had triumphed.

As she raised her hand, there fell from it a paper. Edward saw that it contained the verses which be had written, and that it was much worn, and stained with many tears.

"Go-leave me-I command you!" cried she, in passionate tones.

The heart of Edward was wrong with the anguish of repentant love. "Never," he exclaimed, falling upon his knee before her, "never till you promise to go with me. You know well, Miss Vassal, that I love you with all my heart and soul; that I have ever loved you untterably. I know that your tears are tears of compassion for my wretchedness. O remove the misery of my breast, by telling me that the one absorbing desire of my heart may be gratified, and that I may love you."

In words of still-deepening ardour, Edward poured out the utterance of his full-charged feelings. Miss Vassal rose from her chair and walked across the room.

"Come to me this afternoon," said she.

"Dearest Miss Vassal, I cannot leave you till you promise to be mine."

And in that hour of unveiled and unshadowed emotion, there was established a perfectness of confidence and an entierty of mutual love, which no future conduct could disturb by one danger—no misunderstanding darken with one doubt.

We have endeavoured feebly to describe the course of feeling which occurred in the breasts of these young persons—in some respects singularly constituted. By incidents resembling truth, truth is exhibited.

Written for the Lady's Book.

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## PAYING THE DOCTOR.

BY T. S. ARTHUR.

AFTER a day of unusual anxiety and fatigue, Dr. Elton found himself snugly wrapped up in a liberal quantity of blankets and bed quilts, just as the clock struck twelve one stormy night in February. For over half an hour he had lain awake racking his brain in reference to two or three critical cases which were on his hands; but tired nature could keep up no longer, and the sweet oblivion of sleep was stealing over his senses. But just as he had lost himself, the bell over his head began to ring furiously, and brought him into the middle of the floor in an instant. Pushing his head out of the window, he interrogated the messenger below, just too late to save that individual the trouble of giving the bell-rope another violent demonstration of his skill.

"Mr. Marvel wants you to come and see Charley immediately," roplied the messenger.

" Why, what's the matter?"

" He's got the croup, I believe."

"Tell him I'll be there in a moment," said Dr-Elton, drawing in his head. Hurrying on his clothea, he descended to his office, and, possessing himself of some necessary medicines, it being too late for the family to send out a prescription, wrapped his cloak around him, and turned out into the storm.

It was at least half a mile to the residence of Mr. Marvel, and by the time the Doctor arrived there, he was cold, wet, and uncomfortable, both in mind and body. Ascending to the chamber, he was not a little surprised to find Charley, a bright little fellow of some two years old, sitting up in his crib as lively as a cricket.

"O Doctor! we've been so frightened!" said Mrs. Marvel, as Dr. Elton entered. "We thought Charley had the croup, he breathed so loud. But he don't seem to get any worse. What do you think of him, Doctor?"

Dr. Elton felt his pulse, listened to his respiration,

examined the appearance of his skin, and then said, emphatically,

- " I think you'd better all be in bed!"
- "It's better to be scared than hurt, Doctor," responded Mr. Marvel.
  - "Humph!" ejaculated Dr. Elton.
- Don't you think you'd better give him something, Doctor?" said Mrs. Marvel.
  - "What for, ma'am?"
- "To keep him from having the croup. Don't you think he's threatened with it?"
- "Not half as much as I am," replied the Doctor, who made a quick retreat, fearing that he should give way too much to his irritated feelings, and offend a family who were able to pay.

Next morning, on the debtor side of his ledger, under the name of Mr. Marvel, Dr. Elton made this entry: To one night visit to son, \$5. "And it's well for me that he's able to pay it," added the Doctor, mentally, as he replaced the book in the drawer from which he had taken it. Scarcely had this necessary part of the business been performed, when the same messenger who had summoned him the night before, came post haste into the office, with the announcement that Mrs. Marvel wanted him to come there immediately, as Charley had got a high fever.

Obedient to the summons, Dr. Elton soon made his appearance, and found both Mr. and Mrs. Marvel greatly concerned about their little boy.

"I'm so 'fraid of the scarlet fever, Doctor!" said Mrs. Marvel. "Do you think it's any thing like that?" she continued with much anxiety, turning upon Charley a look of deep maternal affection.

Dr. Elton felt of Charley's pulse, and looked at his tongue, and then wrote a prescription in silence.

- "What do you think of him, Doctor?" asked the father, much concerned.
- "He's not dangerous, sir. Give him this, and if he should grow worse, send for me."

The Doctor bowed and departed, and the fond parents sent off for the medicine. It was in the form of a very small dose of rhubarb, and poor Charley had to have his nose held tight, and the nauseous stuff poured down his throat. In the afternoon, when the doctor called, on being sent for, there were some slight febrile symptoms, consequent upon excitement and loss of rest. The medicine, contrary to his expectation, heightened, instead of allaying these; and long before night-fall he was summoned again to attend his little patient. Much to his surprise, he found him with a hot skin, flushed face, and quickened pulse. Mrs. Marvel was in a state of terrible alarm.

- "I knew there was more the matter with him than you thought for, Doctor!" said the mother, while Dr. Elton examined his patient. "You thought it was nothing, but I knew better. If you'd only prescribed last night, as I wanted you to, all this might have been saved."
- "Don't be alarmed, madam," said the Doctor, there is nothing serious in this fever. It will soon subside."

Mrs. Marvel shook her head.

- "It's the scarlet fever, Doctor, I know it is!" she said, passionately, and bursting into tears.
- "Let me beg of you, madam, not to distress yourself. I assure you there is no danger!"
- "So you said last night, Doctor; and just see how much worse he is getting!"

As Dr. Elton was generally a man of few words, he said no more, but wrote a prescription, and went away, promising, however, at the earnest request of Mrs. Marvel, to call again that night.

About nine o'clock he called in again, and found Charley's fever in no degree abated. Mrs. Marvel was in tears, and her husband was pacing the floor in a state of great uneasiness.

- "O, Doctor, he'll die, I'm sure he'll die!" said Mrs. Marvel, weeping bitterly.
- "Don't be alarmed, my dear madam," replied the Doctor. "I assure you it is nothing serious."
- "O, I'm sure it's the scarlet fever! It's all about
- "No, madam, I am in earnest when I tell you it is nothing of the kind. His throat is not in the least
  - "Yes, Doctor, it is sore!"
- "How do you know?" responded the Doctor, ex amining Charley's mouth and throat, which showed not the least symptom of any irritation of the mucous membrane. "It can't be sore from any serious cause. Some trifling swelling of the glands is all that can occasion it, if any exists."

Thus assured, and in a positive manner, Mrs. Marvel's alarm in some degree abated, and after ordering a warm bath, the Doctor retired.

About three o'clock the Doctor was again sent for in great haste. On entering the chamber of his little patient, he found his fever all gone, and he in a pleasant sleep.

- "What do you think of him, Doctor?" asked Mrs. Marvel, in a low, anxious whisper.
  - "I think he's doing as well as he can."
- "But aint it strange, Doctor, that he should breathe so low? He looks so pale, and lays so quiet! Are you sure he's not dying?"
- "Dying!" exclaimed Dr. Elton,—"he's no more dying than you are! Really, Mrs. Marvel, you torture yourself with unnecessary fears! Nature is only a little exhausted from struggling with the fever, he will be like a new person by morning."
- "Do not mistake the case, Doctor, for we are very much concerned," said Mr. Marvel.
- "I do assure you, sir, that I understand the case precisely; and you must believe me, when I tell you that no patient was ever in a better way than your little boy."

Next morning, among other charges made by Dr. Elton, were two against Mr. Marvel, as follows: To four visits to son, \$4. To one night visit to son, \$5.

"Not a bad customer!" said the Doctor, with a smile, as he ran up the whole account, and then closed the book.

In the constant habit of sending for the Doctor, on every trifling occasion, whether it occurred at noonday or midnight, it is not to be wondered at that a pretty large bill should find its way to Mr. Marvel at the end of the year. And this was not the worst of it; the health of his whole family suffered in no slight degree from the fact of each individual being so frequently under the influence of medicine. Poor Charley was victimized almost every week; and instead of being a fresh hearty boy, began to show a pale thin face, and every indication of a weakened vital action. This appearance only increased the evil, for both parents, growing more anxious in consequence, were more urgent to have him placed under treat-

ment. Dr. Elton sometimes remonstrated with them, but to no purpose; and yielding to their ignorance and their anxiety, became a party in the destruction of the boy's health.

"What is that, my dear?" asked Mrs. Marvel of her husband, some ten months after their introduction to the reader, as the latter regarded with no pleasant countenance, a small piece of paper which he held in his hand.

- " Why, it's Dr. Elton's bill."
- "Indeed! How much is it?"
- "One hundred and fifty dollars!"
- "O, husband!"
- "Did you ever hear of such a thing?"
- "One hundred and fifty dollars, did you say?"
- "Yes, one hundred and fifty dollars! Aint it outrageous?"
- "It's scandalous! It's downright swindling! I'd never pay it in the world! Who ever heard of such a thing! One hundred and fifty dollars for one year's attendance! Good gracious!"—and Mrs. Marvel held up her hands, and lifted her eyes in profound astonishment.
- "I can't understand it!" said Mr. Marvel. "Why, no body's had a spell of sickness in the family for the whole year. Charley's been a little sick once or twice; but nothing of much consequence. There must be something wrong about it. I'll go right off and see him, and have an understanding about it at once."

Carrying out his resolution on the instant, Mr. Marvel left the house and proceeded with rapid steps towards the office of Dr. Elton. He found that individual in.

- "Good morning, Mr. Marvel! How do you do to-day?" said the Doctor, who understood, from his countenance that something was wrong, and had an instinctive perception of its nature.
  - "Good morning, Doctor! I got your bill to-day."
  - "Yes, sir; I sent it out,"
- "But aint there something wrong about it, Doctor?"
- "No, I presume not. I make my charges carefully, and draw off my bills in exact accordance with them"
- "But there must be, Doctor. How in the world could you make a bill of one hundred and fifty dollars against me? I've had no serious sickness in my family."
- "And yet, Mr. Marvel, I have been called in almost every week, and sometimes three or four times, in as many days."
  - " Impossible!"
- "I'll show you my ledger, if that will satisfy you, where every visit is entered."
- "No, it's no use to do that. I know that you have been called in pretty often, but not frequently enough to make a bill like this."
- "How many night visits do you suppose I have made to your family, during the year?"
- "I'm sure I don't know. Not more than three or four."
  - " I've made ten!"
  - "You must be mistaken, Doctor."
- "Do you remember that I was called in last February, when you thought Charley had the croup?"
  - " Yes."
  - "And the night after?"
  - "Yes. That's but two."

- "And the night you thought he had the measles?"
- "Yes."
- " And the night after?"
- "Yes. But that's only four."
- "And the three times he fell out of bed?"
- "Not three times, Doctor!"

"Yes, it was three times. Don't you recollect the knob on his head?"

- " Yes, indeed!"
- "And the sprained finger?"
- " Yes."
- " And the bruised cheek?"
- "Well, I believe you are right about that, Doctor. But that don't make ten times."
- "You have not forgotten, of course, the night he told you he had swallowed a pin?"
- "No, indeed," said the father turning pale. "Do you think there is any danger to be apprehended from its working its way into the heart, Doctor?"
  - "None at all, I should think. And you remember-"
- "Never mind, Doctor, I suppose you are right about that. But how can ten visits make one hundred and fifty dollars?"
- "They will make fifty, though, and that is one-third of the bill."
- "You don't pretend to charge five dollars a visit, though, Doctor?"
- "For all visits after ten o'clock at night, we are allowed by law to charge five dollars."
  - " Outrageous !"
- "Would you get up out of your warm bed after midnight, turn out in a December storm, and walk half a mile for five dollars?"
- " I can't say that I would. But then it's your business."
  - "Of course it is, and I must be paid for it."
- "Any how, Doctor, that don't account for the whole of this exorbitant bill."
- "But one hundred day and evening visits here on my ledger will, though."
- "You don't pretend to say you have paid my family a hundred visits, certainly?"
- "I will give you day and date for them, if necessary."
- "No, it's no use to do that," said Mr. Marvel, whose memory began to be a little more active. "I'll give you a hundred dollars, and say no more about it; that is enough in all conscience."
- "I can't do any such thing, Mr. Marvel. I have charged you what was right, and can take nothing off. What would you think of a man who had made a bill at your store of one hundred and fifty dollars, if he were to offer you one hundred when he came to pay, and ask for a receipt in full?"
  - "But that aint to the point."
- "Aint it, though? I should like to hear of a case more applicable. But it's no use to multiply words about the matter. My bill is correct, and I cannot take a dollar off of it."
- "It's the last bill you ever make out of me, remember that, Doctor?" said Mr. Marvel, rising, and leaving the office in a state of angry excitement.
- "Well, what does he say?" asked Mrs. Marvel, who had waited for her husband's return with some interest.
- "Why, he tried to beat me down that the bill was all right; but I'm too old a child for that. Why, would you believe it?—he has charged five dollars for every night visit."

  Digitized by

- "Well, that's no better than highway robbery."
- "Not a bit. But it's the last money he ever gets out of me."
- "I'd never call him in, I know. He must think we're made of money."
- "O, I suppose we're the first family he's had who was'nt poor, and he wanted to dig as deep as possible. I hate such swindling, and if it was'nt for having a fuss, I'd never pay him a dollar,"
- "He's charged us for every poor family in the neighbourhood, I suppose."
- "No doubt of it. I've heard of these tricks before; but it's the last time I'll submit to have them played off upon me."

The visit of Mr. Marvel somewhat discomposed the feelings of Dr. Elton, and he had begun to moralize upon the unthankful position he held in the community, when he was aroused from his reverie by the entrance of a servant from one of the principal hotels, with a summons to attend immediately a young lady who was thought to be exceedingly ill.

- "Who is she?" asked the Doctor.
- "She is the daughter of Mr. Smith, a merchant from the east,"
  - "Is any one with her?"
  - "Yes, her father."
  - "Tell him I will be there immediately."

In the course of fifteen minutes Dr. Elton's carriage drove up to the door of the hotel. He found his patient to be a young lady of about seventeen, accompanied by her father, a middle aged man, whose feelings were much, and anxiously excited. At a glance, his practised eye detected symptoms of a serious nature, and a closer examination of the case convinced him that all his skill would be called into requisition. With a hot, dry skin, slightly flushed face, parched lips, and slimy furred tongue, there was a dejection, langour, and slight indication of delirium—and much apparent confusion of mind. Prescribing as he thought the case required, he left the room, accompanied with the father.

- "Well, Doctor, what do you think of her?" said Mr. Smith, with a heavy, oppressed expiration.
  - "She is ill, sir, and will require attention."
- "But, Doctor, you don't think my child dangerous, do you?" said the father with an alarmed man-
- "It is right that you should know, sir, that your daughter is, to all appearance, threatened with the typhus fever. But I don't think there is any cause for alarm, only for great care in her physician and attendants."
- "O, Doctor, can I trust her in your hands? But I am foolish; I know that there is no one in this city of more acknowledged skill than yourself. You must pardon a father's fears. Spare no attentions, Doctor—visit her at least twice every day, and you shall be well paid for your attentions. Save my child for me, and I will owe you eternal gratitude."
  - "All that I can do for her, shall be done, sir," said

Just relieved from the care of a dangerous case, in its healthy change, Dr. Elton's mind had relaxed from the anxiety which too frequently burdened it; for a physician's mind is always oppressed while the issue of life or death hangs upon his power to subdue a disease, which may be too deeply seated to yield to the influence of medicine. Now, all the oppressive sense of responsibility, the care, the anxiety, were

to be renewed, and felt, with even a keener con-

In the evening he called in, but there was no perceptible change, except a slight aggravation of all the The medicine had produced no visible salutary effect. During the second day, there was exhibited little alteration, but on the morning of the third day, symptoms of a more decided character had supervened-such as suffused and injected eyes, painful deglutition, an oppression in the chest, accompanied with a short, dry cough, pains in the back, loins, and extremities, and a soreness throughout the whole body. These had not escaped the father's observation, and with the most painful anxiety did he watch the countenance of the physician while he examined the case in its new presentation. Much as he tried to control the expression of his face, he found it impossible. He felt too deeply concerned, and was too conscious of the frequent impotence of medicine, when administered with the most experienced skill.

In the afternoon he called again, and found the father, as usual, by the bed-side. His patient seemed to be in a narcotic sleep, and when roused from it, complained of much giddiness, and soon sunk down again into a state of torpor.

"What do you think of her now, Doctor?" asked the father, in a hoarse whisper, on the physician's leaving the chamber of his patient.

"It is impossible to form any correct idea respecting a case like this. I have seen many much worse recover, and have no doubt, as far as human calculation will go, that your daughter will get well. But the fever is a tedious one, usually defying all attempts at breaking it. It must run its course, which is usually some ten or fifteen days. All we can do is to palliate, and then assist nature, when the disease has abated its violence."

It is not necessary to trace the progress of the disease from day to day, until it reached its climax. When the fever did break, and a soft, gentle moisture penetrated the skin, the patient had but a spark of life remaining. But, as Dr. Elton, in his judicious treatment, had not resorted to venesection, nor to any powerful exhibitions of medicine, nature had only to react against the disease, and not against the paralysing effects of medicines; and slowly but surely did she begin to recover. Altogether to the skilful treatment of Dr. Elton, as a human agent, did the patient owe her recovery. A less cautious physician, by a single mistake, would have brought all to a fatal and.

At the close of the fifteenth day, when every symptom indicated that convalescence or death would soon ensue, no one but a physician can imagine the painful, restless anxiety, which was felt by Dr. Elton. He took but little food, and slept hardly any during the whole night, frequently starting from his brief periods of troubled slumber, in consequence of great nervous excitement.

Early in the morning he called at the room of his patient, trembling, least a first glance should dash every hope to the ground. He entered softly, and perceived the father bending over her with a pale, anxious face. She was asleep. He took her hand, but let it drop instantly.

"What is the matter?" asked the father in an alarmed whisper, his face growing paler.

"She is safe!" responded the Doctor, in a low

whisper, every pulse thrilling with pleasant excitement.

The father clasped his hands, looked upwards a moment, and then burst into tears.

"How can I ever repay you for your skill in saving my child!" he said, after his feelings had grown calmer.

It was nearly a month before the daughter was well enough to return home, during most of which time Dr. Elton was in attendance. For fifteen days he had attended twice a day regularly, and for nearly as long a period once a day.

While sitting in his office one day about three o'clock, waiting for his carriage to come up to the door, Mr. Smith entered, and asked for his bill, as he was about to leave. On examining his account book, Dr. Elton found that he had made about fifty visits, and accordingly he made out his bill fifty dollars.

"How much is this, Doctor?" said Mr. Smith, eyeing the bill with something of doubt in the expression of his countenance.

"Fifty dollars, sir."

"Fifty dollars! Why surely, Doctor, you are not going to take advantage of me in that way?"

"I don't understand you, sir."

"Why, I never heard of such an extravagant bill in my life. I have my whole family attended at home for fifty dollars a year, and you have not been visiting one of them much over a month."

"Such as the bill is, you will have to pay it, sir. It is just, and I shall not abate one dollar," respond-

ed Dr. Elton, considerably irritated.

Mr. Smith drew out his pocket-book slowly, selected a fifty dollar bill from a large package, handed it to the Doctor, took his receipt, and rising to his feet, said emphatically—

" I am a stranger, and you have taken advantage of me. But, remember, the gains of dishonesty will

never prosper!" and turning upon his heel, left the office.

"Who would be a doctor?" murmured Dr. Elton, forcing the unpleasant thoughts occasioned by the incident from his mind, and endeavouring to fix it upon a case of more than usual interest which he had been called to that day.

A word to the wise is sufficient; it is therefore needless to multiply scenes illustrative of the manner in which too many people pay the doctor. When any one is sick, the doctor is sent for, and the family are all impatient until he arrives. If the case is a bad one, he is looked upon as a ministering angel; the patient's eye brightens when he comes, and all in the house feel more cheerful for hours after. Amid all inclemencies of the weather, at all hours in the day or night, he obeys the summons, and brings all his skill, acquired by long study, and by much laborious practice, to bear upon the disease. But when the sick person gets well, the doctor is forgotten; and when his bill appears, complaint at its amount is almost always made, and too frequently, unless he proceed to legal measures, it is entirely withheld from him. These things ought not so to be. Of course, there are many honourable exceptions; but every physician can exclaim-" Would that their number was greater."

Some persons who are ready to send for the doctor, on every trifling occasion, seem to forget, that every time this individual is called in he makes a charge. Others are strangely oblivious in reference to the number of visits made, and when in the course of a year, the doctor has been summoned some forty or fifty times, will contend that he has not been in the house ten times during the whole twelve months. But, as just said—a word to the wise is sufficient, and so we drop the subject.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# I MET THEE.

ADDRESSED TO MISS R-. W-.

BY MRS. M. ST. LEON LOUD.

I met thee—not in fashion's hall
Array'd in gay and coatly gear,
Where idle words of flattery fall
Unmeaningly upon the ear—
And smiles beam brightly from the eye,
While all within the heart is gloom;
And on the lips in mockery lie,
Like sunlight falling on a tomb.

I met thee—not with those whose days
Are wasted in the vain endeavour,
To gain a worthless meed of praise
From fame's loud voice—how dear soever
The price of one green laurel bough;
Oh! is it not a with'ring blight—
A mildew cast on heart and brow,
Quenching affection's purer light?

I met thee—in that hallowed spot,
A home which peace hath made her own;
Where the cold world intrudeth not,
And household love hath rear'd a throne
For the heart's worship—kindred ties
Were woven round thee like a spell,
Thine ear drank in home's melodics—
Their power my spirit knoweth well.

For I have bow'd where brightly burn'd Domestic love's pure altar-fires, Now cold and dark—and I have turn'd Back from the world with wild desires To look upon the forms again So idolized in days gone by; And learn'd with bitterness and pain, That nothing can the past supply.

Those priceless treasures still are thine:
Oh cherish with a miser's care
The jewels from the heart's deep mine,
Glowing in undim'd lustre there;
That when thy heart in after years,
To that sweet ark of childhood's love—
Seen dimly through long vanish'd years,
Returneth like a weary dove.

Remembrance shall no record bring
Of lightly-spoken unkind word,
But dreams of home around thee cling
Where naught but rounds of love were heard.
Thus when thou leav'st that happy home,
Where first I met thee, young and free,
To thy lone heart shall memory come,
And prove an clive branch to thee.

Dicitized by

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE SONG BIRD.

#### BY MRS, LYDIA H. SIGOURNEY.

"Poets, ye are songsters; he ye thankful, even when storms rage around you."-Jean Paul.

Ir there's strife in the city,
And discords abound,
And the Olive of Peace
Is appall'd at their sound,
From the tumult of war,
From the trumpet's hoarse bray,
How blest is the song-bird,
That soareth away.

When long rains in summer
The reapers o'ertake,
And dark pools are gathering
O'er meadow and brake,
When the wild, swollen streams
Make the bridges their prey,
And the farmer is fretting
O'er lost corn, and hay,
The poor, goaded ox
In the yoke, day by day,
Would fain be a song-bird,
That soareth away.

When from the dear realm Of domestic delight, The cook in a dudgeon Hath taken her flight, The new-married wife In an ocean of care, All cumber'd like Martha, Still thinks with despair Of her guests in the parlour A spending the day, And blesses the song-bird, Who soureth away.

The aeronaut tells
From his car in the sky,
Of an atmosphere pure
Which no cloud ventures nigh,
To that region serene,
Where storms never stray,
How happy the song-bird,
That soareth away.

But happier far,
Are the spirits that keep
Clear sunshine within,
Though the tempest may sweep.
A harp in the bosom,
A smile in the eye,
A hand on the anchor
That's fix'd in the sky,
With a song of the soul,
Turning night into day,
They envy no song-bird
That soareth away.

# DESCRIPTION OF A BALL AT PARIS.

Fancy a scene of perfect enchantment. A suite of fifteen rooms laid out for the amusement of the guests. We were first introduced into the Salon de reception, furnished in the first style of splendour; from thence we joined the dancers in the ball-room, which was resplendent with lustres, mirrors, &c. When fatigued with "tripping it on the light fantastic toe," or incommoded with the heat, we took refuge in a gallery filled with the most choice and fragrant plants: all along this gallery were rooms, which, if you will follow me, we will visit in their turn.

The first, by the means of scenery and other embellishments, was fitted up in the style of a Swiss Dairy. Here a lovely young dairy maid, wearing her national costume, presented us with the most delicious cream you ever tasted, in beautiful little china bowls. I assure you it was a thousand times more refreshing than ices, sorbets, &c.: quitting the Laiterie Suisse, we entered the library, over the door was written Salon de Lecture, here we found a long table covered with green cloth, and on it books of prints, annuals, albums, drawings, caricatures, &c., and every thing that should be in such a place. Our next visit was to the cell of a forbidding looking astrologer, with a long white beard, who, examining your

palm, would predict the most extraordinary destinies. We next turned into a tent where a cantinière offered us liqueurs from a number of pretty little barrels, and gave us slices of rye bread with the most excellent butter. Next door was a Charlatan who distributed. in place of nostrums, beautiful little cut glass bottles filled with scent. And next to this was a lottery office, with the prizes (for there were no blanks) arranged on tables, étageres, &c., here you chose a ticket and went on to a theatre, where a thunder storm in a forest was represented, when this was over, the scene changed to a ballet of the reign of Henri III. This concluded, the scene changed to the gardens of Versailles, where the brilliant Louis IV., was seen walking, surrounded by his court in full costume. As the monarch and his suite vanished from our sight, the public crier announced the drawing of the lottery, when we hastened to see dame fortune distribute her gifts with that want of perception which proved the propriety of representing her as blind, for to the gentlemen she gave workboxes, Chinese figures, and the thousand little trifles we run after, and to the ladies snuff-boxes, pipes, tobacco, pounches, &c.!!! at five in the morning we seated ourselves at the supper table, after which we retired Digitized by GOOGLE

# O COME WITH ME IN MY LITTLE CANOE.

WORDS BY MAJOR CALDER CAMPBELL.

MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY





I'll chase the antelope over the plain, And bind the tiger cub with a chain; And a young gazelle, with silver feet, I'll bring thee for a playmate sweet! Then come with me in my light cance, While the waters are calm and the skies are blue, For should we linger another day, Storms may arise, and love decay!

# EDITORS' TABLE.

It is over—the BUNKER HILL MONUMENT FAIR has been holden, and in its perfect success has added another proof to the many already acknowledged, of the efficiency of female industry and influence, when exerted in their proper sphere.

As we believe every American woman will feel a deep interest in the object of this Fair, and sympathize in the success which has crowned it, we propose giving a concise sketch of our proceedings.—But first, for the reasons which rendered the effort necessary.

It is now something more than fifteen years, since the foundation stone of the Monument on Bunker Hill, was laid .--This was not intended as a trophy of war or victory, but as a Mausoleum to preserve the memory of those good men, who there offered their lives as a sacrifice to civil freedom and human rights; and also, it was to be a memorial of the gratitude of the present generation, to those who had toiled and suffered to make their country free-consequently it was woman's duty to take a deep interest in the patriotic enterprise. At the time the first funds were collected, many ladies contributed. Had those who then managed the subscription been aware how much the structure would have cost, the whole sum needed could easily have been raised. But unfortunately they made their estimate quite too low, and the money raised was all expended; while the half-finished monument looked rather like the personification of a mendicant begging alms, than the memorial of those great men who had made the whole world their debtors.

Now came the trial. Plan after plan was adopted to procure funds, but each, in its turn, proved abortive. It is about as difficult to awaken declining enthusiasm by the appeals which were at first successful, as it would be to rekindle an extinguished anthracite fire, by merely putting up the blower. Both require new fuel to excite the dormant flame. At last, the gentlemen composing the committee of the B. H. M. A. decided to invite the ladies to held a Fair. It was a happy thought—the new impulse which was all that was required (for the feeling of interest in the Monument and its great associations had never been lessened) to carry out the first design, was given.

The invitation, to become helpers in the work, given to the ladies of Boston and the vicinity, and through them to all New England, was warmly welcomed. The first public meeting of the ladies of Boston was held July 23d, and on the 8th of Beptember, hardly seven weeks after the resolution to hold the Fair had been adopted, it was opened in Quincy Hall.

There were in all, thirty-seven tables of articles, besides a poet office, a printing press, where a daily paper, entitled "The Monument," was issued during the Fair—a refreshment room, confectionary table, flower and fruit table, and book table—all under the management of ladies. The Hall was decorated in its whole length, nearly four hundred feet, with banners, and arches, and the Rotunda was beautiful with ornaments of flowers; gay streamers that had floated proudly over gallant ships now waved gracefully above the rich array of useful and choice articles, the ingenious manufacture of many a fair hand. We question if there was ever seen under the sun, such an example and proof of woman's

industry and ingenuity, of the efficiency of the "polished shaft," as this Great Fair afforded. The largest part of the two-rth of all the articles in the Hall had been given them by female hands; and that this industry had been well bestowed, the event has shown. The Fair continued seven days, with untiring assiduity on the part of the ladies who were engaged in its business, and unabated interest on the part of the public result will be about twenty seven theuseand deliars clear profit from the Fair. May we not well call it great?

But though the Fair was holden in Boston, yet the ladies of the vicinity, and of several towns in other parts of the state, lent important assistance. Fourtees tables were wholly furnished and kept by ladies from different towns in Massachusetts; and from Norwich, Connecticut, we had one table. Brooklyn, N. Y., also contributed largely (\$600) in money, besides articles. In short, the noble spirit of pariotists must mated our sex, and not the shadow of a cloud arcse to mar the moral beauty of this harmonious and disinterested effort-

We subjoin a poem, written by one of New England's most gifted daughters—one that we are proud to number among our dearest friends—for the occasion.

#### THE RISING MONUMENT.

Rise in thy solemn grandeur, calm and slew, As well befits thy purpose and thy place, Great speaker! rise not suddenly, to show The earth for ever sacred at thy base.

Strong as the rocky frame-work of the globe, Proportioned fair, in altitude sublime, With freedom's glory round thee as a robe, Rise gently—then defy the power of time.

To future ages, from thy lofty site, Speak in thy mighty eloquence, and tell That where thou art, on Bunker's hallowed height, Our Warren and his valiant brethren fell.

Say, it was here the vital current flowed, Purpling the turf, amid the mortal strife For man's great birthright, from the breasts that glowed With love of country, more than love of life.

Thou hast thy growth of blood, that gushing warm From patriot bosoms, set their spirits free—All who behold, shall venerate thy form, And bow before thy genius, LIERTY.

Here fell the hero and his brave compeers
Who fought and died to break a people's chain,
Thy place is sacred to Columbia's tears,
Poured o'er the victims for a nation alsis.

Yet, from her starry brow a glory streams, Turning to gems those holy drops of grief, As after evening showers, the morn's clear beams Show diamonds hung on grass, and flower, and leaf.

Upright and firm, as were the patriot souls
That from thy native spot arose to God,
Stand thou and hold, long as our planet rolls,
This last, high place, by Freedom's martyrs trod.

Let thy majestic shadow walk the ground, Calm as the sun, and constant as his light; And by the moot, armid the dews be found The sentinel who guards it through the night. And may the air around thee ever be
To heaven-born Liberty as vital breath;
But, like the brezze that sweeps the Upas tree,
To Bondage and Oppression certain death;

A beauteous prospect spreads for thy survey: City, and dome, and spire look up to thee; The solemn forest and the mountain gray Stand distant to salute thy majesty.

And ocean, in his numbers deep and strong,
While the bright shore beneath thy ken he laves,
Will sing to thee an everlasting song
Of freedom, with his never conquered waves.

Rise then, and stand unshaken till the skies. Above thee are about to pass away; But, when the dead around thee are to rise, Melt in the burning splendours of the day!

For then will He, "whose right it is to reign"— Who hath on earth a kingdom pure to save, Come with his angels, calling up the slain To freedom, and annihilate the grave.

HANNAH F. GOULD.

Newburyport, September, 1840.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We are very glad to have it in our power to renew the acquaintance with our kind friends;—and more gratified that we can make good report of the articles lately sent us. We have not had leisure to examine all—several long communications are yet unread. But the following have been approved:

Retrospection, to which is appended an Incident.
Friendship.
The Voice of Home.
Lake George.
To Adelia.
Joys of Childhood.
Lines.
Ernestine.
The Recognition.

We wish we could say that there were none to reject; but that stern monitor duty will not allow to "lay such flattering unction" to the pens of our contributors. Though we can truly say, that there is much merit in several of those which, on the whole, we shall decline.

"The Sciete Captive" is one of this number. It is too long, and being founded on an event too well known to admit of much embelliament from fancy, it is not the kind of story which would ob most credit to the writer's name. We trust to hear from her again, and that she will not only acquiesce in our decision, but thank us for the kind precaution we have taken for her benefit. We also decline

The Bridal Tribute to Kate. Ode to the Evening Star. Melancholy Musings, and The Unbidden Guest.

As an excellent criticism on this story, and as a fair specimen of its writer's style, we subjoin the following laconic epistle, which was appended to the MS.

To the Reader of the foregoing Manuscript.

The acknowledged errors of the foregoing are, 1st. misspelling of words: 2d misplacing of capitals: 3d some inaccuracy in forming the phrases.

The omissions are, 1st. omitting to place the stopping points: 2d. omitting to make some words plain enough to be understood if set out alone.

With these faults I should scarcely presume to offer it for the perusal of any person, were it not that I offer it gratuitously. The reasons for leaving the manuscript unfinished, are founded on the resolution with which it was commenced.

If it were worth publishing when finished, it is worth finishing to publish. If it is not worth publishing, I flatter myself that it is at least worth burning. With these views you have it. Yours, respectfully,

THE AUTHOR.

P. S. I would say, that you have it to make use of as you best like.

The Witch: A Tale of the Dark Ages, by a Young Lady. A tale cast in the German mould. It has considerable power, and the young and unpretending authoress should be encouraged to cultivate her talent.

Our Life is as a Shadow, and Andmar, a Story of Peru: by L. B., of Constantine, Michigan. We are happy to hail those poetical voices from the Far West. When the Muse of the Lake sings in numbers such as these, we shall always listen to her with pleasure. These pieces shall find an early place in our pages.

Voice of the Plague, by J. Strong Rice. This piece is vigorous, but unequal. The following stanzas justify Mr. Rice in again essaying his powers in song.

It gives me delight to lay my hand
On the brow of a sinless child,
It comes to my heart with a living balm,
And feels so warm to my clammy palm,
So strengthens my purpose and nerves my arm,
That I wish all my victims young.

An exquisite joy it is to me
To dim the light of an eye,
And it thrills my frame with ecstasy
To see the beautiful die.
To wreathe my brow with the vestal curls
Of the young and artless bride.

Unpoetical as it may appear to the votaries of the Nine who favour us with their effusions, we are compelled to hint to them that letters addressed to us unpaid are not taken from the office, where they are condemned, either

To waste their sweetness on the desert air:

or be exposed to the ungentle visitation of the regents of the Dead-letter department, and more than probably be

Thrown like a noisome weed away.

#### EDITORS' BOOK TABLE.

Airs of Palestine and other Poems: by John Pierpont, Boston.
J. Monroe, & Co.

We gave, in our last number, a poem from this work, which was among the best of its new articles. The "Airs of Palestine," and many of the other pieces have been long before the public, and gained for their author a high reputation among the poets of our land. Of the short poems, we like least those which have a party or political cast. We think some of these in their personal allusions are neither becoming to the author as a Christian divine, nor are they finished with the elegance which characterises his earlier productions. Still the work is a noble one, and will be very popular with the author's friends.

The Man-at-Arms: or, Henry de Cerons: a Romance by G. P. R. James, Esq., author of Darnley, Do L'Orme, King's Highway, &c. &c. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Mr. James has laid the scene of his story in the picturesque epoch of the League, a portion of French history as fertile in stirring events as any since the days of chivalry. Independently of the bustle and never-lagging march of the main action, these volumes present a variety of picturesque incidents and vivid descriptions, in Mr. James' usual graphic manner. In none of his works have we met with isolated passages of so much beauty and pathos, as many to be found in Henry de Cerons. We had marked several for transcription, but our space will allow only of the following:

"It is difficult to discover from what sources spring the thrilling feelings of joy and delight with which to look back to the days of our early youth, and to the scenes in which our infancy was passed. It matters but little what are the pleasures to which we have addicted ourselves in after years, what the delights which surround us, what the enjoyments heaven has cast upon our lot. Whenever the mind, either as a voluntary act, or from accidental association, recalls the

period of childhood, and the things which surround it, there comes over us a sensation of pure and simple joy, which, at no period of life, do we taste again. It must be, at least in part, that the delights of those days were framed in innocence and ignorance of evil, and that He who declared that of such consisted the kingdom of heaven, has allotted to the babes of this world, in the brightness of their innocence, joys similar to those of the world beyond-joys that never cloy, and that leave behind them nothing of regret. What though some mortal tears will mingle with those delights; what though the flesh must suffer, and the evil one will tempt; yet these pleasures have a zest which novelty alone cannot give, and an imperishable purity in their nature, which makes even their remembrance sweeter than the fruition of other joys, and which bespeaks their origin from heaven.- I love to dwell upon such memories, and to find likenesses for them in the course, the aspect, and the productions of the earth itself. I see the same sweetness and the same simplicity pervading the youth of all nature; and find in the sweet violet, the blue-eyed child of spring, an image of those early joys, pure, soft, and calm, and full of an odour that hangs upon the sense longer than that of any other flower.-Thus it is, I suppose, and for these causes, that, in looking back upon the days of my youth, those days were not so happy and so bright as they are to many people, I feel a sweet satisfaction which I knew not at the time; for those hours—as one gives a diamond to a childbestowed upon me a gift, the value of which I knew not till many a year had passed away."

Woman's Love, and the World's Favour: or, the Pergussons: by the Hon. Edmund Phipps. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia, 1840.

The dialogue of this story strikes us as the best part of the book; it has all the vivacity and the air degage, of the polished circles in which the Hon. Edmund Phipps may be supposed to move. If there is no great depth or finish in the characters of the piece, they are sketched with an easy hand, and show the author capable of higher things. In point of atyle and manner, the volumes will be read to advantage, nor will the story disappoint the lovers of this kind of reading.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon: by Harry Lorrocquer, with Illustrations by Phiz, Nos. 1 and 2. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia, 1840.

The author of these animated pages breathes the true Hibernian spirit, and bids fair to rival in Irish scenery and character, what has been effected on the other side of the channel by the author of Pickwick, Nickleby, &c. The best compliment to the present numbers is to state the fact, that the sequel of the story is looked forward to with an interest in no respect inferior to that excited by the works of Boz, which come before us in the same tautalizing form—fun by instalments.

Master Humphrey's Clock is still ticking—would that we could shove the hands ahead to make it go faster. It continues to increase in interest.

Poems by Mary W. Hale. W. D. Ticknor, Boston. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

A collection of sweet little gems-prettily printed and done up.

The Amaranth, edited by N. C. Brooks. Kay & Brother, Philadelphia.

This is an annual for 1840, containing eight engravings—some of them of a superior order. The whole of the matter we believe is by Mr. Brooks, and is characterised by his vigorous and chaste style of composition. Among the better plates we do not include the portrait of Mr. B. which is not a good engraving or likeness.

Jack Ashore, by the author of "Ratlin the Reefer," &c. Carey & Hart, 1840.

This is another of those jovial pictures of sea-faring life, in the same tone and character as Ratlin the Reefer, and a host of other marine productions. The subject might be supposed to be worn thread-bare, and yet the author of the present volumes has shown that there are sources of novelty for those who will be at the pains of opening them up. The author informs us in his " Notice," that the two principal events of his story are strictly founded upon fact. "There are many seamen," says he, "and some officers still living, who can wouch that an event precisely similar to that described as having occurred on board the Glory, actually took place; and as to the provisions of the singular will, every one conversant with legal history will satisfy the dubious reader that a similar testament was really made, and acted upon for many years, and ultimately set aside by a decision of the Lord Chancellor. The will alluded to, we presume to be that of the famous Mr. Thellerson, the Swiss banker, who left something like half a million of money, which was to be permitted to accumulate for a whole century, and then to be enjoyed by the nearest living heir .- "Jack Ashore" will be a favourite with hundreds "afloat;" no cabin library, whether of steamboat or packet, will be without it.

United States Military Magazine.—The September number contains two spirited sketches of the Battle of Bunker's Hill, and of the Battle of Lake Erie, with a lithographic print from Trumbull's battle scene, and a coloured engraving of the attle of Lake Erie, takon fifteen minutes after the commencement of the action. We trust that this spirited undertaking will meet with the encouragement the proprietor justly merits.

The Dial, a Magazine for Literature, Philosophy, and Religion, to be continued Quarterly. No. 1, July 1840. Weeks, Jordan, & Co. Boston. Wiley & Putnam, 67 Paternoster Row, London.

The object of this periodical is thus pithily and laconically announced:

"The DIAL, as its title indicates, will endeavour to occupy a station on which the light may fall; which is open to the rising sun; and from which it may correctly report the progress of the hour and the day."

In another place, we learn "that in literature, it will strive to exercise a just and catholic criticism, and to recognise every sincere production of genius; in philosophy, it will attempt the reconciliation of the universal instincts of humanity with the largest conclusions of reason; and in religion, it will reverently seek to discover the prosence of God in nature, in history, and in the soul of man." These are lofty and important purposes, and if satisfactorily carried out, will not fail to insure for this periodical a far greater degree of attention than that commanded by many of its contemporaries. In a word, we trust that the enterprising publishers will not have to say with Hudibras,

"True as the Dial to the sun, Although it be not shone upon."

The Christian World, edited by the Rev. T. H. Stockton, Philadelphia.

The appearance of this journal, in a typographical point of view, does great credit to its projectors, and if the promises held forth for the religious information to be conveyed in its pages, be realized, it will not fail to obtain patronage.

Howard Pinckney, by the author of Clinton Bradshaw, &c..
Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

This is the best novel Mr. Thomas has produced. It is spirit-stirring, and like most of our American productions, well crowded with incident. This is almost a fault with our novelists. One half the incidents in a practised hand would answer the purpose. The characters are well delineated and sustained, and the book altogether, one of the most pleasing novels we have ever read. Bobby Gammon and Pompey are our favourites, and seem to be more before the reader than the hero, Howard Pinckney. Aunt Agnes is a delightful old woman, and is a most excellent foil to Granny Gammon. Gordon is a superfine villain, on the most approved high-pressure principal.

Democracy in America. Part the Second. The Social Influence of Democracy, is the subject of this work, by M. De Toqueville.

We named it, as forthcoming, in our "Book" for July. The favourable opinion then expressed from the extracts we had seen, is fully realized. The book is full of interest and instruction, the result of patient investigation, of deep thought, and an honest search for the truth. We hope it will be extensively read, thoroughly studied. It will repay such study, for it should challenge the attention of all who take any concern in the destiny of their race.

We have not now time to go into even a cursory description of the aims and principles it inculcates—we shall refer to the work again, and quote some of the axioms, and opinions, especially concerning our sex, which we consider of much importance. In the mean time, we advise our friends to read the work. Published by the Messrs. Langleys of New York; a very neat edition. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Two Years before the Mast. Harper & Brothers, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia. No. 106, Family Library.

This book is said to have been written by a person who spent many years of his life in the merchants' service. It shows vividly the dangers that are encountered in a war with the elements, which, from our author's description, would seem to be quite enough to engross the attention of scamen without having their fellow man to contend with. It is an interesting book, whether portraying real or imaginary scenes.

#### Letters and Speeches of Lord Brougham. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

This collection contains Brougham's celebrated Letter to the Queen—some would call it impudent—we think it spirited. Most of Brougham's best productions are to be found here, and they are characterized by his usual vigour and matured judgment. It is an invaluable book, and no library would be complete without it.

The Stage-before and behind the Curtain, by Alfred Bunn. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

Why did not Mr. Bunn take the advice he gives to Mr. Barnet, "Depend upon it the world cares not one cent about either of us." True for you, Mr. Bunn—the world does not, but here you inflict upon them two volumes of matter entirely relating to your own affairs, to prove that you are a much injured individual, and McCready no player. Go to, Mr. Bunn. The book is readable, if only to show the troubles of management.

#### Ten Thousand a Year: Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

We agree with the New York Spirit of the Times, that this is "the story of the season." It is as eagerly sought after as was the former celebrated work by the same author—"Diary of a Physician." Two volumes have been published, and another will soon succeed them. The home scenes at Yatton are the most beautiful pictures of domestic felicity we have ever read.

Harry Lorrecquer is published by Carey & Hart—need we mention more to induce people to buy?—It is a great book.

#### DESCRIPTION OF PASHION PLATE.

Fig. 1.—Robe of lilac plaid foulard—corsage, high, and fitting close to the shape. Bishop sleeves, trimmed at top with two ruffles. The front of the dress is ornamented with bows of the same silk as the rest of the dress. Bonnet of lemon coloured gross de Naples, with a new style of feather—See PLATE.

Fig. 2.—Short cloak of black velvet, lined with white satin, and trimmed with white fur, blue or green robe with a very deep flounce. Gray silk-bonnet—the brim is perfectly round,

and very open, the interior is trimmed with flowers. Gray ostrich feathers. A white fur muff ought to accompany this dress.

Fig. 3.—Hat of blue satin. The front is very small, and site quite round to the face, nearly meeting under the chin, and the corners rounded off. A rich bunch of white feathers tipped with blue, droops at the left side, and small half-wreaths of roses are underneath the front. The dress is of pouz de soie. Manteau of brown satin, wadded, and lined throughout with silk. This cloak is cut like a loose wrapping gown, taken in at the waist by a band, and has loose sleeves cut on the straightway of the material. The cape is cut out of a very large half square, rounded at the back, and the ends falling very low in front; it is caught up on the shoulders with long straps, and at the back is a capachin or hood, finished at the lower corner by a silk tassel. The facings are of blue satin of the exact shade of the lining.

#### PUBLISHER'S NOTICES.

Within these few days, an interesting exhibition has closed in this city,-that of Mr. Pettrich the sculptor's statue of the Fisher Girl. This is one of those pieces of art intelligible to every beholder, and which, without any action calculated to arouse or excite, or any ties to connect it with the higher sympathies of our kind, will continue to please and to interest, when objects of pretension, subjects connected with literary and historical associations, will cease to excite attention. It affords another proof of the truth, that there is no necessity for the artist to explore the more recondite paths, or attempt the higher regions of humanity, in search of materials to win sympathy, and attract admiration; but that in the humblest walks of life, in the every-day occurrences of common-place humanity, these materials lie ready at hand for the eye that can observe, and for the hand that is plastic to inform them with life, truth, and reality.

We are happy to learn that "The Fisher Girl" is gone to adorn the country residence of one of our much esteemed citizens. We trust that the day is arrived, when this example of encouragement to a worthy artist, will find many imitators, and that the complaint that the merely useful and material are absorbing the beautiful and the spiritual among us, will be proved to be unfounded.

We have received a letter from Mrs. Sigourney, dated London, containing a valuable contribution to the Book.

We have been presented by our friend Russell Smith, the artist, with a beautiful landscape from his pencil, which like every thing he paints is of a superior order of beauty. We return him our thanks.

A file of "The Monument," has been received, from the editor, Mrs. Hale, and we shall preserve it for the good cause which it advocates.

Subscribers are respectfully requested to read the cover for this month, attentively.

#### CATHERWOOD'S DIORAMAS.

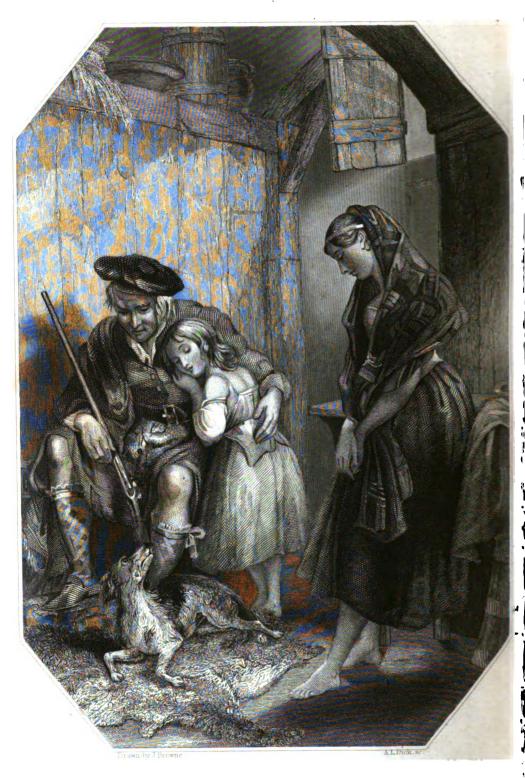
No person should neglect seeing the beautiful view of Jerusalem—it is splendid.

#### PERKINS' STEAM GUN.

Bo not alarmed ladies. We merely, (that is the publisher.) called to look at it, and a wonderful affair it is, discharging 158 balls per minute. By an accurate calculation, if each ball took effect on one of our subscribers, it would take 126 1.2 minutes to destroy them all:—but again, if it only hit a borrower, it would take a century to destroy them—their name is Legion.

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THE DEATH OF LUATH.

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# GODEY'S

# L A D Y'S B O O K.

DECEMBER, 1840.

Written for the Lady's Book.

# THE DEATH OF LUATH.

[SEE PLATE.]

Poor Luath, mute sufferer! and, ah, can it be
That the clansman would wreak his dark vengeance on thee?
What! turn the fell feeling, by rancour defiled,
Against the poor dog that caresses your child?
Your watch when you sleep, and your guide when you roam,
The ward of your pasture, the guard of your home?
Poor Luath! 'tis hard with his master to part,

But the ball of the clansman lies deep in his heart; His eye-balls grow dim, there's a film o'er their ray, And his life-blood, alas, is fast ebbing away; See his eyes on his master how wistfully cast, On his friend and protector he must look his last!

Old Cameron bent o'er him: no weeper is he,
But now the warm tear-drop stood bright in his e'e;
He dash'd it away; and his hand as it play'd
With his firelock, the drift of his feelings betray'd;
Plans of vengeance were rife;—but as Jeannie he press'd,
And felt her young heart beating warm to his breast,
Fell thoughts died within him:—such magical spell
Does still with sweet childhood and innocence dwell.

Cathleen stood in silence; her heart seem'd to melt, And she shared every pang that her favourite felt; Little Jeannie was first the deep silence to break, And thus with a child's native feeling she spake:—

"Go, father, and dig our poor Luath a grave, By the side of the burn, where the willow-trees wave. He loved the dear spot. When the hunting was done, All in heat from the sport, he would eagerly run To refresh himself there in the cool-running stream. Then stretch himself out in the warm sunny beam, And the chace once again in his slumbers renew, With his low stifled cry when the game was in view. Yes, bury him there; and at morn will I come, And pluck the blue hare-bells to strew on his tomb. And when I shall chance with my playmates to stray By the side of the burn, when the spring-time is gay, We will talk of poor Luath, and feel the heart sad, To miss his gay pranks, as he bounded so glad And so blythesome along; for he felt himself then Just like one of ourselves, quite the same, do ye ken?"

"Ah yes!" sighed old Cameron; "Yes, Jennnie, go spread Your fresh-gathered hare-bells o'er poor Luath's bed; For there's many a grave on which spring-flowers are strewed, That holds not a heart half so faithful and good."

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#### Written for the Lady's Book.

#### SUSPICION.

#### BY MISS E. A. DUPUY.

Alas! our young affections run to waste,
Or water but the desert—whence arise
But weeds of dark luxuriance—tares of haste,
Rank at the core.

Flowers, whose wild odours breathe but agonies;—
And trees whose gums are poison.—Byron.

It was a lovely evening—the sun had just thrown his parting rays on the winding river, with its forest-clad banks, wearing their brightest livery of green. Our boat was skimming through the water "like a thing of life." It had a low pressure engine, and that eternal "puff-puff," came not with its hissing sound, to destroy the poetic reverie which a sunset on la belle rivière is so well calculated to produce. Before us was a long stretch of water unbroken by a ripple, and the gorgeous summer clouds were mirrored with faithful distinctness in their lucid depths. In the distance a small village, with the court house, and church spires standing out in bold relief against the transparent blue of the heavens, added a pleasing feature to the scene.

I was standing on the guard, absorbed in reverie, when a voice spoke so near as to startle me. I turned to look at the speaker. He was leaning over the railing, watching the foam that sparkled up, as she cut her way through the water, and appeared quite unconscious that any one was near him. He was repeating an address to a wave, and there was something in the tone of his voice which made me think that he had himself experienced the truth of the lines. The appearance of this stranger interested me His figure was little above the medium height, yet it was graceful and dignified. He had removed his hat, and the evening air tossed aside the brown hair from a brow of noble proportions. His eyes were large, dark and penetrating, but there was sadness in their expression, and the smile that curved his well-formed lips had nothing of mirth in it. was gazing earnestly on him, when he suddenly raised his head, and caught my eye. He bowed and smiled:-a few commonplace remarks on the beauty of the scene, commenced our acquaintance.

We had that morning embarked at Cincinnati, and the destination of both was the commercial emporium of the western world. New York. In a few days we became well acquainted; at the end of a week we were firm friends. We landed at Guyandotte, stopped about ten days at the Virginia springs, which were crowded with the beautiful, the wise, and the witty, but all passed before L'Estrange as the figures in a magic lantern, without eliciting either admiration or interest. He appeared quite insensible to the bright eyes, and thrilling tones of the young houris who had completely won my heart, though I could not for my life have told which one of half a dozen claimed the largest space in it. It was in answer to my bantering on this subject that he related to me the following history of himself.

<sup>44</sup> I am the son of a French officer who adhered to the fortunes of Napoleon until the final imprisonment of that wonderful man on the rock bound Island which proved his grave. On the field of Waterloo my father bade a last adieu to the man whose iron

soul, and indefatigable activity had formed the bond of union between them. He could not live in France under the government of a Bourbon—he could not cry vive le roi, while his heart was with the exided emperor, and he speedily transferred his property to Louisiana, and there buried in the solitude of its vast forests lived in the deepest retirement.

" My mother died while I was quite a child, and my father devoted himself to me. I was his constant companion—he my only teacher; and no one was more capable of filling that office. His mind was elevated, serious, reflecting, and concentrated: his knowledge on all subjects profound, and his principles were of a rare solidity. He was usually grave and taciturn, and from his decision there was no appeal. His manners were cold, and a bitter and caustic irony was frequently indulged, at the expense of that world from which he so sedulously secluded himself. His affection for me was strong, but seldom demonstrated; and he inspired me with a profound veneration and respectful gratitude, which was as confiding and expansive as that which I might have felt for a tender mother.

"At the age of eighteen he provided me with a preceptor who was to be my companion in my travels. I was unwilling to leave him alone, but he silenced my objections at once.

"I have taught you all that may be learned of books—I now desire that you may become acquainted with the ways of men. I cannot visit those scenes over which you are to travel, without disinterring the memories of days and events, which I would wish for ever buried in oblivion.'

"The evening preceding my departure, he said to me-

"'You are now going into the world, and there is one thing that my knowledge of man has fatally taught me, which it may be useful to you to know. Self-interest is the foundation of every action. To use the words of the celebrated English statesman—" every man has his price." Yes—the noblest—the best characters are not free from that debasing stain. Many whose fortunes place them above temptation, would disclaim so mean a passion, but could those very men be tried, they would not come forth pure All men are corruptible. I counsel you my son—suffice unto yourself—trust not in the friendship which may fail you when most needed.'

"". Oh, my father?" I exclaimed, astonished at the calmness with which such words were uttered, "Man cannot be so base! He that is made in the image of his Creator must have some noble, some disinterested qualities!"

"My father replied to me with a coldness that chilled me, while a convulsive and nervous amile gave to his haughty and severe features, an indescribable expression of habitual suffering:

- wealth—openness of heart—trustfulness of spirit.— My friend deceived me—cheated me of half I possessed—the woman I loved deserted me for one who had more gold, but was twice my age. Your mother married me, because her friends declared me the best offer she was likely to have. Have I not cause to say that self-interest is the foundation of every action?
- "His words sank deep into my heart, and made an impression which was destined to influence all my future life. I remained in Europe three years, with the excellent man who had been selected to accompany me, when I was recalled by receiving news of the declining health of my father. On my arrival at the home of my youth, I was received by the valet of my father, a faithful domestic, who had refused to leave him when he abandoned his native land. He answered not a word to my eager inquiries, but burst in tears, as he led the way to his master's apartment. I rapidly followed him-my father was sitting beside a window which looked out on an extensive park, watching the gambols of his favourite horse, which he felt a presentiment he should never again feel bounding beneath him. He endeavoured to rise that he might embrace me, but his strength was unequal to it: he opened his arms and in a transport of emotion I threw myself in them. He was frightfully changed-I had left him alert and vigorous-I found him feeble-cast down-apparently on the very verge of the grave, and his reception of me was to the last degree solemn and affecting.
- During my absence the only sister of my father had crossed the Atlantic, for the purpose of taking up her residence with him. She was accompanied by a daughter, who was then in her eighteenth year, and I felt an emotion of pleasure when I saw my cousin, at the thought that the solitude of my home would be enlivened by one nearer my own age, than those I had associated with previous to my European tour.
- "My arrival seemed to give new life to my father. In a few days he was able to have his chair wheeled into the saloon, and the musical abilities of Clara were called into requisition for his amusement. He was passionately fond of music, and my cousin played with a spirit and expression rarely equalled.
- "My aunt read or worked, and we ostensibly employed ourselves in playing chess, while Clara performed the matchless productions of Weber, Mozart, and Bethooven. Frequently for more than half an hour, my father would lean back with closed eyes, and a countenance eloquent with the deep feelings which the music appeared to have aroused. My eyes would wander from him to the youthful performer, and frequently forgetful of even his appearent emotion, I continued to gaze on that fair and unshadowed face—to watch the play of the dark curls over her snowy neck, or mark the fluctuations of her transparent complexion, as she sang in a low but singularly sweet voice, the hymn the invalid best loved to hear: and as she concluded he would often say—
- "' Enough—Clara, my child. Pardon me—I can bear no more to-night,' in a voice suffocated with emotion.
- "That hour of music, and a daily drive around his grounds, seemed to be his sole enjoyments. He knew that his end was approaching, and the early hours of the morning were devoted to informing me of the

exact situation of his property, and the best means of managing it when it came into my possession. He beheld death approaching with rapid strides, but it was with the self-command of the philosopher, and the resignation of the martyr. His knowledge of medicine was such, that his physicians could not flatter him into the belief that a hope of ultimate recovery remained, yet not an emotion of feebleness or regret was apparent. He often suffered intensely, but a complaint never escaped him—only on his convulsed features could I read the inward agony that was destroying him.

- "The evening before his death he thus addressed me-
- "I have added to the fortune which I received from my father. In my latter years I have repaired the carelessness and prodigality of my early ones; that I might leave you, my son, such an independence as would place you above the world. Gold is the great panacea for all evils-as well as their source. Honour, happiness, power, spring from its possession. Possessing that, and having the power to live alone, you are master of the great science of life. and then only, can you be called truly independent. Distrust the adulation which is purchased by your fortune-however fair appearances may be, place no faith in them, till you have sounded their profoundest depths. And now my son I must bid you adieu, I feel the hand of death already on my heart. Console yourself for my loss with the thought that you have ever been to me all that I could have wished.'
- "I wept bitterly and expressed my endless regret for his loss. He smiled feebly, and spoke in a voice which was even then calm and imposing.
- "My son, why speak thus? Nothing is eternal, nothing is even durable among human emotions. Joy and happiness are not, then why should sorrow and sadness be so? You are noble and generous—you love me tenderly—your sorrow at my loss is so profound, that you fancy it can never pass away—but you deceive yourself. Time—the distractions of life will bring consolation—you will forget—'
- "Ah, never! never!' exclaimed I, throwing myself on my knees beside the bed, and bathing his hands with my tears. He tenderly released his cold hand, and placing it on my head, continued—
- make My poor Eugène, why wish to escape the immutable law of our nature? There is nothing odious, nothing wicked, in casting from the heart the regrets which would unfit us for our duties to ourselves and the world. Enjoy the gifts which heaven has bestowed on you. Think of me with tender regret—'tis all I ask from your heart.' The following day my father was no more.
- "My sorrow was profound—the prospect of wealth and unlimited liberty to use it, terrified rather than consoled me. I was scarcely twenty-one, and I feared the stability of my own character, when assailed by the many temptations to which youth and fortune are exposed. I found myself a stranger in the home of my childhood. The lonely and eccentric life of my only parent had kept aloof all those who might have wished to associate with me. I had no friend, scarcely an acquaintance, for my father was the only true misanthrope I have ever known. He did not seek men that he might exhaust his bitterness in railing at their follies, but he separated himself absolutely from them. From my earliest recollection he had never possessed a friend.

" Isolated as I had been from society, I had now to enter the world as a stranger: it appeared to me as an immense desert in which I stood alone. I was of no consequence to any one.

"Gradually this feeling of desolation wore away. I passed the winter with my aunt and Clara. Her health was delicate and her physician prescribed regular exercise on horseback. Our mornings were devoted to long rides—our evenings in reading aloud, music, and conversation. Four months passed thus, and my anguish had lost much of its bitterness.

"I had at first shrunk from visiting the tomb of my father, over whom a monument had been erected by my order. Clara proposed that we should visit it together. I assented, and we went thither. I was deeply moved, and leaning my head against the cold marble, wept aloud. Clara laid her hand on mine and spoke. I looked on her sweet countenance, beaming with sympathy, and for the first time I was struck with her beauty. We visited the tomb every day, and it was there, over the ashes of the lamented dead, that I felt a new affection springing up in my lonely heart, which was destined to overshadow all others. My grief gradually softened into a gentle melancholy, which possessed a charm for one of my morbid and imaginative temperament.

"Clara was poor. Her father had held a high office in the Court of Charles—he was fond of luxury and splendour, and his sumptuous style of living, had not only dissipated his own fortune, but that also which

my aunt had brought him.

" Madame Durand was a worldly minded woman, and had played a distinguished part at the French court-her daughter had been educated in a convent from which she was withdrawn on the death of her father, and immediately set out for the western world to seek an asylum with her uncle. Clara was three years my junior-and her style of beauty was peculiarly calculated to win on the regard. She was fair, and usually pale, but the quick flush of excited feeling sent a variable blush to her cheek, more beautiful than the richest bloom. Her eyes were large, dark, and indescribably soft in their expression. She had much more character than girls of her age usually possess—she had reflected deeply, and suffered in silence. She appeared indifferent to the pleasures of youth, and smiles seldom dwelt on her lips: but I believed her to be capable of a profound and lasting attachment; and I flattered myself that I could win from her affectionate heart, the love that would never change. I knew her to be proud, and extremely sensitive as to her dependent situation. During the last year of my father's life Clara had been as a daughter to him, and I was surprised that he had not provided for her and her mother, but he had left them entirely to my generosity.

"I sought my aunt and entreated her to consider my house as her own—to invite such guests as she desired, and in all things to consult her own wishes. At the same time I presented her with papers which hentitled her to an annuity double the amount of that her brother had allowed her. She received it with the grace of a French woman—embraced me, and declared that I was a worthy representative of my father. That evening when I met Clara, she said nothing, but the manner in which she placed her hand in mine, and looked up in my face as I led her to supper was more eloquent than words.

"Once more the world appeared bright to me-a

paradise seemed opening to my view, for I loved Clara. I had thought my grief for my father must be eternal, but already my heart was filled with hopes of happiness—my visits to his tomb were gradually discontinued, and I substituted for them an hour's meditation before his portrait, which hung in a closet in my room. I suffered no careless or profane glance to rest upon that pale sad countenance. I wept over my increased indifference to his memory—he had been dead eight months, and already were his words fulfilled—I had ceased to mourn, and life again wore a smilling face!

"I have said that I loved my cousin, but that word feebly expresses the fervent idolatry with which I regarded her: but even such love possessed not the power to lay asleep the fiend which my father's last words had implanted in my breast. I dared even at moments to doubt her disinterestedness. When beside Clara, the remembrance of these suspicions sometimes made me blush—at others I looked on her placid brow, and believed that it masked a heart, filled with ambition, and a love of power, which the possession of wealth could alone secure to her.

" She treated me with the affection of a sister, while I was as capricious as the winds of heaven. For days I would seclude myself in my own apartments, with my books, with the torturing remembrance of my father's precepts preying on my heart, until feeling exhausted itself, and ashamed of my conduct, I would come forth to play the part of the devoted lover, and atone, by the most flattering and delicate attentions for the wrong I had done that noble hearted girl. She possessed no clue to my feelings, and often have I shrunk from the mild reproach of that soft eye, and inwardly vowed that I would never again inflict a pang on the heart which I desired to possess. I had never dared to avow my affection. Many times the words had trembled on my lips, to be sent back with a crushed and bitter feeling to that dark fount of suspicion, my own heart.

"At length her manner to me changed. She evidently avoided me, and when we were together she rarely spoke. Her temper hitherto so placid, became irritable and impatient: it was apparent that her health suffered, and for hours she would remain shut up in her own room, refusing admittance even to her mother. I became seriously alarmed, and proposed to Madame Durand, a visit to New Orleans, that the gaieties of a city life might dispel the ennui under which Clara was suffering. She heard me with delight, and immediately consented to its expediency. The evening before our intended departure, I requested Clara to ride with me. She seemed to hesi-

"I have procured the most beautiful horse for you,' said I, 'and the root house which you commenced and abandoned is now completed. Let us go there.'

"She consented, and we set out.

"Always lovely she appeared particularly so on horseback, for she was more distinguished for graceful elegance, than even for beauty: and as I looked on the sweet face shaded by a simple hat of straw, I thought her more enchanting than ever. My eyes must have expressed my feelings, for she blushed as she encountered them, and I thought she smiled more frequently than was her wont.

"We rode through the forest, and the road for a few rods wound around the edge of an immense precipice—Clara's horse started, and she became alarmed. I held the bridle while I dismounted and led him over the dangerous spot. As we turned again into the forest, the root house was in sight, and alighting I secured our horses and followed Clara, who had already entered the rustic building. She was examining the interior with pleased attention, and expressed her delight that her own project had been so completely executed.

" And you have done this for my gratification," said she with sparkling eyes. 'How shall I thank you!'

" Ah Clara!' exclaimed I, If I dared hope—dared express my wishes'-I could not for my life have added another word, for the colour faded from her cheek, and she withdrew the hand I had taken, as she spoke in a low tone-

"Do not say that you love me. You deceive yourself-you will never love any thing-you will never be happy.

Her manner was full of bitterness, as she turned away, and left the house. My fiend whispered-

" She is going into the gay world, where her beauty may command a more brilliant offer,' and I returned home in indignant silence.

"I left her at the door, and remounting, galloped through the woods alone. In solitude, my better angel interposed, and taught me the true source of Clara's words.

"'Yes-she loves me!' I exclaimed, again and again, and the sound of my own words filled my heart with an intoxicating sense of joy. Inexpressible happiness was mingled with the pride I felt in being the beloved of such a creature.

"The moon was riding high in the heavens; when I returned. I heard the sounds of music issuing from Madame Durand was reading, while the saloon. Clara executed piece after piece with nervous impatience, as if afraid of the silence which would bring thoughts she durst not encounter. She turned her head as I entered, but did not look up. I drew near and leaned over her chair.

" Sing to me, Clara;' I whispered, and I placed a song before her. 'Sing of love - of hope-of happiness.'

"The tone of my voice expressed even more than my words. Clara looked op involuntarily-our eves The colour vanished from her face, and I received her fainting form in my arms. When she recovered, Madame Durand saw that an eclaircissément was about to take place, and she discreetly left us. In that hour I avowed my love, and drew from Clara a confession of her own.

"The three months which succeeded the avowal of my passion, passed as a dream. They formed the only happy portion of my life. It is true, we had left the shades which the romantic fancy loves to interweave with the descriptions of the grand passion, but in the bustling city, amid amusements that had for both the charm of novelty, we were not less occupied with each other. How often, when surrounded by a gay circle, has Clara, with one glance of her soft eye, told me how much more dear than all the triumphs of vanity, was the consciousness that one heart was near, on which she had learned to rest her faith in the future. And I-ah how shall I paint to you the passion which coloured my every thought with hues of heaven! The descriptions of love ever appear exaggerated, and mine would seem,

to the natives of your colder clime, a madness of the heart. How powerful must have been the passion that could lull to sleep the suspicion which had become a part of my very nature! Could make me place my happiness at the mercy of a woman!

"Clara was much admired—had several brilliant offers, which she unhesitatingly declined, to the surprise of many-for our engagement had not been publicly avowed. A clause in my father's will, prohibited me from marrying until I had attained my twenty-third year. I wanted about six months to this time, and I had yielded to the wish of Clara that our betrothal should not be made known until the time for our union drew near.

"When the spring opened, we returned to Malmaison, as my father had called the place, and took with us a party of our city friends to spend the summer The house was situated on the coast, and one of our favourite amusements was sailing on the moonlit waters. Ah! how delicious, yet distracting are the memories that linger around those evenings! when seated beside Clara-with her hand clasped in my own-the sweet south wind wafting her dark ringlets against my cheek, as I whispered words, which to others would have seemed of little meaning, but to her were fraught with the incense of a love that could know no change. But, alas! these days could not endure forever-the brightest dreams but serve to make the hour of returning consciousness the more bitter; and bitter, indeed, was my awakening.

"One evening, in the early days of autumn, I returned home from a lengthened stroll with Clara. As I entered my own room a servant informed me that my aunt wished to see me in the saloon. I found Madame Durand in tears. In reply to my eager inquiries into the source of her distress, she placed in my hands an anonymous letter, which she had just received. This letter purported to come from one who was warmly interested in the fate of a young and innocent girl, situated as Clara was with My influence, it stated, had caused my cousin to discard those who would have studied her happiness, while I selfishly desired to keep her unmarried, until some other caprice should divert my thoughts into a new channel, and Clara be 'whistled down the wind, a prey to fortune.' There was much more too contemptible to deserve mention. I gathered the sense of this execrable production almost at a glance, and my first emotion was that of indignant contempt. I tore it in fragments, and asked Madame Durand, 'How she could permit such a tissue of falsehood and calumny to move her to tears? Was I not ready to prove its falsehood by marrying Clara at any moment, even in defiance of my father's last wishes?

" I have before said that Madame Durand was a worldly-minded woman; and the sparkle of her eye, as she heard me declare my readiness to wed Clara, awoke the sleeping vulture that preyed upon my heart. She fears my stability, thought I, and this was a mere ruse—a pitiful trick contrived by herself to secure to her daughter the enjoyment of my wealth.

" Is Clara acquainted with this?' I found voice to inquire.

" No-but I shall inform her of it. She has firmness to bear even this.' " Do not speak to her before to-morrow. I wish

to reflect itized by

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- "As you please,' said Madame Durand, and I left her alone.
- "My brain was in a perfect whirl. A thousand confused thoughts rushed through it. I recalled many proofs of Clara's love, but it was only to distort them. Others had vainly sought to win her from me, but then I remembered that I was wealthier than any one of them. I was not more noble—more elegant than others who had loved her, why then should I flatter myself that affection alone dictated the preference of this beautiful girl for me? No—no—it was measured by the acres I inherited, not by my own merits; and, in agony inexpressible, I recalled the words of my father—
- "' Place no trust in the fairest appearances, till you have sounded their profoundest depths. Distrust the love that is purchased by the possession of wealth.'
- "I will sound her heart,' I exclaimed—'I will probe her to the soul, and judge by her manner if my suspicions are unfounded. Oh, my God! if they should prove true! where shall I again hope to find truth or disinterested affection?' and I paced my chamber in a perfect fever of anguish.

"The windows were all open, and the autumn moon lit up the room with a wan and ghastly light. The rays fell on the curtain which concealed the portrait of my father. I had not looked on it for months. I now drew aside the black folds, and gazed on that pale and severe countenance, which seemed to borrow additional sadness from the imperfect light by which it was seen.

- "I knew that he had loved me tenderly, and a desire to secure my happiness had prompted him to implant in my heart the bitterness of distrust. He wished me to profit by his experience, but, alas! instead of being a beacon to warn, it became a flame to scorch and desolate the bosom that harboured it. I kneeled before his portrait—I recalled his words—I invoked the protection of his spirit—confided to the lifeless resemblance all my hopes—my love—the anguish of doubt that crushed my very spirit. It wore that pale, stern, and cold expression, as if no human passion had ever crossed that marble front. I arose with the words, dictated by my own sordid spirit, ringing in my ears—
- "" She loves your wealth—for Clara is poor: and that thought seemed to turn all my love into hatred and contempt. I interpreted every trifling action into the most ignoble dissimulation; and shame, misery, and indignation struggled for the mastery when I remembered how deliciously I had been deceived. Overwhelmed with doubt I distrusted every thing. Why should I have inspired feelings which now appeared to me false and exaggerated—where could I so readily find the necessary motive but in self-interest and duplicity?
- "I passed a terrible night. The next day I was weak enough to avoid Clara—I spent the day in the forest—alternately galloping, with wild speed, through its sombre shades, or reclining under the trees, my mind a prey to contending emotions. I returned home late at night; on entering my room, I discovered a bouquet of fresh flowers on my table, and beneath them was a note from Clara.
- meet you to-morrow at seven o'clock, in the root-house. Ah! dear Eugène, how cruelly that letter must have caused you to suffer.'

- "In the disposition in which I then was, nothing could have been more painful or arduous, than this proposed interview, but as there was no possibility of avoiding it, I nerved myself for the task.
- "The reflections of the night but confirmed me in my doubts, and my determination to express them at all hazards. The morning was cold and damp—and a thick mist hung over every object, as I threaded my way over the dead leaves which rustled beneath my tread. Nature was in unison with my dark and gloomy soul.
- "I was later than the appointed hour, and on entering the root-house, I found Clara scated near the door, wrapped in a black mantle, and trembling with cold and agitation.
- "'Ah, at last you are here!' she exclaimed, as I entered. 'Ah, Eugène, what have I not suffered since yesterday morning!'
- "I took the hand she extended, and, scarcely pressing it suffered it to drop. She looked at me with astonishment, at conduct so unusual; and something in my countenance must have betrayed the inward feelings of my soul, for she exclaimed—
- "Good heavens! Eugène! what is the matter? You are ill—your looks frighten me!"
- "'No --- never better;' said I, lightly. 'Why should you think me ill? I should have little gallantry if this charming interview did not put to flight all disagreeable thoughts.'
- "This was uttered in a tone of bitter irony. Clara gazed at me as if stupified with astonishment. After a pause, she said—
  - " Eugène, my mother has told me all."
- was very little. But you are cold, Clara—this humid air is very penetrating. Do wrap your cloak closer.'
- "Clara heeded not my last words, 'Little!' she repeated, and a faint flush passed over her cheek—'little! oh God, that I should live to hear you utter such words! Is not my happiness—my whole future welfare forever at stake?'
- ""Ma chère cousine, you use such strong language,' said I. 'That foolish letter was nothing—the anonymous effusion of a base heart, think of it no more, I pray. But, oh! Clara,' d added, more earnestly, 'would that I could believe that you love me as I do you!'
- "" Why should you doubt it?' she replied. 'Have I not told you many times how dear you are to me?'
- "You have told me so, I know, Clara; but—forgive me—have you sounded your own heart? Do
  you know all its feelings? Has love alone dictated
  your acceptance of me? I know you have candour
  and frankness—convince me that disinterestedness
  is joined with them, and I will worship you for
  ever.'
- "Clara listened with a bewildered air, as if incapable of comprehending my meaning. Clasping her hands over her throbbing heart, she said, in a low, but perfectly distinct voice—
- "'Speak out at once, Eugène; your very look freezes me. What would you have me explain? Why am I so cruelly suspected? What greater proofs can I give of my disinterested affection than those already giveh? God of Heaven! after all our avowals—all our love—am I doubted by you? Ah, do not thus calumniate yourself!
  - "The tone in which this was uttered, would have

carried conviction to any heart less besotted than I had the cruelty to say - And in the thoughts of our union have you not been influenced by my fortune?

"The words were scarcely uttered, before I would have given worlds to recall them. For the first time I felt their ignoble signification, and I could have execrated myself for the suspicion they implied. I recollected the many noble traits in the character of this being, on whose generous soul I had inflicted an incurable wound, by my base suspicions; and her own words recurred to me-

"Go; you never will love any thing-you will

always be unhappy.' They were prophetic!

"I had sufficient time to feel all the bitterness of regret; for some moments elapsed before Clara raised her head and allowed me a view of her countenance. The expression it wore chilled me to the soul. Sorrow, indignation, and contempt, gave to her features a character of majesty almost menacing. My heart beat as if it would have burst from my bosom. I essayed to speak, but my parched lips could utter but one word as I kneeled before her,

" Pardon!

- " I extended my hands to her. With a gesture of disdain she cast them from her, and, with a look which I shall never forget, she slowly repeated,
- " Have I been influenced by your fortune? Me!! Clara!! oh, base! oh, cruel! unworthy to inspire love!
- "Without another word, she suddenly arose, and with a firm and majestic step swept out of the house.
- " I was overwhelmed. Too late did I blush for shame, at my unmanly conduct-and weep with woman's weakness over the contemptible feeling which had for ever destroyed my happiness. I returned to the house, however, determined to see Clara again, and endeavour to re-instate myself in her affections.
- " During the three days which followed this scene, I saw neither my Aunt nor Clara. The only reply made to my inquiries, was that they were both too much indisposed to receive me. Those were terrible days to me. From that fatal moment, when I had so unfeelingly wounded the tender and delicate affection of Clara, my eyes were opened to the unworthiness of my suspicions. In bitterness of soul I now thought over and exaggerated all the chances of happiness I had lost. Where could I again hope to find beauty, grace, nobleness of soul, tenderness for me, united in such perfection as in Clara? Life, without her, appeared worthless. I contemplated with horror the possibility that I might find it useless to endeavour to efface from her heart the remembrance of my degrading suspicions.
- "On the fourth day, my aunt received me. I found her pale and evidently suffering. During the long conversation that succeeded, I revealed to her all that passed-told her of my repentance-my despair if Clara remained inflexible. I repeated to her the desolating maxims of my father. I sought for excuses in the ineffaceable impression they had left on my mind. I entreated Madame Durand to intercede for me. She was softened by my sorrow, and promised to use her influence with her daughter in my behalf, and, if possible, induce her to accept my hand.
- " For some days Clara still refused to see me. At length my Aunt informed me, that she had yielded

to her solicitations. Her daughter would receive me that morning, but she could not tell me what would be the result of that interview.

- "My heart bounded with rapture. 'Ah, could I see her once more - my eloquence - my anguish must touch the heart that once loved me.'
- " I entered the room, and for the first time a doubt of final success struck a deadening and sickly chill to my heart. Clara was sadly changed. She leaned back in a cushioned chair, her cheek and lips colourless from the cruel suffering she had undergone-but the expression of that pale face was calm, cold, and selfpossessed. She waved me off as I would have taken her hand, and immediately spoke in a firm tone-
- "'I have sent for you, sir, to make known to you my final decision. It is painful to me to speak of the past-to recall the unworthy suspicions to which I have been subjected, by one whom I once believed possessed of nobleness of feeling, and elevation of mind. I have loved you with a blind confidence that my youth and inexperience can alone excuse; but 'tis past. I have been bitterly convinced that my actions have been misinterpreted - my truth doubted-my-'
- " Ah, Clara!' I exclaimed. 'Let the devotion of my life atone-'
- "With a gesture of impatience she interrupted me. and continued in a tone that half froze me-
- "'Your life can never be devoted to me. Never can I forget that I have been subjected to such degrading imputations. My heart is separated from yours by an abyse that can never be passed. No! sooner would I pass my life in the meanest toilsevered from all its refinements-all its gracesthan unite myself with one who has proven that, however elevated his station, his sordid and ignoble soul claims kindred with the lowest denizens of earth.'
- " My very soul writhed with humiliation, as she uttered those terrible words, and I exclaimed-
- " Forgive forget that single fault! Let the truest the most exalted affection prove to you in future how deep is my repentance.
- "" Forgive'-she repeated, with more emotion than she had before betrayed-forgive him who has left no means untried to win my confidence and affection. but to cast them back on the heart that trusted in him. Yes-I do forgive you-forget I cannot. Were my future destiny the most brilliant—the most successful the world ever saw, in the sparkling draught that remembrance would still be the bitter drop. Your repentance is now too late. How profound must have been your contempt for me! even at the moment you professed to love me! To love!! even while you believed me sordid enough to calculate the advantages of marrying you! I could have pardoned perfidy-inconstancy-abandonment-but this cold, hideous, and revolting want of confidence, in the heart that was open to your view, has given a fatal stab to the affection I once felt for you.
- " I will not repeat all I said. She was inflexible and I left her in a transport of passion. Never can I express the rage, the hatred, the despair, that filled my heart, when convinced that Clara would not again listen to my protestations of eternal confidence-of unalterable love.
- "The following day she left my house, accompanied by her mother. During the subsequent year they

resided in a country house near New Orleans. At the end of that time, my Aunt died. I sought the abode of Clara, but she refused to see me. A few weeks after her mother's death, I received a packet from her, containing the papers which entitled her to the annuity my Aunt had drawn from me. was a short note to me, stating that she had submitted to receive a portion of my wealth while her mother lived, because she considered it essential to her comfort. Now that she was alone, fortunately her education had been such that she need not be a pensioner on the bounty of her relatives. She thanked me for my munificence, but would no longer exercise it toward herself, and concluded by saying, that when the packet reached me, she would be far away.

" It is now four years; and since that hour I have never been able to gain the slightest clue to her retreat. I have sought her every where-I have been a restless wanderer over this vast country, without an aim beyond the distraction which change of scene brings with it. I mix in the haunts of men-seeking pleasure, but find only weariness. I look on the fair face of woman, but it brings sadness to my heart, for the loveliest brow but brings to mind the madness that marred my happiness. Thank Heaven! that fatal fault is cured! I know that there are feelings which the contaminating influence of the world cannot destroy. I do not believe in the perfectibility of human nature, but I have learned that, with many faults there is mingled much that is noble and generous, giving us assurance that the spirit which God has implanted in the breast cannot become utterly debased by the sordid cares of life."

Such was the story of Eugène L'Estrange. I was deeply interested in it, and marvelled a little that a man, who possessed so many advantages, should yet have been unable to efface the remembrance of one fault from the mind of his betrothed.

We spent the summer together, and each day I found something new to admire in my friend. To the enthusiasm of his countrymen he united a highly cultivated mind, and a heart filled with high and honorable feelings. As the summer drew to a close we were invited my a friend of mine, to spend some weeks at his residence on the Hudson. L'Estrange had been delighted with the scenery on this beautiful river, and consented to accompany me to Mr. Percy's. Percy was surrounded by a family of very lovely children, and his wife was one of the most accomplished and interesting women I have ever known. His residence was one of the most beautiful on the river. Late on the evening of our arrival, we accompanied our hostess in a walk through the grounds. In a shaded alley we heard childish voices, and two of the young Percy's came bounding forward to meet us.

"Ah, mama! I am so glad!" exclaimed the eldest.
"Mademoiselle is ill—quite ill. Come to her—do;"
and she ran back toward an arbour that terminated
the walk.

Making a brief excuse, Mrs. Percy hurried after the child, and left us standing together. Curiosity prompted me to make an effort to see the person who appeared to elicit so much interest, and I advanced a few steps. Through the vines that covered the trellice work, I saw Mrs. Percy supporting the form of a lady, whose pale face rested against her shoulder. She appeared in ill health, but the exquisite outline of the features, told how beautiful she

had been before suffering had laid its iron hand upon her

L'Estrange had followed me. I was first made aware of it by the touch of his hand as he laid it on mine. It was cold as death. I looked at him in astonishment: his features were quivering with emotion; and pointing to the lady, he said, in a hoarse tone—

"Tis Clara!—or rather, the wreck of what my cousin once was. Let us leave this spot—I cannot meet her now—and thus—"

We returned to the house; and I soon after saw the fair sufferer leaning on the arm of Mrs. Percy, who accompanied her to her own apartment, and remained with her until supper was announced.

"Where is Miss Durand?" inquired Percy, as we seated ourselves at the table.

"She is too much indisposed to appear this evening," answered his wife, with a quickly withdrawa glance at L'Estrange, who evidently started at the sound of that name from unfamiliar lips.

"Ah! her health suffers from confinement. I think we must try what change of scene can do for her. It is a melancholy thing to be ill when severed far from our home, and those who once cherished us."

L'Estrange pushed his chair back, and rising abruptly, went out.

"You will pardon my friend's seeming rudeness," said I; "but the lady in question is a near relative of his, and was once regarded with sentiments of deep affection by him."

Percy looked surprised, but his wife bowed, as if the story was well known to her. After supper, L'Estrange requested an interview with Mrs. Percy; and they held a long conference together. He confided to her the bitter suffering which the pride of Clara had inflicted on him—avowed his undiminished love, and requested her to become the medium of communicating his sentiments to his cousin.

Mrs. Percy informed him that Clara had been residing with her since her mother's death. She was spending the winter in New Orleans with her husband, and becoming acquainted with Mademoiselle Durand, was interested by her youth, beauty, and accomplishments, and employed her to teach her children music and French. Her mind evidently preyed on her health; and that evening had been so much agitated by hearing her former lover named by one of the children, as a visiter at the house, that she was near fainting.

"I will become the minister of peace," concluded Mrs. Percy, smiling. "And to-morrow Clara shall receive you. In the present case, I hold it as no sin against the delicacy of my sex, to assure you that I believe Clara loves you still. The tenderness of her heart is greater than her pride of character. In a moment of outraged feeling, she was capable of making a sacrifice, the magnitude of which she was incapable of estimating. Time has softened the remembrance of the wrong, as it ever does in a generous heart; and imagination has added her fairy hues to embellish all the noble and estimable traits in your character. I dare venture to affirm, that Clara loves you now, with a more exalted affection, than on the day you first plighted your vows."

And Mrs. Percy was right—though it was long before Clara would acknowledge it. Long before she would be convinced that the suspicion, which

had darkened the mind of L'Estrange, was indeed cured.

L'Estrange visited New York, and when he returned, he appeared a different being. His spirits were buoyant almost to levity.

"Clara," said he, "you will no longer hesitate to marry me. The wealth which has proved the source of all my unhappiness, is no longer mine. A new claimant has appeared, whose right to the lands my father purchased is better than mine. I have already yielded them. I shall retain a bare competency. But I have youth and health, and can add to it. I know you will not refuse to share my fallen fortunes."

Clara's consent was obtained, and an early day named for the marriage. The ceremony was to be performed in the morning, and they were to set out for New York, where they intended embarking for the South, hoping that a sea voyage would entirely restore the health of the fair bride.

"Happy is the bride that the sun shines on," is an old adage, and never did the god of day shine more blandly, than on that which witnessed the espousals of the long-tried lovers. Clara looked beautiful, in her simple muslin dress, with her raven hair braided around her Grecian brow, and ornamented with a cluster of white rose-buds.

We had assembled in a room adjoining the parlour, in which a few friends were awaiting the appearance of the bridal party. L'Estrange appeared much agitated, and after a few words with Mrs. Percy, he approached Mademoiselle Durand, and took her hand.

"Clara," said he, "I will not marry you, while you remain under a delusion. Pardon, my beloved, the deception which I have consent to become my bride. I spoke, whose claims on my father's estate are paramount to mine, is yourself. Here are the papers which entitle you to the whole of my landed property. During my late absence I employed myself in having these executed. Accept this poor atonement. Let it convince you that I am entirely free from the odious feeling which once so deeply wounded you."

A bright flush passed over Clara's face, and she held out her hand for the packet.

"If I had needed this to convince me," she said,
"I had never been your bride. Yet I thank you
for your noble generosity—thus I repay it;" and
before any one was aware of her intention, she dropped it in the fire, which the chilliness of an autum
morning had caused to be lighted. "And now," she
continued, "I place my happiness where I have already placed my affections—in your keeping."

They were wedded! and in their case the adage has not proved false. The sunshine of happiness illumes their household, and the clouds of mistrust have never dimmed its radiance.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

### TEARS.

### BY MISS JULIET H. LEWIS.

A leaf has been torn from the book—
A link been detached from the chain—
A joy-beam removed from the heart,
Where hope may ne'er blossom again.

Then crush not the spirit now bruised, Nor chide, that it weeps o'er its woe; When Grief's weight rudely drops in the fount, No marvel the waters o'erflow.

When sorrow is wedded to youth— And hopes are succeeded by fears— When an idol's dethroned from the heart, Oh! leave it the solace of TEARS.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE KNIGHT OF THE TOMB.

A LEGEND OF 1826.

THE dense shroud of an autumnal fog still rested on the towers of Westminster Abbey, when the morning sun threw its faint beams on the angular windows of Henry the Seventh's Chapel. An acute antiquary hailed its appearance as he was pressing eagerly on to pay his accustomed devoirs to the rich scenes within its hallowed precincts; for though he always contrived to enter the moment the doors were opened, that he might escape the crowd of incurious visiters, whose tasteless apathy or ignorant remarks always filled him with indignation or disgust, he held himself particulary happy when the day was sufficiently bright for him to view the objects of his keen research with ease and accuracy: not that he ever threw one admiring glance toward the rich and lofty roof, where the blue mist lingered amid the ribbed arches receding in solemn perspective. The sublime grandeur of the

whole building had no charms for him. His taste led him to minute detail; and the form of a clasp or studded fastening in the marble mail of a sculptured warrior, excited his interest and awakened his admiration more than the most imposing coup d'æil of structure, or the richest combination of the minuter portions of architectural beauty. On this particular morning the deep-toned Abbey clock was just striking nine, when the foot of the antiquary pressed the lettered pavement before Chaucer's tomb, and the guides were dropping in one by one as he hastily passed on to the particular spot where reposed the ashes of a cross-legged knight, whose figure in white marble, one of the earliest efforts of sculpture in England, lay under its highly wrought arch in all the gorgeous panoply of helmet, shield and breast-plate, with his mailed hands clasped as if in prayer. Enter-

ing the small chapel in which this precious morceau filled up the space under one of the largest and most ancient windows of the building, he eagerly turned round an interposing altar tomb, whose towering height hid this interesting record of early date from the sight, and pausing, passed his hand over his eyes. "Am I awake!" cried he. There was the gothic arch—the numerous escutcheons—even the lion on which the feet had reposed, the pillow that supported the head, but the knight was gone-gone! Our antiquary in an agony of surprise and despair, summoned every individual, who had any office in the exhibition or care of the Abbey, to ask who had committed this daring sacrilege? They all stood aghast. No one could have entered the building, and after various questions and contradictory comments, the group of officials very piously laid the abstraction to the charge of the author of all evil, the prince of darkness. The baffled and angry antiquary turned away with a peevish exclamation and moodily returning to his own house, passed the whole day in that sullen quiescence felt only by those of vivid minds, stopped short in some darling pursuit.

The next morning, the antiquary rose earlier than usual to carry on some of his researches in a distant part of the metropolis, where at a later hour he would have been subject to annoyance from numerous, jostling passengers. At this moment only a few busy and anxious individuals paced the yet darkened streets; and he was not a little surprised at the appearance of a tall military figure, in a street where officers were never seen, and private soldiers very rarely, at any The towering stature of this figure well accorded with his measured step, solemn from its lenghtened stride, and graceful from its slowness; and as he came near enough to observe, through the dim light, the peculiarities of the costume, he found the helmet was of a singular form and the plume that surmounted it, ample and flowing: a wide surcoat was attached to one shoulder and again to the baldric under the opposite arm, which confined its broad folds so as to admit of freedom in walking. There was something about this figure that fixed the whole attention of the antiquary; he quickened his pace and passed it; he started; was it!-could it be !-clothed in steel instead of marble-with its never to be forgotten features, gauntletted hands, shield attached to the arm, with every stud and band of the armour,—the figure abstracted from the tomb? " I will speak to it, though it blast me!" cried he; and though his heart beat so as nearly to impede his utterance, and his knees smote together from an indefinable feeling of awe, he imperfectly gave the salutation of the morning: the knight looked amazed, but spoke not; yet he checked his step and courteously bowed his plumed head. The senses of the hardy speaker reeled, but he roused himself, and pressed on: again he spoke; the knight looked on him and uttered something in a soliloquizing tone, of which the ear could only catch, "Am I then once more permitted to chastise presumption, and redress the wrongs of mankind?" The awed antiquary receded a few steps: was it his presumption, of which the knight murmured? the latter, throwing a glance at the silent houses, went on-" I see no object here on which to exercise my prowess, but tenantless buildings! am I indeed in London?"

"You most assuredly are!" returned the antiquary, catching at this question, and pressing forward.

"I could hardly believe it, for I can find no bound or outlet: I have looked on the river once winding through green marshes; it is now hemmed in by houses. I walked toward what was once a wild, we field; I find it an ornamented park, surrounded by palaces! This way I see no end, but it is all salent buildings! no human figures! am I in a land whose people have deserted it?"

"It is early; the people are not awake!"

"The morning is come—the day has dawned—my people were wont to anticipate this moment by some hours of useful employment!"

"Many are employed, that we do not see," said the antiquary, in whom the extreme interest of his situation began to banish the fearful awe he at first felt; "but we shall soon see enough of human beings, and here come some of them, who do not seem inclined to pass us in a hurry."

In truth, the apprehension of a London mob is not a very pleasant sensation, but the knight soon seemed aware that he was an object of curiosity: he therefore wisely made some alterations in his appearance, to enable him to pass without observance: the surcoat loosened, and brought completely over his whole figure, enveloping his shield, and concealing his mailed foot, looked like a military cloak. The helmet indeed attracted notice, but the preoccupient artizans concluded it to be another of the frequent alterations in the military equipment at that time, felt to be "frivolous and vexatious," and that this was a hero straying from the purlieus of the horse guards, carefully preserving his bright cuirass from the raw morning air, by folding his cloak so closely round him

A middle aged woman, in a faded dress of black silk, with a handkerchief at her eyes, essayed to pass them without a single glance, but the quick eye of the antiquary recognised an acquaintance. "My dear Mrs. Brookes!" said he, stopping her, "where can you be going at this early hour, alone?" Deep sobs for some time impeded her speech, and the knight looked on her with newly-awakened interest.

"Alas!" said she, at length, "do you not know what has taken place? My husband is in prison!"

" I will deliver him!" said the knight, in a voice that made both his hearers start.

"How is all this?" said the antiquary.

"You are well aware," said the afflicted woman, that the attorney, Ellis, has long kept our whole property in his own hands, to the ruin of my husband, the blasting my son's prospects, and, what is worse than all, to the utter destruction, among those who do not know the whole truth, of our carefully guarded reputation: one of our creditors has now proceeded to extremity. I am going to make the attempt at softening his heart, and I have left six children at home without a breakfast!"

"Return, my dear madam," said the antiquary, a tear glistening in his eye, "I will see Mr. Brookes and his creditor before the day is past, and this will procure a breakfast for my young friends." He put a bank note into her hands, and hurried away to prevent the outpouring of her tearful acknowledgments.

"Let us go also," said the knight.

" Whither?"

"To the prison, to deliver her husband!"

There was much difficulty in explaining the nature of an arrest for debt, and the mode of freeing a person from imprisonment (4 Well, then," said the mortified stranger, "let us at least go to the lawyer; I will compel him to restore this poor man's property, or I will take away the craven's life."

- "If you do, we are as far off as ever. His agent will take his affairs into his hands, and if you kill him, another and another will be found, and justice will still be denied."
- "I will attack them all," said the knight, proudly, and, fear not, I shall overcome them!"
- "Attack all the lawyers of England! Why this is worse than tilting with windmills! It is the system, the system that must be attacked, and who is bold enough for that?"
  - " Is there, then, no remedy?"
- "Yes! my poor friend must put his cause into chancery,\* and after two or three years of doubt, difficulty, and starvation, the cause may perhaps, by the nefarious practices of these lawyers, be given against him, or if it be not, the expenses will swallow up the whole of the property, and the family be in a worse state than at present."

The knight mused long with a sorrowful countenance, at length lifting up his head, he asked, "what that thin slip of parchment contained, to effect such a sudden change in the unhappy woman's countenance?"

- "That was a paper which she can change for gold?"
- "How?"—The antiquarian ended a long explanation by saying, "thus a man in our refined days may carry his whole fortune, be it ever so immense, in his waistcoat pocket!"
  - "Yes! but even in my days there were robbers!"
- "In that case, if the precaution was taken of noting down the numbers of these little talismanic tokens, the property is secure."
- "This is good, but it cannot counterbalance the evils of what you call your laws!"

The knight and his highly excited companion were now passing a handsome house, on the steps of which sat an elegant woman, in a simple morning robe, wringing her hands in all the agony of despair. "Here is more law, I am afraid," said the knight.

"I think not; but we will inquire, though it may be passing the bounds of strict propriety."

A lamentable tale was drawn forth—she had been seduced—had lived in the utmost splendour, and now, upon what she called an unfounded suspicion, was turned out of doors without the smallest means of support.

- "I will force this man to repair the wrongs he has done you," said the knight. "He shall marry you!"
  - "Alas! he cannot!"
  - "Cannot! is he a priest?"
  - "He has already a wife!"
- "And did you voluntarily attach yourself to him knowing that he was bound by the most sacred ties to another?" She covered her face with her hands but returned no answer. They withdrew, the knight, seeming much perplexed, and the antiquary deeply blushing for the degeneracy of his age. The slow rolling of a carriage containing a portly couple travelling to breathe the pure air of the country, caused the knight to lift up his head, the arms on the pannel caught his eye.
- "Who is this?" said he starting, "these are the bearings of a friend of mine who fell by my side, in a well-contested though unfortunate field!"
- \* The reader is requested to remember that this was written in the year 1826.

- "Alas! that is a rich cheesemonger who has spent his whole life in his shop, and never performed a bolder deed than cutting up his savory articles of merchandise."
  - "Where did he get those arms?"
- "He has been to the Herald's college where, for a very small douceur, he has been furnished to his satisfaction, and bears them unblushingly to the honours of many a civic feast!"
- "How many have I challenged to show their right to their bearings—but now!"—

The antiquary, as the streets began to fill, saw that the figure of his companion excited much observation; he had therefore proceeded in the direction of his own house by a circuitous route and at this moment entreated the stately knight to enter. With a little of the pride of hospitality, a superbly furnished drawing room was selected for the morning repast, on whose soft carpet the stranger shrunk from placing his heavy foot, until that sensation was lost in the contemplation of the luxurious couches, the glittering ornaments, and the stupendous mirrors that nearly covered the walls of this highy-decorated room. "Am I in India?" said he, "or in the land of the splendid Turk?"

"In neither, most courteous stranger; but in the house of a plain Englishman, who loves his friends and desires to see them happy; and I trust the keen morning air will enable you to relish the few refreshments which my people have served up at this short notice."

The knight gracefully declined the invitation, but gazed in astonishment at the gilded porcelain, the glittering cut glass, and the highly-wrought and frosted silver of the various vessels that stood before him: Too highly bred to ask a single question, on such trifling subjects, he turned to the window and scrutinized the thronging pedestrians that now began to fill the streets. Carriage after carriage soon rolled by, with a swiftness that almost eluded his keen glance. At length he uttered a loud cry; one carriage had stopped for a moment, and then passed slowly on. "My own achievements!—woon on a bloody field—nay even my own dear-bought Saracenic crest! but without the princely coronet that should designate my house!"

The antiquary hung his head in much confusion, for he knew this to be the carriage of an upstart of fashion, whose name had originally been something like that of the noble knight who stood before him, and who had unblushingly adopted the arms, gallantly won in the hard fought battle, the very sound of which he had never heard even at a distance. Happily the surprise of the stranger was so strongly excited by other objects, that he had no time to express his indignation; two ladies dressed in the height of the prevailing fashion were taking an early walk, followed by a footman in splendid livery.

- "Tell me," said he, "what are those?"
- "They are ladies of some distinction, in their morning dresses."
- "Ladies!—women—beautiful, graceful, symmetrical women!—surely that cannot be! What deformities have they to hide, that they wear those uncouth robes?"
- "I assure you they are two ladies, distinguished for their fine forms and elegant manners."
- "Where, then, are their gently flowing garments and modest veils? what are those hideous excrescences that surround their feet?"

"They are called flounces!"

"And those dish-like horrors that cover their heads! If the loveliest part of the creation thus disfigure their persons, what becomes of their minds? can they in such dresses, fulfil the duties of wife, of mother, and directress of a household? can they make the pastry, weave the hangings for their rooms, or attend on the sick and wounded, in such fantastic garbs?"

The antiquary smiled, but answered with great respect, "all these things have been exploded from great and noble houses, ages since: housekeepers manage all the domestic concerns, artizans weave the hangings, and professors take care of the sick or wounded."

- " And the children?"
- "They are placed at school, or under hired persons at home."
- "Good! this may be all right, and in the advanced state of society, which every where presses on my attention, may be absolutely necessary; but I have such an idolatrous veneration for the character of females, that I doubt not they have found some nobler way of employing their various powers; tell me how do they spend their time—what are their acquirements?"
- "A perfect knowledge of the French and Italian tongues, music, sometimes drawing, dancing in great perfection—and—and—light reading."—
  - " Is this all ?"
- "I fear," said the antiquary blushing,—with some few honourable exceptions—it is."
- "Then farewell England," said the knight sighing, thy star is setting, wise women only, can make wise men—wise husbands, brothers and sons."

The knight uttered this in a melancholy hollow tone; the brightness of his armour began to fade and assume a dim hue; his face gradually blanched and with a stiffened heavy step he left the room: as he passed through the door the antiquary fancied he saw the mellowed tone of long sculptured white marble pervade the whole figure: he drew a long breath and

shaking off a stupor of awe and amazement, snatched up his hat and hastened to the Abbey: there lay the figure in all its solemn stillness, shadowed by the purple gloom of the painted window, here and there broken by a gleam of bright colouring. A groupe of visiters were listening to the monotonous tones of the guide who as usual was detailing his mixture of truth and fable; the antiquary detained him a moment, as the party passed on to another chapel, and in a constrained hurried tone said, "When did it come back again?"

- "What, sir?"
- "The figure there!"
- "The knight, sir?"
- " Yes-yes-when did it return?"
- "What return, sir!" said the man staring with astonishment.
  - "Why, the figure that lies there!"
- "Dear sir, it never was gone! no one would dare to take it away."
- "Not gone! did you not this very morning say you were sure that Satan must have flown away with it, for no human creature had been within the Abbey—and did you not stare at the vacant space with only the lion and pillow remaining?"
  - " No indeed, sir!"
- "And will you swear that the statue has never moved from its place?"
- "Not that I have ever seen, sir, and I have been here fifteen years, aye and was here when they opened the tomb of Edward the first, though I did not see them do it."
- "And has it been here the whole of this morning?" said the antiquary fixing his eyes steadily on the man's bewildered countenance.
- "Yes! to that I can safely swear, for I have shown and named it to at least ten different companies of strangers."
- "Well then," said the antiquary peevishly, turning away as he spoke, "you must have been dreaming—or if you have not—I have—that's all!"

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE DYING YEAR.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Voice of the Dying Year!—I hear thy moan,
Like some spent breaker of the distant sea,
Chafing the fretted rock.—Is this the end
Of thy fresh, morning music, gushing out,
In promises of hope?—Have the bright flush
Of Spring's young beauty, crown'd with budding flowers,
The passion-vow of Summer, and the pledge
Of faithful, fruitful Autumn, come to this?
—I see thy youngling moon go down the west,
The midnight clock gives warning, and its stroke
Must be thy death-knell.—Is that quivering gasp
The last sad utterance of thine agony?
I see thy clay-cold fingers strive to clasp
Some prop.—In vain!—

And so, thou art no more,

No more!—Thy rest is with oblivious years,
Beyond the flood.—Yet when the trump shall sound,
Blown by the strong archangel, thou shalt wake
From the dim sleep of ages.—When the tombs
That lock their slumbering tenants cleave in twain,
Thou shalt come forth.—Yes, thou shalt rise again,
And I shall look upon thee—when the dead
Stand before God.—But come not murmaring forth,
Unwillingly—like Samuel's summon'd ghost,
To daunt me at the judgment.—No—be kind,
Be pitiful, bear witness tenderly—
And if thou hast a dread account for me,
Go, dip thy dark scroll in redeeming blood.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

# RUDOLPH OF WERDENBERG; OR, THE FREEDOM FIGHT OF APPENZELL! AN HISTORICAL TALE.

BY HENRY P. HARRINGTON.

SWITZERLAND, by the prowess of her mountain sona, had been wholly freed. But Appenzell, a neighbouring province, lying between St. Gall on the west and the Rhine on the east, had not been a partner in the glorious league, and her children yet frowned beneath the lash of oppression. The Abbot of St. Gall was their hated lord—taxes were heaped upon them, and the cruelty and extortion of his menials pressed the galling chain into their already festering flesh. It was vain to plead poverty, or hope to evade the burden; for the ferocious dogs were let loose upon the unwilling, and the wages of tyranny were steeped in blood.

But there are lands whose very breath is freedom; and such is Appenzell. The winds that blow over her valleys from her heaven-piercing mountains have no taint of slavery-the snows that glisten on their jagged peaks, and the glaciers that sleep on their bosom, are stainless for ever; and stainless, too, are the hearts that are bathed in those roving windsfetterless the feet that tread the snow track, and climb the slippery ice-hill. Appenzell bore affliction long; but when the grave of the dead was violated, and the clothes in which filial love had robed the cold clay of a parent, were stripped from the corse by fiendish rapacity, it was time for action. It was but to resolve, and the land was free! By one bloodless effort every minion of the Abbot of St. Gall was expelled from the scene of his iniquity.

The ten imperial towns of Suabia were the Abbot's close allies; and in an ecstasy of rage and apprehension at this simultaneous and bold uprising of those whom he had regarded as brutes, to be scoffed at and trampled upon, he called on them for their mighty aid. It was granted; and on the morning of a day in May, 1403, a brilliant array of proud-souled chivalry, that was but the van of a well-appointed army of foot, numbering thousands in its ranks, crossed the Linsenbühel, and with braying trumpets and lofty hope, marched for the heights of Voeglinseck. Appenzell was wide awake. She had called upon the Swiss confederacy for alliance and aid; and though Schwyz alone grasped her offered hand in full companionship, and sent three hundred bold men to help her, yet two hundred volunteered from Glaris, and the men of Appenzell, arrayed with their good allies, found themselves two thousand strong-two thousand poor peasants against six thousand wartrained veterans-but those peasants were from the mountains of Switzerland!

Watchmen were on the cliffs, and when that army came, fire answered fire from height to height, in wide and full alarm. One embrace of wives and children, and the Appenzellers were ready. Eighty posted themselves so as to command the hollow way, while their allies were stationed under the concealment of a wood. On came the cavalry in warlike array, with swords outdrawn and flashing in the sunbeams. They pass now within the shadows of the narrow path, where the very loneliness whispers of danger—they grasp with firmer clench their friendly

blades, and spur their proud horses hard. But now a shout makes the echoes ring; and the ambushed eighty shower stones upon them from their practised slings, and wound them with sure aimed lances; while the men of Glaris and Schwyz sally out from the thickets, rush upon them in flank, and lash them into confusion. But "on! on!" though danger and death be threatening from every tree, and every overhanging crag, " on!" is the war-word of chivalry!and on they go in desperate conflict and almost desperate loss. They reach the height at last; but there outpours the whole power of Appenzell, like a mountain-torrent—as it was indeed—a torrent of soul foaming upon these rocky boundaries that would hem it in, and dam its leaping current. What could the Swabians, bestriding fiery chargers on the craggy height, with foemen all around? "Back! Back!" shouts the leader, in very pity for his gallant troop, and turning short, they gallop madly down. The five thousand infantry are advancing in close and fearful column; when, at once, the retreating horsemen appear in rapid flight. "The day is lost!" flies from rank to rank.-They waver, they hesitate, they halt! Glad moment for the Appenzellers! who charge upon them from every point, and as they fly along the hollow, death-fear on every face, slay them as all were but play. The horsemen-the bold cavaliersare allies, triumphant allies, ay, of the very Appenzellers! for they dash in fear, with trampling hoof, through their own array, and crush with dreadful death! Alas! for the glory of the ten imperial towns, the allies of the Abbot of St. Gall! Six hundred cavaliers lie mangled in the pass, and who shall number the ignobler dead?

Many of the most experienced soldiers and the trustiest citizens of the ten imperial towns had perished in this fearful conflict, which then withdrew their support from the cruel Abbot of St. Gall; for they could not afford to make widows of more wives, and leave more children fatherless. In this extremity, he resolved to bestir the lion of Austria, that if its echoing roar did not scatter fear through the peasant horde, its angry gripe should surely be his revenge. So he assailed the Duke Frederic with earnest and persuasive appeals to muster men and fight in his own, if not the Abbot's behalf. He prevailed. Fearful of the loss of his seignories in the Higher Alps, should the Appenzellers prove victorious, he called out a powerful force, which, formed into two divisions, marched for the contested ground; the one upon Arbon, the other upon St. Gall. The sky looks black for Appenzell!

'Twas a gladsome day for Werdenberg, when Count Rudolph, its lord, brought to the old domain, the bride of his heart and bosom. There was merry making then; and the sweet Linda smiled, and the tears glistened in her eyes, as amidst the shouts of the dependants, and the perfume of flowers, strewn by young maidens in her path, she rode to the castle gate.

"I bring thee to no humble home, lady mine," gallantly and lovingly cried Rudolph, as they rode; "Look you! you majestic castle will be our abiding-place; and beneath its sacred roof, sacred indeed to me, my noble ancestors have dwelt for centuries, with not one stain of cowardice or dishonour, to blot our fair escutcheon! Far too, as thine eye can see, the town, the villages, the vallics, all are thine and mine—mine from those father-warriors, whose valour won and preserved them. When Rudolph yields them up, be the day of his degradation the witness of his death!"

The feast and the dance completed the festivities of that long-remembered gala-day, and not until the "noon of night" had flitted by the castle on its sombre and shadowy wing, did the revellers repose in the weariness that is the fruit of the merriest gladsomeness, as well as of the sturdiest toil. All at last was still; save the tramp of the sentries, maintaining strictest watch; for those were days, when the sword of aggression was sharp, and the eyes of the aggressor were wide open. Time had elapsed for Rudolph to be sunk in repose, when plainly, to the startled sentinels.

"Adown the glen, rode armed men, Their trampling sounded nearer."

Afar off, in the Rhienthal, (the valley of the Rhine,) were the confused and mingling sounds, familiar to a soldier's ear, of the steady approach of a body of horse; the click of armour and the clatter of many hoofs, like the rush of a mountain torrent. Soon, nearer far than the main body, the rapid gallop of a single steed was heard. It ascended now the hill side near the castle, and the brisk notes of a trumpet aroused the slumbering echoes. It was answered as merrily and at once from the castle wall, chasing from the eyelids of the sleepers their short repose. Rudolph started up, and arrayed himself at the summons, and was the first to meet in the hall, a well accoutred squire.

"Welcome, Sir Squire," cried he; "not the less that your coming is somewhat importune, and I cannot therefore give so fair a greeting as becomes the hospitality of Werdenberg,"

"Thanks, thanks, Count Rudolph," answered the squire, with a jaunty air, that brought a frown to Rudolph's brow, though it was not discernible in the dim torch light; "it boots little to myself, but I stand herald here, to Grindel of Mayenfeld and fifty other loyal knights, who will be right glad with their five hundred retainers to take that hospitality; for they have ridden hard since yesterday's sun."

"They all are full welcome," replied Rudolph, smothering his anger at the seeming insolence of the squire, "and by my knighthood they are near, if that trumpet be blown among them; and speed to be ready were well befitting."

"They rode not far behind me, and I opine they mount the berg at this moment," said the squire.

Rudolph hastily sounded through the castle the note of preparation. The servants were aroused, lights gleamed in every window, the disordered tables were set in array, the meats, whose lordly plenteousness, the feast of the evening, for which they had been prepared, and to which ample justice had been done, had not the half consumed, were brought out, the huge flagons were retilled; and when the gates swung back on their ponderous hinges, and the rough pavement of the court-yard resounded with the ring-

ing of many hoofs, while hundreds of voices joined in tumultuous din, Rudolph was by to extend the hand of greeting to Grindel of Mayenfeld and the fifty knights, and felt no misgiving that they would find right dainty viands and enough, to satisfe their hunger. He sprung to Grindel's charger's side, with high born courtesy, and gently pushing aside the attendant squire, assisted him to dismount, speaking at the same time, words of heartfelt welcome. knight of Mayenfeld replied, but there was something bold, assuming, and cavalier in his tone; and when all were out of saddle, and entered the hall, they sprung to the tables and attacked their goodly store, with an indifference to Rudolph, that he was ill disposed to brook, Grindel, without a word, had seated himself at the table's head, in Rudolph's own place, and cheered his companions to ply their knives and attack the portly flagons, as though he were at his own board in Mayenfeld, and these his bidden guests.

"By my faith, Sir Grindel," cried Rudolph, standing near, "thou dost administer the rites of hospitality as faithfully as though I had fairly delegated my place to thee, and thou hadst not elected thyself my representative. And yet I am full fain to display my own prowess as the host, and lead these gentles to the charge; so, if it please thee, be thou the guest, and sit here in this seat of honour on my right; while I warrant thee, thou shalt have nothing to complain of in my administration."

"Set thee at rest," cried Grindel, whom huge draughts began to warm; "I care not now to change, and it little matters! Fill up! Fill up! to the brim, and pledge me, all, to our master Frederic, and the gay plumed peacock\* of Austria!"

Rudolph, whose mind was engrossed by the contemplation of Grindel's insolence, stood aloof with folded arms and scowling brow, half resolute to rush from the half, summon his retainers, and eject at once, the daring revellers, or force them to purchase with bloody price the freedom they now audaciously assumed. In such a frame of thought, he did not note the toast proposed by Grindel, to which the knights gave tumultuous assent, and which they drank on foot with stunning shouts, in brimming bumpers. When they were seated again, Grindel turned to him, and sneeringly exclaimed—

"Does it not suit thee, Sir Rudolph, that your brow is knitted—this our toast? Now, by St. Francis, but this open rejection of the Duke Frederic may chance to reach his ear!"

Rudolph started from his position, and, advancing to the table, seized a goblet, and replied:

"Such a tale to the Duke were foul and shameful; and thus I prove my friendly heart; "Here's to the great Duke Frederic!"—He drained the bumper to the dregs; and added, with bold and fearless look on all around, "But this, I pray ye, bear to him, that Rudolph of Werdenberg, while he does him homage, has seen those who serve him, braggarts of knighthood, too, whom he would scorn to count his fellows!"

The fifty knights started from their seats, with oaths of rage, and laid each his hand upon his sword; while every scowling face was turned upon Rudolph, who met the fiery glances with unblenching cheek. But Grindel interposed—

"Nay, nay, good friends, give over! This blustering gentleman deserves your pity rather. A truce!

\* The peacock's feather was the plume of Austria.

a truce! Fair words and deeds, for I have a friendly boon to ask. Rudolph, we have heard that thou didst but yesterday espouse the beauteous Linda of Hatzingen. Shall we not hail the bride of Werdenberg?"

"The bride! The bride!" shouted all in rejoinder. Rudolph, with boiling blood, replied to Grindel—

"Thou art a knight of fame and honour. Blast not that fame and honour now, by insult to a woman!"

"The bride! The bride!" reiterated the company, now exhilarated with repeated draughts. Grindel, enraged, more slowly answered—

"It might become thee, proud talker, to pass more kindly words. I'll give thee a lesson in humility that may, perchance, drag down that lordly look of thine! Know then, that Grindel of Mayenfeld claims rule in Werdenberg, by commission of Frederic of Austria, to whom I rejoice, for thy sake, that thou bearest such affection. Pray thee, noble sir, shall we greet the fair Linda now?"

Rudolph felt to his heart's core the precipice on which he was standing.

"I pray thee pardon me, Sir Grindel, for I knew not that it had pleased the Duke to relieve me of the burden of my possessions and bestow them upon thee. I do repent me of my refusal; and go to see the lady Linda fitly arrayed for the greeting of the new lord of Werdenberg!"

He bowed and strode away; while a shout of triumph over his fancied discomfiture, echoed through the hall. The seneschal, who had listened with trembling anxiety to the war of words, followed him unseen, and encountered him in a near corridor.

"Well met! good Wechsal—horses—horses! beyond the private gate—and see them out speedy! away!"

They parted, and Rudolph hurried to Linda's apartment. The servants had seen, for they could not help it, that all was not right in the castle—that the comers bore not the demeanor of guests, but rather of rulers; and the mysterious aspect of affairs had been whispered from mouth to mouth, from male to female, until it had reached the ear of Linda. Alarmed for Rudolph's safety, she had arisen and attired herself; and when he entered the apartment, he exclaimed—

"This is well, dear Linda; I thought to have been delayed by thy toilet, love. Pray thee, hasten. Array thee for thy horse, for we must ride hard to-night. Question not, but speed!"

Loving and trustful, she needed no second appeal; and in a few moments she rejoined him. His welltried blade was upon his thigh, and his frame had been encased already, ere the knights had come, in a steel shirt of mail, whose jointed links played easily with his motion, and allowed the free play of his sinewy limbs. Half bearing Linda with one arm, while, with the other, he supported his sword, that it might not clash against his armour, he passed through passages not yet explored by the self-constituted possessors of Werdenberg, from the castle, and to the designated spot beyond the wall. The horses were ready there-his own coal black charger, who suffered none other than himself to bestride his noble back-and a gentler, yet a sturdy beast, which Linda might safely ride. A moment, and, accompanied by the seneschal and one attendant else, Rudolph led the way with his bride, an exile from his lordly home, little thinking in that anxious moment, of his triumphant address to that now tremulous and flying creature, one night agone, as amid gladsome welcomings, kinder auspices, alas! he ushered her to that lordly home! The steeps that surround the castle in its immediate vicinity were safely descended, the boisterous sounds of the yet continued revelry, had grown dimmer to the ears of the fugitives, and jutting crags shut them out from sight of the castle, when, in a saddened tone, Rudolph said to the seneschal:

"So, Wechsal, didst not dare to share thy secret with another—and are all I trusted, save thou and Amolph here, so carcless of me, that they track me not, and I must speed through the Rhienthal to Arbon, with foemen, it may be, all around, and none beside ye twain for company?"

He had scarcely spoken, when, as they turned abruptly, where the path widened, they came upon a troop of fifty horsemen, all drawn up by the roadside, still as they had been hewn from the stones of the crags around. One look at each, as he rode by them, and even in the faint ray of the early dawning, he knew them for his own—of all, the bravest—them whom he would have chosen for the fiercest charge, and felt that none were worthier of trust—them, not one of whom but would have died for him!"

"All's well—all's well!" he said, in low words to Wechsal, while his eye moistened with generous feeling; "thou hast done well in this! Wheel! Forward! Would Grindel and the fifty knights were here in sword-reach now!"

The horsemen parted, inclosing their chief in the midst; the troop struck into a brisk gallop, so soon as the valley was reached, and fast receded from the desecrated towers of Werdenberg.

The word-flying among the mountains, that fiercer foemen than ever the abbot of St. Gall and the ten imperial towns-the troops of Frederic of Austria, led by his bravest and best skilled generals-yes, accompanied and cheered by the Duke in person, were on their march for Appenzell, summoned the anxious yet undismayed peasants to consultation upon their safety. They gathered in the Town Hall at Arbon, with stern and lowering brows: such as men of lofty purpose are wont to wear, when wives, children, and homes are the stake of victory or defeat. They met, knowing that the utmost force they could muster would be but a handful against the thousands of the enemy, and that not a drop of blood must be poured from their own veins, that would not moisten the earth about the tender shoot of liberty, and lend it sweet support.

They had scarcely organized, when suddenly Rudolph of Werdenberg, full armed, came into their midst—a noble, one of the proud and haughty class whose voices and swords were, as yet, without an exception on the side of their oppressors; and to any one of whom they would have deemed it madness to apply in the hope of sympathy and succour. They started, and gazed upon him, some ready to rush upon him, in the thought that he was leagued with their foemen, who had hemmed them round about, and that he had come to bid them surrender or perish—others, in mute amaze. He spoke:—

"Men of Appenzell," he said—these are the selfsame words which faithful history records the noblehearted Rudolph to have spoken—"The Duke's army is again in motion, and even now, perhaps, violates our sacred frontier, driving the car of destruction over our hearths, and the brands of desolation into our dwellings. Ye all know me, who and whence I am; now learn, also, wherefore I thus abruptly intrude on your deliberations. The sacred ground of Werdenberg, transmitted to me through a long line of ancestors, whose piety and personal valour were still nobler monuments than their possessions, has been seized by Austrian rapacity, the instruments of whose robbery, are now rioting in the hall of my fathers! Stript of my inheritance, I have nothing left but the sword of Werdenberg, and my incorruptible faith; these I offer you, with a heart warm in your cause, and an arm prepared to second you in every enterprise. Will you receive me as a free fellow-citizen?"

One glance at the high earnestness of his look, had been an assurance of his faith to very strangers; but these knew him well, and knew that the word of Rudolph had never been broken.

"We will!" We will!" cried all, in one glad, echoing shout, on which Rudolph threw down his casque, stripped himself of his armour, and the insignia of his nobility, and arraying himself in the humble dress of a mountain shepherd, exclaimed—

"Now I am free indeed! and wearing the garb of freemen, henceforth I will wield only the sword of freedom, and live or die in its cause!"

A second stunning acclaim greeted this glorious avowal. On the spot he was elected their general, and to him was committed the conduct of the war. Linda had been sent into the fastnesses of the interior, under the escort of the horsemen, and he devoted himself at once to the great work. Fortifications were thrown up along the frontier; troops were enrolled and banded, a fresh league was entered into with St. Gall, and all was ready for the invaders. Hope was high—high as unfaltering resolve, for Rudolph of Werdenberg was their general, and their war-cry was "Freedom and Appenzell!"

The freedom-fight approached. One body of the Austrians crossed the boundary on a drizzly day in June, and began the ascent of the An-den-stoss. They made slow and laborious progress, for the grass was short, and the path was rendered alippery by the rain. The remembrance of the most dreadful arms of the shepherd warriors in days gone bydays of victory to the untrained men of the mountains-the trees that grew upon, and the rocks that formed part of the overtopping crags-was also upon their souls, and imparted a silence of strange fear, as they slowly mounted the steep; those war-trained men, who, on the open plain were brave to the last in victory or defeat. But here was untried, unknown action: here were foes, who could fight as well on the mountain-side as in the open plain, and who came too, with a burst like the thunder-stroke!

So was it now; once well upon the steep, and down came huge masses of rock, and logs of timber into their midst, crushing in horrid destruction, and inspiring the terror, which danger so appalling, so unavoidable by any effort—unseen, uncertain as it was—could not save but create. Yet the troops marched on, over the bodies of the slain. But when they had attained half the ascent, Rudolph gave the signal to charge. "Freedom and Appenzell!" shouted four hundred voices, and with the shout, the Appenzellers rushed forth, barefooted—for so they could utead firmly the slippery ground—and fell upon the

disordered ranks. Rudolph-barefooted too, and with manly voice and vigorous action, when the fight was thickest-urged his followers on! The Austrians threw aside their bows, for the rain had relaxed and rendered the strings uscless, and, with sword and spear, fought bravely to maintain their ground. They were moved down in dreadful havoc; but their numbers were constantly increased, and the places of those who fell immediately supplied by the thousands in the rear. Thus they were but kept at bay, and yielded not an inch. But Rudolph of Werdenberg had planned the fight; and now, at the cratical moment, a fresh body of Appenzellers, unseen as yet, came rushing from the wood, and made as if to fall upon the enemy's rear and cut off its retreat. Then the terror was complete—then the panic-struck Austrians turned, every man for himself, and fied adown the steep. For six hours they were pursued along the Rhienthal, like a frightened herd, and when they were left to rally at last, their bravest were not of them-for they were sleeping on bloody pillows on the steeps of the An-den-stoss and along the recking valley!

Thus for one body of the vaunting foe! The sky is clearer for Appenzell!

In the mean time, the other division of the Austrians, with whom was the Duke in person, spread desolation through all the country as it advanced, ravaging and burning, and surrounded, in their martial and imposing array, the ramparts of St. Gall. The town, however, was too well manned and fortified to be taken without a longer siege, and a severer struggle than the Duke cared to waste upon it; so his intention was changed, and he proceeded, in his anticipated triumph of vengeance, towards Arbon. But its inhabitants, formed into numerous bands, fell upon his advanced guard on every side, with that earnestness which characterized every effort of the mountaineers, and so routed them, that the main body itself hesitated to advance. Just now, too, word came to the Duke of the destruction on the An-denstoss; and, boiling under these repeated checks and losses, the more galling, because inflicted by those too contemptible to be feared by such as he, whose fields he had thought to lay waste, whose villages to burn, and whose troops to slay, without a pause in progress, he took, there by the Hauptlisberg, where his advanced guard had been checked, a solemn oath never to leave the land until he had purchased great and glutting revenge for the stain upon the proud banner of Austria! Then and there too, he framed a plan of operations, so cunning, that success would be certain. The command was given to retreat, and the whole forces seemed thereupon to be in full march for the Tyrol. On they went as if in the precipitation of disappointment and fear, towards the Rhine; when the village of Shal being reached, a halt was made, the ranks were set in array, and, in the confidence of triumphant generalship, were ordered to mount the steep declivities of the Wolfshalden! Will they reach the top? Where is Rudolph-where the Appenzellers? Are they deceived, and are rejoicing afar off over fancied victory? Higher go the Austrians—is there not one sword to slay them?

"Freedom and Appenzell! Freedom and Appenzell!" They are there, all ready! and again, as on the Stoss, with that glorious victory to spur them into bolder action, they fall upon the foe! What need

of words? The reader's eye kindles, for he knows ere I tell it, that before the dews of nightfall, the maddened Duke, alas, for his solemn oath! was flying towards the Rhine, all with shattered and brokenhearted forces, and the moon looked down on the Wolfshalde, and her cold rays fell on the lifeless heaps of fighting men—who never would fight more. The sky is all bright for Appenzell!

Rudolph of Werdenberg is in the hall of his fathers; Linda is by his side, and the tables groan again!—But they who sit beside them, are not the fifty knights, but the shepherds of Appenzell. "Bring forth the prisoner!" he cries, and behold! Grindel of Mayenfeld, bound with clanking chains, is led into the midst.

"Hail, Sir Grindel," cries Rudolph; "'tis a season

since I saw thee, and strange things have happened since I left thee in this self same hall. I told thee I went to see the Lady Linda fitly arrayed for thy greeting. I pray thee pardon me that I have tarried so long, and believe, that I have been well at work. Yet now I bring her, and thou canst greet her, Grindel of Mayenfeld! Knock off his chains! Thou art free and forgiven; thou shalt have safe conduct to the Tyrol; and will have to tell, beside other tales of the men of Appenzell, how thou likest the Lady Linda of Werdenberg! Thou need'st not bear the message I gave thee to Frederic of Austria, for I have told him a story myself, and I warrant me he will not soon forget it! Farewell!"

So out went Grindel of Mayenfeld, less proudly than with his fifty knights and five hundred followers, he had before come in.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### I'VE SEEN A FAIR-HAIRED INFANT BOY AT PLAY.

### BY MISS R. CATHERINE COWLES,

I've seen a fair-haired infant boy at play,
Within his little world of grief and joy,
With cheek as bright and brow as clear as day
Catch a quick glance at some forbidden toy;
Stamping his little foot with beaming eyes,
Stretch forth his arms to grasp the shining prize.
His heart beats high, each feeble nerve is strained,
'Tis the first wish ambition ever woke—
A shout of joy proclaims the prize is gained!
'Twas but a bubble—in his grasp it broke!
Joy fades from off his face—with tearful eye

He turns to where his slighted treasures lie.

Thus I've seen one whose years were scarce two score,
Gaze on the future with a brow of thought;
Upon his pale and sunken cheek he wore
The trace of care—his gleaming eye had caught
A view of some bright distant star—'twas Fame—
He toiled and sighed its glory to obtain.
'Twas gained at last—delight was in his eye,
His pale cheek flushed—a moment's joy and pride—
A moment's triumph—then with a deep sigh
From his o'erlaboured soul, he turned aside
With a heart sickening, and in anguish cried,
Oh! for those pure, sweet joys, my youth denied.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### VIRGINIA BLANCHELANDE.

BY ISAAC C. PRAY.

" For he

That sows in craft, does reap in misery."-MIDDLETON.

No array of incidents gathered from the armory of imagination—no characters created by fancy, embellish or render entertaining the story by which I trust to engage the reader's attention; and I shall not attempt by language to add interest to scenes and events, which, in themselves, simply shown as they occurred, will suffice for truth; and, consequently, will be easily apprehended by the mind.

Virginia Blanchelande was born and educated in the gay capital of France. Her father died on her fourteenth birth-day, so that she was left in the sole charge of a mother, who, with all her faults, was entitled to respect for her accomplishments, and for the kind and motherly regard which she ever had exercised for her daughter's welfare. Madame Blanchelande mingled with the most refined and elegant families at Paris, and gained thereby some of those false and foolish notions, in respect to noble alliances, which revolutions, however long or bloody, cannot wholly eradicate from the mind; for though we affect to despise that which is to be obtained with the greatest difficulty, yet, that once possessed, there is nothing which we seem to prize beyond it. We nick-name the millionaire, because we anticipate never to be in his situation—we abuse the poet, in consequence of our inability to form any estimate of his enjoyments—we ridicule love, till we feel it enlivening and agitating our own breast. Indeed, nothing escapes our ridicule or sneers which we think is not within our reach.

The elevation of Virginia, by marriage, was the secret desire of her mother, and, certainly, we may well be so charitable as to pardon her for such an aspiration, when we reflect upon her daughter's learning, beauty, and graces, for these were of an order truly entitled to admiration, and admirably calculated to give splendour to a court or even to the palace. However, in Madame Blanchelande's desire for her daughter's possession of a noble name, there was one thing of which she did not think—without which, gold or a title is a curse—her daughter's happiness. Thus we see the seemingly glorious object of our ambition before us, and stay not to inquire if its attainment, in sooth, is to promote our pleasure.

The Count de Fontenelle, who resided in Paris,

and had become somewhat distinguished for his political character, at the period when Virginia was first introduced into the scenes of the gay world, took upon himself, very disinterestedly, as Madame Blanchelande supposed, to become the friend of the family, and to make preparations for their departure to America; whither Virginia and her mother were to be driven as to an asylum from the horrors of the Revolution, which now increased every hour. Madame Blanchelande thought of this place of refuge first, because her friend, the eccentric and brilliant Madame de Lowelle, when banished from the court of Louis XVI., invited her to cross the ocean and make a residence with her on the shore of Frenchmen's Bay, in Maine; where, by her wealth, she had not only astonished the simple, happy settlers of that delightful region, but erected a noble mansion, which told at the first sight, whence its owner had come, by the style of its architecture, and the elegance of its gardens and promenades—a mansion now famous for the hospitalities which it once extended to French refugees, and, particularly, to the gifted and wily Talleyrand. Although delays were, indeed, dangerous in France, at this time, yet the Count allowed one ship to sail for America, in which passages had been engaged for the ladies, under the plea that there was another to sail soon for the very shores of Maine. The Count, as we may reasonably suppose from the sequel, caused the delay either thinking that he should be obliged to quit Paris, and thus have the pleasure, accompanying Madame Blanchelande, to be favoured by Virginia as a suitor, or hoped, though remaining in France, through the consent of her mother, to make Virginia his betrothed before she left the country, notwithstanding his advanced age and comparative poverty-and, in the end, to become master of her wealth and the possessor of a prize, had it been unaided by riches, estimable beyond price. At length, by flattering Madame Blanchelande with assiduous attentions, on the eve of the sailing-day of the ship Gregoire, Captain François Estaing, the Count gained confidence to propose his purposes, which resulted in a reply that crowned his most sanguine hopes, receiving assurances from the mother, that a suitor so noble was scarcely expected, and could not be otherwise than acceptable to Vir-

"Your addresses," said Madame Blanchelande, "may be made without reserve. Virginia, I am certain, respects you as a friend, and where there is friendship, love is quickly found."

"Yes," replied the Count, "when we see the light of morning we expect the sun. I will speak to her:—be so kind as to prepare her for the avowal of my passion."

With these words he bade adieu to the lady and departed to his own home. During the evening, Heaven's thunders seemed sent to shake—its lightnings to scathe—and its torrents of rain to wash the ensanguined walls of Paris, red with some of the ensalguined walls of Paris, red with some of the ensalguined walls of Paris, red with some of the ensalguined walls of Paris, red with some of the ensalguined walls of Paris, red with some of the veins of Frenchmen. Madame Blanchelande found it an apt and quiet time to speak to Virginia favourably of the Count—for quiet it was within the room where they were seated. Virginia was surprised. A proposal so sudden—for sudden, indeed, it seemed to her, who as yet scarcely had thought of love but as a dream—threw her into a reverie which was broken only by the cries of the pursuers and the pursued, who were

now flying through the street beneath the windows—and the unexpected entrance of the Count himself, who came to warn them of dangers, to tell them of the progress of the Reign of Terror, and to hasten their egress from the city, and their arrival at the port where the Grégoire was anchored, and for which they had not thought to have set out before the next day.

This suddenness—the turbulence of the populace, and the communication of the Count's suit, bewildered the youthful Virginia, and she prepared for the departure almost without any will of her own—coinciding with her mother in every thing, and moving rather as an automaton, than a human being. All things being prepared for the journey, the Count having signified previously his intention to accompany them to the port, the party were seated in the carriage, which, although frequently assailed by the rain-drenched mob, was safely driven out of Paris, while many others became victims to the rapacious cruelty of the fiendish rabble.

While the carriage moved on toward its destination, Virginia sat by her mother's side in a state of abstraction, bordering upon melancholy, for she expected every moment, that the Count would open the subject which Madame Blanchelande already had revealed, when they were interrupted by his unexpected entrance into their parlour. The Count, however, was more considerate, and confined his conversation to cursory remarks and sentiments, fashioned to please the mind of Virginia, until they arrived at the quay, which was not until the morning sun had lighted the dancing waves, which now looked the more beautiful from the contrast with the storm of the preceding night—as virtue appears the more exalted by being thrown into a situation where it meets with the severest trial. A boat having been made ready, the party embarked for the ship which was anchored a short distance from the shore. They soon reached the vessel's side, where Captain Estaing stood to welcome his passengers. Assisting them to reach the deck, the Captain waited upon the ladies to the cabin, while the Count gave directions to the waterman to await his return. He then entered the cabin. and Madame Blanchelande having excused herself for returning to the deck, by saying she wished to see the Captain respecting her trunks, the Count was happy to find himself left alone with Virginia. Seating himself by her side, after a moment's pause, he addressed her; but she was prepared, by discarding all embarrassment, to reply to him.

"You cannot have failed to perceive," said the Count, "my growing attachment for you."

"Your attachment!" ejaculated Virginia. "Indeed, Count, I have failed to do so, and so unexpected an avowal scarcely gives me time to reply."

"Be not in haste to answer, my charming Virginia; for though seas may roll between us, time cannot weaken, or distance destroy, the passion which now inflames my breast. Believe me, I shall ever hold you in remembrance."

"It is in vain," said Virginia, " for me to speak on a subject which has never engrossed—nay, even excited, in the least, my attention."

"You will not forget me, Virginia?" Fontenells softly murmured.

"I trust that I never shall forget my friends," she replied, "and surely, Count, your kindness to my mother and myself has been so marked, and so im-

portant to our welfare, that I never can forget you."

"Do you think you cannot entertain, then, any other feeling than simple esteem for what I have done?" added the Count; "Ah, Virginia, esteem is but a poor prize to him who would be loved; and the little I have done to protect you during these stormy times would be comparatively unworthy of your remembrance, could you but fancy what severer tasks I wish imposed upon me to prove the ardour of my affection."

"Truly, you will embarrass me by such warm—such glowing language. Indeed, Count, love is a sentiment that, as yet, I have never entertained for any one, and where my heart may be lured by the capricious god, I know not. Perhaps," Virginia added, laughing, "there where it least expects to be."

Here the Count took her hand, wished her a prosperous voyage, blessed her, and bidding her farewell, ascended the cabin stairs, where, meeting Madame Blanchelande, he told what had passed—expressing his belief of the certainty of success ultimately—for he was a man not slow to flatter himself—assured her that he would, as soon as possible, visit America, and begged her to be friendly to his designs, that they might be successful.

Not to be tediously prolix, the Count left the ship, which was now in sailing order, and returned to Paris; while the mother and daughter, with their servants, who previously had gone on board with the household wares, stood upon the ship's deck taking a long, perhaps, a final farewell of their native land. The Gregoire sailed out of port with majestic loveliness, and Captain Estaing was pleased, in his leisure moments, to give Virginia any information respecting the ship or navigation, so that, almost imperceptibly, and, truly, wholly so to Madame Blanchelande, there grew a strong friendship between the young couple; while no day passed without strengthening the emotion which each felt toward the other.

When the ship approached the American coast, one of the storms peculiar, to the winter months, came on with awful violence, and to work the vessel off a lea-shore, was the perilous task in which the gallant François was now engaged. The sea-spray and snow-water on the masts and shrouds, during the night, became ice, and no part of the vessel's exterior was uncoated with the glassy congelation, so much so, that it might have been fancied a ship of the Ice King. In the morning, the storm continued raging, and as the island of Mount Desert loomed on the horrizon, Captain Estaing-the vessel being very unmanageable-determined to make a harbour at all hazards, for this was his only hope of safety. Virginia, during that storm, admired the heroic character of the man, and almost fancied that no station could be more suited to display a noble character. François encouraged her to keep a firm heart, whatever might happen, and declared that he would die with or save her, should any accident befall the ship. An opportunity for his strongest exertions soon occured, for the vessel was driven on a bar, where the sea breaking over, endangered but happily did not destroy her, though Captain Estaing thought it necessary to take to the boats, fearing that she would go to pieces. This determination placed the passengers in jeopardy of their lives, for though the shore was not far distant, the commotion of the waves and the fury of the wind, made any attempt to

land fearfully dangerous. Captain Estaing, however, having once reached the shore in the boat with Madame Blanchelande and a number of the servants, was again attempting to convey Virginia and the remainder of the passengers, when the boat was overturned by the surf, and its entire burden thrown into the sea. The affrighted Virginia, like a lily, was rolled under and upon the heaving surge, and, in the surprise of the moment, had sprung from the grasp of Estaing. Their separation was but momentary. As happiness clings to virtue, so were they embraced, and one could not perish without the loss of the other. Both soon reached the shore, as did, also, the others, where they were soon made comfortable by the attentions of those, who, in company with Madame Blanchelande, had watched with an anxiety like hers, the situation of the ship, and the passage of the boat. In the course of the day, the wind having died away, the ship was brought safely off the bar to an anchoring ground, and the day after the party were welcomed by Madame de Lowelle, at her charming residence, where the hospitalites were fully commensurate with Madame Blanchelande's and Virginia's desires.

Madame Blanchelande soon perceived that the visits of Captain Estaing were exceedingly acceptable to her daughter; and, though she was reluctant to believe that Virginia would give her heart and hand to a sea-captain, noble as he was in all the attributes which dignify man, yet her gratitude for his kindness could not so entirely be conquered by her pride, as to make her insist upon Virginia's refusal of his attentions. Her hopes, however, were not slight, that the departure of the Captain would for ever dissipate that quickly kindled love, which, evidently, now burned with no unsteady fire. She trusted that one of the two flames, now as one, being removed, would cause the other to expire. She believed that which is true,

"That flowers will droop in absence of the sun That wak'd their sweets;"

but she did not remember, that the seeds of those flowers, might still exist to bloom again—that

"Absence, not long enough to root out quite All love, increases love at second-sight."

Month rolled on after month, and, occasionally, a letter from Estaing proved the depth of his affection, while it gave a graphic description of the progress of the bloody revolution. Count de Fontenelle was frequently mentioned, for he had become an actor in the terrific drama. About the middle of December, however, he arrived, very unexpectedly, at the residence of Madame de Lowelle, much to the chagrin of Virginia, but to the utmost satisfaction of her mother, who now exerted her best powers of suasion, which she had frequently called into action since Captain Estaing's departure, to induce Virginia to approve the Count as her suitor. This was a sore and perplexing trial.

About three weeks passed after the Count's arrival, when Virginia received, from a friend of Estaing, a letter, which stated that François was so ill as to give serious apprehensions; and that a consultation of physicians, had, indeed, pronounced his recovery to be hopeless. Virginia received the tidings with a sorrowful heart, and for several days confined herself to her chamber; until hope, still buoyant in her mind, resisted the waves of doubt and fear, which

seemed to threaten her happiness. At last, hope sank for ever—a second letter, alas! announced the death of her beloved François.

The Count expressed his regret for this severe blow to Virginia's happiness, in a manner so delicate and so friendly, that Madame Blanchelande was charmed, while her daughter looked upon him in a more favourable light than theretofore. For several weeks, he desisted from any open attempt to induce her to love him; he knew too well the phases of the mind, in such seasons of mourning, to injure his own prospects by a hasty renewal of his proposals. saw that Virginia's health was declining-for her spirit was actually festering under the shaft which had entered her heart. He suggested, therefore, to Madame Blanchelande that Virginia should visit, under his guardianship, the West Indies, where many of her relatives resided. This suggestion seemed to Virginia's mother a happy one; and she communicated it to the daughter, who, thinking that a change of scene would relieve her from a portion of the distress which she suffered, reluctantly consented to embark in a vessel which was then about to sail for St. Domingo. Had they been aware of the revolutionary spirit which was then breaking forth in those regions, doubtless there would have been no such step advocated. Madame Blanchelande and Fontenelle's private understanding that Virginia would be betrothed, after the voyage, was, unquestionably, no slight instigation to the design. It was through Fontenelle's kindness, moreover, that all obstacles to the immediate prosecution of the voyage were removed; and on the day of embarkation, so infatuated had she become with the nobleman, that Madame Blanchelande, who was to remain with her friend Madame de Lowelle, urged Virginia to bestow her affections on the Count, which resulted in a scene that, for the sake of the sacred name of mother, we have no disposition to describe; as it showed that a poor, perishable title was more regarded than the happiness of her offspring-such is the estimation of the vanities of the world! Let it suffice that Madame Blanchelande threatened Virginia with her eternal displeasure, if the Count should not be accepted as a suitor-and that this was done by the advice of Fontenelle, on ship-board, when it was too late for Virginia to escape from a plot, constructed to affect her through life.

The parting of the mother and daughter was of a character, which served, every moment after the vessel departed, to embitter the existence of Madame Blanchelande. She desired the crowning of her hopes, but she could not look back upon the means to which she had been led to resort, without a shudder-without agony. The arrow was in her soul, and she saw that she only had feathered it. How-oh, how much were her pangs increased, when, three days passed, she heard, alas! with too much truth, that the ship of Captain Estaing was coming into the harbour! What moments of anguish, which seemed hours-what suspicions, worse than scorpions, were in her soul. Had the dead arisen to accuse her of injustice to her daughter, it would have been farfar less startling than the horrible reality of Captain Estaing's presence. The vulture, remorse, was at her vitals-she was chained by memory, to the painful Caucasus of existence-life was a curse, and reflection a hell. She threw herself upon the floor in a violent paroxysm of anguish, from which she was raised

to see, what the thought of which had been madness to her—Captain Estaing living, and by her side.

I will leave my reader to his imagination, save myself from the charge of unnecessarily spinning the thread of my narration, and enter the cabin of the Gregoire, as she cuts through the waves that glisten in the moonlight, and throws a bow of silver around Circumstances have changed Madame her prow. Blanchelande's suffering so far, that she now lives in the hope of restoring her daughter to the bosom where are engrafted her young affections, and is about to enter the harbour of St. Domingo, with François. who sails thither to rescue his betrothed from the grasp of a villain; for Fontenelle, by a base agent, had caused the letters to be written which Virginia had received, thereby expecting to gain the ends for which he had so long striven. The specious villain won his way by his smooth address, which, unfortunately, may as easily be attained by the rogue as the gentleman. He was, truly, a nobleman by name, but not by nature. His heart was as seemingly fair as the apple on the Dead Sea's shore-but ashes within! Madame Blanchelande was aware of this, and, therefore had she embarked with François on the next day after the Gregoire's arrival at Mount Deserts, having determined, by seeking Fontenelle, to wed her daughter to Estaing, which determination was somewhat quickened by the knowledge of the rapid growth of republican principles among her countrymen.

That the reader may fully understand the state of Saint Domingo, on the arrival of the Gregoire, and be satisfied that the termination of the story is not inconsistent with history, I will briefly glance at the order of things at the period of which I am about to speak. France was undergoing a change in its moral and political character which extended to all its colonies. Reform, blood trickling from his heels at every step, was advancing like a giant, pride-flushed with Man became suspicious of numberless victories. Power and Authority, and enlisted under the broad banner of Innovation. Discontent was not only seen in the casual group, but marched, with a bold front at the head of masses of human beings, who, in a struggle for liberty, were about to be washed off into a sea of licentiousness, from whose baneful depths there was no escape. Wherever there was a Frenchman, the disease spread with fearful rapidity, and it was easy to detect its symptoms at a glance. Ignorance became so suddenly enlightened that she had become mad, and no vague theory could be promulgated which did not find those who believed in its capability to take a practical form. France was dazzled, and bewildered, and confounded by debates and elections appertaining to its peculiar situation, and the wealthy planters in Saint Domingo, fired with the spirit of the age, were disposed to elect their own rulers rather than to find them sent over to the colony from the mother-country. The lower class of whites had, also, their peculiar hopes, while the free mulattoes anticipated no slight improvement of their condition. Not a man was there who did not think himself gifted with a fresh store of intellectand all were patriots in their own esteem. In this state of things, society was divided against itself, and, among the colonists themselves, hostilities were commenced, of the causes of which the historian finds it difficult to speak, except by conjecture.

Fontenelle had arrived at the island five or six days before Captain Estaing, and immediately sough

refuge from the dangers of the time with an old friend, Marquis de Borel, who, having stationed himself with a host of followers on the banks of the Artibonite, made war on those around him like a bandi or a baron of old. Virginia terrified by the aspect of things, having no one in whom to trust except Fontenelle, of whose baseness she was not conscious, accompanied him. By lies and misrepresentations, so far had he won upon her mind that she was kept away from her relatives, and, at last, was almost persuaded that her only hope for life was to marry her crafty protector.

At the hour, when, before a priest, Fontenelle urged Virginia to make it the nuptial one, a large body of Borel's personal and political enemies attacked the plantation. Captain Estaing, who had by letters demanded, in vain, of Fontenelle an interview with Virginia, seized upon this precious moment to mingle in the melée, while Madame Blanchelande, at a distance, (for, with François, she had tried, vainly, to pass the guards who surrounded the Marquis de Borel's district,) looked on the attack, which

had now commenced, with great fear and trembling. While both parties were at work in the dreadful destruction of life, François rushed, with a party of whites and mulattoes, through the door of the house. Blood streamed along the floor and dripped from the staircase, at the top of which, as Fontenelle stood defensively, a blow from a mulatto's sabre split his scull, which poured forth a torrent of blood, and with a shrick, the body fell headlong, dead, over the railing into the hall below, while Virginia sank to the floor as she beheld the still remembered, the still beloved François before her, in an attitude of protectionlifting a cross which he had snatched from the affrighted priest, and thus ending for a time the madness of those whose energies had been raised to those of demons by the deaths of almost all of Borel's retainers

Virginia soon revived, was safely borne into the presence of her mother by François, and the party having sailed soon after to the United States, Virginia's health was reëstablished, the betrothed became the wedded—and the wedded happy.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### STANZAS.

### BY T. S. ARTHUR.

By many a word, by many a smile,
Thy young heart, lady, may be won;
Then let not words, alone, beguile,
Though breathed in music every one,
And let not e'en the smiles that play
In circling wreaths of beauty charm,
'Neath pleasant words and smiles, may stray
Dark thoughts to work thee, lady, harm.

When wit and geniuz tell of love
In passion-kindling eloquence,
Should o'er thy heart affections move,
O drive the sweet emotions thence;

For woman's hopes, and woman's heart Are never filled alone by these; Beneath the glow such fires impart, Look, maiden, for moralities.

If goodness, there, with lofty thought,
In heavenly union do not dwell,
Tarn from the words, all passion-wrought,
And calm thy bosom's trembling swell.
Far better, in some lonely cot
To dwell, from selfish passions free,
Than share, with these, a princely lot,
Or poet's immortality!

Written for the Lady's Book.

### ROMANTIC INCIDENTS IN BRITISH HISTORY.

### THE SPANISH WOOING.

BY PROFESSOR W. J. WALTER.

Modern history affords no parallel to the projected, proffered, accepted, and at length broken-off match of Prince Charles of England, with the Infanta, Donna Maria of Spain.—D'Israeli.

The busy hum of day was hushed; stillness was in the streets of Madrid, and the young moon of March was sofuly silvering the yet tender foliage of the Prado. Alone in his balcony, happy to shake off the official cares of the day, and enjoy the freshness of the evening breeze, sat the English ambassador, the Earl of Bristol. In the midst of a reverie, in which that home from which he had long been separated, bore no small share, his attention was arrested by two figures that were seen to emerge from the shade of the opposite trees. One of them bore a portmanteau on his shoulders, and stole cautiously towards the entrance of the mansion. A few moments more, and he had crossed the corridor, ascended the staircase, and stood before the Earl. Placing down his burthen

he advanced familiarly towards the ambassador, and doffed a hat whose capacious brim had shaded his countenance. "How!" exclaimed Bristol, in amazement, "Buckingham! and in disguise! Heavens! what brings you to Madrid?" Laying his finger upon his lip, Buckingham inquired if they were alone, and then whispered in the ambassador's ear that there was a stranger below, for whose arrival he had come to prepare him. "The court," said he, "is fortunately clear; I will usher him up." And without waiting to deliberate further, he disappeared, and in a few moments returned with the mysterious personage in question. Casting aside his Spanish hat and an ample cloak, in which his person was enveloped, Prince Charles stood before the ambassador. Bristol

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stood for a moment confounded, but recollecting himself, dropped upon his knee, and kissed the hand of his future sovereign.

When Charles and his gay companion had thrown aside their disguise, and partaken of refreshments in the ambassador's private apartment, they began to entertain their host with an account of their romantic journey. They dwelt upon the difficulty they had experienced in obtaining King James's consent to the project, and on the obstacles they had encountered in carrying it into effect. They informed him how they had started incog. from Buckingham's country seat of Newhall, in Essex, accompanied only by Sir Richard Graham; all three of them travellers without the slightest experience. They described how they had concealed their faces by long beards, and assumed the familiar names of Tom and Jack Smith; how, in crossing the Thames at Gravesend, they had flung a piece of gold to the ferryman, which "cast the fellow into such a melting tenderness," that, to prevent the deadly quarrel which he imagined they were hastening beyond sea to terminate, he raised a hue and cry, and as they journeyed on sorry hacks, succeeded in having them arrested in Canterbury; how they had been brought up before the mayor; that Buckingham had no other remedy than to take his worship aside, and unbeard; assuring him that they had been sent on a secret errand to inspect the fleet; and how the good man, proud of the state secret thus unwittingly obtained, had done all in his power to facilitate their progress. They went on to state, that, at Dover, Sir Francis Collington and Endymion Porter had a vessel ready, which landed them at Boulogne; that on the road to Paris they chanced to fall in company with two Germans, returning from England, who had been introduced to them at Newmarket, and by whom they were immediately recognised; that Graham had, with no little ingenuity, contrived to persuade them of their mistake, though they could not help hinting that " the hardest thing in the world is to unbelieve one's senses."

The rest of this very strange and amusing advenventure, may be gathered from the following correspondence which passed between King James I., Charles, Prince of Wales, and the Duke of Buckingham.

Our fair readers will be less surprised at the exceeding familiarity of Buckingham in his letters to the king, when they learn that it was the prevalent tone in James's family. His queen begins several of her letters to Villiers, with the phrase "My Kind Dog." The following is a specimen of one of her notes.

"My Kind Dog,—I have received your letter, which is very welcome to me. You do very well in lugging the sow's ear [King James I.,] and I thank you for it, and would have you do so still, upon condition that you continue a watchful dog to him, and be always true to him. So wishing you all happiness.

Anna R.

" To Sir George Villiers."

In one of his letters, the gay Sir Henry Wotton says, I will have a care to commend your Frank to her, [the Queen,] whom she was wont to call her *little* pig."

The King to the Prince and Buckingham.

"My Sweet Boys,—The news of your going is already so blown abroad, that I am forced, for your

safety, to post this bearer [the Earl of Carlisle,] after you, who will give you his best advice and attendance in your journey. God bless you both, my sweet babes, and send you a safe and happy return.

JAMES R.

February 19th."

The Prince and the Duke to King James.

" DEAR DAD AND Gossip,-We are sure that before this, you have longed to have some news of your boys; but, before this time, we have not been able to send it you; and we now do it in the confidence that you will be as glad to read it as we to write it. And that we may give the perfecter account, we will begin this where our last ended. First, about five or sx o'clock on Wednesday morning, we went to sea. The first that fell sick was your son, and he that continued it longest was myself. In six hours we got over, with as fair a passage as ever men bad. We all got so perfectly well, when we but saw land, that we resolved to spend the rest of the day in riding post; and slept at Montreuil, three posts off from Boulogne. The next day we lay at Bretour, eleven posts further, and the next to Paris, being Friday. This day, being Saturday, we rested at Paris, though there be no great need of it; yet I had four falls by the way, without any harm. Your son's horse stumbles as fast as any man's; but he is so much stronger than he was; he holds up by main strength of manhood, and cries still on, on, on! This day we went, he and I alone, to a periwig maker's, where we disguised ourselves so artificially, that we adventured to see the king. The means how we did compass it was this. We addressed ourselves to the king's governor, Monsieur de Proes, and he courteously carried us where we saw our fill. Then we desired Monsieur de Proes to make us acquainted with his son, because we would trouble the old man no longer; this he did, and then we saw the queen mother at dinner. This evening his son hath promised us to see the young Queen, with her sister and little Monsieur. I am sure now you fear we shall be discovered; but do not fright yourself, for I warrant you the contrary. Finding this might be done with safety, we had a great tickling to add it to the history of our adventure. To-morrow, which will be Sunday, we will be, God willing, up so early, that we make no question but to reach Orleans; and so, every day after, we mean to be gaining something till we reach Madrid. I have nothing more to say, but to recommend my poor little wife and daughter to your care, and that you will bestow your blessing upon your humble and obedient son and servant.

Your humble slave and dog, Paris, 22 February." CHARLES. STEENIE.

"Since the closing of our last, we have been to court again, and that we may not hold you in pain, we assure you that we have not been known. There we saw the young Queen, with Monsieur, and Madame, at the practising of a Mask, that is intended by the Queen to be presented to the King; and in it there danced the Queen and Madame, with as many as made up nineteen fair dancing ladies, among whom the Queen is the handsomest, which hath wrought in me a great desire to see her sister. So, in haste, going to bed, we humbly take our leave."

King James to the Prince, and the Duke of Buckingham.

"My sweet Boys, and dear venturous Knights. worthy to be put in a new romanso,-I thank you for your comfortable letters, but, alas! think it not possible that ye can be many hours undiscovered, for your parting was so blown abroad the day ye came to Dover, that the French ambassador sent a man presently thither, who found the posts stopped; but yet I durst not trust to the bare stopping of the posts, there being so many blind creeks to pass at, and therefore I sent Doncaster to the French king, with a short letter in my own hand, to show him that respect, that I may acquaint him with my son's passing unknown through his country. This I have done for fear that, upon the first rumour of your passing, he should take a pretext to stop you; and therefore, Baby Charles, ye shall do well, how soon ye come into Spain, to write a courteous excuse of your hasty passage, to the French King, and send a gentleman with it, if by any means ye can spare any. Vacandarie is come from Spain, but brings no news, save that Sim Digby is shortly to be here, with a list of their names that are to accompany your mistress hither. Bristol writes an earnest letter to have more money allowed him for his charges at that solemnity; otherwise, he says, he cannot hasten the consummation of the marriage; but that ye two can best satisfy him in, when ye are there. Your household, Baby, have taken care to save a good deal of your ordinary charges in your absence. Kirke and Gabriel will carry georges and garters to you both with speed, but I dare send no jewels of any value to either of you by land, for fear of robbers, but I will hasten all your company and provisions to you by sea. Noblemen ye will have enow, and too many; Carlisle and Montjoy, already gone; Andover goes presently; and Rocheford by land; Compton goes by sea, and I think Percy, Arran, and Denbigh go by land. I have settled with Sir Francis Crane for my Steenie's business, and I am this day to speak with Fotherby, and, by my next, Steenie shall have an account both of his business, and of Kitt's\* preferment and supply in means. Sir Fr. Crane desires to know if my baby will have him hasten the making of that suit of tapestry that he commanded him. I have written three consolatory letters to Kate,† and received one fine letter from her; I have also written one to Sue,† but your poor old dad is lamer than ever he was, both of his right knee and foot, and writes all this out of his naked bed. God Almighty bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you a safe happy return. But I must command my Baby to hasten Steenie home, as soon as ye can be assured of the time of your homecoming with your mistress, for without his presence, things cannot be prepared here; and so God bless you again and again. JAMES R."

### King James to the Prince and the Duke.

"My Sweet Boys,-Yesterday I wrote an answer to your letters by young Bowie, whom I sent, because I know he will be quickly with you; and my Baby may either make use of his service there, or, when he hath use to make a quick dispatch, I know none can carry it swifter than he; and this day, I write these by Andover, who goes by land, because he says he is not able to go by sea. But the imperfect note that my Baby left under his hand, of his

† The Duke's wife.

servants that should follow him, hath put me to a great deal of pain, for ye left some necessary servants out, in the opinion of all your principal officers; and when I was forced to add those, then every man ran upon me for his friend, so that I was torn in pieces among them. But now, either this bearer, or Sir Robert Carre, will bring you the note of your servants that are to go. I have no more to say, but that I wear Steenie's picture in a blue riband, under my waistcoat next my heart. And so God bless you both, and send you a joyful and happy return.

From Newmarket, the last of February."

### The Prince and Duke to King James.

" DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,-We are now got into Spain, free from harm of falls, in as perfect health as when we parted, and undiscovered by any Monsieur. We met Griesby a post beyond Bayonne; we saucily opened your letters, and found nothing either in that or any other (which we could understand without a a cypher,) that hath made us repent our journey. On the contrary, we find nothing but particulars hastened and your business so slowly advanced, that we think ourselves happy that we have begun it so soon; for yet the temporal articles are not concluded, nor will be, till the dispensation comes, which may be God knows when; and when time shall come, they beg twenty days to conceal it, upon pretext of making preparations. This bearer's errand was answered by our journey hither, yet we have thought it fit he should go forward to bring you certain news of your boys, that crave your blessing, and rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant CHARLES, And your humble slave and dog. STEENIE. March 7th. For the King."

### The Prince and the Duke to the King.

" DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP, -On Friday last we arrived here, at five o'clock at night, both in perfect health. The cause why we advertised you of it no sooner was, that we knew you would be glad to hear as well of the manner of our reception, as of our arrival. First, we resolved to discover the wooer; because upon the speedy opening of the ports, we found posts making such haste after us, that we knew it would be discovered within twelve hours, and better that we had the thanks of it, than a postilion. The next morning we sent for Gondemar, who went presently to the Conde of Olivares, and as speedily got me, your dog Steenie, a private audience of the king. When I was to return back to my lodging, the Conde of Olivares, himself alone, would accompany me back again to salute the Prince in the King's name. The next day we had a private visit of the King, the Queen, the Infanta, Don Carlos, and the Cardinal. in the sight of all the world, and I may call it a private obligation hidden from nobody, for there was the Pope's nuncio, the Emperor's Ambassador, the French, and all the streets filled with guards and other people. Before the king's coach went the best of the nobility, and after followed all the ladies of the court. We sat in an invisible coach, because nobody was suffered to take notice of it, though seen by all the world. In this form they passed three times by us: but before we could get away, the Conde of Olivares came into our coach and conveyed us home, where he told us the king longed and died for want of a nearer sight of our wooer. First he took me in his coach to go to they king; we found him walking in

<sup>\*</sup> The Duke's brother.

<sup>!</sup> The Duko's sister.

the street, with his cloak thrown over his face, and buckler by his side; he leaped into the coach, and away he came to find the wooer, in another place appointed, where there passed much kindness and compliment one to another. You may judge by this how sensible the king is of your son's journey; and if we can judge by outward shows or general speeches, we have reason to condemn your ambassadors for rather writing too sparingly, than too much. To conclude, we find the Conde Olivares so overvaluing of our journey, and so full of real courtesy, that we can do no less than beseech Your Majesty to write the kindest letter of thanks and acknowledgment you can to him. So, craving your blessing, we rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant.

CHARLES.

Your humble slave and dog, Madrid, the 10th March, 1623. For the best of Fathers and Masters." Steenie,

### The King to the same.

"My Sweet Boys,-This is now the fifth letter 1 have written to you, which I send by a couple of your own family, Steenie, who are never asunder. . . I have even now made choice of the jewels that I am to send you, whereof my baby is to present some to his mistress, and some of the best he is to wear himself, and the next best he will lend to my bastard brat to wear; but of this I will write more particularly by Compton, who is to carry them. Some also I will send of a meaner value, to save my baby's charges in presents that he may give there. And so God bless my boys, and send ye a happy journey, (for I hope by this time, you are at the furthest,) and a joyful, happy, and comfortable return to your dear dad and true friend. JAMES R.

From Newmarket, the 11th of March."

James's letter to the King of Spain, is in the laconic style, and altogether in the Spanish complimentary fashion.

### James of England to Ferdinand of Spain.

"My Brother,—I have sent you my son, a prince sworn king of Scotland. You may do with his person what you please, the like with myself and my kingdom: they are all at your service. So God keep you.

James R."

His letter to the Infanta is much in the same strain.

"MADAME,—The renown of your virtues has not only induced my dear son to come from a distance to see you, in the capacity of a lover, but has also filled me with an ardent desire of enjoying the happiness of your presence, and the opportunity of embracing so excellent a Princess, in the quality of my daughter—an unparalleled satisfaction to your very affectionate father.

James R."

### King James to the Prince and Duke.

"MY SWEET BOYS,—God bless you for the welcome cordial that Griesby brought me from you yesterday. As to my Baby's business, I find by Bristol's cyphered letter, two points like to be stuck at, that ye must labour to help by all the means ye can. The one is a long delay in finishing the marriage; for that point, I doubt not but you will spur it on fast enough; for though there is no other inconvenience in it, but the danger of your life by the coming on of the heat, I think they have reason there, if they love themselves,

to wish you and yours rather to succeed me, than my daughter and her children; but for this point, I know my sweet gossip Steenie will spur and gall them as fast as he did the post horses in France. The other point is, that they would, if not lessen, at least protract the terms for payment of the dowry; this were a base thing, and a breach of their promise made many years ago, which the Condé of Gondemar, I am sure, will bear witness to; and if your travel thither have not earned it, as they say, God send that ever it do me or you good. . . . . . I send this post in haste, for preparing and facilitating the passage from the coast of Spain to the court thereof, for my Baby's servants and baggage, my ship being now ready to make sail; and yet will I write by her again within two or three days, with grace of God, this being the sixth letter I have written to you two, five to Kate, two to Sue, and one to thy mother, Steenie, and all with my own hand. And thus God bless you both, my sweet boys, and grant you, after a successful journey, a happy and joyful return to your dear dad.

JAMES R.

Newmarket, the 15th March."

### King James to the same.

" My Sweet Boys,-I write this, now my seventh letter unto you, upon the 17th of March, sent in my ship called the Adventure, to my two boys adventurers, whom God ever bless. And now to begin with him, a Jove principium, I have sent you, my Baby, two of your chaplains fittest for this purpose, Mawe and Wren, together with all stuff and ornaments fit for the service of God. I have fully instructed them, so as all their behaviour and service shall, I hope, prove decent, and agreeable to the purity of the primitive church, and yet as near the Roman form as can lawfully be done, for it hath ever been my way to go with the church of Rome, usque ad aras. All the particularities thereof I remit to the relation of your before named chaplains .- I send you also your robes of the order, which ye must not forget to wear upon St. George's day, and dine together in them, if they can come in time, which I pray God they may, for it will be a goodly sight for the Spaniards to see my two boys dine in them. I send you also the jewels as I promised, some of mine, and such of yours, I mean both of you, as are worthy the sending. For my Baby's presenting his mistress, I send him an old double cross of Lorrain, not so rich as ancient, and yet not contemptible for the value; a good looking-glass, with my picture in it, to be hung at her girdle, and ye must tell her ye have caused it so to be enchanted by art magic, as whensoever she shall be pleased to look in it, she shall see the fairest lady that either her brother or your father's dominions can afford. Ye shall present her with two fair long diamonds, set like an anchor, and a fair pendant diamond hanging at them; ye shall give her a goodly rope of pearls; ye shall give her a carquant or collar, thirteen great ball rubies, and thirteen knots or carques of pearls, and ye shall give her a head-dressing of two and twenty great pear pearls; and ye shall give her three goodly peak pendant diamonds, whereof the biggest to be worn at a needle on the midst of her forehead, and one in every ear; and for my Baby's own wearing ye have two good jewels of your own, your round broach of diamonds, and your triangle diamond with the great round pearl; and I send you for your wearing, the three brethren that ye know full well, but newly set, and the mirror of France,

the fellow of the Portugal diamond, which I would wish you to wear alone in your hat, with a little black feather; ye have also good diamond buttons of your own, to be set to a doublet or jerkin. As for your T, it may serve for a present to a Don. As for thee, my sweet Gossip, I send thee a fair table diamond, which I would once have given thee before, if thou wouldst have taken it, for wearing in thy hat, or where thou pleasest; and if my Baby will spare thee the two long diamonds in form of an anchor, with the pendant diamond, it were fit for an admiral to wear, for he hath enough better jewels for his mistress. Besides this, there is thy own good old jewel, thy three pindars diamonds, the picture-case I gave Kate, and the great diamond chain I gave her, who would have sent thee the breast pin she had, if I had not staid her. If my Baby will not spare the anchor from his mistress, he may well lend thee his round broach to wear, and yet he shall have jewels to wear in his hat for three great days. And now, as for the form of my Baby's presenting his jewels to his mistress, I leave that to himself, with Steenie's advice, and my Lord of Bristol's; only I would not have them presented all at once, but at the more sundry times the better, and I would have the rarest and richest kept hindmost. I have also sent four other crosses, of meaner value, with a great pointed diamond in a ring, which will save charges in presents to Dons, according to their quality. But I will send with the fleet divers other jewels for presents, for saving of charges, whereof we have too much need: for till my Baby's coming away, there will be no need of giving presents to any but to her. Thus you see, how, as long as I want the sweet comfort of my boy's conversation, I am forced, yea and delight to converse with them by long letters. God bless you both, my sweet boys, and send you, after a successful journey, a joyful and happy return to the arms of your dear Dad. JAMES R.

"From Newmarket, on St. Patrick's day, [17 March] who, of old, was too well patronized in the country you are in."

### The Prince and Duke to King James.

" DEAR DAD AND Gossip, -That your Majesty may be the more particularly informed of all, we will observe our former order, to begin still where we left, which was, we think, at the king's private visit in the night. The next day, your baby desired to kiss his hands privately in the palace, and thus performed it. First, the king would not suffer him to come to his chamber, but met him at the stair foot, then entered the coach, and walked into his park. The greatest matter that passed between them, at that time, was compliments, and particular questions of our journey; then, by force, he would needs convey him half-way home, in doing which, they were both almost upset in a brick-pit. Two days after, we met with his Majesty again in his park, with his two brothers; they spent their time in seeing his men kill partridges flying, and conies running, with a gun. Yesterday, being Sunday, your Baby went to a monastery called St. Jeronimo's, to dinner, which stands a little out of the town. After dinner came all the counsellors in order, to welcome your Baby; then came the king himself, with all his nobility, and made their entry with as great triumph as could be, when he forced your Baby to ride on his right hand, which he always observes. This entry was made, just as when the

kings of Castile come first to the crown. All prisoners were set at liberty, and no office or matter of grace falls, but is put into your Baby's hands to dispose of. We trouble your Majesty more particularly with these things of ceremony, that you may be better able to guide yourself towards this nobleman, who is sent of purpose to advertise you of your son's safe arrival here, for, before he was received in the palace, they took no notice of his coming. We had almost forgotten to tell you, that the first thing they did at their arrival in the palace, was the visiting of the Queen, where grew a quarrel between your Baby and Lady, for want of a salutation; but your dog's opinion is, that this is an artificial forced quarrel, to beget hereafter the greater kindness. For our chief business, we find them, in outward show, as desirous of it as ourselves, yet are they hankering upon a conversion; for they say, that there can be no firm friendship without union in religion, but put no question of bestowing their sister, and we put the other quite out of question, because neither our conscience nor the time serves for it, and because we will not implicitly rely upon them. For fear of delays (which we account the worst denial,) we intend to send with all speed Miles Andrews, to bring us certain word from Gage, how he finds our business prosper there, according to which we will guide ourselves. Yet, ever resolving to guide ourselves by your direction, and ever craving your blessing, we end. Your Majesty's humble and obedient son. CHARLES."

"I beseech your Majesty advise as little with the council in these businesses as you can. I hope in writing jointly as we do, we please you best, for I assure your Majesty, it is not for saving pains. This king did entreat me to send your Majesty a great recautho, in his name (which is a compliment,) for your Majesty to write him a letter of thanks for all the favours he has done me since I came hither, with that of the Condé of Olivares.

Charles.

"Your Majesty's humble slave and dog.

STEENIE.

Madrid, 17th March, 1623."

### The Duke to King James.

"DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,—The chief advertisement of all we omitted in our other letter, which was, to let you know how we like your daughter, his wife, and my lady mistress: without flattery, I think there is not a sweeter creature in the world. Baby Charles himself is so touched at the heart, that he confesses all he yet saw, is nothing to her, and swears, that, if he want her, there shall be blows.\* I shall lose no time in hastening their conjunction, in which I shall please him, her, you, and myself most of all, in thereby getting liberty to make the speedier haste to

\* The Duchess of Buckingham observes in a letter to her husband; "I thank you for sending me such good news of our young mistress, the Infanta; I am very glad she is so delicate a creature, and of so sweet a disposition; indeed, my Lady Bristol sends me word, she is a very fine lady, and as good as fine. I am very glad of it, and that the Prince likes her so well, for the king says he is wonderfully taken with her."—Howell, who had seen her, gives us the following description: "She is a very comely lady, rather of a Flemish complexion than Spanish, fair-haired, and carrieth a most pure mixture of red and white in her face. She is full, and big-lipped, which is held a beauty, rather than a blemish or any excess in the Austrian family, it being a thing incident to most of that race. She goes flow upon sixteen, and is of a tallness agreeable to those years."

lay myself at your feet; for never one longed more to be in the arms of his mistress. So, craving your blessing, I end.

"Your humble slave and dog.

STERNIE. " I have inclosed two or three letters of the Condé of Olivares to Gondemar, whereby you will judge of his kind carefulness of your son.

For the best of Masters.'

### King James to the Prince and Duke.

" My Sweet Boys,-God bless you both, and reward you for the comfortable news I received from you yesterday, (which was my coronation day,) in place of a tilting; and God bless thee, my sweet gossip, for thy little letter all full of comfort. I have written a letter to the Condé d'Olivares, as both of you desired me, as full of thanks and kindness as can be desired, and as indeed he well deserves; but in the end of your letter, ye put in a cooling card, anent the Nuncio's averseness to this business and that thereby ye collect, that the Pope will likewise be averse. But, first, ye must remember, that, in Spain, they never put a doubt of the granting of the dispensation; that themselves did set down the spiritual conditions. . . . I have no more to say in this, but God bless my sweet Baby, and send him good fortune in his wooing, to the comfort of his old father, who cannot be happy but in him. My ship is ready to make sail, and only stays for a fair wind; God send it her! but I have, for the honour of England, curtailed the train that goes by sea, of a number of ras-And my sweet Steenie gossip, I must tell thee that Kate was a little sick within these four or five days of a head ache, and the next morning, after a little casting, was well again. I hope it is a good sign, that I shall shortly be a gossip over again, for I must be thy perpetual gossip; but the poor fool Kate hath, by importunity, gotten leave of me to send thee both her rich chains; and this is now the eighth letter I have written to my two boys, and six to Kate. God send me still more and more comfortable news of you both, and may I have a joyful, comfortable, and happy meeting with you, and that my Baby may bring home a fair lady with him, as this is written upon our Lady-day.

### JAMES R."

March 27th.—In a letter from the Prince and the Duke to James, of this date, we find that all is proceeding satisfactorily. "To conclude; we never saw the business in a better way than now it is. Therefore we humbly beseech you, lose no time in hasting the ships, that we may make the more haste to beg that personally, which now we do by letter-your blessing."

### The King to the same.

"My Sweet Boys,-I hope before this time ye are fully satisfied with my diligent care in writing to you upon all occasions; but I have better cause to quarrel with you, that you should ever have been in doubt of my often writing unto you, especially as long as ye saw no post nor creature was come from me but Michael Andrews; and yet by Carlisle, in whose company he parted from me, I wrote my first letter to you. And I wonder also why ye should ask me the question, if ye should send me any more joint letters or not; alas! sweet hearts, it is all my comfort in your absence, that ye write jointly unto me, besides the great ease it is both to me and you: and ye need not doubt but I will be wary enough in not acquainting my Council with any secrets in your letters. But I have been troubled with Hamilton, who being present, by chance, at my receiving both your first and second packet out of Madrid, would needs peer over my shoulder when I was reading. them, offering ever to help me to read any hard words, and, in good faith, he is in this business, as in all things else, as variable and uncertain as the moon. But the news of your glorious reception there, makes me afraid, that ye will both mis-ken your old Dad hereafter. But, in earnest; my Baby, ye must be as sparing as ye can in your spending there, for your officers are already put to the height of their speed with providing the £5,000 by exchange, and now, your tilting stuff, which they know not how to provide, will come to three more: and God knows how my coffers are already drained. I know no remedy except ye promise the speedy payment of the £150,000, which was once promised to be advanced; which my sweet Gossip, that is now turned Spaniard, with his golden key, will be fittest to labour in, who shall have a fine ship to go thither with all speed, for bringing him home to his dear Dad. But I pray you, my Baby, take heed of being hurt if ye run at tilt. As for Steenie, I hope thou wilt come back before that time, for I hope my Baby will be ready to come away before the horses can be there well rested, and all things ready for running at tilt, which must be my Baby's parting blow, if he can have leisure to perform it there. I pray you, in the meantime keep yourselves in use of dancing privately, though ye should whistle and sing to one another, like Jack and Tom, for fault of better music.

I send you, according to your desire, a letter of thanks to that King, which, my sweet Steenie, thou shalt deliver unto him in my name, with all the best compliments thou canst, and when thou wantest, Carlisle can best instruct thee in that art. have sent a letter for the Condé Olivares in the last packet. And then God keep you, my sweet boys, with my fatherly blessing; and send you a successful journey, and a joyful and happy return into the arms of your dear Dad, JAMES R.

From Theobalds, the first of April."

### Charles and the Duke to James.

" DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP,-This is to advertise your Majesty that Miles Andrew is now despatched to Rome, with a direction to send the nearest way to you, as soon as any resolution is taken. He carries with him also a letter from the Condé of Olivares to the Pope's nephew, which we hope, if there be need, will much hasten the business. Sir, hitherto we have not received a letter from you; but, to our great comfort, we hear that my Lord of Andover, who will be here to-morrow, hath some for us. We have received so much comfort at the news of it, that we must give you thanks before the receipt of them. We have no more to trouble you with at this time, only we beseech you, in the absence of your two boys, to make much of our best Dad, without whose health and blessings we desire not to live. Your Majesty's humble and obedient son and servant, CHARLES Your Majesty's humble slave and dog, STRENIE. Madrid, the 21 of March, 1623

Be cheerful, good-man of Balangith, for we warrant you all shall go well, for we less repent our journey every day than other."

### James I. to Charles and the Duke.

" My Sweet Boys,-The Spanish ambassador let fall a word to Griesby, as if there would be some question made that my baby's chaplains should not do their service in the King's palace there; but he concluded that the business would be soon accomodated. Always in case any such difficulty should be stuck at, ye may remember them, that it is an ill preparation for giving the Infant a free exercise of her religion here, to refuse it to my son there; since their religion is as odious to a number here, as ours is there. And if they will not yield, then, my sweet baby, show yourself not to be ashamed of your profession; but go sometimes to my ambassador's house, and have your service there, that God and man may see ye are not ashamed of your religion. But I hope in God this shall not need. And so God bless you, my sweet boys; and, after a happy success, return and light in the arms of your dear Dad. JAMES R.

From Whitehall, the seventh of April."

### King James to the Prince and Duke.

" My Sweet Boys,-God ever bless and thank you for your last so comfortable letters; it is an ease to my heart now that I am sure you have received some of my letters. As for the fleet that is, with God's grace, to bring my baby home, they are in far greater readiness, than you would have believed, for they will be ready to make sail before the first of May, if need were; and the smallest of six, besides the two that go for Steenie, are between five and six hundred tons: their names and burden Dick Grame shall bring you, who is to follow two days hence. It is, therefore, now your province to advertise by the next post, how soon ye would have them to make sail, for the charge and trouble will be infinite if their equipage stay long abroad, consuming victuals, and making the ships stink. My Gossip shall come home in the George, and the Antelope wait upon him, and of their readiness Dick Grame will bring you word. The Treasurer likewise made that money ready, which my Baby desired: I must bear him witness, he spares not to engage himself, and all he is worth, for the business. JAMES R.

The 10th of April."

April 22. In their reply the Prince and Duke write as follows:

"Sir,—I confess that ye have sent more jewels than, at my departure, I thought to have had use of; but, since my coming, seeing many jewels worn here, and that my bravery [inery] can consist of nothing else, (besides that some of them ye have appointed me to give to the Infanta, in Steenie's opinion and mine, are not fit to be given to her;) therefore I have taken this boldness to entreat your Majesty to send more for my own wearing, and for giving to my mistress; in which I think your majesty shall not go amiss to take Carlisle's advice. So humbly craving your blessing, I rest your majesty's humble and obedient son and servant,

CHARLES.

I, your dog, say you have many jewels, neither fit for your own, your son's, nor your daughter's wearing, but very fit to bestow on those who must necessarily have presents; and this way will be least chargeable to your majesty, in my poor opinion.

Madrid, April 22."

On the following day, Buckingham writes thus familiarly to the King:

" DEAR DAD, GOSSIP, AND STEWARD,—Though your

Baby himself hath sent word what need he hath of more jewels, yet will I, by this bearer, who can make more speed than Carlisle, again acquaint your majesty therewith, and give my poor and saucy opinion what will be fittest more to send. Hitherto ye have been so sparing, that, whereas you thought to have sent him sufficient for his own wearing, to present his mistress, who I am sure shall shortly lose that title, and to lend me what I to the contrary have been forced to lend him. You need not ask, who made me able to do it. Sir, he had neither chain nor hat-band; and I beseech you consider, first, how rich they are in jewels here, then in what a poor equipage he came in, how he hath no other means to appear like a king's son, how they are usefulest at such a time as this, when they may do yourself, your son, and the nation honour; and, lastly, how it will neither cost nor hazard you any thing. These reasons, I hope, since you have ventured already your chiefest jewel, your son, will serve to persuade you to let loose these more after him:--first, your best hat-band; the Portugal diamond; the rest of the pendant diamonds, to make up a necklace to give his mistress; and the best rope of pearls; with a rich chain or two for himself to wear, or else your Dog must want a collar, which is the ready way to put him into it. There are many other jewels which are of so mean quality that they deserve not the name, but will save much in your purse, and serve very well for presents. They had never so good and great an occasion to take the air out of their boxes, as at this time. God knows when they shall have such another; and they had need sometimes to get nearer the sun to continue them in their perfection. Then give me leave, humbly on my knees, to give your majesty thanks for that rich jewel you sent me in a box by my lord Vaughan, and give him leave to kiss your hands from me. My reward to him is this-he spent his time well, which is the thing we should all most desire, and is the glory I covet most here in your service, which sweet Jesus grant me, and your blessing. Your majesty's most humble servant and dog, STERNIE.

Madrid, April 25.

Sir, four asses have I sent you, two hes and two shes; four camels, two hes and two shes, with a young one; and one elephant which is worth your seeing. These I have impudently begged for you. There is a Barbary horse comes with them, I think from Nat Aston. My lord Bristol says he will send you more camels. When we come ourselves, we will bring you asses enough. If I may know whether you desire mules or not, I will bring them, or deer of this country either. And I will lay wait for all the rare colour birds that can be heard of. But if you do not send your Baby jewels enough, I'll stop all other presents. Therefore, look to it!"

April 22.—We learn from the Prince and the Duke that the dispensation has not yet arrived; though "it is certainly granted, and is as certainly upon its way hither; and, although clogged with some new conditions, yet such as we hope with ease to remove."

April 27.—" Miles Andrews is now come back from Rome, but the dispensation got here before him. That you may the better judge of the conditions it is clogged with, we have sent you Sage's letters. This comfort yourself with, that we will not be long

before we get forth from this labyrinth, wherein we have been entangled these many years."

There cannot be a stronger proof of the knowledge which the Prince and the favourite had of James's weakness, and of the account to which they could turn it, than the two following notes.

#### Prince Charles to King James.

"Sir,—I find, that if I have not somewhat under your majesty's hand to show, whereby you engage yourself to do whatever I shall promise in your name, that it will retard the business a great while; wherefore I humbly beseech your Majesty to send me a warrant to this effect—'We do hereby promise, on the word of a king, that whatsoever you, our son, shall promise in our name, we shall punctually perform.'

Sir, I confess that this is an ample trust that I desire, and if it were not mere necessity, I should not be so bold; yet I hope your Majesty will never repent you of any trust you put upon your Majesty's humble and obedient son and servant,

CHARLES.

Madrid, 29th April."

### The Duke to King James.

"Dear Dad and Gossif,—This letter of your son is written out of an extraordinary desire to be soon with you again. He thinks if you sign thus much, though they would be glad (which yet he doth not discover) to make any farther delay, this will disappoint them. The discretion of your Baby you need not doubt, and for the faith of myself, I shall sooner lose my life, than in the least kind break it. And so, in haste, I crave your blessing. Your majesty's most humble slave and dog,

### James to the Prince and Duke.

" MY SWEET BOYS,-Yesterday in the afternoon, I received two packets from you, after my coming hither, and, the day before, I wrote to you my opinion from Theobald's, anent the three conditions annexed to the dispensation. I now send you my Baby, here enclosed, the power you desire. It were a strange trust that I would refuse to put upon my only son, and upon my best servant. I know such two ye are, as will never promise in my name aught but what may stand with my conscience, honour, and safety-and all these I do freely trust with any one of you two: my former letter will show you my conceit, and now I put the full power in your hands, with God's blessing on you both, praying him still, that, after a happy success there, you may speedily and happily return, and light in the arms of your dear Dad, JAMES R.

Greenwich, 11 May.

June 6th.—We find 'that difficulties thicken, and that the Spanish monarch " requires that the delivery of the Infanta may be deferred till the spring. We both humbly beg of your majesty that you will confirm these articles soon [the conditions annexed to the dispensation,] and press earnestly for our speedy return."

### James to Charles and the Duke.

"My Sweet Baby,—Since the sending of my last letters unto you, I have received a letter of yours from the Lord Keeper, which tells me the first news of a parliament, (and that in a strange form,) that ever I heard of since your parting from me. By

such intelligence, both you and my sweet Steenie gossip may judge of their worth, that make them unto you; and you may rest assured, that I never meant to undertake any such business in your absence, if it had been propounded unto me, as in good faith I never heard of it. And so, with God's blessing to you both, I pray God, that, after a happy conclusion there, you may both make a comfortable and happy return to the arms of your dear Dad,

JAMES R.

Greenwich, the 11th of May."

### To the Prince.

"MY DEAREST SON,—I do hereby promise, on the word of a king, that whatsoever you, my dear son, shall promise them in my name, I will punctually and faithfully perform; and so God bless you.

Your loving father,

JAMES R."

### James I. to Charles and the Duke.

"My Sweet Boys,-In your last letter by Clarke, ye kept me, as formerly ye did, betwixt hope and despair of the Infanta's coming this year. I like well two of the three ways ye have offered them for hastening her coming home; but the third, of sending to the Pope, will delay all this year, and lose the season; especially considering that the Pope is dead, and God knows how long they will be in choosing another, and how he will be affected when chosen; and therefore, I pray ye, put me out of this lingering pain, one way or other; but if she come not this year, the disgrace, and any charges will prove infinite. All is performed and put in execution here, to the ambassador's full satisfaction. If ye can bring her home with you, strive by all means to be at home before Michaelmas, for after it will be dangerous being upon the sea. If otherwise, I hope ye will hasten ye home, for the comfort of your old dear dad; but yet, after the contract, go as far as ye can, before your parting, upon the business of the Palatinate and Holland, that the world may see ye have thought as well upon the business of Christendom, as upon the wooing point. I protest I know not what to do, if she come not this year, for this very refreshing of my fleet with victuals, hath cost me eight thousand pounds; and, therefore, ye had need to hasten the payment of the dowry after the contract. And if ye come without her, let the marriage, at least, be hastened as soon as can be after your parting, to be performed by commission in your absence; but I pray God ye may bring her with you. And so God bless you, my sweet children, and send you a happy and comfortable return to the arms of your dear dad, and that quickly. James R.

Bromame, the last of July."

### James to the Prince and the Duke.

"My sweet Boys,—Your letter hath stricken me dead. I fear it will very much shorten my days, and I am the more perplexed, as I know not how to satisfy the people's expectation here; neither know I what to say to the council, for the fleet that staid upon a wind this fortnight. Rutland, and all aboard, must now be staid, and I know not what reason I shall pretend for the doing of it. But as for my advice, and the directions that ye crave, in case they will not alter their decree, it is, in a word, to come speedily away, if ye can get leave, and give over all treaty. And this I speak without respect of any

security they can offer you, except ye never look to see your old dad again, whom I fear ye shall never see, if you see him not before winter. Alas! I now repent me, son, that ever I suffered you to go away. I care neither for the match nor nothing, so I may once have you in my arms again—God grant it, God grant it, God grant it! amen, amen, amen! I protest ye shall be as heartily welcome, as if ye had done all things ye went for, so that I may once have you in my arms again; and God bless you both, my only sweet son, and my only best sweet servant, and let me hear from you quickly—with all speed, as ye love my life: and so, God send you a happy and joyful meeting in the arms of your dear dad.

JAMES R.

Greenwich, 14th June."

June 26.—Charles and the favourite are now determined to make short work of it. "Our desire now is to make haste; and when the business is done, we shall joy in it the more, that we have overcome so many difficulties. In the mean time, we expect pity at your hands. But, for the love of God, and our business, let nothing fall from you to discover any thing of this; and comfort yourself that all will end well, to your contentment and honour. Our return now, will depend on your quick despatch of these; for, we thank God, we find the heats such here, as we may very well travel both evenings and mornings."

June 27.- This morning we sent for the Condé of Olivares, and, with a sad countenance, told him of your peremptory command; entreating him in the kindest manner we could, to give us his advice how we might comply with it, and not destroy the business. His answer was, that there were two good ways to do the business, and one ill one: the two good ones were, either by your Baby's conversion, or to do it with trust, putting all things freely, with the Infanta, into our hands; the ill one was, to bargain, and stick upon conditions as long as we could. As for the first we absolutely rejected it; and for the second, he confessed, if he were king, he would do it, and, as he is, it lay in his power to do it: but he cast many doubts lest he should hereafter suffer for it, if it should not succeed; the last he confessed impossible, since your command was so peremptory. To conclude: he left us with a promise to consider of it; and when I, your dog, conveyed him to the door, he bade me cheer up my heart, and your Baby's both. Our opinion is, that the longest time we can stay here will be a month, and not that either, without bringing the Infanta with us. If we find not ourselves assured of that, look for us sooner. Whichever of these resolutions be taken, you shall hear from us shortly, that you may in time give order for the fleet accordingly. We must once again entreat your majesty to make all the haste you can, to return these papers confirmed, and, in the mean time to give orders for the execution of all these things, and to let us here know so much. Sir, let the worst come, we make no doubt to be with you before you end your progress; therefore we entreat you to take comfort, for on your health depends all our happiness. So, craving your blessing, we end."

June 29.—"The next day after our last letter, we sent for him [the Condé d'Olivares] again, and pressed him for his opinion and counsel. He answered, that on Monday the Divines should meet and give in their opinion, and upon Tuesday or Wednesday,

at the farthest, his majesty would send us his final answer: but perceiving that we all looked sadly, he concluded that he would do his best, and bid us be of good comfort, for he was in no doubt himself but all would end well. This we have thought good to advertise your Majesty of, to the end you may not grieve yourself, nor think the time long; and considering that till our coming nothing was done or intended, you may be the better satisfied with this our stay. They shall no sooner declare themselves to us, but you shall hear it; so, we crave your blessing and end."

July 15 .- They continue still the same expressions of joy which we advertised you of in our last, and we are in hope if that be [the king's ratification of the conditions] to bring the Infanta at Michalemas with us. We have given them the following reasons to persuade them to it: the lengthening of your Majesty's days, the honour of your son, the satisfaction of your whole people; and the easier and sooner performance of what is promised, with the charges you have been at this year already, and how much it will be increased by her stay till the spring. We have showed them three ways to do it: first, by alledging the Infanta's love to your son, which will serve to take off the blame of the act from the Conde of Olivares, if the people should dislike it, which he seems much to fear, and for which we find he has little reason. . . . Sir, we do not know whether this will take effect or not; if it do not we will be the sooner with you: we know you will think a little more time well spent to bring her with us. I, your Baby, have since been with my mistress, and she sits publicly with me at the plays, and, within these two or three days, shall take place of the queen, as Princess of England. I, your dog, have also had a visit from her, to deliver your letter, and to give her the per bien of this conclusion. As this prospers, you shall hear from time to time."

### King James to the same.

"My sweet Boys-Even as I was going yesterday in the evening to the ambassador's, to take my private oath [to the conditions], having taken the public one before noon with great solemnity, Andover came stepping in at the door like a ghost, and delivered me your letters. Since it can be no better, I must be contented; but this course is both a dishonor to me, and double charges, if I must send two fleets; but if they will not send her till March; let them, in God's name, send her by their own fleet . . . if no better may be, do ye hasten your business, the fleet shall be at you so soon as wind and weather serve. Sweet Baby, go on with the contract, and the best assurance ye can get of sending her next year; but upon my blessing, marry not with her in Spain, except ye be sure to bring her with you; and forget not to make them keep their former condition respecting the portions, otherwise both my Baby and I are bankrupts for ever.... And so God bless you. my sweet children, and send you a happy, joyful, and speedy return to the arms of your dear dad. Amen.

Whitehall, 21st July."

In a letter of Secretary Conway to the Duke, dated two days after the above, he says, in speaking of the King's ratification of the conditions:—"Greater astonishment could not surprise men, than the contemplation of the issue of this action. The King's signature, when known, will create cold and sweat, till the return of his Highness and your grace."

July 29. In a letter to the King of this date, the Prince and the Duke say: --- We are sorry there arose in your conscience any scruples, but we are very confident when we see your Majesty, to give you very good satisfaction for all we have done; and had we had less help [this is a hit at the Earl of Bristoll, we had done it both sooner and better, but we leave that till our meeting. Sir, we have not been idle in this interim, for we can now tell you certainly, that, by the 29th of your August, we shall begin our journey, and hope to bring her with us; but if they will not suffer her to come till the spring, whether we shall be contracted or not, we humbly beseech your Majesty to leave it to our discretion, who are upon the place, and see things at a nearer distance, and in a truer glass, than you and your council can there. But marriage there shall be none, without her coming with us, and in the meantime comfort yourself with this, that we have already convinced the Condé of Olivares on this point, that it is fit the Infanta come with us before winter. There remains no more for you to do, but to send us peremptory commands to come away, and with all possible speed. We desire this, not that we fear we shall have need of it, but, in case we have, that your son (who hath expressed much affection to the person of the Infanta) may press his coming away, under colour of your command, without appearing an ill lover. I, your Baby, give you humble and infinite thanks for the care you have expressed, both of my person and my honour. And I, your slave and dog, who have most cause, give you none at all, because you have sent me no news of my wife, and have given her leave to be sick. We hope you have sent the rest of the navy towards us, by this time; if you have not, we beseech you to use all the speed you can."

### From a letter of the Duke to the King.

" July 30.-Upon the King's and the Court's expression of joy that the Prince had come into their offers, to be contracted, and stay for the Infanta's following him at the beginning of spring, we thought it a fit time in the heat of their expressions, to try their good nature, and press the Infanta's present going. Whereupon the Prince sent me to the Conde Olivares, with these reasons for it: first, it would lengthen much your days, who best deserved of them in this, and many other things; it would add much to the honour of the Prince, which otherwise must needs suffer; and the Infanta would thereby the sooner gain the hearts of the people. I also entreated him to think of my poor particular, who had waited upon the Prince hither. and in that distasted all the people in general; how he laid me open to their malice and revenge, when I had taken from them their Prince a free man, and should return him bound by a contract, and so, locked from all posterity, till they pleased here. He interrupted this with many grumblings; and at last said I had bewitched him: but if there was a witch in the company, I am sure there was a devil too. From him I repaired to his Lady, who, by the way, I must tell you, is as good a woman as lives, which makes me think all favourites must have good wives. I told her what I had done, she liked it very well, and promised her best assistance. Some three or four days after, the Prince sent to entreat him to settle her house, and to give order in other things for their

journey. He asked what day he would go; but himself named the 29th of your August, which the Prince accepted of. Some two days after, the good Countes sent for me. She was the most afflicted woman m the world, and said the Infanta had told her, that the Prince meant to go away without her, and, for her part, she took it so ill to see him so careless of her, that she would not be contracted till the day he was to take his leave. The countess told me the way to mend this, was to go to the Condé, and put the whole business in the King's hands, with this protestation, that he would rather stay seven years, than go without his mistress, so much he esteemed her: and if I saw after, that this did not work good effect, that the Prince might come off, upon your Majesty's command at pleasure. With this offer I went to the Condé; he received it but doggedly. The next day, I desired audience of the Infanta, to try her. I framed this errant from your Majesty,-that you had commanded me to say, that since you had done so much to get her, you made no question but her virtues would persuade you to do much more for her sake. I spoke of the Prince's resolution, and assured her that he never spoke of going, but with the end to get her the sooner away; and that she would take this for granted, that he would never go without her, which she liked very well. This morning, the countess hath sent the Prince this recautho [message], that the King, the Infanta, and the Condé are the best contented that can be, and that he should not now doubt his soon going away, and to carry the Infanta with him. Sir, I cannot end this letter, without recommending this bearer, your ape, to your care."

The 5th of August James honoured with a solemn annual thanksgiving, as the day of his escape from the Gowrie conspiracy at Perth. There is a letter of his of this date.

### To the Prince and Duke.

"My Sweet Boys—I write to you upon the good fifth of August, in the afternoon. I find their [the Spanish ambassador's] letters leaner and drier than either I expected or deserved. I have given orders to put in execution all that I have promised, and more too. I have no more to say, but that if you hasten not home, I apprehend I shall never see you, for my extreme longing will kill me; but God bless you both, my sweet boys, upon this good day; and He who delivered me from so great a danger upon it, preserve you, and grant you a speedy, happy, and comfortable return to the arms of your dear dad. Amen, amen, amen!

Carlisle hath told me a tale of this Marquis [Olivares], that shows him to be a slim man, and my Steenie's small friend; and the devil take them all that are so, except my Baby, who I know can never love Steenie."

### The King to the Prince.

"My Dearest Son—I sent you a commandment long ago, not to lose time where ye are, but either quickly to bring home your mistress, which is my earnest desire; but, if no better may be, rather than to linger any longer there, to come without her; which, for many important reasons, I am now forced to renew; and, therefore, I charge you, upon my blessing, to come quickly, either with her, or without her. I know your love to her person hath enforced you to delay the putting in execution my former com-

mandment. I confess it is my chiefest worldly joy that you love her; but the necessity of my affairs enforceth me to tell you, that you must prefer the obedience to a father, to the love you carry to a mistress. And so God bless you.

James R.

Cranbourn, 10th August."

August 20th.—In a letter from the Prince and Duke, they tell the King, that the cause of their not having writen to him for so long a time, was " to try all means possible, before we would send you word, if we could move them to send the Infanta before winter. They, for form's sake, called the Divines, and they stick to their old resolution; but we find, by circumstances, that conscience is not the true, but seeming cause of the Infanta's stay. To conclude, we have wrought what we can; but since we cannot have her with us that we desired, our next comfort is, that we hope soon to kiss your Majesty's hand. Sir, we have been informed by my Lord of Bristol, that, by the French ambassador's means, the Spanish ambassador has seen all the letters that we have written to you, and that you are betrayed in your bed-chamber."--- His Majesty's most humble slave and dog threatens you, that when he once gets hold of your bed-post again, he will never quit it."

#### From the same.

" August 30th.

This day we take our leave, to-morrow we begin our journey. When we shall be so happy as to kiss your Majesty's hands, we shall give you a perfect account of all."

The Infanta to King James, in reply to his letter as above.

"Sir,—I was very glad to receive the letter your Majesty hath been pleased to send me, by which your Majesty showeth a good will and affection to me and although in both these things I do correspond with equal degree and measure, yet I do acknowledge the favour, and with a desire to have some occasion to satisfy (as far as in my power) so great an obligation; being also answerable to this good pleasure of the king, my lord and brother, who loves and esteems your Majesty so highly, as also all that belong eth to your Majesty. God save your Majesty, &s I desire.

Your Majesty's most affectionate,

Madrid, August 30th."

### The Dake to the King.

MARIA.

" DEAR DAD AND GOSSIP, -This bearer hath staid for the Infanta's and other letters, a day longer than was resolved on, which hath given me this occasion, by stealth from your Baby, to assure your Majesty, by this last night's rest, of my perfect recovery. Nothing dejected me so much in my sickness, as my absence from you; nor was any thing so great a cordial to my recovery, as this thought-that, in a few days, we shall step towards you; yet I beseech your Majesty to believe this truth, that I so far prefer this business, and your service, before any particular of my own, that this resolution hath not been taken with precipitation; but when we saw there was no more to be gained here, we thought it then high time, with all diligence, to gain your presence. Sir, my heart and my very soul dance for joy, for the change will be no less than to leap from trouble to ease, from sadness to mirth, nay from hell to heaven. I cannot now think of giving thanks for friend, wife,

or child: my thoughts are only bent of having my dear dad and master's legs in my arms; which sweet Jesus grant me, and your Majesty all health and happiness. So, I crave your blessing.

Your Majesty's most humble slave and dog, STEENIE.

Madrid, 1 September."

"Sir.—I'll bring all things with me you have desired, except the Infanta, which hath almost broken my heart, because your's, your son's and the nation's honor is touched by the miss of it. But since it is their fault here and not ours, we will bear it the better; and when I shall have the happiness to lie at your feet, you shall then know the truth of all, and no more."

The result of this singular transaction may be summed up in a few words. On the departure of the knights errant, it was stipulated that the espousals should take place at Christmas, and, in the meantime, the Infanta assumed the title of Princess of England, and a court was formed for her, corresponding to her new dignity. The time appointed for the espousals arrived, and the Spanish nobility received invitations to the ceremony; a platform covered with tapestry was erected from the palace to the cathedral, and orders for public rejoicings were despatched to the principal towns and cities. It wanted but four days to the appointed time, when three courriers, pressing on the heels of each other, reached Madrid. They announced to the English ambassador that James would consent to proceed to the marriage only on condition that the king of Spain should pledge himself, under his own hand, to take up arms in defence of the rights of the king of England's sonin-law, in relation to the Palatinate. The pride of the Spaniard was hurt, and his better feelings outraged. He replied, that such a demand, at such a moment, was dishonourable both to himself and his The treaty had been signed, the oaths taken. Let the king and the prince fulfil their obligationshe would faithfully perform his promises. The preparations for the marriage were immediately countermanded; the poor Infanta resigned with tears her short-lived title of princess of England, and intimations were made of her desire to retire into a convent. Charles and the favorite triumphed in the victory they had obtained over Bristol, and the wound they had inflicted on the pride of Spain. They were received by the "loving Dad" with open arms and pedantic congratulations on their safe return. But when these transports of joy had subsided, James looked with pain upon what had passed. He shut himself up in solitude at Newmarket, refused to accept the usual compliments of his courtiers on the memorable fifth of November, and, what was a still greater effort, he abstained for some time from the amusements of hunting and hawking, which consumed the far greater portion of his royal leisure.

In 1721, Mr. West exhibited to the society of antiquaries, a copy of the Release from Prince Charles to Sir Francis Cottington, for £50,027 for the expenses of the journey, an enormous sum for that period, and which, in the exhausted state of his exchaquer, may well account for no small portion of James's lamentations on the failure of the match, and of the Infanta's dowry, which he appears to have considered the best part of the business.

#### Written for the Lady's Book.

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### WILLIAM AND ANN: A BALLAD.

### BY EBENEZER ELLIOTT, OF LONDON.

He went.

HE left me sad, and cross'd the deep,
A home for me to seek;
He never will come back again;
My heart, my heart will break.
"To see me toil for scanty food,
He could not bear," he said;
But promised to come back again,
His faithfal Ann to wed.

Bad men had turn'd into a hell
The country of his birth;
And he is gone, who should have staid
To make it heaven on earth;
A heaven to me it would have been,
Had he remain'd with me;
Oh! bring my William back again,
Thou wild heart-breaking sea!

He should have stay'd, to overthrow
The men who do us wrong;
When such as he fly far away,
They make the oppressor strong;
But oh! though worlds of cruel waves
Between our torn hearts rise,
My William, thou art present still,
Before my weeping eyes!

Why hast thou sought a foreign land,
And left me here to weep?
Man! Man! thou shouldst have sent our foes
Beyond that dismal deep!
For when I die—who then will toil,
My mother's life to save?
What hope will then remain for her?
A trampled workhouse grave!

### He wrote.

He did not come, but letters came,
And money came in one;
But he would quickly come, they said—
"When I," she sighed, "am gone!"
Thenceforth she almost welcomed death,
With feelings high and brave;
Because she knew that her true love
Would weep upon her grave.

"No parish hireling," oft she said,
"My wasted corse shall bear;
The hoarded labour of my hands
Hath purchas'd earth and pray'r:
Nor childless will my mother be."—
The dying sufferer smil'd—
"Thou will not want! for William's heart
Is wedded to thy child!"

But death seem'd loth to strike a form So beautiful and young; And o'er her long, with lifted dart, The pensive tyrant hung; And life in her seem'd like a sleep, As she drew nearer home; But when she wak'd, more eagerly She asked, "is William come!"

"Is William come?" she wildly asked;
The answer still was "No!"—
She's dead;—but through her closing lids
The tears were trickling slow;
And like the fragrance ou a rose
Whose snowy life is o'er,
Pale beauty lingered on the lips
Which he shall kiss no more.

He came.

At length he came. None welcom'd him;
The decent door was clos'd;
But near it stood a matron meek,
With pensive looks composed;
She knew his face, though it was chang'd,
And gloom came o'er her brow:
"They're gone," she said, "but you're in time—
They're in the churchyard now—

He reached the grave, and sternly bade
Th' impatient shovel wait:
"Ann Spenser, aged twenty-five,"
He read upon the plate:
Why didst thou seek a foreign land,
And leave me here to die?
That sad inscription seem'd to say—
And he made no reply.

Her mother saw him through her tears,
But not a word she said—
Nor could he know that days had pass'd
Since last she tasted bread:
She stood in decent mourning there,
Self stay'd in her distress;
The dead maid's toil bought earth and prayer.
Sleep on, proud Britoness!

But thon, meek parent of the dead?
Where now wilt thou abide?
With William in a foreign land?
Or by thy daughter's side?
Oh! William's broken heart is sworn
To cross no more the foam!
Full soon will men cry "Hark! again!
Three now! they're all at home!"

### ISABELLA LOSA, DE CORDOVA,

Was learned in the languages, and received the honorary degree of D. D. After her husband died she took the habit of St. Clair, and founded the hospital of Loretto, where she retired from the world, and ended her days in the bosom of devotion, in 1546, in the seventy-third year of her age, At this period of the world, many learned ladies, after enjoying life for a time, retired to a convent; they could not find in society sufficient charms to interest them, and want-

ing something to fill up the void, turned from the world to the duties of religion, as it was then understood, and passed life away in a dream, because there was not sufficient occupation to fill their whole souls. If the burthens and duties of society, which are now known, had then existed, the pious and enlightened might have found a cure for ennui, or something to have filled up every hour of existence.

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### Written for the Lady's Book.

### DOCTOR WINTER'S NOTIONS.

### BY MRS. S. J. HALE,

#### CHAPTER II.

"The glorious feelings which give us life, grow torpid in the worldly throng."-Faust.

They had been discussing the merits of a new novel, when one of the young ladies, somewhat abruptly, asked Doctor Winter if he did not think it wrong, or very foolish for parents to prohibit their children from reading works of fiction?"

"Why," replied the Doctor, "that is a question which must be decided by circumstances. If the parents are agreed in sentiment on this point, if their example is such as uniformly to command the respect as well as love of their children, and if they have sense, taste, and intelligence to direct their pursuits and amusements to nobler or more useful objects, then they may not fear to prohibit novels. But, as a general rule, I think the prohibition does more injury than good."

"Then you would not prohibit them?"

"No—I would rather teach those under my care to discriminate for themselves that which was worthless, I would cultivate their moral taste till they could not relish the vile, vulgar trash which fills so large a portion in our circulating libraries; I would hear them read and discuss the merits of our popular authors, and make them feel that they could confide in my judgment when I decided that a work was not suitable for their perusal."

"But it takes so much time," said Miss Barker, to do all you have described, and fathers are busy earning money, and mothers in spending it—and their poor daughters are left to their own desires, the chief of which is novel reading."

"And if that were prohibited," said the Doctor, what would be your resource?"

" Why, I fear we should break the rule," said Miss Maria,

"I fear so too," rejoined the Doctor," and I think there are worse consequences resulting from the loss of family confidence, than the perusal of the most idle romance, can usually, cause. I once witnessed such a scene, and the impression has never left me,"

The young ladies urged him to tell the story.

"It is several years since," he resumed. "I recollect it was my first visit to Boston. I had letters to some of the most distinguished families, and was introduced into what is called by courtesy, the first circle.' I passed my time very pleasantly, in a round of dinner parties, balls, and the usual fashionable amusements, and had been nearly three weeks in the city, before I found leisure to return the early call one of my father's friends had made me.

"Mr. Tuttle was a very rich man, and highly respected on 'Change,' as rich men are—but his strictly religious character, which he was very scrupulous to sustain, prevented his associating much in fashionable parties. He had been liberally educated, and designed to become a clergyman, but when he had completed his theological studies, the state of his health was such that he was obliged to go on a voyage at sea, and finally he entered business as a

merchant. He had been very successful, was a millionare, and his daughters great matches.

" I sent up my name-Mr. Tuttle was out-but his wife met and welcomed me with all a woman's cordiality and grace, when she wishes to please; very different indeed, from the formal reception I had anticipated. She assured me that they had been expecting my visit, that she felt quite acquainted with me, because she had entertained so high an opinion of my father, and so on. Compliments cost nothing, would that railroads were as easily made. Tuttle led the way to her private parlour, observing that she wished to introduce me to her daughters as they were. In this she showed a managing mother's tact; for her daughters really needed no foreign aid of ornament. They were lovely enough in their neat morning dresses; indeed, so very beautiful were the two eldest, that I wondered I had not seen them at the balls I had attended. I soon found it was not from want of interest in such amusements, for they overwhelmed me with inquiries respecting how I had enjoyed them, and then came a sigh and those portentous words-' Papa does not approve of balls!'

"I endeavoured to change the conversation by alluding to the book which had so chained their attention when I entered, remarking that I supposed they enjoyed their leisure more than the trifling did society. As I ended I laid my hand on the volume, it was 'Eugene Aram,' then just published!

"I have serious objections to the Bulwer novels, though they have some high merits; but I. should never recommend ' Eugene Aram,' for a young lady's reading. However, I found they had no scruples on They began and poured out their eulothe subject. giums on Bulwer and his charming novels.'-Pelham was so interesting, so witty, and full of such delightful descriptions of high life,' and ' Paul Clifford,' was such a fascinating hero-so brave and generous. What signified his robberies?—Adelaide, the second daughter, declared she should have loved him as well as she did. And then the 'Disowned,' 'what lofty sentiments, what deep powerful pathos,' &c. &c .-Thus they went on, while their delighted mother told me, though how she edged in the words no one could tell, that Susan and Adelaide were so fond of Bulwer's works, they had read through . Eugene Aram,' since the preceding afternoon.

"I tricd hard to make them praise my favourite writers. Miss Austin and Miss Sedgwick—but it would not do. The former was too natural, and only seemed to know the middle classes—no lords or ladies of any note, figured in her volumes; and Miss Sedgwick, who only described American life and scenery, could not expect to be read—except by country girls. "We want pictures of fashionable manners, of the beau monde in Europe," said Miss Susan. "There, is not any spirit or originality in the works of Miss Austin," said Miss

Adelaide.- One might as well read a tract or a sermon 3

"I do rather like 'Pride and Prejudice,' said Rosanna, the youngest and much the plainest of the three. I thought at the moment she was prettier than her sisters, for there seemed more of the true woman's delicacy in her nature. In the midst of these discussions on novels and fashionable life, Mr. Tuttle entered unexpectedly, I presume. The conversation ceased instanter. I observed that Susan dexterously threw her handkerchief over the charming book, and gathering it up placed it behind her on the sofa, and then hastily reaching her work from the table, seemed wholly absorbed in the progress of her needle.

After the usual salutations, inquiries, and welcomes to me, Mr. Tuttle, who appeared very fond of his children, told Adelaide that her eyes looked heavy, and he feared she confined herself to her work too closely, (she was knitting a bead purse,) and inquired if she had been out that morning.

"No, papa—I have been so engaged."

"To finish that purse, I presume. I wish, my dear," turning to his wife, "you would be more particular, and see that these girls walk out every pleasant morning. I do not wish to have them so constantly engaged at their work."

"You know, my love, their work is designed for charity. How can they be better employed?" And Mrs. Tuttle looked so innocently on her husband.

I thought of " Eugene Aram," and determined to probe the matter a little. Perhaps I was wrong, but I wished to learn the father's opinion of his daughter's studies. So I asked him if there were any new books worth reading in the "Literary Emporium."

He replied, that really he did not know. found little time for reading, except the newspapers; but his daughters could tell me.

"O," said I, with a very grave face; "I was not alluding to the new novels."

"Novels!" he repeated, with a solemnity of accent that was almost severe-" my daughters never read novels; I never permit them to be brought into my house." Here the young ladies looked at each other, and their mother grew fidgety.

"But you do not utterly discard novels?" said I,

inquiringly.

"Indeed I do, sir. I know exceptions are often made by Christians, nor will I say that all novels are bad. But the habit of novel-reading is bad, most permicious to young ladies; and my girls, as they have never been indulged in this exciting and dan-

gerous mode of killing time, find, as you see, their amusements in such employments as are either beneficial to ourselves or others. They never read novels. Mrs. Tuttle being entirely of my way of thinking.

"Were not the ladies utterly confounded?" said Miss Barker.

" Not in the least," replied the Doctor- on none save Rosanna; she blushed crimson, and looked so pretty, that I half fell in love with her; but the mother and her two eldest daughters wore an air of the greatest nonchalance. It was quite a scene for a drama.

"Whom did you think most to blame in this matter?" inquired Miss Barker.

"The mother. Mr. Tuttle was wrong, very wrong, in devoting his whole time, as he did, to the acquisition of wealth. No doubt that this first laid the foundation of the mischief-the want of sympathy and confidence between the husband and wife. He had made business the duty of his life, till he had no taste for any other worldly pursuit. It was easy for him to renounce all pleasures but the one of money-gettingso he called all others sinful, forgetting that the word of God has declared, the love of money is the root of all evil. It was this bitter root which was destroying his family. His riches had given them leisure and the means of luxury, and they felt the want of amusements. He could not spare time to regulate these, or to teach them the true principles of self-government. He was proud, indeed, to bestow on them every means of self-indulgence. And this led the mother, a vain woman, whose object of ambition it was to get her danghters into the most fashionable society, to a series of falsehoods and dissimulations, in order to give them those accomplishments considered most fashionable. Novel-reading was one of these; she foolishly supposed it would teach them the beau ideal of European manners. To obtain these graces, she was willing to sacrifice truth, that pearl of the soul, the reverence for which, when once lost, is rarely restored."

" Did you become much acquainted with them?" inquired Miss Maria.

"No-I never saw them afterwards. But their history might serve for a warning to many of our would-be fashionables. Mr. Tuttle failed a year or two since, and is now, with his family, gone to the " far West," to build up some new settlement among the back-woodsmen. I doubt not, that he will be a much better man for this reverse; but his wife and daughters will have hard lessons to learn. I hope one will be that of sincerity."

### EDUCATION.

THE time which we usually bestow on the instruction of our children in principles, the reasons of which they do not understand, is worse than lost; it is teaching them to resign their faculties to authority; it is improving their memories instead of their understandings; it is giving them credulity instead of knowledge, and it is preparing them for any kind of slavery which can be imposed on them. Whereas, if we assisted them in making experiments on themselves, induced them to attend to the consequence of every

action, to adjust their little deviations, and fairly and freely to exercise their powers, they would collect facts which nothing could controvert. These facts they would deposit in their memories as secure and eternal treasures; they would be materials for reflection, and in time be formed into principles of cosduct which no circumstances or temptations could remove. This would be a method of forming a man who would answer the end of his being and make himself and others happy.

### For the Lady's Book.

### THE DANCE OF THE SPIRITS.\*

NIGHT arrayed herself in her royal attire. Her maidens put on their gala-day habits, to be present at "the dance of the spirits." At the opening of the fete, all the bright spirits were seen hastening to the ethereal palace. Their spacious saloon, canopied by an arch of the most brilliant hues, resting on columns of the purest pearl, was hung with the richest drapery. Gold was wrought with azure, to form this celestial tapestry. At mid-heavens the spirits met, but soon were seen, at will and pleasure flitting far and near. Some were agile and rapid in their movements, and phantastic in their attire, and some moved in solemn state, casting their flowing robes around them. These robes were of the texture of the gossamer, and coloured by "Aurera's rosy fingers." Iris came, and offered her varied hues, but crimson was the chosen attire. Some few were called rural, simple ones, because they wore the sombre green; some aspiring, because they put on royal purple; and some innocent, for they were attired in pearly white; but crimson was the approved uniform for the revellers of so cold a winter's eve. But now the

\* "The Dance of the Spirits," was written from the impulse of the moment, after viewing the aurora borealis, as exhibited in New England, January 25th, 1837, and was recalled to mind by observing the same phenomena, in South Carolina. September 3d, 1839.

It will be recollected, that in New England, the aurora on the night of the 25th, exhibited the wonderful varieties described by travellers in the polar regions. Even the cracking noises, which terrify the Siberian huntsmen and their dogs, were heard. Crimson arches were thrown across the heavens, and pearly columns arranged themselves as if for their support. The aurora lights, more brilliant than the rainbow tints, and winged with the lightning's speed, appeared to us with those phantastic and ever changeful forms, which have given so much of wonder and novelty to the story of the rover in the icy seas.

The coruscations of the Northern Lights, which were observed here, on the evening of September 3d, were regarded as singularly beautiful. A deep blue cloud fringed with crimson, and apparently lined with the same roseate hue, spread over the northern skies. Brilliant lights flitted here and there, and although the aurora borealis, as it appeared in New Englands surpassed the exhibition here, yet the scene was one of deep and rare interest, for polar lights were glowing in southern skies, with many a vestige of their native beauty.

bright band are dispersing-they move as if by concert, part to the east, and another part to the west, and now they seem to lose themselves in a "sea of glory." A change came o'er the earth. Its snowy carpet assumed a roseate hue. Some of the stars, who love to walk in darkness, hid their faces in dismay. Some looked fearfully forth, but Sirius gazed on the magnificent scene unappalled; and Jupiter, in his silvery light, and majestic beauty, walked among them undaunted. To Olympus, the seat of the gods, Mercury hastens; in a moment he glides, with his golden sandals, through the air, and bears news from the spirit land. At once all the gods and goddesses resolve to be present at the revels. Proud Juno seizes the eagle of Jupiter, and bids the rapid bird accelerate his flight. Venus springs into her charjot, but her naughty mischievous boy cries to accompany her. She knows she will be unwelcome if Cupid goes with her, for he is the most troublesome of children, and has often spoiled all pleasure at the most magnificent entertainments. She bids her attendants give him an anodyne, and away her doves are gliding. But the impatience of the dwellers of Olympus is great; they fear the dances will be past ere they reach the azure palace. To Father Jove they petition; to Vulcan he shouts-" If reports are true, we shall have little need of your thunderbolts to terrify mankind, for the lawless spirits have surpassed you-take gold; hasten in a moment, bid your Cyclops make sandals from the pattern of Mercury's, that every god and goddess may away, to the spirit land." In a moment the order is obeyed, and in another, all Olympus is hastening to behold the wondrous pageant.

Thus might a writer in the Augustine age, have noticed the splendours of the 25th. And what shall we say? We, from whose minds the light of science has dispelled the clouds of superstition.

The Indian, while gazing upon the heavens so mysterious, says, "The spirits of our fathers have come to look upon us;" and the unlettered Polander exclaims, "It is the dance of the spirits." And what can we say more! The Aurora Borealis is still among the unexplained wonders. Here science is blind, philosophy mute, and reason dazzled. We can only wonder, admire, and adore.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### MRS. FRANCES ANN BUNCE.

BY MRS. L. H. SIGOURNEY.

Though the subject of this brief sketch, never sought to pass beyond the sweet retirement of domestic life, yet amid the loveliness of a character, which affection holds sacred, there are points, which would be both pleasant and profitable, to be contemplated by a wider circle of minds. She was the eldest child of Thomas K. Brace, Esq., and born at Hartford, Conn., April 8th, 1808. With a disposition so thoughtful and amiable, as to attract the regard of all who knew her,

was united a decided precocity of intellect. Before the age of two years, she knew the alphabet thoroughly, and at four, read well, and with ease and pleasure. So much attached was she to her books, that it was difficult to induce her to take as much active exercise, as her health required. At five years old, she taught herself to write, and found amusement in simple, epistolary composition. At six, she became a member of a select school, of fifteen young ladies, all older

than herself, and some, nearly three times her own age. Her ambition was to keep up with them, in all their studies. This she uniformly did, with the exception of arithmetic, from which she was withholden by her friends, who had no desire to make her a prodigy, at the expense of her physical welfare. They believed that the close attention which she gave to English grammar and parsing-writing-orthography with definitions-geography, both ancient and modern-history-chronology and composition, was sufficient for the mind of so young a child. She vielded to their opinion, by abstaining from the practical exercise of arithmetic, but listened so carefully to the recitations, and explanations in her class, as to possess herself of its principles. A strong anxiety to pursue this study, implanted itself within her, and when she at length obtained permission at home, her teacher will never forget the rapturous delight with which she took her slate, and prepared to join the class. It was found that she was entirely familiar with the process of the first grand rule, and was therefore placed in the second; and when the hour allotted to arithmetic had expired, she had performed a far greater number of sums, than any other pupil. With her characteristic humility, she qualified the praise which was offered her, by saying, "it must be remembered that their sums are longer, and harder than mine." She was perfectly tremulous with the pleasure of this new employment; and at the daily return of the hour devoted to it, if any of her companions preferred to linger over their other studies, regarded them with a look of astonishment. The love of order and application, which were inherent elements of her mind, induced her greatly to enjoy the patient service of demonstration.

Another of her prominent accomplishments was fine reading. None, who were accustomed to hear her clear elocution, and melodious voice, will be apt to forget them. Every word and syllable had their full sound; and the correctness of emphasis, and power of entering into the spirit of the writer whether in poetry or prose, were far beyond her years. She was sometimes placed on an elevated seat to read a few sentences to her class, as a model. Though all its members were older than herself, this distinction was pleasantly accorded by them, while her well-balanced mind, drew from it no vanity, or self-complacence; and surely, this is praise for both.

Her recitations were beautiful. She had a conscientiousness about her, which would never suffer her to appear with an ill gotten lesson, and her teacher felt sure, that on every occasion, her replies would be audibly and gracefully rendered. To every interior regulation, and point of discipline, she was strictly obedient. She seemed to feel, that to excel in studies, and yet to give pain to those who instructed her, was a contradiction in morals. So consistent and exemplary was she in this part of a scholar's duty, that it is not recollected that during the five years she was a member of this school, she violated the minutest, not even so much as to leave her seat, or speak to a companion without liberty. Her invariable respect, and sedateness of manners, made her a favourite with the old; while the love of truth, which was a marked feature of her character, caused every assertion of hers, to be implicitly relied on, by her young associates. To every charitable design which was established among them, she gave ready co-operaration, especially to a society formed, to furnish books,

and make and repair garments for poor children, though the services of the needle which it involved. occupied the greater part of her only half-holiday during the week. To the religious exercises of her school, she was seriously attentive, and her recapitulations on Monday, of the sermons heard, the preceding sabbath, proved that in the house of God, she was no careless listener. The love of piety had been impressed on her mind, by those who had guided her from infancy, and through the Divine blessing, it early produced fruit. At the age of thirteen, she professed her faith in her Saviour, and united with the Church, under the care of the Rev. Dr. Hawes, in her native place; and it was the opinion of those who had the best opportunities of scrutinizing her life and conversation, that the young disciple had received grace to follow the footsteps of Him whom she had chosen as her Exemplar, and the Rock of her salvation.

She had a deep sense of the value of time, and a fixed habit of industry. She liked to be employed in something useful, and for the comfort of those around her-rather than for her own. She was ingenious with her needle, well-skilled in the details of domestic economy, and never allowed her intellectual tastes or attainments to interfere with any department of womanly duty. Yet her scrupulous attention to those points of household comfort which depended on herself, did not withdraw her attention from any claim of want, or effort of benevolence. At an early age, she was a valued directress of the Female Bible Society, and for seven years a Sabbath-School Teacher; and successful in winning the respect and affection of those whom she instructed. She sustained offices, in other religious and charitable associations, and, by her systematic arrangement of time, not only found leisure for their respective duties, but discharged them with such clear judgment and self-command, that "no man despised her youth."

In these times, when respect for age is not a prominent virtue, it may be well to notice the beauty of her deportment to her grand-parents. She was born under their roof, and after the removal of her parents to another abode, continued to reside with those venerable relatives until their death, which but a little preceded her own. Her affectionate treatment of them-her cheerful obedience-the gentle reference of her wishes to theirs, was exemplary and lovely. They warmly and permanently reciprocated her attachment, and turned towards her with a tender reliance, as she cheered their declining years, and smoothed their path to the tomb. One, who by residence with her from infancy, could not be mistaken, says, that " she never once gave them cause to reprove or admonish her; and that such was her sweetness of disposition, that the inmates of the family recollect neither time nor place, in which she gave an angry word to any one, but was ever kind and conciliatory to all."

In the spring of 1830, she was married to Mr. James M. Bunce, of Hartford; and in the new duties of a happy connection, the affections of her heart were as beautifully developed, as the powers of her intellect had been in earlier years. She became the mother of three sons, and in this important relation, evinced not only great tenderness, but that judicious exercise of it, which improves, rather than injures its favoured objects. Instead of indulging wayward inclinations, she early required obedience; and deeply sensible of the responsible station of a

Christian parent, endeavoured to impress on the newborn immortal, the love and reverence of a Father in Heaven. But her stay amidst these sweet ministries was not to be long. The incipient marks of pulmonary disease revealed themselves a short time previous to the death of her beloved grandfather, the Hon. Judge Brace; an aged saint, whose praise was in the churches, and whose memory is blessed. Life, surrounded with blessings, was dear to her; but with a steady eye she marked the progress of the insidious and mortal disease. All that the best medical skill could prescribe-the most devoted affection devisewas done. Temporary relief seemed afforded by journeying; and, feeling it her duty to adopt every measure that offered hope of recovery, she left home with her husband, at the close of the summer of 1838, for the Red Sulphur Springs, in Virginia. But it was the will of the Almighty, that to the fair shade of her own green trees-to her loved little ones-to her many friends, she was to return no more, save in the garniture of the grave. At Waynesborough. in Virginia, on the 9th of September, she died peacefully, and with a hope of full immortality.

The desolate, homeward-journey of her husband—travelling night and day, with his dead—the sudden transition from those nursing cares which had so long absorbed his thoughts—the image, on his lonely way, of those little sons, who would soon stretch their arms to him, asking in vain for their mother, formed a combination of woes which only the faith of a Christian could sustain and conquer. Her remains were laid by the side of her kindred, and many tears fell for one who had left only bright and pure traces in the memory of all who knew her.

Not long it seems, since she, with childish brow Pondered her lessons, in rich fields of thought A ripe and ready student. Her clear mind, Precocious, yet well-balanced—her delight In varied knowledge—her melodious tone Of elocution falling on the ear Like some rare harp, on which the soul doth play, Her sweet docility, 'twas mine to mark, And marking love.—

Then came the higher grades

Of woman's duty:—and the pure resolve— The persevering goodness—the warm growth Of every household charity—the ties That bind to earth, and yet prepare for heaven, Were gently wreath'd amid the clustering fruits Of ripened intellect.

But soon, alas!
In search of health, to distant scenes she turned,
A patient traveller, still, with wasted form
Led on by mocking hope. And far away,
From her loved home, where spread in fadeless green
The elm which cheer'd her sainted grandsire's gaze,
(Like Mamre's Oak o'er Abraham's honour'd head.)
Far from the chamber where her cradle rock'd,
And where she hop'd her couch of death might be,
The Spoiler found her.

The long gasp was hers, But the meek smile was her Redcemer's gift, His victor-token. And the bosom-friend Took that bequest into his bursting heart. As in the sleepless ministry of love He stood beside her, in that parting hour .--Seest thou the desolate on his return?-Know'st thou the sadness of his lonely way? -Deep silence where the tender word had been-And at the midnight watch, or trembling dawn, The sullen echo of the hearse-like wheel, Avoiding every haunt, and pleasant bower Where the dear invalid so late reclined Lest some light question of a stranger's tongue Should harrow up the soul. Know'st thou the pang When his reft home first met his mournful view? -What brings he to his children ?-

You fair boy
Who at the casement stands, and weeps, can toll.
And he who cannot tell, that younger one,
Whose boundless loss steals like some strange eclipse
Over a joyous planet—and the babe
Stretching its arms for her who comes no more.
Oh! if the blest in heaven take note of earth,
Will not the mother's hovering spirit brood
O'er her three boys?

It is not ours to say.
We only know that if a Christian's faith
Hath changeless promise of the life to come,
That heritage is hers. And so we lay
Her body in the tomb, with praise to God
For her example, and with prayer, to close
Our time of trial, in such trust serene.

Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE VOICE OF HOME.

On! many a voice is thine, sweet home, full many a voice is thine,

thine,
Yes, every thing I see or hear, recalls the joys once mine;
Thy poplar grove and velvet green, brings back the sunny

When life's young warm imaginings loved naught but infant plays.

Thou hast witness'd every joy or grief that e'er oppress'd this heart.

Here, too, was link'd that household chain, which time has reft apart:

Yes—brother, sisters—all are gone, the hearth is lonely now.

Sorrow is on each zephyr borne, that fans the poplar bough.

bough.
VOL. XXI.—24

days

The mocking-bird, in merry glee, is singing in the vale,
There, too, is heard the minstrelsy of the pensive nightingale;
Alas! their joyous notes, but wake vain yearnings for,
That household band, which gather'd round the board in days

Thy flowers and singing birds are to this heart most dear, Yet, yet, the fervent farewell tone still echoes in my ear, Awakening vain regrets for the happy sounds of mirth, That days gone by moved joyous, the now forsaken hearth.

Oh! many a voice is thine, sweet home, full many a voice is thine.

Dear emblem of the days that's flown, when kindred ties were mine;

I would not, if I could, break the mysterious spell, That binds me to the haunts my childhood loved so well.

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## FROM STEM TO STEM THE WILD BEE SIPS.

WRITTEN BY

EZRA HOLDEN, ESQ.

THE MUSIC COMPOSED EXPRESSLY FOR THE LADY'S BOOK, BY

SIDNEY PEARSON.





O! this is love, that beauty knows,
Which tends it for a while,
Then round a newer image glows,
And wears another smile;
When youth is rife with maiden charms,
The heart no claim denies,
But when distrust the soul alarms,
It joys in other eyes.

### Written for the Lady's Book-

### THE STARS.

#### BY MISS LYDIA H. HASTY.

"Knowest thou the ordinances of heaven?"-Job xxxviii. 33.

Is the moonlight gifted with a fairy power? Do the stars fling over us a spell which our hearts acknowledge, though they comprehend it not? Hath the heart an inner realm of finer, more etherial philosophy, of which they are the arbiters, and which our grosser senses may not investigate?-Or why is it that Hope, Love, Poesy, Memory—all the divinities of our nature, ever replenish their consecrated chalices at astral founts, and keep their ordinances, and hold their festivals, in moonlight temples and pavilions? It is beneath the stars that Hope creates her fairy world, as lovely and as intactible as their own rays, and sits listening to the syren melodies that float from the harps of the angels with which she has peopled it. It is beneath them that Love bends at the shrine of its canonized, counting the pearls of its beautiful rosary—or weeping over them, crushed and soiled beneath its Jugernathian car! When like silver vials, distilling beauty, they shed their light over the silent stream and shadowy forest-when the many of those, who, in the vast chain of the created, may alone claim alliance to the Creator, have folded the mantle of forgetfulness about them, burying themselves in "dumb oblivion"-they utter in a "still small voice" the "open sesame" to the realms of Poesy, and she draws from the haunted wells of her treasury, the gems at whose heart burneth the light of another and holier sphere! And it is beneath their light that the white-robed phantoms of other years arise and walk the waters of the soul! that the rich tissue which our youth hath woven of sunny dreams, and rose-tinged images, starts forth in palpable, but softened relief, far in the perspective of the sombre web of life. We meet the gentle eye, over which the dust was long since shed-the lutelike tones of lips where pale silence long since set his seal, float again upon the ear, and we weep with vain yearnings for the chrystal water and golden clusters with which the Tantalus of memory sits mocking us!

And the stars have their own memories! Ay! memories burning deep with fire from off the altar of the Most High! From that hour, when at the great command, "Let there be light!" kindling with the magnificence of Omnipotent thought, they rose on the purple midnight of Time, around them have clustered the holiest legends of immortal love. With their first morning rays lighting the loveliness of a world fresh from the hand of Jehovah, they broke the deep stillness with the first chorus of praise, "singing together" in concert with "all the sons of God," " shouting for joy!" Awestruck before them, men, bowed down in adoration, due only to Him, of whose glory even they were but the shadows, "worshiping all the hosts of heaven"-and the poor Chaldean dreamed from their mystic revealings, to draw

the golden thread by which to unwind the mazes of human destiny.

Does the inspired desire to enforce the illimitable might of Jehovah, he bids you "Lift up your eyes on high and behold who hath created these things, that bringeth out their hosts by number." He points us to the power which "sealeth up the stars"-" which alone spreadeth out the heavens"-which maketh Arcturus, Orion and Pleiades.—Did he wish to teach man humility—a sense of his own insignificance? he asks "Canst thou bind the sweet influences of Pleiades, or loose the bands of Orion? Canst thou bring Mazzaroth in his season? Or canst thou guide Arcturus with his sons?" and exclaims, "When I consider the heavens, the work of thy fingers; the moon and the stars which thou hast ordained; what is man, that thou art mindful of him? or the son of man that thou visitest him?"-And again as if with an overwhelming sense of the feebleness of mortal tongues to proclaim his goodness and omnipotence, he exclaims "Praise ye the Lord from the heavens: praise him in the heights. Praise him all ye stars of light."

The starlight mingled with the glory which the angel bore from the shrine, when to the lonely watchers on Judah's hills he appeared singing, "Peace on earth," bringing "good tidings of great joy to all people."—It was a star—the anointed messenger of heaven, which moving in silent beauty through the blue depths of "the east"—led the "wise men" onward, till its silver ray fell, pointing like the wand of the Almighty, to the lowly, but hallow'd spot, where he lay, whose infant hand was destined to roll back the stone of "fear and trembling" from the portal of the tomb, and send a blessed ray far through the dark valley, over the Jordan of death, till mortal eye might almost catch the brightness beaming round the immortal abore!

### But there is "glory from the heavens departed!"

Of those which smiled upon creation's dawn, one hath gone far beyond the reach of human ken!—Did the serpent enter its golden portals, and enwrap it in the darkness of his shadow for ever? Or was it from its celestial purity and splendour, summoned hence, to mingle with those which light the Throne of the Eternal?—From the still depths of midnight its sisters give us no response! And to the questioning spirit, their countless and sublime mysteries will alone be revealed, when they themselves shall be shaken from their orbits, "as the fig-tree casteth her untimely fruit," before a "strong wind" when the heavens shall depart "as a scroll that is roll'd together," at "the coming" of him who "is light"—and "in whom dwelleth the fountain of light."

CHILDHOOD.

On! who but dwells on childhood's hours,
When earth seemed fanned by Eden's breath,
Ere thorous had sprung to choke the flowers,
Or pain approached to whisper death!

Then we may drink at pleasure's springs,
That sparkling gush, unmixed with sorrow,
And not a cloud the present brings
But melts in spashing of to-morrow.—H.

### Written for the Lady's Book.

### THE CAVE OF MACPELAH.

### BY MISS H. F. GOULD.

"But if thou wilt give it, I pray thee hear me: I will give thee money for the field; take it of me, and I will bury my dead here."—Genesis xxiii. 13.

The sun over Hebron's green plain rising bright, His first rays of glory has sent

To blend with the tears, where the dark eye of night Has wept round the Patriarch's tent.

For, sorrow and death with the night have been there: The spirit of SARAH has fied.

Her form lies at rest, while the soft morning air, With ABRAHAM, sighs o'er the dead.

The tall, aged oak, that is guarding the door, With arms spreading widely away,

A fresh, living curtain hange trembling before
The peaceful and spiritless clay.

And there in his grief, does the patriarch stand. He looks to the left, and the right, And forward, and back, for a place in the land, To bury his dead out of sight.

But here, far away from the land of his birth— From all of his kindred and name, No spot where his lost one can sleep in the earth, The lonely Chaldean may claim.

A field lies before him, with trees green and high, A grove that imbosoms a cave; And this does he seek with his silver to buy, To hallow it thence, as a grave.

The people of Canaan, who pass to and fso, From the gates of their city, draw near To the tent of the pilgrim, their pity to show— His woes and his wishes to hear.

Majestic in sorrow he stands, while the crowd From o'er the wide plain gather round: With reverence now, to their chief has he bowed Till his white, flowing beard met the ground.

His accents are firm—in his eye is there shown
The wisdom that beams through a tear;
And thus is the grief of his bosom made known,
While Ephron, the ruler, gives ear;

"A stranger, I come from my home far away;
The ground of the stranger I tread:
While death finds a place in my dwelling to-day,
I've no where to bury my dead!"

"Behold," replies Ephron, in sympathy's voice,
"We have many sepulchres made,
Where slumber our dead; and we give thee thy choice
Of all, wherein thine may be laid."

The patriarch answers:—"Can silver procure A spot, that to me and to mine, Shall be a possession made sacred and sure, I ask it of thee and of thine.

"The cave that is there, in the end of the field— The Cave of Macpelah—the earth, And trees round about it, I ask thee to yield To me; and to name me their worth."

"Tis four hundred shekels of silver. But what Is silver between thee and me?" The generous owner replies—" Of the spot I give full possession to thee."

Once more speaks the sage of Chaldea: "The land I take; but the gift I decline. The price duly weighed, putting now in thy hand, I make the place righteously mine."

And now on the fair land of promise is laid.
The first claim of permanent hold!
A grave is the purchase! the first ever made
Of earth, with its silver or gold!

Blest Cave of Macpelah, how holy the trust That long has been given to thee! Enshrined in thy bosom, how rich is the dust! How great its disclosure will be!

For, when the archangel descending the skies, Shall give the loud summons to all, Then Abraham, Isaac, and Jacob will rise From thee, and come forth at the call!

### EDITORS' TABLE.

"Perceiv'st thou not the process of the year, How the four seasons in four forms appear? Resembling human life in every shape they wear."

Can it be that another year has passed away; that another volume of the "Lady's Book" must be closed? It seems but as yesterday, since the New-Year's salutation west given to our friends; yet Spring, Summer, Autumn, all are gone, and now it is cold December. Were it only that so much time had passed away, it would be of little consequence—in truth, it would be a theme for congratulation, had we improved it aright. But there are few persons, past their early youth, who do not feel deeper losses than those of days and hours.

Friends and dear relations have gone down to the tomb—the loved have left us, the trusted have disappointed us.

> "Affections, friendships, confidence— There's not a year hath died, But all these treasures of the heart Lie with it, side by side."

How and such reflections must be to those who have not the hope of a better world strong in their bearts! And there is another bright star of consolation, shining over the changes, turmoils, and troubles of this life—it is the avidence, every year more apparent, of the progress of truth—and the improvements in the character, and condition of the human

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race, which truth, when understood and obeyed, will work out.

One of the greatest changes, which the progress of truth has brought about, is the increased importance given to the education and influence of woman. In this department our labour lies; to this illustration of truth, the pages of the "Lady's Book" have been especially devoted.

There are, at the present time, in the situation of our country, many circumstances peculiarly favourable to the developement of the female mind. As yet, our habits are, at least in a great degree, simple-our national taste unsophisticated; fashion, though, as we have often remarked, far too powerful in its influence, rules not here with unquestioned sway. Our amusements, too, if perhaps we except our large cities, are of a simple nature; we are called upon rather to look within ourselves, to our own resources, than to any external means of enjoyment. The opportunities of education, too, are so generally diffused, that none but those who will it need be ignorant. The improved systems, the awakening and still increasing interest, now felt upon the subject, in almost every section of our country; the substitution of ideas for words; all proving that mere accomplishments, mere show. will not answer public expectation, now that its standard is so much elevated, are most favourable auspices for a better system of female education.

And then there are few so unfortunate as to be wholly exempt from the necessity of exertion; and though but few of our sex are destined to act an important part in the drama of life, yet all have important duties to perform, each in her own circle. One of these most sacred duties is to give the right tone to popular taste and manners. As her influence increases, if she throws it all into the scale of virtue, truth, and justice, will not the world improve?

Let woman's course, then, be upward, as well as onward—let her rise superior to the follies, the trifles of the present, and mark her path with the light of goodness. She may then safely trust the vindication of her sex to their example—deeds are better than words in this argument. The illustration of these deeds, and the inculcation of sentiments which shall elevate the standard of female duties, will be the continued aim of the Editors of the "Lady's Book." In the assured trust that our efforts are appreciated, we look for the continued support of our friends; and while closing this twenty-first volume of our work, hope to meet all our readers again on Now Year's day.

### A HINT.

It is an old saying that "short accounts make long friends," and as we wish to retain all ours we must not neglect the means. The truth is, that the close of the year imposes a duty on us which we would gladly be excused from performing—but our own engagements and wants compol us to remind some of our friends, that their subscriptions for 1840 are still unpaid!

Were we, in humble imitation of Plate, to form a pattern of a perfect republic, we would make it a sine qua non that the subscriptions for a Lady's periodical should always be paid in advance. In short, we think these should be considered debts of honour, as well as binding on the consciences of those who have voluntarily contracted for the work.

The expenses attending the publication of the "Lady's Book" are enormous; the engravings in this last volume alone would, were they separately purchased, cost more than the year's subscription. Then we spare no pains to engage the bost talent of the country, and render the work in every department worthy the extensive patronage it enjoys. We trust that those who have delayed to meet their engagements with us will consider these things, and remit, without delay, the balance due the Publisher .- To each individual thus me debted, the amount is small, and can cause little inconvenience to spare-to the Publisher, the aggregate of such small sums is a matter of much import, or this appeal would not have been made. Therefore it is that we again repeat the adage-" short accounts make long friends," and our hope that ours will prove themselves true friends, in deed as well as in word.

The Postmasters are at liberty to frank any letters to a publisher containing money.

#### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We intended to have gone through with every article in our drawer of anonymous communications, and, as this is the closing number of the year, cleared off all old scores with our contributors, and been ready to welcome new offerings to the "Lady's Book."

But, alas! for good intentions, when their fulfilment is impossible. We tried hard to find a week of leisure, but in vain-

When looking at the cramped characters of many a MS, written with blue ink on blue paper, and despairing of ever decyphering them, we have thought, seriously, of trying the experiment, practised by a London editor, to test their merits. He poured a barrel of MS poetry on his grate-those that burned rapidly, and with a bright blaze, he set down as excellent, possessing the true spirit of genius-those which, from their heaviness, would not burn, were, of course, condemned as worthless. But these summary proceedings were not in accordance with our own feelings, or with the character of the "Lady's Book." We wish to encourage the timid, and give opportunity for genius to prove his strength. We are willing to examine and correct, encourage and advise; do all, in short, which Editors can do-except to publish bad poetry and dull, unmeaning prose. And now we will see what we can accept. The first on the list of good articles is " Repentance;"-it will appear in January, if possible.

- "The Captive."
- "The Furewell."
- "Let me die the death of the Righteous."

One word to the successful writers. We doubt many are disappointed, knowing that their articles are accepted, to find they do not appear, sometimes, for months. The large number of contributors, engaged to write for the "Book," which are now on our list, must have the preference, before voluntary and anonymous writers. We shall give place to the latter, whenever we have room in our pages—but they must have patience. The following articles are declined.

- "Sir Walter Scott." The writer must study hard, if she intends to be a poet.
- "A Sketch". The sentiment is excellent, but the poetry is not harmonious, not finished.
- "The Hall of Independence"—We think the writer possessed of talent, and an earnost desire to excellet her persevere.
- "The Battle of Belgrade." As an ingenious specimen of alliteration, this is very good—but it is not poetry, nor common sense.
- "Desire shall fail." We insert two stanzas of this poem, and hope to hear from the author again.
  - "There is a winter of the heart, When blasts of sorrow sweep the soal; Rending life's silver cords apart, And breaking pleasure's golden bowl.

Oh! 'tis a fearful thing, to stay
The heart upon a waking dream;
That in an hour may fade away—
As bubbles burst upon the stream."

### EDITOR'S BOOK TABLE.

Mary, Queen of Scots: a Journal of the Twenty years' Captivity, Trial, and Execution: from State Papers, and cotemporary Letters and Documents. By W. Jos. Walter, late of St. Edmund's College, author of the "Life and Times of Sir Thomas More." Illustrated with a portrait of Mary of Scots, after the original in the Royal Collection in Paris, and with two Autograph Letters, one in her 16th, the other in her 36th year. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This work, of which we have heretofore had occasion to speak, has at length made its appearance. With considerable

research, Mr. Walter has collected from a great variety of sources, the satisfactory materials from which a Journal of the twenty years' captivity of the far-famed Scottish Queen has been constructed. "It is thought," says the author, "that one of the principal sources of satisfaction to the reader of these volumes, will be found in the materials of which they are composed. The facts of the remarkable drama exhibited in these pages, are, in a great measure, narrated by the actors themselves, who bespeak credit by the very absence of any thing artificial in the narrative. In the letters and journals of which we have largely availed ourselves, is exhibited a faithful picture of the every-day life of an interesting period of English history. The portraits are not sketched in outline; all the details are filled up. It is thus that the reader becomes, as it were, a contemporary with the actors in the scene; their modes of life, their manners, and very features are before him: he converses with them with familiarity and unreserve. To use the language of a lively writer, "It is not fanciful to say, that we often know more about our ancestors, than they themselves knew. Many a secret for them, is none for us. The letter which was prayed to be thrown into the flames, when read, we hold in our hands; the cabinet conversation, unheard but by two great statesmen, we can listen to. They viewed the man in his occasional relations; we accrutinize into his entire life. They marked the beginning of actions, but we the end.""

One of the great attractions of these volumes, are the letters of Mary herself, which are full of vigour and warm with feeling. They place her character in a new point of view, and enable us to trace the real motives of many of her actions, which have been misrepresented and discoloured, sometimes for the worst of purposes. The reader will not fail to be touched with the following burst of feeling in one of her letters to Elizabeth.

### " The Queen of Scots to Queen Elizabeth.

"MADAME,—The late conspiracies in Scotland against my poor child, and my fears for the consequence, grounded on my self-experience, call upon me to employ the remainder of my life and strength, fully to discharge my heart of my just complaints, which I do in the present letter. I trust that as long as you survive me, it may serve as an eternal testimony, and be engraven on your conscience, as well for my acquittance to posterity, as for the shame and confusion of all those, who, under your connivance, have up to this hour so cruelly and unworthily treated me, and reduced me to the extremity in which I am. But as their designs and practices, detestable as they are, have always prevailed against my just remonstrances and honest deportment; and as the power which you have in your hands has always been your justification in the eyes of men, I will have recourse to the living God, our only judge, who, under Him, has established us equally and immediately for the government of his people. I will invoke Him in the extremity of this my pressing affliction, to render to you and to myself (as He will do in the last judgment) the due of our merits and demerits one towards the other. And remember, Madame, that from Him we can disguise nothing by the paint and policy of the world; though my enemies, under you, have been able, for a time, to cover from the eyes of men, peradventure from your own, their subtle inventions. In His name, and as it were before Him, seated between you and myself, I would remind you, that by means of the agents, spies, and secret messengers, sent in your name into Scotland, while I was there, my subjects were corrupted and encouraged to rebel against me, to make attempts against my person; in a word, to speak, undertake, and execute all that led to the troubles which have befallen my country.

"And now, Madame, with all that freedom of speech, which I foresee may in some sort offend you, though it be nought tout the truth; you will, I doubt not, find it more strange that I now come to you with a request of far greater importance, and yet very easy for you to grant me. It is, that, not having been able hitherto, by accommodating myself patiently for so long a time to the rigorous treatment of this captivity, and my carrying myself in all respects, even the least that regard you, to obtain any assurance of your good favour, or give you thereby some earnest of my entire affection towards you; and every hope being taken away of better treatment for the short time that is still left me to live, I supplicate you by the bitter passion of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus Christ, to allow me to withdraw out of this realm into some place of repose; to seek out some comfort for my poor body, worn out as it is by continual sorrow; and with liberty of conscience to prepare my soul for God, who is daily calling me to Himself."

Alden's Quintilian / Boston: Marsh, Capen, Lyon & Webb. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This volume is a good counterpart to the Greek Reader of Professor Anthon, noticed in our May No. We are glad to see that authors are complying with the wants of the people, and giving us an opportunity of gaining a little more knowledge of works hitherto inaccessible, by putting them in a cheaper form, and especially by giving us such convenient abridgments as this. And yet it is not an abridgment in the orthodox sense of the word, i. e. a work cut up, and cut down, and twisted, and compressed out of all proportion, but a number of extracts made with good taste, and forming a complete treatise of thetoric.

We were sorry to see that the editor could not find place for a portion of the noble criticism of Latin authors—the gem of the work;—but it would perhaps have made the volume less compact, and less appropriate, as coming from a Professor of Rhetoric, in the pretty college of Williamstown now too little known.

The text is neatly printed, and the pages numbered along the margin, so as to make the book well-adapted for recitations. It is got out altogether in the neat style for which its publishers are deservedly celebrated.

The Ursuline Manuel, a collection of Prayers, Spiritual Exercises, &c., interspersed with the various Instructions necessary for the forming of Youth to the practice of solid piety. New York: Edward Dunigan. Philadelphia: Carey & Hart.

This work was originally prepared for the use of the young ladies educated at the Ursuline convents.—It has lately been revised by Rt. Rev. Dr. Hughes—and this is the first edition published in America. The preface is an admirably written paper, and may be read with advantage by Christians of all religious sects. There is a spirit of liberality in the views on education which we are glad to see.—If these views are carried out, there need be no danger apprehended from the spread of the catholic religion. That it was the true faith all will concede; let us hope and pray that what of error has been fostered in the dark ages may be done away, and that it may be restored to its original purity. The work is beautifully printed.

Charles O'Malley, the Irish Dragoon, by Harry Lorrequer, with Illustrations, by Phiz. Nos. 9, 10, 11, and 12. Philadelphia: Caroy & Hart.

This series of graphic, humorous, and dashing sketches, is continued without any diminution of the fun and frolic which marked the previous numbers; in fact the spirit of the story seems to increase in interest; and the fund of incidents to promise inexhaustible variety. There is fun alive in the Pic nic party in the beautiful vale of Llanberris. And then the idea of the free and easy system as practised in Jamaica. "Talk of West India slavery indeed! It's the only land of liberty," exclaims the joyous Mousoon. "There is nothing to compare with the perfect free-and-easy, divil-may-carekind-of-a-take-yourself way that every one has there. If it would be any peculiar comfort for you to sit in the saddle of mutton, and put your legs in a soup tureen at dinner, there would be found very few to object to it. There is no nonsense of any kind about etiquette." O'Malley's account of his adventure in Lisbon is admirable. And then the felicitous contrasts with which this story abounds. Take a sample of a moonlight scene on the borders of the Tagus.

"It was a rich moonlight night, as I found myself in the street. My way, which led along the banks of the Tagus, was almost as light as in daytime, and crowded with walking parties, who sauntered carelessly along, in the enjoyment of the cool refreshing night air. On inquiring, I discovered that the Rua Nuova was at the extremity of the city; but as the road led along by the river, I did not regret the distance, but walked on with increasing pleasure at the charms of so heavenly a climate and country.

After three quarters of an hour's walk, the streets became

After three quarters of an hour's walk, the streets became by degrees less and less crowded. A solitary party passed me now and then; the buzz of distant voices succeeded to the gay laughter and merry tones of the passing groups, and, at length, my own footsteps alone awoke the echoes along the deserted pathway. I stopped every now and then to gaze upon the tranquil river, whose eddies were circling in

pale silver of the moonlight. I listened with attentive ear, as the night breeze wafted to me the far-off sounds of a guitar, and the deep tones of some lover's screade; while again the tender warbling of the nightingale came borne across the stream, on a wind rich with the odour of the orange-tree.

stream, on a wind rich with the odour of the orange-tree. As thus I lingered on my way, the time stole on; and it was near midnight ere I roused myself from the reverie surrounding objects had thrown about me. I stopped suddenly, and for some minutes I struggled with myself to discover if was really awake. As I walked along, lost in my reflections, I had entered a little garden beside the river; fragrant plants and lovely flowers bloomed on every side; the orange, the camelia, the cactus, and the rich laurel of Portugal were blending their green and golden hues around me, while the very air was filled with delicious music. "Was it a dream, could such ecstasy be real?" I asked myself, as the rich notes swelled upwards, in their strength, and sunk in soft cadence to tones of melling harmony, now bursting forth in the fall force of gladness, the voices blended together in one stream of mellow music, and suddenly ceasing, the soft but thrilling shake of a female voice rose upon the air, and its plaintive beauty stirred the very heart. The proud tramp of martial music succeeded to the low wailing cry of agony; then came the crash of battle, the clang of steel; the thunder of the fight rolled on in all its majesty, increasing in its maddening excitement till it ended in one loud shout of victory.

All was still; not a breath moved, not a leaf stirred, and again was I relapsing into my dreamy sheaticism when again

All was still; not a breath moved, not a leaf stirred, and again was I relapsing into my dreamy skepticism, when again the notes swelled upwards in concert. But now their accents were changed, and, in low, subduced tones, faintly and slowly attered, the prayer of thanksgiving rose to heaven, and spoke their gratefulness. I almost fell upon my knees, and already the tears filled my eyes, as I drank in the sounds. My heart was full to bursting, and, even now as I write it, my pulse throbs as I remember the hymn of the Abencerrages."

To sum up all in a word—Charles O'Malley is decidedly the lion of the season.

Three Voyages for the Discovery of a Northwest Passage, from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and narrative of an attempt to reach the North Pole. By Sir W. E. Parry, Capt. R. N., F.R.S., in two volumes, forming 107 & 108 of Harper's Family Library. New York: Harper & Brothers. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The two volumes here presented to the public, are of peculiar interest. They narrate a noble and daring attempt to extend the boundaries of science and of that civilization which follows in its train. Five voyages were made by that distinguished navigator, Capt. Parry, under the sanction of the British government, in search of a passage from the eastern to the western side of the American Continent, through the Arctic Ocean. The official report of these voyages has been published, and fills several expensive volumes. The present is an uninterrupted narrative of these voyages, in Capt. Parry's own words, but divested of the official form, and compressed into the present neat and commodious volumes, by an omission of all such details as were not inviting to the general reader, whose attention is thus kept on the alert by a rapid succession of striking incidents. The task appears to have been judiciously executed, and the enterprising publishers deserve the thanks of the public for this valuable accession to geographic as well as general knowledge.

The Maryland Medical and Surgical Journal, and official organ of the medical department of the Army and Navy of the United States. Baltimore: John Murphy.

This journal is very handsomely brought out, and is occasionally embellished with engravings, wood-cuts and portraits. Besides professional papers from some of the most influential numbers of the profession, the work is enriched with biographical sketches, and occasional papers on art and science. In the present number, for instance, there are two practical articles on the Daguerreotype process. We doubt not that this journal will advance the interests of more than one important branch of sciences.

Two Hundred Pictorial Illustrations of the Holy Bible, etc. Robert Sears, 122, Nassau street, New York. Carey & Hart, Philadolphia.

This book, as its title imports, contains two hundred illustrations from the Bible, beautifully executed. The landscape scenes are from original sketches taken on the spot. We humbly recommend this work as one containing beautiful

views and very interesting letter press. A better Christmas gift for a young Miss or Master cannot be found.

The Young Prime Donne. Lea & Blanchard, Philadelphia.

The best story with this title was published in the Lady's Book in 1834. It was written by Alexander Dimitry, A. M., now of Washington city. Let those who have files of the Book refer to it. This same story was copied into an English magazine, translated into French, and retranslated into English, and travelled extensively through this country, nobody recognizing its first appearance in the Book. Certes, we had not the extensive list then we have now.

The present publication is one of feeling, as may be imagined from the plan of the novel, that of forcing a young girl to adopt stage singing for a profession. Mrs Grey has managed her story well, and has succeeded in giving to the public a work full of beauty and interest.

Harry Lorrequer. Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

Since our last, a new edition of this work has been put to press. It is the concrete essence, the portable edition of all Irish whim and waggery.

Ten Thousand a Year: by the author of Diary of a Physician-Carey & Hart, Philadelphia.

The third volume of this work has made its appearance, and the author appears to warm with his subject. Tittlebat has taken possession, and a splendid set out it was. A literary lady of New York, pronounced this decidedly the best book of the soason.

Number 13 of Master Humphrey's Clock has struck. Messrs. Lea & Blanchard say that the demand for it increases with every number.

The Gentlemen's Magazine has been purchased by Mr. Graham, the enterprising proprietor of the Casket. It will hereafter be published in conjunction with that Magazine, with punctuality on the first day of each month—success to the joint concern.

### CHIT CHAT OF PASHIONS.

Two figures of our fashions this month, are Ball Dresses, viz. Nos. 3 and 4. No. 2, is a Bride's dress, and No. 1 a dress suitable for evening visits. We give these as there is but little change in the fashions during the winter months.

Cloth dresses, it is said, will be introduced this winter, made up to the throat, with three rows of buttons down the front, and the sleeves cut like those of a man's coat. A small round cambric collar double, not two collars, but the two sides of the one stitched together and made very stiff, with or without a narrow Valenciennes round, will be worn with those dresses.

HATS.—A slight change has taken place in the hats; they are perfectly flat upon the top of the head, and sit much closer to the sides of the face, consequently they do not rub the hair off the top of the head as much as they have been doing lately.

In jewellery there is nothing so reckerche at present as coral, a necklace of camies of cut coral united by fine gold chain work, more valued just now than perhaps any precious stone. Diamonds, of course, keep precedence of all.

TORTOISE SHELL COMBS.—This is an old fashion revived, and one that promises to become very general. We mean the combs with very high galleries or heads, which were so much in vogue in the time of our grandmammas; they are of the same form as those employed at the court of Napoleon in its carly days; they were then ornamented with precious stones of all kinds; those now coming into use are set with gold, cameos, or coral, and the last appears decidedly the most in favour.

### SPLENDID DRESSES.

The Duchess of Kent, who was present at her Majesty'a speech, were a dress of white satin, embroidered with gold, a bandcau of diamonds, and a plume of ostrich feathers. The

Queen of the Belgians were a magnificent robe of white flowered satin, richly trimmed with lace, a plume of estrich feathers, and a profusion of diamonds.

Her Majesty wore a robe of white satin, richly trimmed with lace, and fastened in front with gold cord and tassels; a stomacher, necklace, ear rings, and a tiara of brilliants.

A correspondent of the Enquirer and Courier of this city, mentions a new fabric for curtains and other draperies. The rich damask pattern is woven in glass and silk—producing a dazzling effect—beyond silver or gold in richness of display.

Velvet Spensers.—Some have the sleeves demi large, with the fullness confined, both at bottom and top, in longitudinal folds by fancy silk trimmings and buttons. Others, and these last are very novel, have the sleeve of the bishop form, but of a very moderate size, and the upper part tight to the arm, and ornamented with velvet disposed in a kind of corkscrew rell, and intermingled with tassels.

Ball Dresses.—The most elegant full dresses are of satin, with a corsage a prints; an open skirt, and a rich white brocade as a petticoat. The dancing dresses are of crape, looped up, and trimmed with flowers.

BONNETS.—Velvet bonnets still retain their vogue, their number increases every day, satin ones are also being adopted, that is to say, pale pink or white ones; the latter have the exterior trimmed with white marabouts, shaded with green, and the interior decorated in a very light style with a mixture

of twills and green velvet foliage. Pink bonnets have the crown decorated with a wreath of exotics, formed of velvet; the interior of the brim is decorated at the sides with blond lace intermingled with very small coques of velvet.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

The publisher respectfully informs the subscribers to "The Book," that the same style of Engravings will be used during the year 1841. It also gives him pleasure to state, that Miss Leslie will contribute to every number during the year. This, in addition to the already great array of talent, will enable the Book to maintain its proud superiority.

We require a regular notice to stop the Book—returning a number is not legal—the Post Masters will always give us notice if requested. We hope after this that no subscriber will receive the January number who does not intand to continue through the year. The person whose name is registered on our book, is always considered liable for the subscription.

Exchange papers in noticing the embellishments in the various magazines should make a distinction between those engraved expressly for a work and second hand plates. We give two engravings in each number from steel plates engraved expressly for the Book.

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